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London and Tonbridge.

Punch's Almanack for 1913.



CALENDAR, 1913.

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"MARGARET, HAVE YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS?"

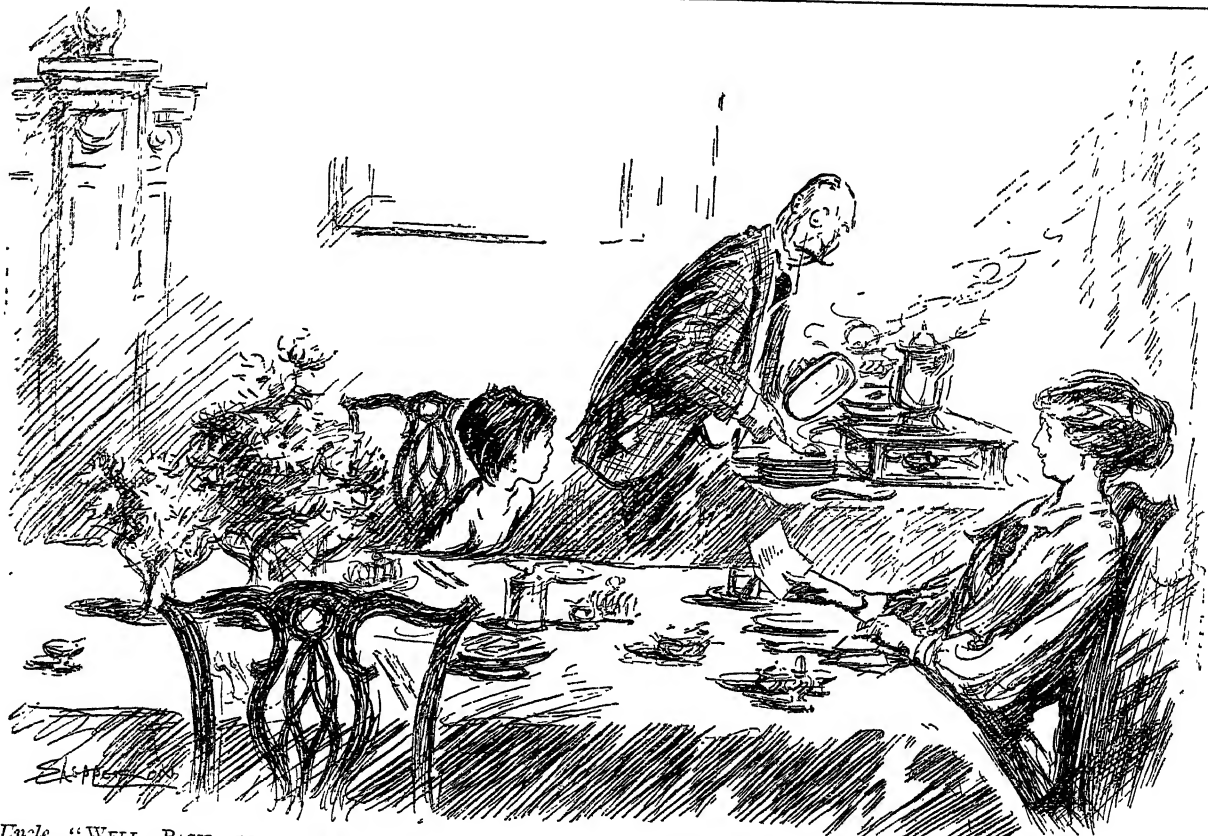
"YES, MUMMY DEAR, BUT——"

"BUT WHAT?"

"PERHAPS I'D BETTER SAY THEM AGAIN, AS THEY DIDN'T SOUND QUITE RIGHT."

"WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, BILLY WAS TRYING HIS NEW PEA-SHOOTER ON MY BARE FEET ALL THE TIME."



Uncle. "WELL, BASIL, DID YOU AND MUMMIE COME IN A NICE PUFF-PUFF?"
WESTERN MAIN-LINER. IT HAD A HIGH BOILER, A SHORT FUNNEL, A DOUBLE CONNECTING-ROD AND AN OUTSIDE CYLINDER."

Basil. "WELL, WE CAME IN A GREAT

Punch's Almanack for 1913.



Bank Clerk (to lady who has presented crossed cheque for payment). "I AM SORRY, MADAM, BUT I CANNOT CASH YOU THIS ACROSS THE COUNTER."
Lady. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL COME ROUND."



"HULLO, PAT! WHAT YER GOT THERE?"
 "WHAT DOES IT TASTE LIKE?"

"SODA-WATTER THEY DO CALL IT."
 "SHURE, IT TASTES LIKE YER FUT WAS ASHLEEP."



THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.
OPENING OF THE ROCKERY SEASON IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



ONE OF THE BOYS.
First Caddie. "WHO'RE YE FOOR THIS MORNING, ANGUS?"

Second Caddie. "A'M FOOR THE PETTICOATS."

TURNING OVER A NEW CENTURY.



ACT I.
EVE OF THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT II.
THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT III.
THE 110TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT IV.
THE 120TH BIRTHDAY.

NATURE AND THE SPORTSMAN.

"It's a gr-r-an' view," said the great golfer, as he stood on the tenth tee.

"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"it's a gr-r-an' view whatever, when ye're 3 up!"
Royal and Very Ancient Golf Legends.]



"THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream "

(WORDSWORTH) to me meant practically *nil*;
 No "glory" there, no "freshness of a dream,"
 But just a playground; when I took the hill,
 Like to a young gazeka, lithe of limb,
 I had no thoughts too deep for mortal plummet;
 'Twas just for joy of getting (curious whim!)
 Up to the summit.

No Nymph surprised me nutting in the glade;
 No Faun addressed me in the woodland Greek;
 No sketchy Dryad, peeping from the shade
 Wooed me, all blackberry smears, upon the
 cheek;
 As for the primrose (in the river scene),
 Which, rightly viewed, affects our holier feelings,
 For all I cared it might as well have been
 Potato-peelings.

Then dawned the lovely adolescent prime
 When salad sprouts, and young calf-loves occur;
 When Nature, while the new buds burst in rhyme,
 Is worth considering, on account of HER;
 Then, if I noticed, in its saffron dress,
 Beside the same old river's marge, the primrose,
 Forth from my lips, still damp with HER caress,
 A jocund hymn rose.

Such periods pass, but leave their print behind.
 "Never," I said, "in all my years to be,
 Never again can I be wholly blind
 To Nature's wish to keep in touch with me."

The waters whispered my affairs; the trees,
 Communing of them, grew almost poetic,
 And so I went on swallowing "fallacies "
 Strangely "pathetic."

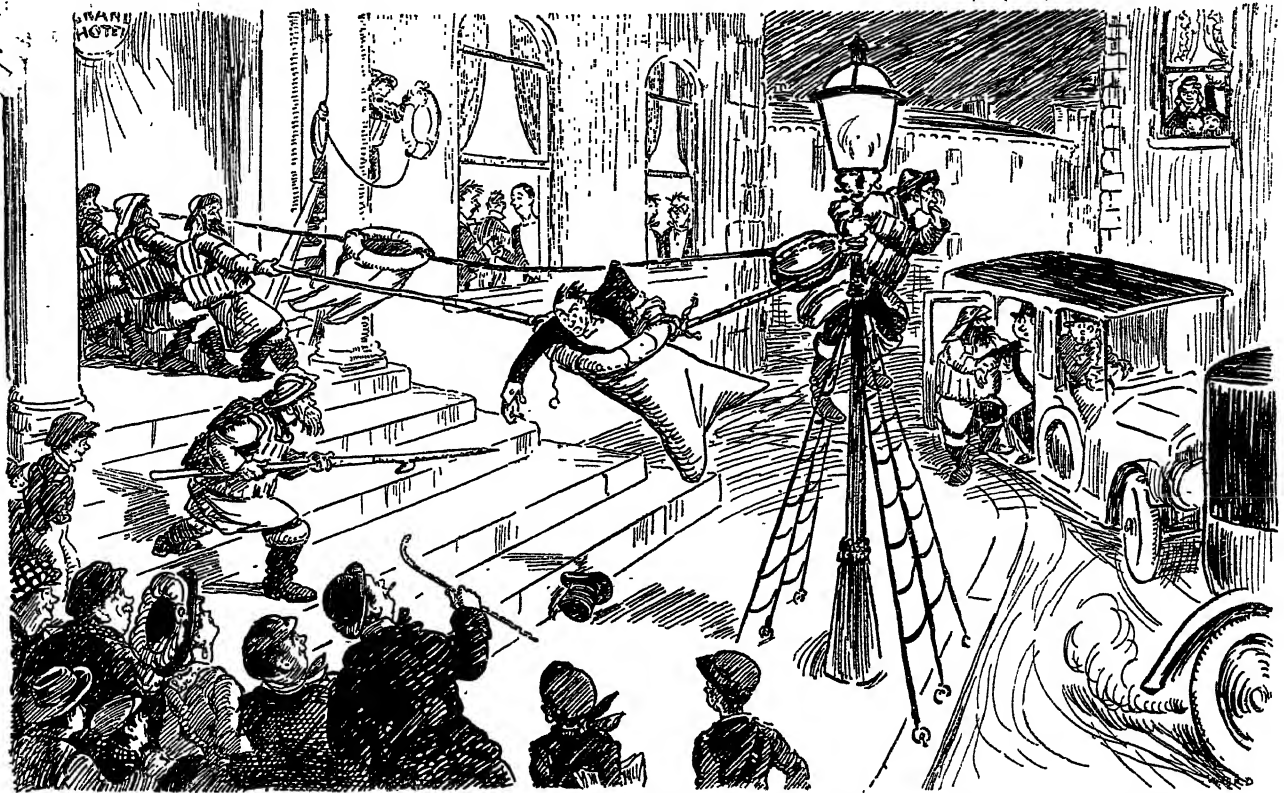
Then came a dreadful change: I took to Sport.
 I could not look upon that sight most fair—
 High woods where Autumn holds his regal court—
 But I must think: "They'd come well over there!"
 And, though I still regarded Nature's claim,
 The lust to perforate some harmless creature
 Preoccupied me till the thing became
 My leading feature.

Then followed worse. Ah, Scotland! I have known
 Great evenings when the sea-loch's burnished gold,
 Flanked by the hill's shot-velvet, green and roan,
 Has left my bosom absolutely cold;
 And just because, upon the windy brae,
 Through inadvertence, some mere silly trifle—
 Over- (or under-) sight—no deer that day
 Fell to my rifle.

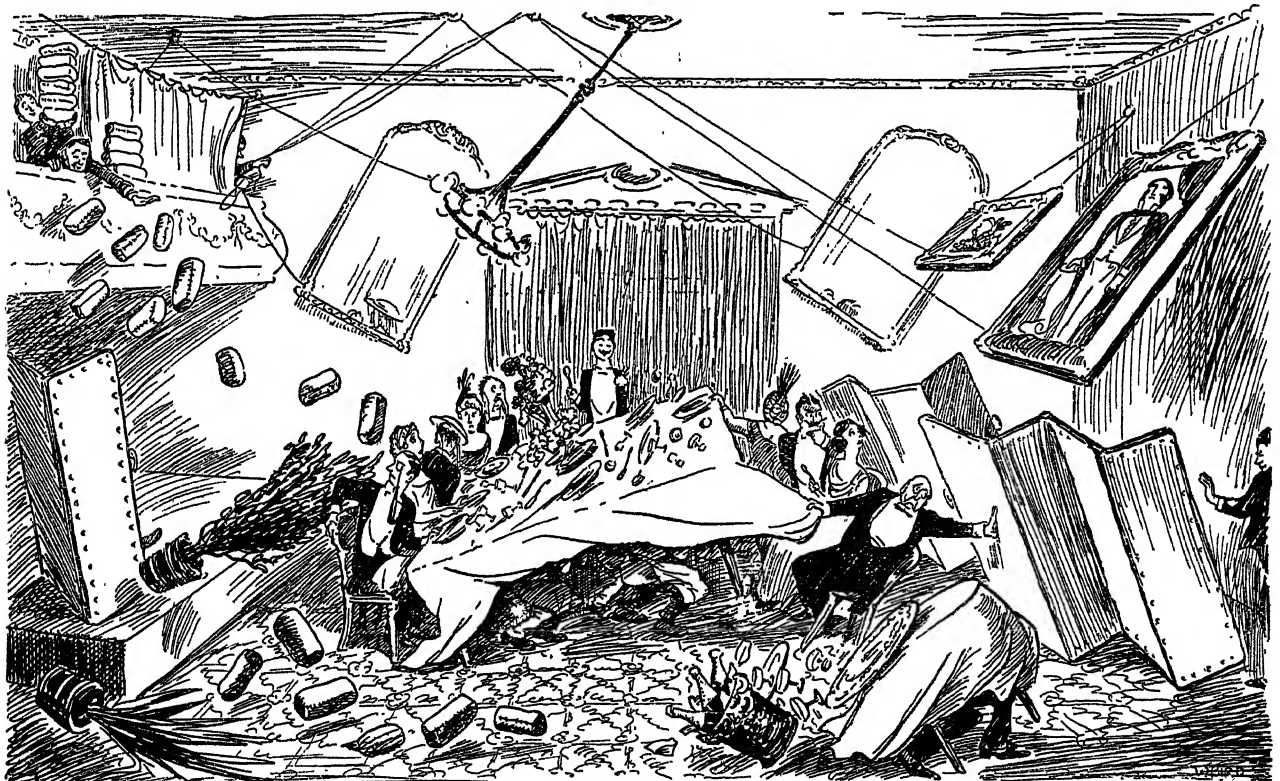
* * * * *
 So mused he, plodding in the gillies' track,
 When "Hist!"—he dropped to earth and, crawling
 prone,
 Got in—drew breath—took steady aim, and—crack!—
 Toppled his beast, ten points and eighteen stone!
 Later—his foot upon the gralloched dead—
 Touching the stalker's arm still bare and gory,
 "Duncan, my friend, have you remarked," he said,
 "Yon sunset's glory?"

O. S.

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

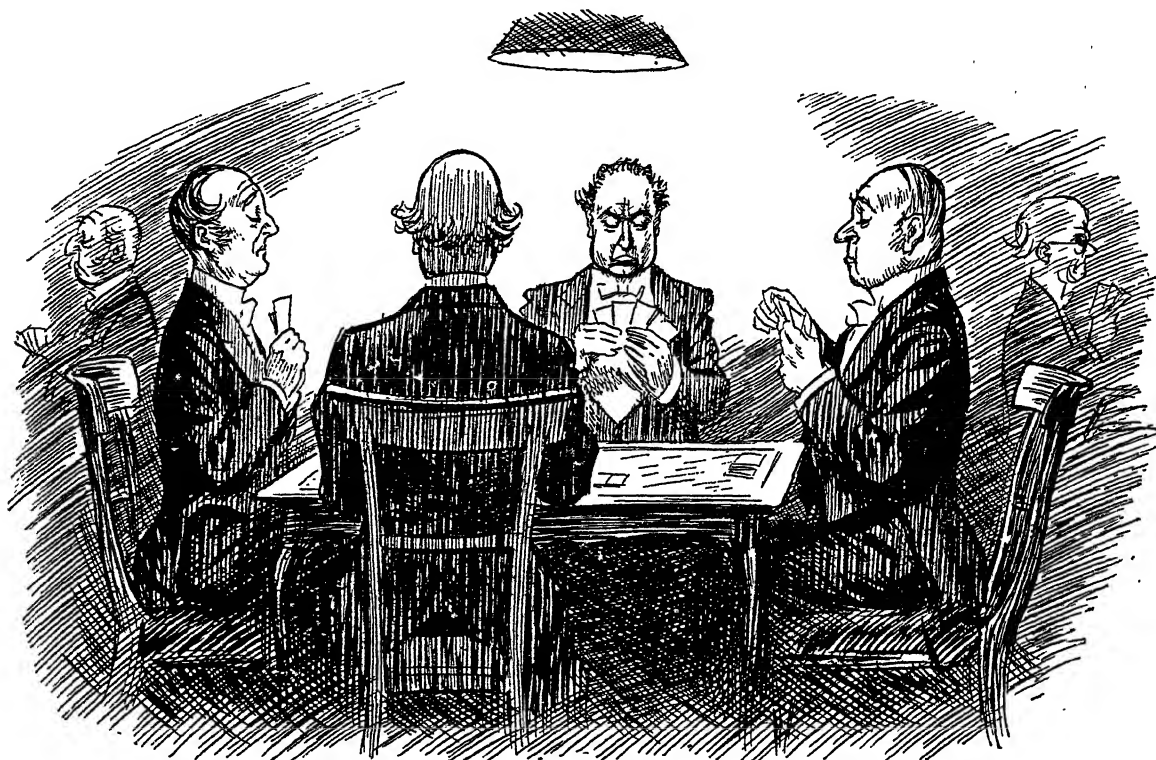


FREAK HOSPITALITY IS STILL EXTREMELY FASHIONABLE. MR. HARRY VANDERJINKS, WHO NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE BY SHIPWRECK A YEAR AGO, YESTERDAY GAVE A BACHELORS' DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ESCAPE. THE SERVICES OF A LIFE-BOAT CREW WERE REQUISITIONED AND GUESTS WERE ONLY PERMITTED TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT BY MEANS OF THE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AND THE BREECHES BUOY.



MR. EUSTACE H. JOY, WHO SOME TIME AGO NEARLY PERISHED IN AN EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO, GAVE AN INTERESTING DINNER LAST WEEK TO CELEBRATE HIS HAPPY ESCAPE. JUST AS THE SOUP WAS SERVED THE HOST GAVE A SIGNAL AND A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ATTENDANTS BEGAN TO PUT INTO MOTION ALL THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF AN EARTHQUAKE. THE GUESTS THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE NOVELTY OF THE EXPERIENCE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF WHIST.



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF BRIDGE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



AS IT IS IN THE DAYS OF COON-CAN.



AND AS IT WILL PROBABLY BE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



Golfer (unsteadied by Christmas luncheon) to Opponent. "SIR, I WISH YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THAT I RESENT YOUR UNWARRANT—YOUR INTERFERENCE WITH MY GAME, SIR! TILT THE GREEN ONCE MORE, SIR, AND I CHUCK THE MATCH!"



Caddie (in for caddie competition). "WON MY MATCH AT THE THIRD 'OLE, SIR."

Caddie. "THE OTHER CHAP WAS TWO UP ON ME, BUT 'E'S FELL INTO THE QUARRY POND AT THE THIRD AN' CAN'T GET OUT."

Secretary. "WHY DIDN'T YOU HELP HIM?"

Secretary. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Caddie. "'E SAID 'E'D GO ON WITH THE MATCH IF I DID."

CHRISTMAS EVE SHOPPING.



Umbrella for Aunt Jane. All too expensive, but wife remembers she wants one. Buys it. Must get something else for Aunt.



Pipe for Uncle George. Not one I'd care to give him. I want some cigars. Get them. Something else for Uncle George.



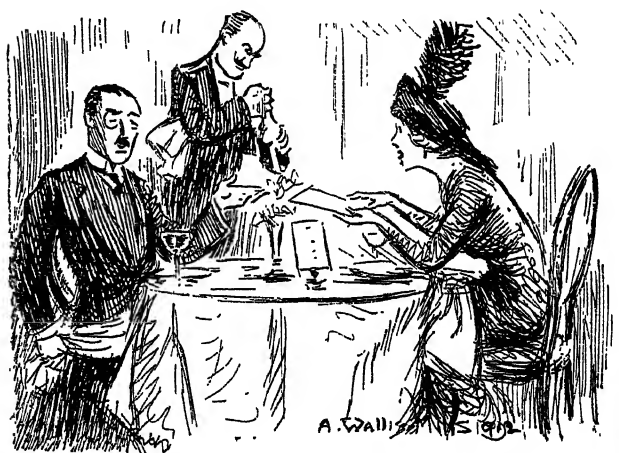
Little hand-bag for wife's sister Kate. None the right colour. But there's a ducky dressing-case, gold mounted, which wife says she must have. Wife's sister Kate must wait.



Harold has broken his masher. New one for him. None by favourite maker. I want some golf-balls. May as well have a dozen boxes. Perhaps something else for Harold.



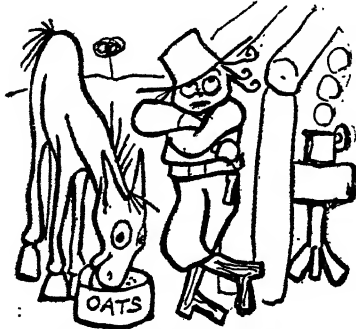
Sweets for god-child. Remember in time she is rather bilious. Wife discovers new fondant. Very good. Order some boxes. Never done to have made god-child ill.



Take well-earned rest. So tiring buying Christmas presents. Suddenly remember haven't bought any. Never mind; make up next year.

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR A CINEMA PLAY.

(By our Youngest Competitor.)



Broncho Bill is leaning against his hut wrapped in thought—perhaps thinking of home—



little knowing that his young lady, Clara, is hurrying across the Prairie with some eggs for his breakfast from her father's station.



Alas, she has been seen by that bad man, Buckjumping Ike, the Terror of Texas.



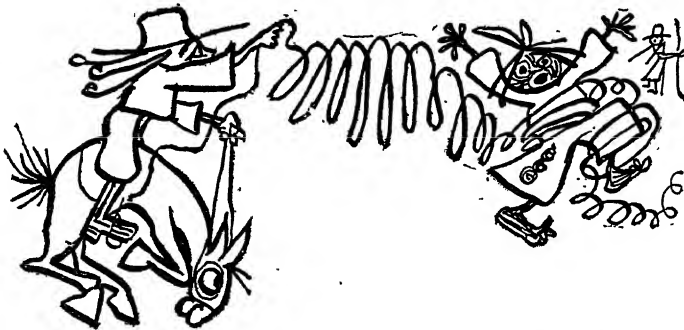
whose own horse, "Lightning," has been laid up with Rheumatism.



He steals her horse and ties her to a tree,



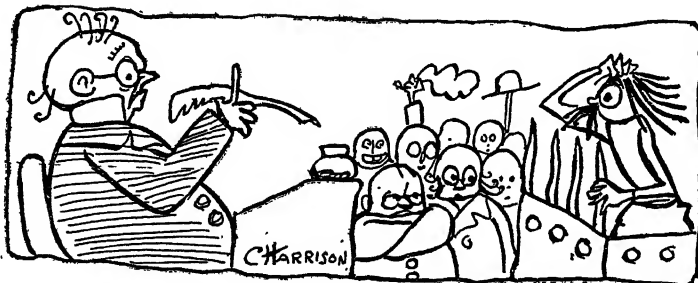
where she is discovered by Red Scarf, Chief of the dreaded Mizzywigguns.



But something has told Bill that someone is in trouble, so he arrives in the nick of time and lassoes Red Scarf.



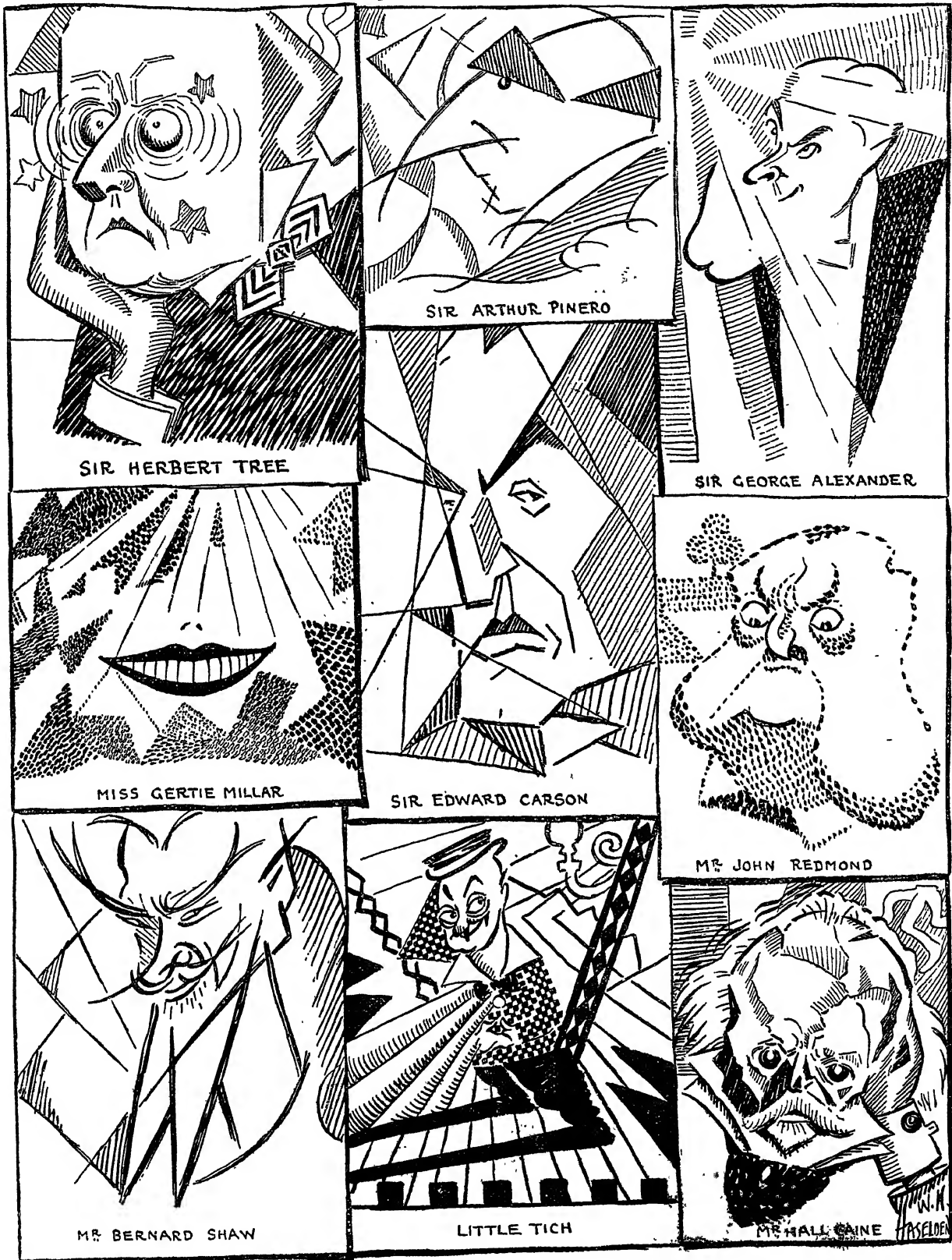
As for Ike, he is arrested for Horse-stealing.



And gets imprisoned for life.



In gaol he shows remorse for what he has done. (Please show remorse of Bill in a big picture.)



SOME PAULO-POST-FUTURIST IMPRESSIONS.

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Guide (at the Forum). "LADIES, AND YOU, SIRs, IF YOU PLEASE; YOU ARE NOW REGARDING ZE MOS' WONDERFUL OBJECT IN ROME!"



Pompeian Guide. "DERE, SAR! DAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT ROMAN DRINK-BAR."
Exhausted Sightseer. "OH, FOR A MODERN AMERICAN ONE!"

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Tourist at Taormina (wearily). "BAEDEKER SAYS THE PLACE IS NOTED FOR THE DRYNESS OF ITS CLIMATE. MY WORTHY GUIDE TELLS ME THAT THIS IS THE FINEST VIEW IN THE WHOLE OF ITALY. THE VOLCANO WON'T ERUPT, AND I COULDN'T SEE IT IF IT DID. BUT, THANK HEAVEN, THERE'S NO GOLF HERE!"



IN CASE THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF ITALY SHOULD NOT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU, THERE IS ALWAYS HER ART. THUS, NOBODY, ON APPROACHING SORRENTO, HAS ANY OCCASION TO BE DOWNHEARTED.



He (carried away). "SEE THAT?" *(No answer)* "NOW THEY'VE BOUND 'IM, THEY'LL GAG 'IM"—*(No answer)*—"SO AS HE CAN'T SHOUT. SEE?" *She (with great difficulty).* "THEY OUGHT TO 'AVE SOME OF THIS TOFFEE OF YOURS TO GIVE 'IM."



Randolph (regarding a Christmas present "with love from Grandpa"). "I SAY, LOOK HERE! THIS IS PRETTY PUTRID WHEN YOU 'RE KEEN ON MOTORING!"



Hall Attendant (surprised into an audible whisper). "JE-HOSH-AHIAT!"
 Reveller (indignantly). "NOTHING OF THE SORT—CHARLES THE SECOND."



Elderly Spinster (rather deaf). "LISTEN TO THE WAITS; AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?"
 Sarah. "SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE ORPIN'TONS, MISS."
 Elderly Spinster. "I DON'T CARE WHO THE GENTLEMEN ARE; TAKE THEM A SHILLING AND ASK THEM TO COME AGAIN."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

In view of recent events in the Balkans, a clever statistician forecasts that on the 25th December next, 5,677,210 British Householders will make a reference at their Christmas dinner to the cutting up of Turkey, and of these 5,677,209 will imagine that they are the only persons to whom the idea of this excellent jest has occurred.

We are sorry to notice that there is a certain amount of grumbling among ladies about the newest fashions in dresses. They are complaining that these are uncomfortable, without being indecent.

"I fancy," said the lady, approaching the Professor, "we have met before." The Professor put on his glasses and had a good look at the lady. "Well, you may have, Madam," he said, "but I certainly have not."

The public are cautioned that press notices, when used to advertise books, should sometimes be taken with a grain of salt. "This is one of the most childish productions we have ever come across," remarked a contemporary in its review of a certain novel,

"James Smith, the author, must surely be Master James Smith." The book is now being boomed as follows:—"One of our leading newspapers hails the author of this novel as a Master."

"BUY YOUR RESIDENCE.

LIBERAL ADVANCES
ON SHOP & HOUSE PROPERTY"

says the advertisement of a Building Society. While it is quite true that Liberals are advancing on property of every kind, it seems doubtful policy for the Society in question to draw attention to the fact.

The village wind-band was assembled on Boxing-Day for the final rehearsal before the Grand Concert. "Where be Bill Huggins?" asked the conductor. "'E beain't quite the thing, zur," said a colleague. "Why, what's the matter wi' 'im?" "I doan't rightly know what's the matter, zur, but we reckon as 'e's overblowed issell."

It is well that it should be pointed out that danger lurks in the saying that every mince-pie eaten before the New Year means a year of happiness. As often as not it means a jolly bad quarter of an hour. Indeed last year we heard of a youngster who attempted to make sure that he would become in due course a blithe centenarian. He is with us no longer.

The Pluckiest Act I Never Saw:—A Cabinet Minister kissing a Suffragette under the mistletoe.



"GOT ANY 'BACCA?"

"NOW DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT ME, MATE."

A CHECK IN THE MATING GAME.

A LADIES' man Robert is not,
Such casual manners he's got;
But, though I can show
Several strings to my bow,
I love him the best of the lot.
Last night we sat out at a dance,
Feeling too sentimental to "Lance,"
And I fancy he guessed
I should fall on his breast
The moment he gave me the chance.

So, a snub wouldn't hurt him a bit
(I knew he was pretty hard hit),
And I quickly rehearsed
How I'd fool him at first
And capitulate when I thought fit.
He proposed. I demurely said "No."
He was silent a second or so,
Then sighed (from relief,
It seemed, rather than grief),
And briskly responded "Right-O."

And now I feel horribly small,
My tears are beginning to fall,
For it's evident I
Must eat humble pie
Or never get Robert at all.

Answer to "Smith Junior." — In reply to your enquiry, *jour de l'an* is the French for New Year's Day: *jour de l'âne* is the First of April.

Far and wide through Fairyland,
For along each fairy strand,
Peter Pan, we heard you play,
Heard your piping day by day,
Till at last
Bid by you
Fast, so fast,
Back we flew—
Like a flock of thistle-down—
To this park of London Town.

Autumn's here, but yet we sing
(Dancing for you in a ring);
Through the yellow leaves we run
Which the wind brings for our fun;
They are green
To our eyes,
Crisp and clean;
And the skies,
Grey to Men, to us are blue—
Never any other hue.

Winter soon will come, but we
Still will frolic 'neath each tree,
Frolic where you've come to dwell,
For our sakes, within this dell;
Cold or heat,
Sun or rain,
Life is sweet,
For again—
So you tell us, Peter Pan,—
We have won the love of Man.

In the ages that are gone
Hyde Park, right to Kensington,
Sheltered fairies in its bowers
Built of brushwood, moss and flowers;
Then Men turned
Grim and sad.
No more yearned
To be glad
In the merry fairy way—
Simple pleasures, simple play.

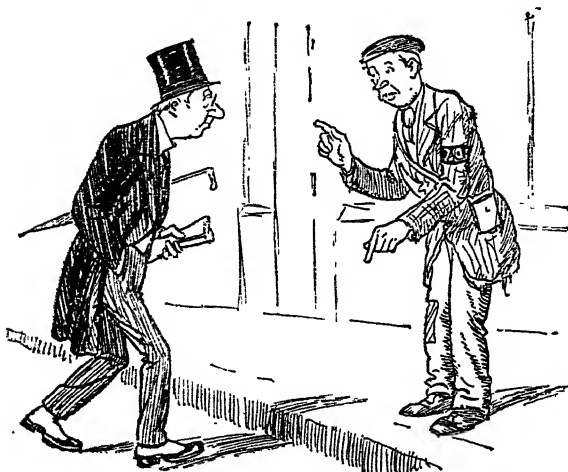
Drooped then every fairy head
(Oh, what bitter tears were shed!),
And the fairies vanished quite—
Hushed the home of every sprite!
Song-birds wept,
Furred things too,
All that crept,
When they knew
Why the London fairies fled—
Faith in fairies' worth was dead!

But there's nothing more to fear,
So you say, this happy year;
Mortals by your help have seen
All that fairies really mean—
Healthy joys
To enfold
Girls and boys,
Young and old—
So we thank you, Peter Pan—
Peter—never grown a Man!

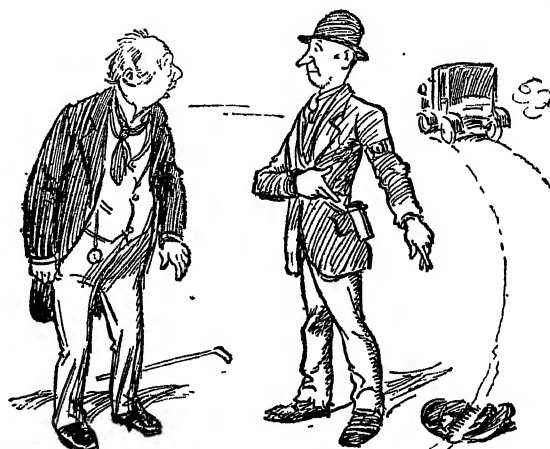
THE FAIRIES OF LONDON TO PETER PAN, 1912.

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[It has been suggested that the vast army of unorganised labour in London streets should be taken over by a General Information Syndicate. Badges and bell-punches would be provided and a small fixed fee of, say, one halfpenny would be levied in all cases.]



"HERE'S THE KERB, SIR."



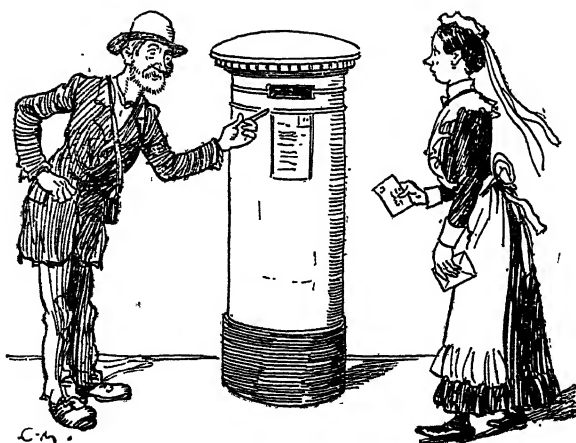
"THIS IS YOUR HAT, MISTER."



"FOLLOW THESE PEOPLE, SIR, AND YOU WILL GET YOUR TICKET AT THE SMALL WINDOW ON THE LEFT."



"THAT'S NOT YOU SLIPPED ON, SIR, THAT BIT O' BANANA-PERM."



"IN HERE, MISS."



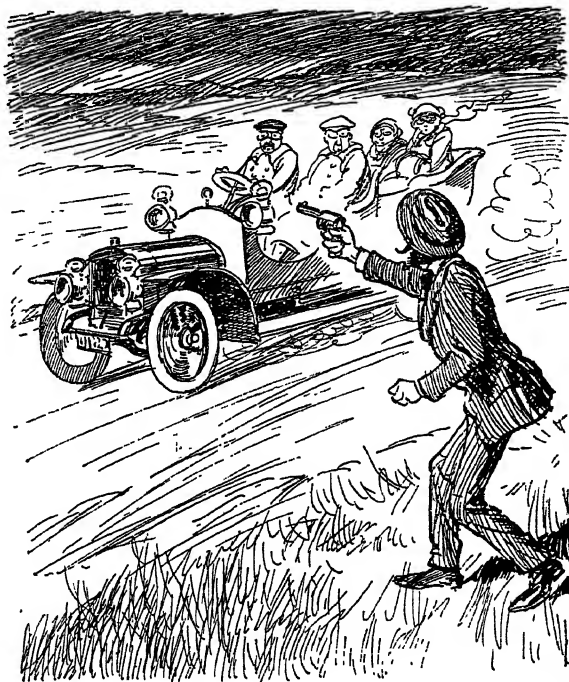
"SUICIDE? YES, SIR. YOU WANT WATERLOO BRIDGE—NEXT BRIDGE WEST."

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[An enterprising magazine recently had a story illustrated by drawings which were fashion-plates in addition to being illustrative of the text. Why not go further and insinuate lucrative advertisements?]



"SHE FLUNG THE RING ON THE GROUND AND TURNED SCORNFULLY FROM HIM." (THE ABOVE DRAWING IS NOT ONLY AN ILLUSTRATION TO OUR GREAT SERIAL STORY, BUT ALSO GIVES A SMART TYPE OF COUNTRY SUIT FOR GOLFING AND OTHER OUTDOOR EXERCISES, FROM MESSRS. SNOOKER, JERMYN STREET, S.W. THE PRETTY AFTERNOON GOWN IS BY VERA OF CONDUIT STREET.)



"AS THE CAR FLEW PAST A DARK FIGURE SPRANG FROM THE HEDGE WITH A LEVELLED REVOLVER." (THE CAR SHOWN IS A SMALL-SIZED 75 H.P. GASPARD—A HANDY, RELIABLE CAR FOR ALL PURPOSES; THE REVOLVER BEING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC SMITH-NORTHERN, PROCURABLE AT 201A, HAYMARKET.)



"'I WILL HAVE THE PAPERS,' HISSED LEROUX." (WE CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND THE ROLL-TOP DESK SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF OFFICE FURNITURE TO MESSRS. LIFFEY AND LIFFEY, CHEAT'SIDE.)



"SHE WAS DISCOVERED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE EARLY MORNING." (THE DELIGHTFUL BIJOU COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE IS ONE OF THOSE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE LUSHINGHAM GARDEN CITY CO. PRICE £350 AS IT STANDS. TAKES ONLY 48 HOURS TO BUILD.)

IT befell that a certain Man had Three Sons and being come near his End he sent them out into the World to seek their Fortunes

¶ Giving to the Eldest his Horse & Ten Gold Pieces

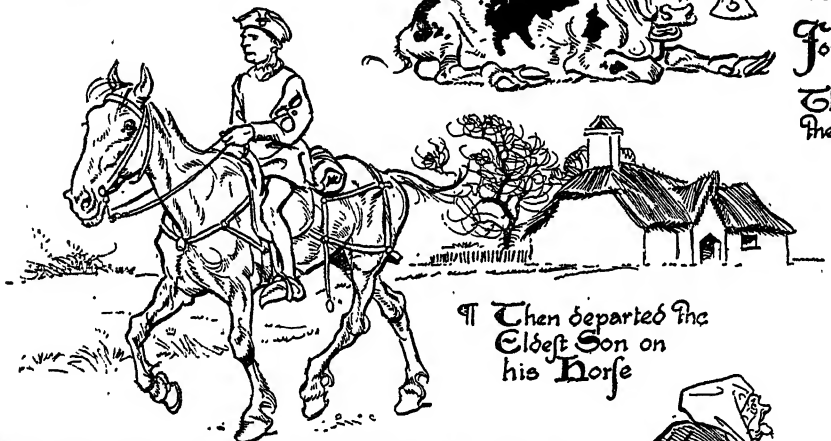


¶ And to the Second his Cow & five Gold Pieces



¶ And to the Third nought but Two Gold Pieces & a Loaf of Bread

For, said he, Ye wit well that the Third Son is the Fool of the Family always weddeth the Princess



¶ Then departed the Eldest Son on his Horse

¶ And within a While he met with an Old Woman who begged of him saying, Pristee give me an Alms But he said Yes, I don't think, for I have need of all that I have. So he passed on

¶ And by keeping a firm Grasp on what he had he laid the Foundations of a successful Business.



¶ Anon the Second Son journeyed forth with his Cow until he also met with the Old Woman who begged of him in like manner saying, At the Least give me to drink a Draught of Milk from your Cow





¶ And he said Right O! That will I
an thou hast the Needful to pay for it
withal. But she had not.
So he too passed on

¶ And he
set up a Dairy
Farm and by strict
Attention to Business
and giving nothing
for nothing he soon
amassed a handsome
competence



¶ Turn we now to the third
Son who fared forth with
his Loaf of Bread and
his Two Pieces of Gold

¶ Came unto him also
the Old Woman saying
Give me to eat of thy Loaf
I will that, said he, for I wot
well what behoveth a Third
Son & by the same Token
I suppose thou art she that
is to befriend me.



¶ And she said Guesses first Time. That's me. And
he said Catch hold then, and she caught hold and they
ate Crust for Crust till all was eaten



¶ Then she said To show well that
thou trustest me give me what Gold
thou carriest & I will take it & return
anon. And he said Right O. And
she took it & straightway departed.



¶ And he waited for her to
return. And he waited &
still waited but she
returned not again.



¶ So at the End of the Day he
arose and went Home and told
his father of what had befallen,
and his father said Thou Poor
fool, hast thou not heard of the
Confidence Trick. And he
could do nought more for him.

¶ And the Son departed & was run in
for having no Visible Means of Support



THE TRUTH ABOUT 1913.

[A Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for the approaching year; including Postal Information, Solar Predictions, Lunar Occultations, Tide Table, Antidotes for Poisons, Notes on Etiquette and a Guide to the Best Times for Sowing and Planting, etc., etc.]

In the past *Mr. Punch* has often wished his readers a Happy New Year, but he has never felt so certain that happiness was within their grasp as to-day, when he presents to them for the first time his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for 1913. With the aid of the almanack, his readers



THE SELF.

can face the approaching year calmly; and if, in spite of the warnings of the stars, any catastrophe should come upon them unawares, the Tide Table, the Notes on Etiquette and the Antidotes for Poisons should be sufficient to indicate a way of escape. The Solar Predictions, the Wages Table and the List of our Colonial Possessions are calculated to soothe those most in need of comfort, while the faint-hearted will take new courage when they read the Postal Information and the Table for Estimating Standing Crops. In short, it is *Mr. Punch's* belief that with the Prophetic Almanack and Guide for companion no one need fear anything from the approaching year of grace 1913.

It is just possible, however, that some may say, "On what does *Mr. Punch* rest his claim to foretell the future by the stars?" The question is a fair one. It can best be answered by recalling some of his

ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECIES
ALREADY FULFILLED.

The sinking of the *White Ship*, for instance, was clearly foretold in *Mr. Punch's* Almanack for 1120 by the words "Saturn in the ninth in trine with Neptune suggests shipping troubles."

Our prediction of the battle of Agincourt in the Almanack for 1415 created a tremendous sensation. Our actual words were "Mars on the meridian denotes activity in military circles." How fully this was borne out by events which followed is known now to all the world.

"Deaths among legal dignitaries," said the Almanack for 1553, and, alas! it was in that year that His Majesty KING EDWARD VI., the chief law-maker of England, passed away.

The Gunpowder Plot was definitely foretold by the words "Uranus on the cusp of the eleventh house threatens a warm autumn," which shows how seldom the stars can err in their messages.

"Deaths from sickness" sufficiently indicated the Great Plague of London.

Many other prophecies have been fulfilled, such as "Scandal in Religious Circles (1567), "Deaths by Duelling" (1712), and "New Laws Passed" (1844).

Having established his claim to be in the confidence of the stars, *Mr. Punch* now proceeds to give his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and General Vade-mecum. He feels that he cannot make a better beginning than by presenting to the public his specially prepared

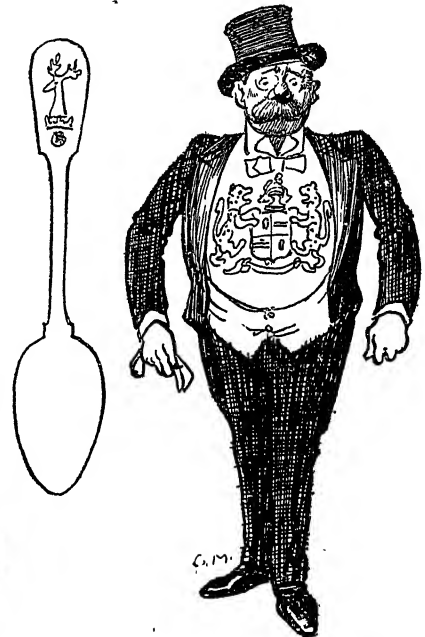
I.—POSTAL INFORMATION.

Letters.—For the sum of one penny the Post Office undertakes to convey a letter weighing 4 ozs. or less to any legible address in the British Isles. In these days of telephones and motor-cars, however, 4 oz. letters are but rarely written; at the end of 2 ozs. most of us find that we have said all that we want to say, and we do not grudge the Post-Office the little bit of extra profit. In some cases, of course, this profit is more than a little. It is, for instance, difficult



"A PENNY STAMP, PLEASE, MISS."

to send out an invitation of more than 15 drams, or to answer it in more than 1oz. and a quarter. On the same day to



THE GREAT LICENCE ANOMALY.

N.B.: YOU WILL WANT A LICENCE FOR THIS SPOON, BUT YOU CAN DECORATE YOUR SHIRT-FRONT FOR NOTHING.

dispatch a dozen invitations of less than an ounce and only to receive one three and a half ounce letter from Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE gives one some idea of the prosperity of the General Post-Office.

Post Cards.—These are sold at the following rates: Thin, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each; Stout 1 for $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 11 for 6d. To the recipient the adiposity of a post-card is, however, of less importance than the writing upon the side reserved for inland communications.

Dog Licences.—A dog licence may be purchased over the counter of the post-office for 7s. 6d., the size of the dog being immaterial. Though it is illegal to keep a dog without a licence, there is nothing to prevent you keeping a licence without a dog. You have only to gum the document to your front gate and burglars will keep away.

Money by Post.—Money can be sent in an ordinary letter at the ordinary rates, whether in the form of a postal order or in solid cash. If the latter, the Post Office regulations require that it should be well wrapped up, and that the words "Key Only"

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

should be written legibly on the front of the envelope.

Stock Exchange Dull.

II.—OUR CHIEF IMPERIAL POSSESSIONS.

NAME.	HOW OBTAINED.	TITLE OF RULER.
India	Conquest	The Viceroy
Barbados	Settlement	The Governor
Hammersmith	Annexation	The Mayor
Soho	Annexed from Italy	The Macaroni
Bayswater	Lease from Notting Hill	The Nut
Bourneville	Cession from Natives	The Coconut

Stock Exchange Dull.

III.—WHAT A LANDLORD MAY NOT DO.

The relations between a landlord and his tenant are so important and yet so little understood that our readers will be glad to learn their exact status in the matter. A landlord may not

(1) Stroll in uninvited, about 8 P.M., and seat himself hungrily in his (or rather your) dining-room.

(2) Kick you down your (or rather his) front-door steps if you are late with the rent.

(3) Make disparaging remarks about your—that is, his—or, rather, the herbaceous boarder.

IV.—WHAT A TENANT MAY NOT DO.

On the other hand, a tenant may not—

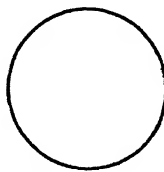
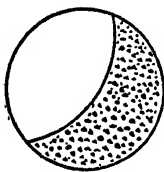
(1) Kick the landlord down the steps when he asks for the rent.

(2) Sell the house without the landlord's permission.

V.—ECLIPSES DURING 1913.

There will be five eclipses in 1913—three partial eclipses of the Sun and two total eclipses of the Moon. They will, however, all be invisible at Green-

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.



I. BEFORE USING OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

II. AFTER.

wich; unfortunately for the tradespeople of that town, who generally make a large profit out of the rush of visitors to Greenwich when an eclipse



OFF TO SEE THE ECLIPSE AT GREENWICH.

is announced as being visible there. It will be possible, however, to observe them through a smoked glass in certain parts of the Pacific.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, March 22.

This occurs in the first quarter (in advance) of Libra, and the fourth house. It indicates bad weather, and some deaths in Greenwich and elsewhere. The Stock Exchange will be depressed.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, April 6.

This falls in the fifteenth decanate of Scorpio in the second house. (Two houses nightly.) It threatens grave danger of something happening. The Stock Exchange will be distinctly flat.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 31.

This transpires in the eleventh cusp of Gemini in the third house on the left. It denotes change, together with a certain amount of stationariness. The Stock Exchange will be horribly dull.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, September 15.

This happens in the node of Cancer sideways. It points to events eventuating, or, in some cases, otherwise. The Stock Exchange will be even more sluggish than usual.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, September 30.

This falls out in the occultation of Aquarius. It foreshadows the passing of time and indicates the presence of weather. The Stock Exchange will be absolutely torpid.

VI.—MOTTOES FOR THE YEAR.

A swarm of bees in Jan.

Would surprise the average man.

February fills the dykes

With skidding cars and motor-bikes.

A peck of dust in March doth bring Contentment to a captive king.

Well, well; a pint of ale for me—
Quot viri, tot sententiae.

The cuckoo comes in April,

Casts a clout in May,

Coughs full soon on the first of June
And sneezes all the day.

If only St. Swithin's is fine, then we
Shall have one fine day in 1—9—1—3.

Drye Auguste and warme doth harveste
noe harme;

Cold Auguste and wette is what we
shall gette.

Geese have broken down and wept,

All their finer nature shocked,

At the thought of dying Sept.

Merging into new-born Oct.

Complain to your Member
Of fogs in November;



A LANDLORD MAY NOT DISCLAIM ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR REPAIRS:




"MERCURY RISES 6 A.M."

If it's cold in *December*
Complain to your Member;
He'll see to it! Lor'!
It's what Parliament's *for*.

VII.—THE COMING YEAR.

And now the Seer approaches the dread question, "What does 1913 hold in store for England?" Here our artist has depicted allegorically the coming year. How shall we interpret it? Ah!



In the left we see that the historic Houses of Parliament have been blown up by gunpowder. Does this indicate that a modern *Gringo Faux* is plotting in our midst? Or merely that bitter discussions will rend the House of Commons in twain? Let us hope the latter. Yet whatever happens we are glad to see England and France sitting in amity side by side; evidently the *entente cordiale* is to remain a feature of the coming year. But why does Capital (represented by the gentleman in the top hat) hold up the approaching train? It almost seems that the motive power of 1913 is to be electricity.

But what do we see now? Germany about to pull the tail of the sleeping lion! Britain must wake up or she will become even as the snail—such evidently is the message of the stars. Meanwhile the Turk and the Christian (depicted by a silly mistake of the artist's as a Hindoo) are playing cards with Death as onlooker. This seems to foretell War in the Balkans at no distant date. But not only in the Near East will there be unrest, for China, is on the warpath too, while in the background some naval affair appears to be in progress. Plainly this will be a depressed year for the Stock Exchange. Yet the Seer is not altogether despondent of the future. The position of John Bull in the centre of the picture indicates that it will be a good year for trade, while the drilling of civilians in the background may even be a sign that at last we are beginning to take our responsibilities seriously and embark upon Universal Military Training. On the other hand it may indicate Civil War in Ireland. The stars and the

artist are not quite clear upon this point.

Finally we have the awful figure with drawn sword in hand hovering over the scene. What terrible calamity does this portend? Socialism?—the break-up of the Empire?—a peerage for a well-known financier?—a scandal in high-life? Or is it merely a fanciful creation of the artist's to give balance



"1913."

to the picture? The stars—usually so communicative—have nothing to say upon this point. Let us leave this dire portent and fix our last thoughts instead upon the cow in the top right-hand corner. 1913 will be pre-eminently a good year for milk.

It is a relief to turn from these dread matters to more homely questions. The Seer cheerfully resumes his Guide and Vade-mecum with his long-awaited

VIII.—TIDE TABLE.



HIGH TIDE AT SOUTHEEND, APRIL 1ST, 1913.

Stock Exchange Dull.

IX.—GUIDE TO THE BEST TIME FOR PLANTING.

The influence of the moon on growing plants is now generally recognised. The reason is that the moon exerts an attractive force which varies with its

position in the heavens. When the moon is not only full but also directly overhead it will exert its maximum northward pull upon anything which you have planted. On the other hand, in the absence of a moon there is nothing whatever to drag the heads of your tulips above the soil, and for all your guests see of them they might never have been planted. Try this ex-

periment and convince yourself of the truth of this. Take a handful of walnuts and sow them at the full of the moon in good moist soil. Sow another handful in the same soil on the wane of the moon. Will the second handful come up? No.

Stock Exchange Dull.

X.—ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

POISON.	ANTIDOTE.
<i>Lowl</i>	Sulphuric Acid.
<i>Nitrate of Silver</i>	Plenty of Salt Water.
<i>Opium</i>	Stomach Pump.
<i>Stewed Rhubarb</i>	Artificial respiration and bleeding.
<i>Red Ink</i>	Milk.

It sometimes happens, however, that the patient swallows the antidote first, and then there is nothing for it but to give him the poison. In the case, however, of anyone who swallowed a stomach pump it would be useless to attempt to bring him round with opium.

Stock Exchange Dull.

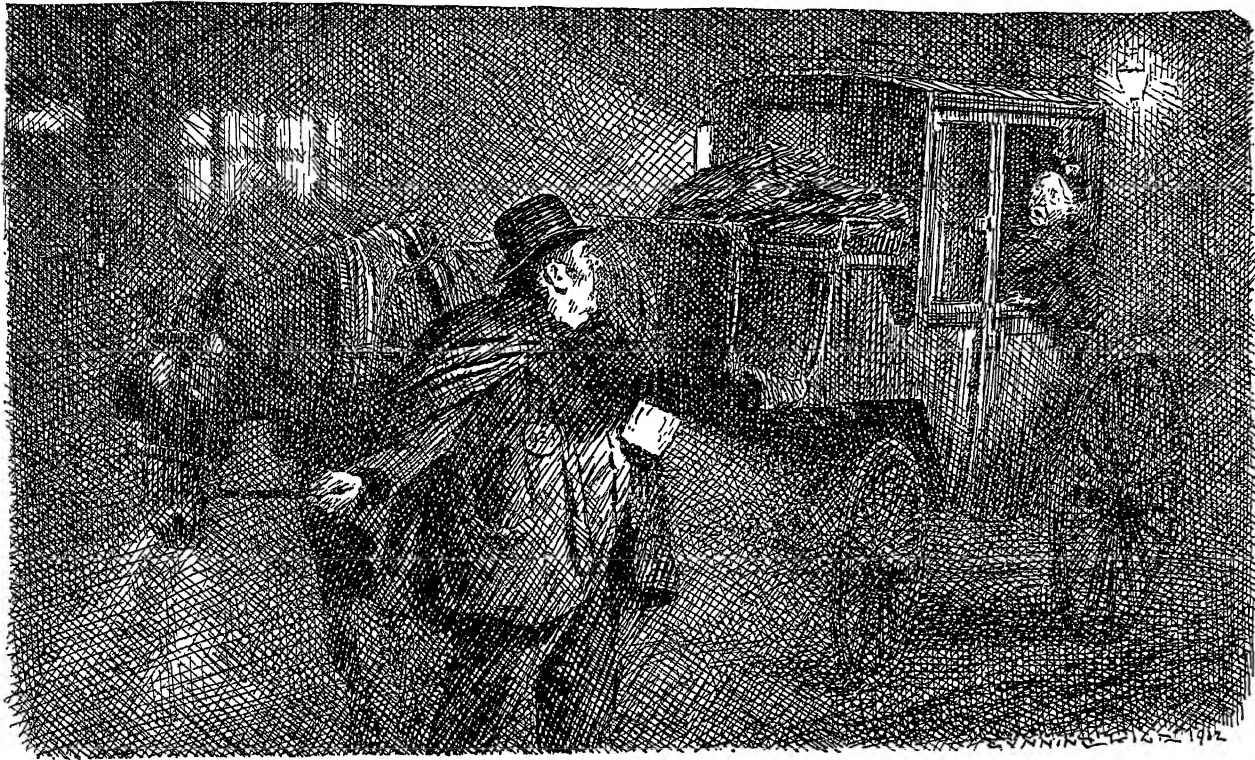
XI.—A FEW HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove moth from a fur-coat, paint the coat with a solution one part treacle and three parts brandy, and place it on the lawn at nightfall. An hour later, arm yourself with a bull's-eye lantern and a butterfly net and go out in pursuit of the moths—many hundreds of which will be found to have collected on the coat. When captured they should be placed in your killing bottle, and transferred at leisure afterwards to your collecting box.

A boot or shoe that pinches should be smacked and stood in the corner until bed-time. This will cure it of the habit.

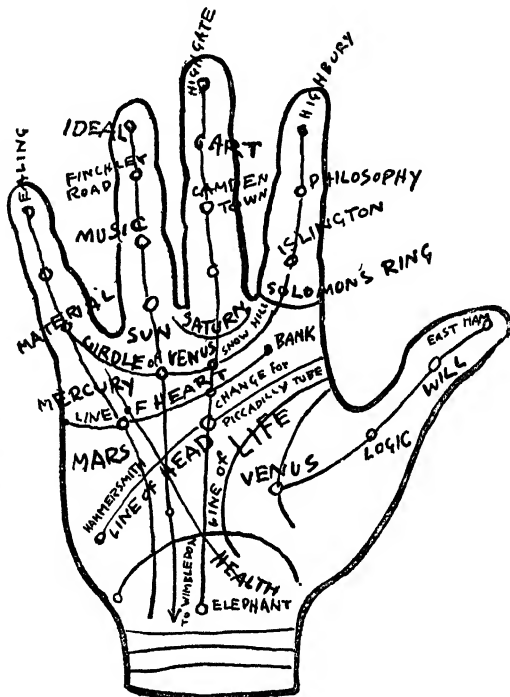
To soften the head hold it in boiling water for three hours every day.

Stock Exchange Dull.



Lady. "I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO TO ONE OF THE HOUSES AND ASK THEM WHERE WE ARE?"
 Ca'by. "Lon' BLESS YER, MUM, THEY WON'T KNOW!"

XII.—PALMISTRY.



The art of palmistry, to which our ancestors attached considerable importance, is sufficiently explained in the above diagram. The seer is not responsible for any departure from the

regular time-tables due to break-downs on the line.

d. Saturdays Only.

Stock Exchange Dull.

Mr. Punch now begs to take leave of his readers. Owing to pressure on space and the occultation of Aries upon Mercury, he has been compelled to withhold information on divers matters; the following being among the sections omitted;—

Table for Estimating Standing Crops.

What a Horse can do.

Architecture.

Etiquette of Mourning.

How to make a Hundred at Billiards.

The Influence of the Stars on Modern Thought.

Growth of the National Debt.

Twelve Rules for Saving Life at Sea

and

Approximate Table for Endowment Policies per £100 insured.

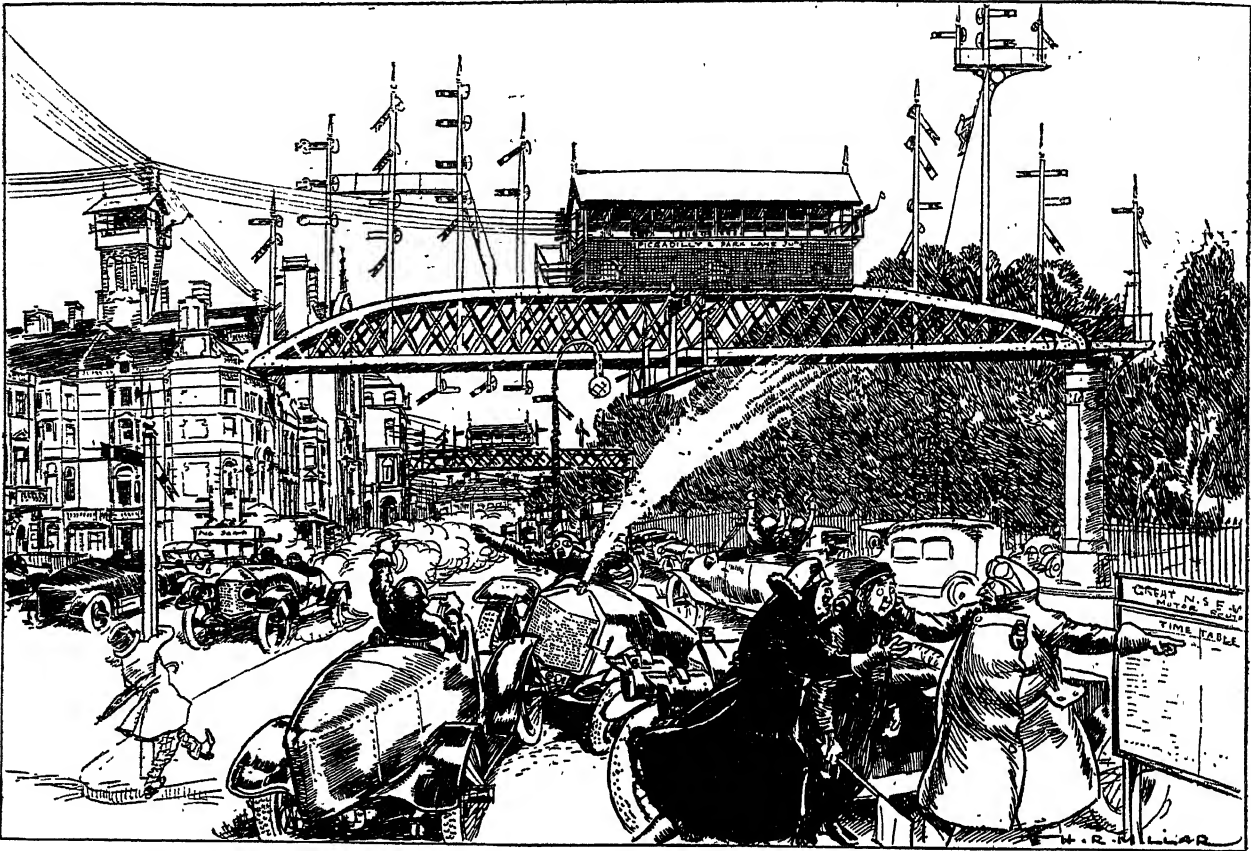
Nevertheless he is convinced that he has added to the sum of human knowledge, and that he has ensured the happiness of his readers in the

coming year. With a final warning to Vegetarians, the Bald, and Players of



THE RIGHT TIME FOR PLANTING
 (see SECT. IX.).

Badminton to beware the month of February, the Seer makes his bow.
 Valeté!
 A. A. M.



A LEADING MOTOR JOURNAL SUGGESTS THAT SOME SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING MIGHT BE ADOPTED AT IMPORTANT POINTS ON OUR MAIN THOROUGHFARES FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF TRAFFIC.

MR. PUNCH OFFERS A FANCY PICTURE OF HYDE PARK CORNER ABOUT THE YEAR 1919.

A CENTENARY OF PROGRESS.

(Trousers were first introduced a hundred years ago.)

A HUNDRED years ago. It is not mine
To sing, as others of my species may,
Of some high beacon that arose to shine
And dazzle future history. Truth to say,
Historical research is not my line,
Nor do I need it. My superior lay
Thrills to no great fight won or great king born—
I sing the year when trousers first were worn.

Small chance, until this great refreshment came,
Had any man. Whate'er his views might be,
The bifurcations on his nether frame
Ended too surely somewhere near the knee.
Whether he had a soul attuned to shame,
Or one from such refinement nobly free,
He must betray, to women and to men,
His utmost self. 'Twas legs or nothing then.

But all was changed. And meagre man could
hide
His spindly weakness from the vulgar's chaff,
While even he who took a buxom pride
In the orb'd turning of a conscious calf
Saw a new comfort not to be denied
In this strange gear; and, having come to laugh,
Remained to don, and won by slow degrees
A nascent modesty with this new ease.

And thus it chanced that, where the spell was cast,
Virtues beyond mere coyness grew apace—
For out of one come many—till at last
A wide urbanity assumed the place
Of the swashbuckling swagger of the past;
The West grew kindlier; and each trousered race,
Full of new worth, looks back, and finds it grow
From that great change, a hundred years ago.

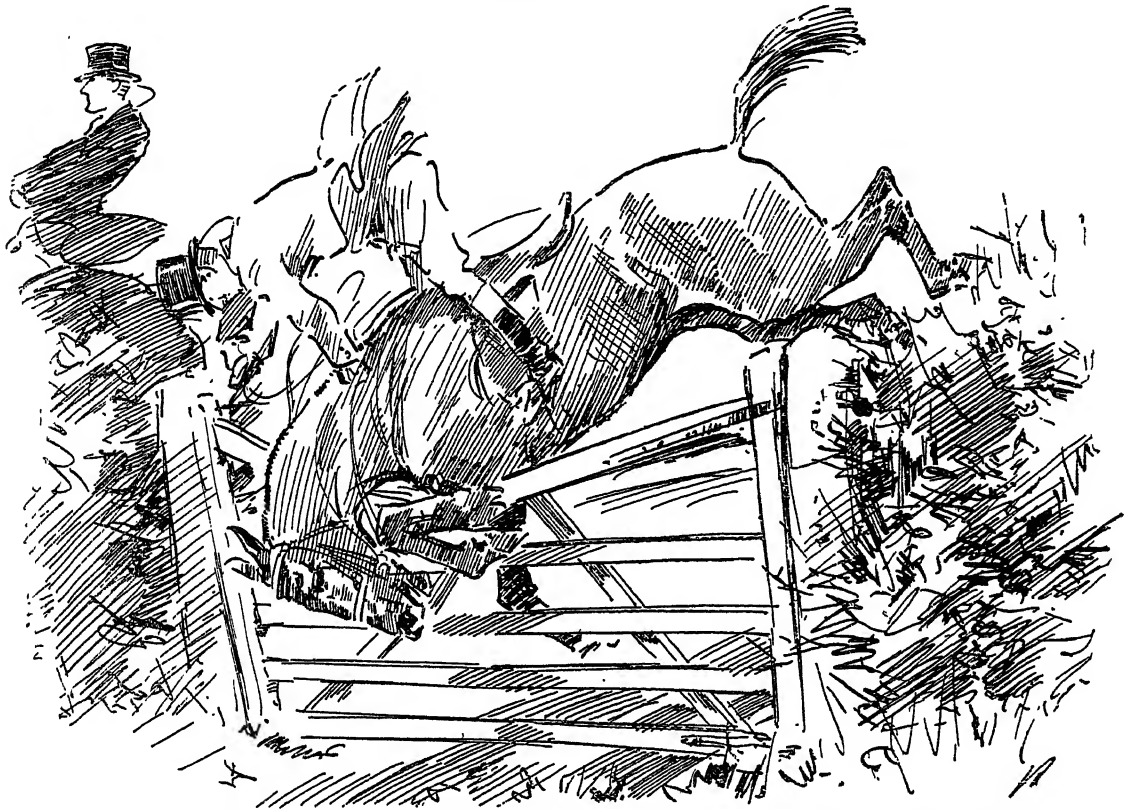
And thou, O nameless One, that didst invent
These gentle togs, to be for future days
A tool of Progress and an instrument
Of Peace, accept our full centennial praise.
Nor does the poet grudge the time he's spent
On this his ode (providing someone pays)
In memory of him who wrought this boon,
Which still endures, and shall not wither soon.

A hundred years. It seems how long to us;
And yet what is it in the cosmic view? —
A fleeting penn'orth on an old-world 'bus;
And we ourselves, how paltry and how new!
It would be well to shun vainglorious fuss,
And ponder, while these garments we indue,
How, in the immemorial Eastern clime,
Women have worn them from the birth of Time.

DUM-DUM.

FANCY AND FACT.

(The Dangers of Hunting.)



AS GATHERED BY NON-HUNTING WIVES FROM THE AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION OF SPORTSMEN.



AS MUCH MORE OFTEN OBSERVED.





L'EAU BLEUE.
M.M. Winstonkin
& Wilhelmski.

BAR-CANAL.
M. Taktoditch & Mlle. Panama.



LES SUFFRAGISTES.
M. Asquithoff &
Corps de Ballot.

Bernard Partridge.

WALBALLE



THE PRESENT-MINDED.

["A telegram from Mannheim states that an exciting incident occurred on Monday on the Hammelburg exercise ground of the 2nd Bavarian Army Corps. During the manoeuvres the 5th Infantry Brigade came within the line of fire of the artillery, who were practising with live shell. The presence of mind of the officers in immediately withdrawing their men at the double prevented any injuries."—*Central News*.]

THAT the Germans do not stand alone in the possession of this admirable quality is shown by the following extracts from the daily and weekly press:—

"What might have been a serious bathing fatality was, on Wednesday last, averted by the presence of mind of Mr. Edgar Applebloom. This gentleman, while bathing at the shallow end of the local baths, lost his footing. For some seconds his head was actually below the water-line, but with great promptitude he recovered his *locus standi*, and thus avoided what might have been an untimely death by drowning. It is incidents such as this which

encourage us to believe that the history of the Nation does not lie entirely in the past."—*The Stowford News*.

"We beg to congratulate our old friend Mr. Samuel Samuels Montagu on his narrow escape from death last week. While taking his usual afternoon stroll on the golf links, he became suddenly aware of loud and confused shouts behind him. Glancing round, he realised the presence of danger from the excited gestures of some visitors to the links. Mr. Montagu, with that calmness which characterises the Anglo-Saxon race, strolled quietly to one side of the course. Within five seconds of his reaching the foot-path a golf ball landed with a thud on the very spot where he had turned round. But for his presence of mind in withdrawing from the zone of danger he might conceivably have been struck in a vital part of the head."—*The Mudford Advertiser*.

"On Wednesday afternoon last a resident of Stoneham was walking with his small son in the fields close to the

Rockaby Quarry, when he observed a thin column of smoke arising from a part of the workings where blasting operations were in progress. With extraordinary presence of mind he turned and walked in the opposite direction, taking his little son with him. Had he proceeded to examine the operations at close quarters he might well have shared the fate of Professor Perie, who, as our readers will remember, probed the source of a similar smoke column with his walking-stick, last August, to obtain data for his treatise on the Volcanic Origin of Matter."—*The Rockaby Independent*.

"It is not every day that one sees the Arch-druid, but here he was in his glistening robes of white and gold, his brow garlanded with a wreath of oak leaves and a twining toque of gold about his neck."—*Evening News*.

Just the kind of toque for matinées.

Fatal effect of allowing College Fellows to marry:—

"THE CHILDREN OF DON."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

MODES AND MODERNITIES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I don't know whether you'll consider it joyful or sorrowful news, but there's quite a little feeling for *pockets* just now, the tyranny of the hand-bag having got almost unbearable. Of course, there are several little things that we simply *must* have *tout près* or die on the spot. Some people have special earrings, or bracelets, or even rings, that will hold a teeny-weeny puff, and so on; and the handle of a parasol by day, and of a fan by evening, will also hold things. But a small yearning for pockets has set in, and we've put it to Olga that she must satisfy it, without in the *very* least touching the outline of the skirt or corsage. She oughtn't to find it diffy. We've merely said to her, "There are things that we *must* carry and we *won't* carry, and you've got to solve the problem!"

Almost I find the chaperoning of this Haviland boy too much for me. It was just my absurd good nature that made me take on the job of introducing him in town and piloting him through the shallows. You see, dearest, the poor boy has the misfortune to be *un bon parti*, and my strong sense of duty makes me do my level to confound the politics and frustrate the knavish tricks of Lady Manœuvrer and others of her kind. I really *must* tell you how I got the silly boy out of the Manœuvrer camp. It was simply too thrilling for words! Ever since he came to town the Manœuvrer woman has meant him for one of her twins, Marigold and Bluebell. As soon as she thought things were nicely in train, she gave a big boy-and-girl (with a leavening of married boys and girls) dance for the twins. The staircase and dancing-rooms were all banked with the twins' blooms, marigolds and bluebells—in short, everything was done quite regardless, and when that's the case at Manœuvrer House one knows a quick and profitable return is expected!

The first valse after supper hadn't long been over when my *ingénu* came to me all in the downs and said, "Save me, cousin Blanche! I've proposed to one of the twins—Marigold, I think—the one in yellow."

"Silly, silly boy!" I said; "you shouldn't have trusted yourself to dance with either of the twins after supper. Now, let me see what I can do for you. Who's your next partner?" "The other twin—Bluebell—the one in blue," he answered ruefully. "Desperate circumstances require des-

perate remedies," I told him. "Propose to *her* too! There's safety in numbers, and even the Manœuvrer woman would scarcely send a par to *The Morning Post* announcing your engagement to *both* of them!" And *that* is how I saved him.

Call me a wretch, dearest, if it seems good to you to do so, but I love to think of the scene that followed at Manœuvrer House when everyone was gone. "Marigold, dear child," says Lady M., her perpetual smile not yet put away (Norty long since dubbed her "the long-distance smiler"; but for all that she's suspected of boxing the twins' ears *in camera* sometimes!), "you've something to tell me, haven't you?" Marigold owns up, and Bluebell weighs in with, "And I too have something to tell mamma." "Oh, my darlings," gurgles the Manœuvrer woman, taking a twin in each arm, "am I really going to get rid of *both* of you? Tell me the names of my dear sons that will be." And she draws a twin up to each ear—and hears the same name!

There's a marked coldness towards me and my *protégé* in the M. quarter now. The boy is most absurdly grateful. "How can I thank you, sweet cousin?" he says fervently. "You've saved me." "Yes, I've certainly saved your life—your *single* life, this time," I tell him.

Oh, my dear! such an affair at the Middlesbires! You know what a doggy woman Lala is, and what heaps of championships she's carried off with her kennel of Peky-pekes. You know, too, that their boy, Toppingtowers, has been what old-fashioned people call a trouble to them; that's to say, he has *temperament* and, since the action for breach when Lil Lightfoot of *The Merriment* got £15,000, he's been in the limelight several times. Well, one day last week, when Lala was up to the eyes in dog-show business, in walked Toppo with the head kennel-maid in tow. "Sorry, mother," he said, "but this is Lady Toppingtowers. Been out and done it this morning." And Lala flew at him and shook him till he went limp. "You wretched, wretched boy!" she screamed. "You've robbed me of the best kennel-maid I ever had. And there's the big show next week, and no one to see to Dee-dee and Du-du and Sen-sen and Ti-ti, and I shall lose all my championships!"

How charmingly distinctive *shoes* are this summer, dearest! Silk, satin, and kid are now entirely left to *ces autres*, and if you're to be anywhere at all you must think out shoes of your very *very* own. Myself, I consider the

skins of baby white mice make dear little summer shoes, and, for evening, nothing is sweeter than the wings of rare moths and butterflies. Beryl Clarges has hit on quite a nice black day shoe made from the skins or shells, whichever you call it, of black-beetles. The cellars, kitchens and pantries of their town house *swarm* with black-beetles, and Beryl's given orders that the servants are not to kill any of them, for the shells must be taken off while the creatures are alive or the shoes won't have any style. The servants are in a state of mutiny, and I hear they're going to get one of the Labour Members to ask a question in Parliament about it.

Talking of Parliament, *chérie*, Norty made such a simply glorious fighting speech in the House last night, opposing this Burglars' Indigestion Bill. It arose, you know, out of the case of a burglar who broke into some house in the night, found the remains of supper (boiled crab, among other things) on the table, finished everything up, including the boiled crab, was ill next day, brought an action against the person of the house, and got big damages. The new Bill is to compel householders, before going bye-bye, to see that nothing indigestible is left about that might disagree with burglars!

Dear Stella Clackmannan gave the last of her Garden Talks to the Antibanalites in the grounds of Clackmannan House yesterday. Her theme has been *Modern Banality*; and while we sat under the trees, had tea and nibbled nicies, our President rubbed it in, and told us how entirely and utterly banal we are, in spite of our efforts to be otherwise! She told us to avoid—as we would avoid something that I forget—*cleverness*, for cleverness was of all banal things the *most* banal; and next to cleverness the worst thing was to be in a hurry. In a wonderful flow of most *compelling* words she said that it was banal to talk and banal to be silent, unless you kept silent in a particular way. She said seeing and hearing were *banal* senses—that we must cultivate *insight*—that we must look *within*—that we must compare what never was with what never will be—in short, the dear thing was quite at the top of her form, and I never heard her speak better. I took Norty to the last Garden Talk, and asked him afterwards what he thought of it, and what impression he brought away. He said he thought it capital, and that he brought away the impression that it was banal to be alive, and even a little bit banal to be dead.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



HOME WATERS.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD (*at Henley*). "THIS IS A REFRESHING SIGHT AFTER THE MEDITERRANEAN. ANYHOW WE STILL HOLD THE THAMES."



Fair Reveller (at carnival, to Major Blood, who prides himself on his home-grown moustache). "FANCY DRESS, I PRESUME?"

THE BROWNING-BLAKE MATINÉE.

THE success of the KEATS-SHELLEY matinée was so pronounced that no time was lost in organising a sequel, and the hot summer afternoon of last Saturday could not have been better spent than in the Beanmarket Theatre listening to actors, actresses and society ladies bringing their trained minds to bear upon excerpts from the greatest mystical and the greatest monodramatic poet of recent times. It was a happy combination, for both began with B, and the promoters are to be warmly congratulated.

First, we had Miss ELLEN TERRY, who recited selections from "Sordello" with a beautiful bouquet in her hand. It is true that she forgot the words now and then, but her wonderful instinct carried her through. Quite a furore was also created by Miss CONNIE EDISS in a burlesque recitation entitled "Pip-Pippa Passes," delivered from the front seat of a splendid Rapier-Joyce Limousine; and Mr. WILLETT, of Daylight Saving fame, was much applauded in "Morning's at Seven."

A clever idea prefaced Mr. WILLARD's recitation of "Waring." When the curtain rose, the famous actor (who wore a brown suit, white slip and spats and Homburg hat) was seen to be in affectionate intercourse with Mr. HER-

BERT WARING. Mr. WARING then suddenly left him. Mr. WILLARD, on realising his absence, smote his brow and made other signs of grief and dismay, and then began the fine poem which opens with the question, "What's become of Waring?" Nothing could have been more dramatic, and Messrs. HAMPTON and GILLOW, who occupied prominent seats in the stalls, were much affected.

It is a question how far realism ought to be carried on such occasions. We have nothing but praise for Mr. WILLARD's little device, but it is doubtful if Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON was quite wise in hiring from JAMRACH, as he did, a live tiger, which he might invoke in the lyric, "Tiger, tiger, burning bright." The more timid ladies among the audience were visibly afraid, and the effect of Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON's beautiful voice was impaired by the stampede to the doors, which only increased when, in order to point the phrase "burning bright," the animal (previously soaked in petrol) was ignited.

A charmingly naïve note was introduced by Miss MARIE LÖHR, who, dressed as the daintiest "Little Bo-Peep" imaginable, with a crook tied with ribbons and the tiniest of high-heeled shoes, gave a tripping rendering of the lyric of "Little Lamb, who made thee?" with adorable gurgling laughs between each stanza. At the close, by

a happy inspiration, she exclaimed, "Wow, wow."

For the rest, a poignant echo of the Albert Hall meeting was to be heard in "My Last Duchess," as recited by Miss HILDA TREVELYAN as *Tweenie* in *The Admirable Crichton*.

The programme concluded with a masque based upon BLAKE's long poem, "Jerusalem," performed by a number of the most prominent hosts and hostesses of the day, with a sprinkling of Turf and Stock Exchange aristocracy.

"Standing on a table under a life-size portrait of himself in the costume of a hunter standing over a lion just killed in a room in the Congress Hotel, Mr. Roosevelt made a final appeal to his followers to avert defeat and domination."—*Daily Mirror*.

Hard luck on the lion, who probably thought he was safe in putting up at a good hotel like that.

"Mascheroni's 'For all Eternity' will appeal to a wide audience, and enable many to enjoy the wonderful singing of Caruso, to whom opera, even in these days of musical culture, remains unfamiliar."—*Gramophone Advt.*

Still, he must be getting to know *something* about it.

"His only bad hole going out was the ninth, where he was lying badly in the rough from his drive, and went from there with his niblick into the pond, from which he lifted the hole, costing him 6."—*Evening Standard*.

The penalty for moving the hole is severe, but obviously necessary.

THE CURSE OF CRICKET.

WOOLLEY stepped out and leaned against the ball, and it shot past cover to the boundary. This is the sort of cricket I can enjoy quite easily by myself, but the man on the bench below was afraid I might be feeling lonely. He turned round and introduced himself with the remark, "They're using the long handle." When a stranger says that to you at Lord's, you know at once that your day is spoilt. You can get up and leave the ground, or you can stay and talk to him; you can't watch cricket any more.

"Yes, they're taking the long handle to it this morning," he said again.

"Why are they doing that?" I asked innocently.

"They want to declare, you see; that's what it is. Oh, well fielded, MACARTNEY. That's MACARTNEY, that little fellow at mid-off."

"I like that stouter man behind him better. Who's that?"

"The one who's just going to bowl? That's—"

"No, the man quite close to the wickets. He's wearing a white coat."

"The umpire?" he said in astonishment.

"Yes. Who is he?"

My new friend explained at length the duties of the umpire at cricket, and how it was that they had to have two, one at each end.

"Yes, yes," I said; "but the one at this end—who is he?"

"Oh, I don't know his name," he said carelessly. "Some old cricketer."

"Because he looks rather like a man I used to know at Leamington," I explained. "I suppose his name isn't Carruthers?"

My friend looked at his card. "Moss and STREET," he read out.

"No, this was just Carruthers alone. I haven't heard from him for a long time, and I should have liked to meet him again."

"Funny thing, likenesses," he said shortly, and turned to watch the game.

For two minutes I had the cricket to myself, and then he began again.

"It won't be like this when Australia goes in," he said. "They'll play for keeps."

"They ought to play for something," I agreed.

"I don't know about MACARTNEY. He generally goes for the gloves."

"Yes, we must get him to go for those if we can."

"Wonderful bat, MACARTNEY. He's the only man who's made a thousand runs, you know."

"Fancy!" I said. "A thousand! Is he really the only man who's ever done it?"

"This year, of course."

"Oh!" I tried hard to keep the disappointment out of my voice, but I am afraid he noticed it.

"You'd never think a little chap like that could hit the ball so hard," he went on. "It's timing, that's what it is—all timing. Look at Jessor."

"But I thought he wasn't playing."

"Ah, and why isn't he? They never ought to have left Jessor out. If I were a selector, I should always say, 'Give me Jessor, and then you can put in who you like.'"

"Then I should put in Carruthers."



ONE HEARS A LOT ABOUT THE DULNESS OF CRICKET. WHY NOT MAKE IT A SORT OF BOUNDERS? INSTEAD OF THROWING THE BALL AT THE WICKETS, THROW IT AT THE RUNNING BATSMAN.

He made a century for Leamington once. And he bowls too—slow benders."

"But that's Fry all over. He's a bad captain. Why doesn't he declare now? We've got 300 on the tins."

"Perhaps he hasn't noticed it," I suggested.

"Some people call him a good bat, but I don't. Not what I call first-class. Good against bad bowling, but no good against the best."

"Like me."

"I should always make WARNER captain at Lord's. He knows every blade of grass on the ground."

"By name?" I asked with interest.

"And then WARNER knows the Australians."

"Ah, well, there's not so many of them."

"You see—Well fielded, SMITH! Fielded, Sir! That's SMITH; he's a great footballer."

"I thought he was a wicket-keeper."

"Oh, that's our SMITH. The Australians have got a SMITH playing too."

"Are they relations?"

"Not that I know of," he said, as though allowing that they might have arranged something privately. "There! Fry's declared at last. Now the Australians have got to sit on the splice for the rest of the day. The question is, can they do it?"

He asked this so fiercely that I didn't like to give an opinion. "Just as you think," I said modestly.

"Well, I say it depends how the wicket rolls out. If it doesn't roll out easy, and if Fry has sense enough to start with BARNES and FOSTER—"

"BARNES and WARNER, surely?" I said. "Because if WARNER knows all the different blades of grass and all the different Australians—"

He looked at me with compassion.

"WARNER doesn't bowl," he said kindly. "Don't see much cricket, do you?" he added.

"I'm afraid I don't get as many opportunities as I should like," I said truthfully, for there are black days in the week when I have to stay away from Lord's and work.

"I thought p'raps you didn't. Now I've watched it for thirty years. Ever seen GRACE?" he asked with the air of one who has an anecdote to tell.

"I don't think so," I said. "What's he like?"

And that gave it away.

He looked at me with sudden suspicion, and then slowly reddened. He turned away and buried himself in his paper. But his spirit was undaunted. A new-comer took the seat next to him, and my friend, having taken a glance out of the corner of his eye, introduced himself.

"I suppose," he said carelessly, "they'll play doggo?"

A. A. M.

"Dr. Carrel's most recent experiments were made with chickens' hearts, and in one case he succeeded in maintaining such a heart alive—and eating normally—for more than three months."—*Liverpool Echo*.

After which, alas, it lost its appetite.

"The bathrooms marched past first in column, and then in review order."—*Englishman*.

The review order of a bathroom is (1) Loofah, (2) Sponge, (3) Soap-dish.

"LOCAL BREVITIES. This is the longest day."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*.

Local, perhaps, but hardly brief.



Itinerant Gardener. "YOU WON'T FIND ME NO SLACKER, GOV'N'R. WHEN I GETS A JOB THE GRASS DON'T GROW UNDER MY FEET."
New Employer. "AH! I DARE SAY NOT. STILL, YOU MIGHT KEEP OFF THE LAWN; IT'S DOING NONE TOO WELL AS IT IS."

TO MY DENTIST—A MUTE APPEAL.

I HAVE not feared the tortures. If there be
 Any you have not tried that Eastern kings
 Practised in Ind or Mesopotamy
 Or China underneath the good old MINGS,
 Have at me with them all. I like the jest;
 There must be deeds of horror still unguessed:—
 What are those funny little spoon-shaped things?

Passive beneath your envious prods I lie;
 Cometh no murmur from my Spartan lips
 (Mainly because it cannot) while you ply
 Your clubs, like one ill-versed in Championships—
 No RAZ, no VARDON—round my dental course;
 You burst the bunkers with impetuous force,
 You take large divots with your mashie chips.

I am your lyre, and my confounded nerves
 The heavenly strings that echo through my brain,
 And every now and then your mattock swerves,
 And you say, "Tut, I must have caused you pain."
 "Pain" is an understatement of the case:
 When you are gouging holes in someone's face,
 Of course it hurts, you owl. I can't complain.

These are corporeal woes—I came for these;
 But there are subtler torments of the mind
 That reach us through the ears, sharp agonies
 That leave the Inquisition laps behind;

And such an one I count that hoary joke
 Whose kernel you have started to evoke
 From its long-mouldering heap of chestnut rind.

This was a favourite story with the Jutes
 When first their leaders landed. HENGIST died
 Repeating it to Horsa, and the moots
 Spread it abroad from Thames to Humber-side;
 But now it lacks the first fine flush of youth;
 JOHN, when he mulcted Semites of a tooth,
 Possibly used it; but the swift years glide,

And I am not a moneylender. Mewed
 Here in the confines of your baleful chair
 You think you have me stiff; but Albion's brood
 Is not so lightly bested. I can bear,
 As I have said before, the adze, the hoe,
 The little saw that buzzes to and fro,
 The dynamite, the drill; but just you dare—

For your own sake I put it to you, man,
 Pause ere you perpetrate this howling sin.
 I shall not murmur—you have laid a ban
 Over my lips, you clutch me by the chin;
 But, as I live, unless you check for shame
 This last low outrage, I shall take good aim,
 And hack you quite severely on the shin.

EVOL.

CHARIVARIA.

It is always dangerous to generalise from particular instances. A foreigner who visited London on ALEXANDRA Day wrote home that Socialism has made such strides over here that many aristocratic ladies are reduced to selling flowers in the streets.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has allotted £500,000 of his surplus to the development of cotton-growing in British East Africa. As a consequence he is now accused of cottoning to Manchester.

It is stated that the new Electoral Reform Bill "will not be seriously dealt with in the current session." The phrase is ambiguous. It might simply mean that this measure, like another we could name, will be rushed through without adequate opportunity for discussion.

Mr. ASQUITH believes that the better opinion of the responsible Labour leaders is against intimidation. If this be so, it is a pity that the responsible leaders—no doubt from motives of modesty—are so shy of airing their better opinions.

While in prison TOM MANN, it is said, whiled away his time by knitting. In spite of this we do not altogether credit the rumour that he is about to give up Labour agitation and open a little Berlin wool shop.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. *The Daily News and Leader* publishes an advertisement which shows that one person, at any rate, intends to make a serious effort to cope with the provisions of the Insurance Act. We refer to the following pathetic appeal:—

"WANTED—A RELIEF-STAMPER."

White mourning for widows, instead of black, is the latest New York fashion, and it is said to be so becoming that nervous husbands are taking special precautions.

Another postal improvement is announced. Reply-paid vouchers issued in connection with inland telegrams are now valid for twelve months, instead of two, from the date of issue. We all know how difficult it often is to make one's answer clear within the limit of twelve words, and the extra ten months for cogitation will come as a boon to many.

Miss CAROL NEWBERRY, daughter of

the Secretary of the Navy in Mr. ROOSEVELT's Cabinet, after breaking off her engagement to a British officer, has married her compatriot, Mr. FRANK BROOKS, of Detroit, and for doing this the officiating minister at her wedding described her as "the bravest girl in the world." This sounds like a doubtful compliment to Mr. BROOKS.

Headlines from *The Irish Independent* of the 25th June:—

MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

IRELAND'S CLAIM TO BE INCLUDED.

The nine-year-old pianist, SOLOMON, after his successful appearance at Queen's Hall last week, received, instead of the usual floral gift, a tricycle. Artists will welcome this innovation so long as the heavier kind of tributes are not flung on to the stage.

The proposal that, for the safety of the public, taxicabs should be fitted up with "cowcatchers" will, we understand, not be objected to by the chauffeurs if the contrivance be so arranged as to throw the offending pedestrian on to the top of the cab so that a fee of twopence becomes due from him.

To perpetuate the fame of living Americans, Congress is being asked to grant a charter to the newly-organised National Institute of Arts and Letters. A first list of "Immortals" has already been drawn up, and it includes the names of Mr. GEORGE ADE, author of "Fables in Slang," and Mr. ROOSEVELT. It was obviously impossible to nominate the one and not the other without justifying a charge of unfairness.

Political Candour.

"HOW THE TRADE OF LONDON IS BEING RUINED."

By BEN TILLET.

Headlines in "*The Daily Herald*."

"In accepting a replica of the Cumberland Cup, presented by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Kaiser expressed the hope that the Kiel week would be a fresh link in the chain of friendship between not only the yachting clubs, but also between the two countries. 'May the Cumberland Cup,' he concluded, 'remain here as a visible pledge of this amity so natural and so precious to Great Britain and Germany.'"

Attention is again called to the necessity for strenuous action on the part of the Government in expanding the Fleet so as to meet the new situation in the North Sea. It is pointed out that in a short time the British and German fleets in commission in Northern waters will be on a numerical equality."—*Daily Telegraph*.

For a brief moment the sub-editor thought of holding this second paragraph over for the next day, but he resisted the temptation.

TO FLORENCE (PERSONAL).

WHEN parents make the home abode
A somewhat perilous address,
Your modern maiden learns to code
Her raptures in the daily press;
'Tis thus I scan the inner needs,
The cravings of a certain "Floss,"
Whose poignant cry this morning
reads:—
"TwlvFrdybkstllChrngX."

Florence, if I may thus appeal
To one so gentle and refined,
Whose weekly cryptograms reveal
A sweet simplicity of mind,
Whose artless rhapsodies in print
Atone for much my paper lacks,
Whose puzzles, once deciphered, hint
The tragedy that dogs your tracks—

I've burned a deal of midnight oil
Decoding all your hopes and fears,
The daily round of calm and coil,
Your griefs and jests, your smiles
and tears,
And having grasped each mental turn,
Each varying mood, each wayward
whim,
I find there's nothing more to learn,
Excepting what you find in him.

Week in, week out, I've watched you
try
To fire this Rupert—thing of clay;
Week in, week out, his trite reply
Has riled me more than I can say;
See Monday last—the harsh refrain
Suggests a rift within the lute:—
"Swthrtwmstntmtgn,
Bptntdr." (The callous brute!)

Oh! Florence, shun the sordid type
That woos like this. It drinks and
bets,

I doubt me not; it scorns a pipe
And smokes eternal cigarettes.
A myriad maids, unnumbered dames,
Have lived to rue the fatal waltz
That linked their hearts to one whose
name's
Th' epitome of all that's false.

And, should it chance, as I surmise,
That Rupert finds he cannot come,
You mustn't dim those pretty eyes,
You mustn't twirl an anxious thumb;
Nay, child, rejoice in what you've
miss'd,
You stand to gain through Rupert's
loss,

For I intend to keep that tryst,
TwlvFrdybkstllChrngX.

"Ayton earned his place by steady rather than brilliant play, and Herd, only two, was missed by Bine in the long field."—*The Manchester Guardian* on the Golf Championship.
HERD must learn to keep the ball down when driving. An occasional chance to cover off the mashie is excusable.



Lady. "I VENTURED TO CALL ON YOU FOR YOUR OPINION, PROFESSOR. DO YOU THINK IT WOULD DO MY SON GOOD TO STUDY THE PIANO?" *Famous Pianist.* "DOES HE SHOW ANY TASTE FOR IT?"

Lady. "NOT THE LEAST. BUT HIS HAIR HAS BEEN FALLING OUT SO MUCH LATELY, AND EVERYTHING ELSE WE HAVE TRIED HAS DONE NO GOOD AT ALL!"

INSURERS ASSURED.

(With apologies to "The Express.")

EVERY day brings its hundreds of thousands of letters from all over the country asking us for information as to the working of the Insurance Act. To-day letters have been received from such widely separated places as Putney Hill, Ballybunion, Peebles and Cricieth. We can only give a few typical questions, which we have endeavoured to answer to the best of our ability.

Perplexed. "I am an envelope addresser at so much per million and do my work in an old tramway car in a neighbour's field, paying no rent."—Difficult case. You sound like an out-worker.

Nora. "If I am sick for twenty-six weeks at 7s. 6d. a week, is that all the allowance I get in a lifetime?"—No. You can be sick for twenty-six weeks in any year, and start being sick afresh by paying for fifty-two weeks.

Mrs. Walker. "I am paying a woman threepence a week regularly to come in the morning to kill wasps and brush my dog. If I have to deduct threepence from her wages it will be very hard on her."—It is just possible that she is dependent on someone else for the larger part of her living and that you are not responsible for her insurance.

A.B.C. "I am anxious to get in touch with five other ladies in Ealing who are willing to go shares in the expenses connected with having a charwoman."—In response to thousands of similar enquiries, we are about to open a Char Exchange in these columns.

Mistress. "I have a dear little general servant, aged 71. Does she come in to the scheme?"—No, she stays out.

Inquirer. "Supposing I pay for ten years and never get any sick benefit, do I get any recompense?"—No. You have simply lost your bet with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Or, to put it in another way, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE guarantees either

your health or your sick benefit, but not both. You pay your money and you take your choice.

Commercial Candour.

From a circular:—

"All goods not our own manufacture of guaranteed quality."

"Ascot is over with all its pleasures and fatigues, its failures and successes, but one useful lesson it must have taught to all ladies. No one who was present could fail to notice how very much better some women looked than others."—*Sunday Times.*

An acute observation, only possible to the trained eye of the specialist.

"The cost of fire in this country [America] for each day of the year reaches the stupendous figure of £6,000, or £100 a minute, which exceeds the combined annual production in the United States of gold and silver and the Post Office receipts."

Arguments like these should be reserved for the platform.



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.
ALEXANDRA DAY.

TALL-TALK ON HIGH LIFE.

["So many tall young brides have never been seen before at any Court. Lady Stafford's goodly height was far outdistanced by the towering figure of the youthful Lady Leconfield, a bride who is still in her teens, yet who made a queenly figure in her rich white bridal robe, and wearing the famous gems which are heirlooms in the Wyndham family."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ONE of the most superb figures at the latest Court was that of Lady May Pole, whose robe of gold and gentian brocatelle had an overdress sewn with acetylene brilliants, the gleam of which was accentuated by

a floating train of Paramatta goulash. Lady May Pole, who was exactly six feet when she was thirteen and is still growing, has been to all the height-reducing cures of both hemispheres in the vain effort to abate her colossal stature. As a child she was fed on gin, and only last year she spent several weeks amongst the Pygmies of the Aruwihimi in the hope that the environment might exert a stunting effect on her growth. Her engagement to Sir Saul Eiffel, however, has reconciled her to her abnormal elongation, as Sir Saul is himself a stately figure measuring six feet three inches in his

stockings and fifty-two inches round the chest.

* * * * *
Lady Araminta Gollop, the second daughter of the Earl of Bletchley, was simply dressed in ethereal chiffon and cross-hatched tulle, but she towered above the squat figures of the Tory *débutantes*. Jealousy of her magnificent proportions prompted the nickname "the Giraffe of Grosvenor Square," by which she was known in her first season, but she has long lived down the ungracious calumny.

* * * * *
Lord Cashley St. Coutts, one of the recent Liberal creations, is almost the shortest man in the Upper House, but, as a member of the Eighty Club wittily remarked, he is never short where cash is concerned. By a curious contrast his handsome bride, so well known last season as Miss Lotta Dibbs, is of a positively Patagonian height; indeed it was said of her that had she not been so richly endowed with this world's goods she could easily have earned her living as a professional giantess, being four inches taller than Madame CLARA BUTT.

* * * * *
Very general sympathy is felt with Sir Halford and Lady Pond in the failure of the treatment to which their twin daughter Fatima has been subjected with the view of bringing her height up to the normal Liberal standard. Her sister Miriam is, as is well known, one of the tallest as well as the handsomest brunettes in Belgravia, but Miss Fatima is only about 5 ft. 0½ in. high, though in other respects one of the most persuasive advocates of Lloyd-Georgian finance. At the advice of Sir Hunter Tufton, of Harley Street, she was put for the last six months on a special diet, the chief features of which were *pâté de foie gras*, caviare, Devonshire cream, and superfatted cod liver oil, and carried out the instructions of the eminent specialist with the utmost patience and fidelity. Unfortunately, though Miss Fatima has expanded laterally in a truly gratifying way as the result of the experiment, her height has remained absolutely stationary. Sir Halford has taken the matter so much to heart that, we understand, he has not eaten *caneton à la presse* for the last twenty-four hours.

At a wedding at Shoeburyness Parish Church all the guests wore bunches of radishes out of compliment to the bride's father, who resides at Radish Villa, and is known as 'The Radish King.'—*Woolwich Gazette*.

We have been compelled to refuse our invitation to the wedding of the Onion King's daughter.



Bernard Partridge.

THE COMING OLYMPIC STRUGGLE.

ACTIVE TRAINING FOR THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE EVENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF
TODDY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Have read somewhere of "the fairy tales of science." Heard this afternoon a fairy tale of finance such as might not be related in any other country in the world. Making up his Budget in the Spring CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER found himself proud possessor of realised surplus of six-and-a-half millions. At the time Coal Strike was in full force. Trade of the country temporarily paralysed. Also there was uncertainty as to possible demands of Navy for fresh expenditure. Conceded that, if Germany insisted on playing the game of beggar-my-neighbour, this country had no recourse from necessity of taking a hand in the game. In this case of double uncertainty the cautious CHANCELLOR decided to defer distribution of his little pile till he saw how matters turned out.

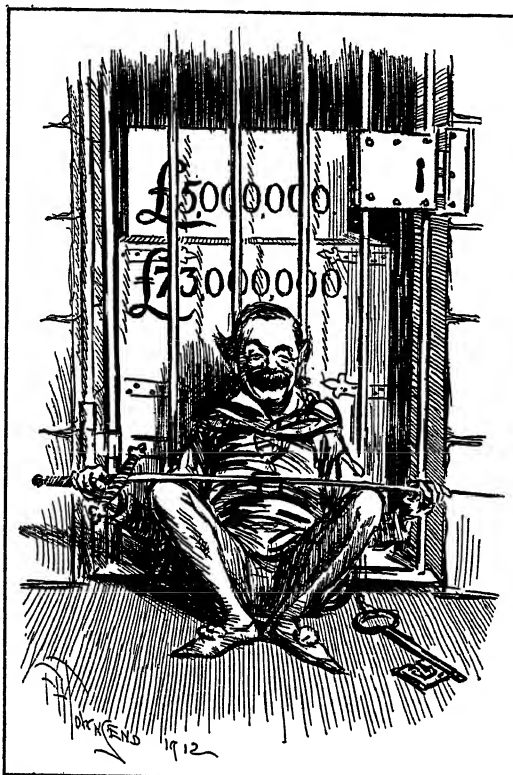
To-day House crowded in anticipation of statement on subject.

It was brief but to the point. CHANCELLOR able to announce that so persistent and abundant is the flow of national prosperity that already the set-back to revenue occasioned by Coal Strike has been adjusted. There will be no necessity for appropriating any portion of the surplus on that account. The German ship-building programme will necessitate further expenditure at home; but it will not exceed a million. Half a million will be lent on easy terms of interest for much-needed development of cotton-growing in Uganda.

There remained the nice round sum of five millions. What Will He Do With It? as BULWER LYTTON once enquired in three volumes. Members, mutely repeating question, leaned forward, anxious not to lose a syllable of the reply. It was brief.

"We propose," said the CHANCELLOR, "to set aside the whole of that five millions for the purpose of redeeming the National Debt."

Loud cheers from Ministerialists greeted the statement. The Opposition sat silent, aghast. Had expected appropriation of some portion of surplus by this method; but no flight of rumour had risen higher than the figure of three millions. And here it was all dropped into service of the Debt, bringing up the aggregate amount of reduction during six years' life of a Liberal Ad-



"A FAIRY TALE OF FINANCE."
The Sinking-Fund Chamber.

ministration to unparalleled sum of seventy-eight millions sterling.

MEMBER FOR SARK patriotically and personally pleased. Father of a family, he has invested considerable proportion of his fortune in Consols. Throughout the year has been accustomed daily and weekly to read financial expert opinion laying at door of an iniquitous



THE TELLERS.

LORD ROBERT CECIL and MR. KEIR HARDIE.

Ministry and a reckless CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER responsibility for low price of Consols. Alleged to be due to fact that, contrary to precedent, in defiance of sound finance, payments on account of reduction of Debt have been criminally intermitted. And here were the simple figures: seventy-eight millions paid off in six years against nine millions contributed by last Ministry presided over by PRINCE ARTHUR with SON AUSTEN Chancellor of the Exchequer.

With the buoyant and sanguine simplicity of Celtic nature, LLOYD GEORGE expressed hope that after this plain tale nothing more would be heard from quarters indicated of fall in price of Consols being due to Ministerial failure in duty of making liberal provision for reduction of Debt.

"Dear child," said SARK, his spirits now fully restored, "how simple he is! I'll give 'em a week, or say ten days. At the end of that time they will, daily and weekly, be grinding out the same old story."

Business done.—On report of Budget resolutions, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER disclosed scheme for disposing of realised surplus. A million for Supplementary Naval Estimates, half a million for railways in Uganda, five millions in reduction of National Debt.

Tuesday.—After what happened this afternoon, the most determined derider of portents will probably abate his scepticism. Yesterday, on motion for adjournment in order to discuss as urgent matter of public importance the treatment of the Suffragettes in Holloway gaol, LORD ROBERT CECIL and DON'T KEIR HARDIE acted as tellers. Standing shoulder to shoulder (or as near as the Member for MERTHYR could rise to the occasion) they heard figures read out by the Master of ELIBANK, announcing their joint defeat. When SPEAKER named Tellers, House laughed merrily at the association of spacious times of QUEEN ELIZABETH with the narrow environments of a Socialist lecture-room.

No laughter to-day when LANSBURY, whose motion for adjournment yesterday brought about this strange fellowship, broke forth in burst of incoherent wrath, outraging Parliamentary traditions, defying authority of the SPEAKER. It was a Suffragette's hysterical frenzy breaking out in a man who had the chance of giving it vent from a seat in the House of Commons, whence women are for the time being banished.

LANSBURY only wanted a hammer up his sleeve to complete comparison.

When, after roaring at top of his voice, his body rocking with uncontrollable fury, he dashed down the floor in direction of Treasury Bench, shaking clenched fist at PRIME MINISTER, there was a moment of sickening apprehension. No one can say what a man beside himself with passion might not do. By one of those fortunate accidents that sometimes give a turn to human affairs, MASTERMAN happened to be sitting at corner of Gangway-end of Treasury Bench. LANSBURY, making for the PREMIER seated two places beyond, almost stumbled up against burly figure of FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. ASQUITH, who is growing accustomed to these evidences of the soundness of the demand for Woman Suffrage, sat unmoved, apparently unnoticing. Only a deeper flush on his cheek betrayed consciousness of the situation. As in MARRYAT's time MASTERMAN was evidently Ready. He kept a steady eye on the fuming Member, prepared to interpose if he went a step further. On reflection LANSBURY didn't. Returned to his seat below Gangway, whence on third quietly spoken command from the SPEAKER, supported by intervention of WILL CROOKS, he strode forth into the Lobby and was seen no more.

PRINCE ARTHUR, looking on across the Table, reflected how closely history repeats itself. Ten years ago, whilst he was Premier, there was a scene almost identical in incident. THOMAS O'DONNELL, still with us as Member for West Kerry, resenting the closure moved by PRINCE ARTHUR, rushed from Irish camp opposite, bounded down the Gangway, and before House, chilled with swift alarm, could draw its breath, was discovered standing midway between Table and Treasury Bench, shaking both fists in the face of the PREMIER as he hoarsely shouted hate. Having made an end of bellowing, he returned to his place, was formally suspended for rest of the Sitting and withdrew, House going on with its business as if the interlude had formed an ordinary part of it.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Civil Service Estimate.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Cinderella, being, after all, human, will not always sit quiescent in the kitchen, whilst her sister struts at the ball in silks and fine linen. To-night LANSBURY bemoaned her fate in touching words that struck a sympathetic note of revolt in the bosom of NEWTON. It is bad

enough that the arrogant sister should name her in the preamble of a Bill and there leave her. Worse still is the systematic neglect and humiliation, the enormity of which was exposed in one of LEADER OF OPPOSITION's clearly-cut speeches.

All about division of Ministerial offices as between the two Houses. Time was, especially when Conservative Ministry was in power, when this was fairly done. Heads of the two great spending Departments, with addition of the FOREIGN SECRETARY and the COLONIAL SECRETARY, were to be found among the Lords. At the present day the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, the CIVIL LORD and the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY are all seated in the Commons, where they



MASTERMAN READY-AYE-READY.

hob-and-nob with the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, the UNDER SECRETARY and the FINANCIAL SECRETARY. The COLONIAL SECRETARY has been transferred to the other House, his place taken by an Under Secretary. Of the eight representatives of the Foreign Office, the War Office and the Admiralty, not one is a peer.

NEWTON hears that when Home Rule Bill comes along it will be "in charge of a Noble Lord who is not even a minor Court official," whilst the Mediterranean policy of the Government will be expounded and defended by the MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Since G. P. R. JAMES, at the opening of whose many novels a solitary horseman might be observed ascending or descending a slope, was made Consul-General at Venice there has been nothing so deplorably paradoxical as this.

Business done.—Motion condemning arrangement of representation of public departments carried without division.

"WHEN IN ROME . . ."

I.

My last Sunday was a varied and a busy one.

"Have you seen *Milestones*?" said Miss Goram, as we met in the Park. "Isn't it rather delightful?"

"Ye-es," I answered, "though I should prefer to call it 'pleasant.' Every detail of the production is excellent and the idea of epochs is novel and sound. But somehow, don't you think, it lacks the stirring element?"

This, to be candid, was not my own opinion, but my cousin John's; it seemed however to be the very one calculated to agree with and yet explain hers. Her "rather," however, had misled me.

"Oh, do you think so?" said she. "I thought it frightfully pathetic."

"Pathetic? Is that the general feeling, then?"

She was emphatic. "The most pathetic play in London."

"Pathetic," said I. "I must remember that."

II.

"Have you seen *Milestones*?" said my next-door neighbour, at lunch, giving me no hint that she held any opinion but the proper one.

"Isn't it delightful?" I remarked. "So frightfully pathetic!"

"Do you really feel like that about it?" said she, raising her eyebrows. "It left me cold. I consider it the prettiest and dullest play in London. When

I go to a theatre, I like to see people getting in and out of complex situations and not merely growing old."

I got her to repeat that last bit, while I made a mental note of it.

III.

I took tea with Mrs. Hansard. "Have you . . ." she began, almost at once.

"... seen any pretty and dull plays lately?" I interrupted. "You know, when I go to a theatre, I like to see people getting in and out of complex situations, don't you? Now, if one considers *Milestones* . . ."

This, as I well knew, she was doing all the time.

"Jim and I," she declared, "were there last night, and simply loved it. I thought the dresses and the conversation about the iron ships were excruciatingly funny."

Always willing to oblige, "The funniest play in London?" I queried.

"Quite," she said, but turned to talk

to someone else who agreed with her more genuinely.

IV.

Undeclared, I dined with the O'Malleys, and faced the inevitable. Indeed, I rather led the daughter of the house on. "How do you like *Milestones*?" I asked right away.

"Enormously," she said. "Do you?"

I am a man of peace, in thought, word and deed, and deserve, I think, more encouragement than I get. Even now, when I was shown the agreeable line and took it, I found that there was no pleasing people.

"Enormously," I said; and, since I knew the lady for one of those who, tiresomely enough, insist on downright honesty, I added, "'Funny' isn't the word. It is the most excruciating play in London."

"Our ideas of what is funny are different," she answered coldly. "For my part, I wept."

V.

Even as next morning I came out of the Theatre Ticket Office in Bond Street I met Miss Goram, her of Section I., again.

"How very lucky that I should meet you," I cried, "just when my opinion happens to be in entire agreement with your own." I did not indicate the topic, because my experience over the week-end had led me to suppose that there was only one.

"What about?" she asked.

"Why, *Milestones*, of course," said I; "the most pathetic play in London."

Apparently she too had had a busy Sunday and it had tired her.

"I am sick to death of *Milestones*," she declared.

"Don't tell me that it is the correct thing to be sick of it," said I, crest-fallen, "at a moment when I have at last booked myself to go and make its acquaintance first-hand."

MORE PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

A CLERICAL correspondent in *The Daily Chronicle* of June 27 suggests that the best way to combat the growing perils of London traffic would be for a number of protesting pedestrians to sit down in the middle of the roadway of Putney Bridge. This promises some fun or, at any rate, a lively afternoon. For ourselves we have secured the co-operation of the 80th South-West London Boy Scouts and the "B" Division of the Fulham Road-breakers Corps and propose to go into camp shortly in the middle of Hammer-smith Broadway. First-aid displays and Juggernaut gymkhanas will provide, it is expected, some pleasant interludes.



"NAH, THEN, COME AWY, CAN'T YER? Y' DOWN'T WANT TO BUY ANYTHING TO-DYE."

Nor are other busy and congested centres to be neglected. A mass meeting of bath chairs is to be held next Tuesday at 6 P.M. on the deadliest open space in town, viz., the north end of Blackfriars Bridge and the streets converging thereto. The vehicles will line up at the appointed time from all quarters of the metropolis and will "order handles" and then stand easy, presenting an unbroken front to all other wheeled traffic. Simultaneously, an *al-fresco* Mothers' Meeting, under the joint patronage of Mrs. BURGWIN and the LADY MAYORESS, is announced, the venue being on the asphalted pavement between the Bank and the Mansion House. At a given signal, bodies of strapping matrons are to emerge from the various subways and deposit them-

selves on carefully-tested camp stools at the rallying-point, where, in due course, tea and muffins will be handed round. We are assured that their solidity and *vis inertia* will prove irresistible to the motor-buses of Cheapside.

A posse several hundred strong of the more intransigent Suffragettes, we hear, are devoting themselves to the congenial duty of holding up Piccadilly in the neighbourhood of Hamilton Place. They will all be chained to each other and the railings on either side, thus effectively stemming the transit of "Generals" and taxi-cabs.

By these means we feel confident that something will be done to safeguard the rights of foot-passengers in our streets.

AT THE PLAY.

"ANN."

YOU may have thought that a man who leaps to sudden fame with a first novel is certain to suffer from swelled head. Then you were wrong. There never lived a more naïvely simple creature than the hero of the new Criterion play; never one that showed less sign of genius in the home-circle. It may be that he was conscious of having imposed on the public, like a man I know who makes guide-books of countries that he has never set eyes upon. For *Edward Hargraves*, aged 26, had written a brilliant novel on the theme of a honeymoon without ever having kissed a woman in his life. The defect had been recognised by a young female critic who, herself unmarried, must have had a natural *flair* for the right honeymoon atmosphere. So little, indeed, did the author know of the arts which appeal to women that he never even used hairwash, an omission discovered by the same critic when, in her *métier* of reporter, she penetrated his flat by the fire-escape and interviewed his bedroom.

A simple youth of 26

Who never greased his hair—

What should he know of Cupid's tricks
Or how to woo the fair?

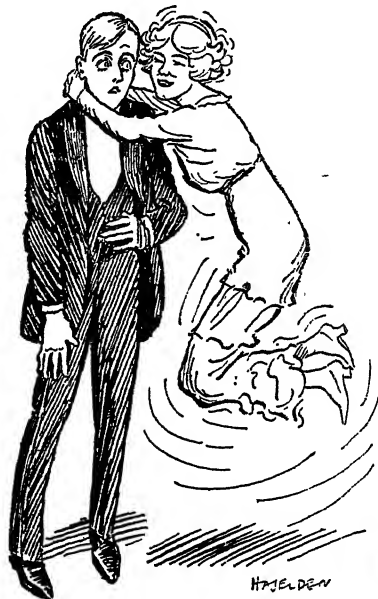
This hiatus in his experience had not escaped the fond eye of his mother (played with a very charming sympathy by Miss FAY DAVIS). Though married to a typical British clergyman, *Mrs. Hargraves* must, I think, have had French blood in her, for when the female critic entered her boy's life (by way of the fire-escape) and a scandal ensued, her maternal mind did not discourage the idea that his *éducation sentimentale* might be promoted by other methods than those of matrimony—methods that could never have commended themselves to the Very Rev. the Dean, her husband.

However, the scandal, which had no serious promise in it, since the youth was ingenuous and the girl belonged to a race whose indiscretions are so amazingly compatible with virtue, never went much beyond the exposure of a night-dress; and all ended theologically.

The English types, father, mother and son, were all pleasantly recognisable, but I confess I have no experience by which to judge the character of *Ann*. My intercourse with American female reporters was always marked by an impersonal detachment. None of them, to my recollection, ever criticised my night-wear or exhibited her own to my fainting vision.

I am afraid I did not find *Ann* quite

so fascinating as the author meant me to find her. For one thing I dislike a woman who knows much better than a man—and volunteers to put him right—on the question of what it is that he really wants in a woman. I am put off, too, by a female who takes her own fascination as a matter of universal consent. I have, again, an instinctive prejudice against the type which imagines that the best way for a woman to impress a man with a sense of "true womanliness" (I think this was the expression that *Ann* employed in this terrible context) is to appear before him in a night-dress with her hair down. And, finally, I object to a



Ann (Miss RENÉE KELLY) to *Edward Hargraves* (Mr. BASIL HALLAM). "See here, stranger, I'm an American lady reporter, and I've come to interview and marry you. But the interview can wait. Marry in haste, report at leisure—that's my motto."

woman who uses a pungent head-wash at five dollars the bottle.

I must insist a little on the smell that *Ann* wore on her hair, for it was a leading feature in the development of the play. Nostril after nostril was lifted to inhale it. From Act to Act it clung to the cushion against which she had reposed. It vitiated the fidelity of *Edward* to his betrothed; it broke his cleanly habit of avoiding grease, for he must needs get a bottle of it. It may never, as I hope, have been a real smell, but so strongly was it imagined, so fiercely was it made to dominate the moral atmosphere, that it seemed to be wafted in heavy waves across the auditorium, bringing some of us to the very verge of nausea.

In the part of *Ann*, Miss RENÉE KELLY (U.S.A.) played very well indeed, in the sense that she did everything

that the author asked her to do. The invincible cocksureness of *Ann*; the bloodlessness of her sentimentalism; the prosaic quality in her treatment of the romance of love as if it were a department of cuisine—add sugar to taste, stir quickly, cover with pink ice-cream, and serve up in lace frills; her self-satisfied amusement over everything un-American; her radiant confidence in her own powers of fascination; her glibness in using such an appalling phrase as "high-class wild oats"; her casual improprieties which could only have one meaning in the case of an English girl, but had none at all in hers—they were all there, reproduced to the life, if life is ever quite so deadly as that. And I think it must be, for Miss KELLY, if I may judge by the nerve she showed on the stage, would hardly have hesitated to correct the author's notion of the type. But, right or wrong, the type was very cleverly reproduced, and, if I was not fascinated, as I might have been by Miss IRIS HOBY in the same part, I am free to admit that Miss KELLY played with the most abounding gaiety and vivaciousness, and well deserved the good reception that she got.

As for Mr. BASIL HALLAM as *Edward*, I enjoyed almost every minute of him. I liked his natural *gaucherie*; the stiff leg that he kept for his long stride; his gentle fatherliness when he said "Dear old dad" to a parent scarcely more innocent than himself; and his altogether lovable simplicity of nature. My only fear for such an *Edward* is that wisdom may bring disenchantment. I await with some apprehension his next novel on the subject of a honeymoon.

Mr. HOLMAN CLARK made an admirable *Dean*. When he read aloud a newspaper report of a boating accident, one instinctively listened for the conclusion, "Here endeth the first (or second) lesson." And he recognised, as so few actors would have recognised in such a play, that the farcical element is not essential to a right presentment of the lesser hierarchy.

Indeed, Mr. LECHEMER WORRALL should be grateful to all his cast for not letting his "comedy" degenerate into farce. For his own share in the success of the play, he must be credited with a certain freshness of motive and enough piquancy to recall the old Criterion manner, but not enough to do any great damage.

There was a curtain-raiser called *The Postasters of Ispahan*, and described as "A Persian Fantasy." I came too late to do it justice, but the little I saw of it made me bear my loss with fortitude.

O. S.

SPORT IN BURMA JUNGLES.

[The following story, constructed in continuous narrative from a selection of passages taken *verbatim* from various articles that appeared in a recent number of *The Field*, gives a vivid picture of miscellaneous sport in the East.]

"WITH bright memories of an excellent week at the Christmas of 1906, I was out on ten days' leave at the foot of the western ghauts in India.

In the cool of the early morning I set forth on my bicycle.

Brushing the dew with our feet and frequently running our noses into giant spiders' webs, I saw, ahead of me, what I took to be a bear standing up scratching at an ant-heap, so I whistled softly, and everyone stopped while I pointed towards the bear. Then I saw that it was only a tree stump, which looked exactly like a bear.

I can never quite make out how much scenery enters into the average gunner's enjoyment of a day's rough shooting.

'Dod' kworna, karte,' whispered the old man in Canarese.

All at once the boys came into my tent and told me that two, or perhaps three, lions were in the camp.

Driving the unclean animals away with his usual forcible language, the combined disturbance flushed a woodcock from the corner.

The last named was a stranger to me in this part of the world, but was satisfactorily identified from G. C. S. Baker's book.

Connected by a string, T. C. and this weird creature went back to the moor.

It cost him an hour's search to find it, and then as he stooped to pick it up it fluttered over the hedge. He followed frantically for two fields, expecting it to drop momentarily, and finally had to fire again.

I wished I had brought a fly rod.

On the following morning I was roused by the dreary oft-repeated cry of 'Sar! Sar! Sar! Five o'clock, Sar!'

I dare say they all make much less noise than you think, but it is enough to warn the wily bison, who reads such sounds like a book.

There is a saying here that panthers call in this manner for five days only, after which time they are again mute. Whether this is the case or not I cannot say.

We crossed a beautiful glade, the rising sun glancing through the leafy canopy, high overhead, through huge festoons of creepers.

Hist! a crack of a dead bamboo and a soft cough ahead. We creep round a clump of bamboo to the bottom of a ravine. The tracker sees something



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

Sportsman (in difficulties). "HOW MANY ARE YOU?"

Opponent. "I'M A FOOT OFF THE PIN IN FOUR."

Sportsman. "ALL RIGHT, THEN; THIS FOR A HALF."

which at first I cannot see up the steep slope on the other side. He points, and I then see a great head and a pair of horns browsing about 100 yards ahead.

I had crawled into an excellent ambush, and one of my men was craftily heading them towards me, when five others flew up behind me; I got hustled, showed myself, frightened both parties, and had to put up with a fruitless long shot.

Old Hanuman shinned down his tree like a monkey, and joined me in a rough tweed Norfolk jacket and cord breeches.

I envied him his thick, black, glossy hide, which protected him from the

thorns which abounded in his favourite retreat.

However, he contented himself with walking up to the tree and looking for me, evidently in a shocking temper; I could have reached his back with my foot, but decided not to let him know my whereabouts, although he seemed convinced I was close at hand.

But somehow we had got too close together in a corner, so I struck back for the other jhil, dropping a quail *en route*, which never came to hand. I regretted that quail whole-heartedly, for it would have added another species to the bag, and excited the envy of those to whom we told the tale.

I shall bring a rod next time."

FOLK-SONGS AND A SINGER.

If anybody, bent upon the performance of a genuinely kind and considerate action, will undertake to sing folk-songs and children's songs to me for the remainder of my natural life, I for my part can promise a rapt and sympathetic attention. I shall leave the brutal world to take its way in the matter of problem plays. STRAUSS and the rest of them, who are endeavouring to push WAGNER from his stool, shall bang and blare and crash cacophonously to their hearts' content so long as they do it far away from me. I shall not "heed the rumble of a distant drum," or of any other instrument they may choose to employ. I can even promise not to hear *The Children of Don*. I shall not trouble myself about the present position and the merits of English music as opposed to the audaciously dumped continental varieties. All these and most other matters I shall leave alone, for I shall have the children's songs for simplicity and the folk-songs for that and for a melancholy which, being most musical, ends by making you cheerful almost in spite of yourself.

Not all folk-tunes, of course, are melancholy. The German for the most part have a sweet and prattling simplicity undisturbed by sadness, and there are in the Scotch and Irish collections some rollicking and reckless things which must not be forgotten. "The Road to Cork Hill," which, with a transformed *tempo*, is perhaps better known as "Father O'Flynn," is a shining example. But when you get the note of sadness, the yearning on the part of a defeated race for the glories that have been or the ideal splendours that time may yet bring about, then you get the true folk-tune.

And that brings me to negro songs, which are unassailable folk-songs, though the Africans and not the American inhabitants of the country must have the credit of them. Many years ago I found myself in the society of a company of young Americans who were occupying a sort of camp on a hill overlooking a mighty American river. All their attendants were negroes from Boston, and in the summer evenings, when dinner had been cleared away and the work of the day was done, the black cook and the waiters used to gather together in the open air and sing negro songs. They were a chance collection of honest, smiling darkies, but they took their parts and blended their voices as if they had trained together for years. When they sang they were transfigured; their faces glowed with rapture as their strains welled out in harmony, now sad and gentle, now swelling to a passionate exultation, while the rest of us sat round entranced by these bursts of unsophisticated melody. Many songs have I heard since, but never any that touched me more nearly. They were the songs of grown men, but they made us feel that we were children exiled from home and condemned to labour in a strange land, without a hope of return.

With these thoughts and memories in my mind I made my way the other day to the Little Theatre, for I had heard that the real thing in children's and negroes' songs was to be heard there. The Little Theatre is snugly tucked away in John Street, Adelphi, and the roar of the traffic of the Strand hardly makes itself heard there. Inside the theatre was a comfortably expectant audience, mostly composed of ladies, and on the stage stood, not a bevy of negroes, but Miss KITTY CHEATHAM, a vivacious little lady with sparkling eyes, a pink silk dress, and the kindest and softest American accent I ever heard. The way in which she purrs round the pronunciation of the word "earth" is in itself a delight.

There can be no manner of doubt about it: Miss CHEATHAM is "it"—I might almost say, "it" raised to the *nth*. As soon as she opened her mouth to speak and smiled at us, a universal smile was wafted back from us over the footlights, and we all felt on excellent terms with ourselves and her. Then she began to talk to us about children, and the parents in the audience felt a glow; and then she sang about children, and then she chatted again, and the spell was complete. When the interval came, I forgot all about tea until the time was nearly spent. In answer to my tardy summons, a polite young lady brought me a tea-tray with cakes and I know not what beside, and laid it on my lap. I poured from the dainty pot, and at that moment up went the curtain, leaving me with a cooling cup of tea and all sorts of other delicacies untasted. I did not dare to lift the cup or munch the cakes or deposit the tray, and in this Barmecidal situation I listened to Miss CHEATHAM's negro songs.

Not even this discomfort could destroy for me the charm of Miss CHEATHAM's singing. She knows her darkies through and through, and all the pathos and the longing of their voices tremble in her notes. She told us that they drop the fourth and the seventh and use a pentatonic scale—I think I have got it right—but I didn't seem to feel the loss of two notes to any appreciable extent. And when she had chatted learnedly and sung her black folk-songs delightfully, there came another interval, and I was able to drink cold tea without minding it. Finally, Miss CHEATHAM recited to music, and when she had thoroughly softened our manners and prevented them from being savage she bade us good-bye and disappeared. If she performs again I hope to be there.

R. C. L.

THE EVENING RISE.

LITTEN with lots and lots of little moons,

Broods o'er the bosky bank the guelder-rose;

She watches by the river as it goes,

Knowing its whispered secrets and its runes,

And that it's useless in these afternoons.

Of midsummer; I hardly do suppose

A trout had stirred just then for all our throws

And feathered lures begirt of silk-cocoons.

But now hath come the coolth and kindliness

Of eve, and we may get to work again;

See, there's a bulge, and there a fish came up,

And we anon shall levy toll and cess—

A brace mayhap; and still before the train

Have time for supper and a cider-cup!

How to become a Comedian.

"WANTED Known by C— D— Comedian (through disappointment) good Concert Party or Alfresco."—*Advt. in "The Stage."*

A New Olympic Event.

"Hobbs took the long hurdles to Matthews."—*Evening News.*

"Her hat was removed and she was roughly treated, being kicked about the chins."—*Daily Dispatch.*

That's the worst of these double chins; they tempt people so.

"He was repeatedly applauded on the way in, and when he hit two terrific shots to the sixteenth and holed out in 3, a hole of 36 yards, there was loud applause."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

The Daily Mail's effort to find a new champion comes just in time.



TOMKINS, SPORTSMAN AND COLLECTOR, WHO HAS ENTRUSTED TO THE SAME AUCTIONEER THE DISPOSAL OF HIS STUD AND OF HIS PICTURES, ANTIQUES, ETC., FINDS THAT SOME SLIGHT CONFUSION HAS OCCURRED IN THE CATALOGUING. THUS, THE FOLLOWING ITEMS APPEAR IN THE SALE-LIST OF HIS HORSES:—(1) NOCTURNE; BELIEVED TO BE A WHISTLER. (2) ARM-CHAIR; VERY OLD, RECENTLY UPHOLSTERED IN PIG-SKIN. (3) OLD HAIR-TRUNK; HAS BEEN IN OWNER'S FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. (4) BONES; SKELETON OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL WITH ONLY THREE LEGS, ETC., ETC.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN has accomplished something of a *tour de force* with *Out of the wreck I rise* (NELSON) because she has actually enlisted my sympathies for a hero who is a fraudulent dramatic agent. You may believe me that this took some doing. Absconding solicitors, bigamists, and even homicides I have before now embraced (in fiction) with open arms, but a character who has appropriated fifteen thousand pounds of dramatists' royalties—this is to touch me on a tender spot. Nevertheless, just because *Adrian Steele* is a real character, and one so well drawn, with the soul of goodness in his evil so skilfully betrayed, you will be bound to follow his shifts and dodges, up to the final tragic end, with extraordinary interest. He alone would make the book an unusual achievement. But there are also three other persons, the three whose help and championship he half contemptuously accepts and employs, who are as vital as himself. Two of them are women who love him, *Nell Silberthwaite*, the hard-working head of an anti-sweating society, and *Tamar Scott*, a Jewess dealer in precious stones. The mutual antagonism and jealousy between these two, who are yet bound together in common servitude to the master, *Steele*, are excellently shown. Different, and perhaps not quite so good, is *Richard Forest*, the idealist vicar of a Warwickshire parish. How his fortunes came to touch those of *Steele*, I leave you to find out for yourself; I think

you will enjoy the process. One thing I wanted to know, however, upon which the book is silent. What happened to the dramatists afterwards? Did they ever recover their money? That we do not hear quite enough about these victims is my one small objection to a capital story.

Mrs. GLYN very nearly went and spoilt her most skilful piece of work by the too determined insertion of a recently-acquired knowledge of Greek, a little of which is a dangerous thing, as likely to bore the Modern side and disgust the Classical. *Halcyone* (DUCKWORTH) is confessedly "encouraged" by an aider and abettor in her "classical studies"; but, upon a bare acquaintance with the dedication and the book, I suspect this "F. H. J." of being a Little-Go crammer. Clearly the erudition of his pupil is of the degree easily attainable from KINGSLEY'S *Heroes* and SMITH'S most elementary Dictionary of Mythology, and not involving any to-do with Messrs. LIDDELL and SCOTT. Bating that, and forgiving a girl of twelve years the particular remark, "If a thing gives pleasure, it is good," and in general a most precocious intimacy with metaphysics—her soul in its maturity was the pivot of the plot and its existence needed early demonstration; but another year or two in the nursery might have been allowed her without harm—I congratulate the authoress on a novel well above her own, and certainly many another author's, average. Political opinions and events are well and truly indicated and adroitly contrived to serve in the struggle between the one woman's brain and the other's soul for the

possession of *John Derringham*; and the arrivals of large fortunes are nicely adjusted to be too late for the moment, but most convenient in the end. Also there is, of course, the portrait of Mrs. GLYN, appearing this time on the outside paper cover, which is detachable.

I know of a doggerel parody, current among the flippant to-day:—

"The Boy sat on the burning deck,
But never felt it burn,
While he spent three weeks with Elinor Glyn
On the banks of Lake Lucerne."

The internal combustion produced in that boy by his reading was such, I understand, as to make the external heat of the flames unnoticeable by contrast. Other boys, anticipating a like calorific property in *Halcyon*, will, it is good to note, be disappointed and left quite cold.

Probably by this time you are familiar with Mr. GEORGE MOORE's former opinion about *Spring Days*, because, with a candour that is a little provocative, he has been telling us, in every advertisement of the reprinted edition, that "till six months ago my impulse was to destroy every copy that came my way." Well, now that you are able to read the book for yourself, in the excellent new issue (WERNER LAURIE), it is just possible that you will think the author's original judgment correct. Possible, but not, I believe, probable. For my own part, I have found *Spring Days* a work—you can hardly call it a novel—of a singular and distinctive charm. It is not in the least like anything you have read before; and it is all apparently about nothing in particular. An old gentleman who lives near Brighton, with a family of three disagreeable daughters and one son; these, with

Frank, the suitor for the hand of the least unpleasant daughter, make up the characters. You learn about them, their lives and thoughts, in what is really a series of conversations, sometimes disjointed to the verge of incoherence, and flung at the reader almost insolently, with the minimum of explanation. Yet, if you can endure in spite of this, and read on (no skipping, for often three years are dismissed in as many words, and you might find yourself hopelessly astray in what would seem the same dialogue that you had left a page back), you will discover at the end that some quality in the book, an elusive but quite palpable quality—charm, fragrance, there is no definite word for it—has fascinated you even against your will. Then you will incline to rejoice over what Mr. Moore calls "the tenacity with which it had clung to existence."

In the face of the almost lyrical raptures with which the Press greets Mr. STEPHEN REYNOLDS' sketches of life among

the poor but honest, I feel a certain diffidence in saying what I think of his latest collection, *How 'Twas* (MACMILLAN). According to one critic, Mr. REYNOLDS has the passionate observation of a GILBERT WHITE, combined with a style more easy than STEVENSON'S. I found him dull. He has the knowledge, but he seems to me to lack the art of selection. There may be something which I missed in such a sketch, for instance, as "Puffin Home," but it made me feel as if I were listening to one of those anecdotes where the narrator says, "Of course you have to know the man really to appreciate the fun of it." The sketch relates how some fishermen bought a motor-boat and went for a trip in it. The style may have been more easy than STEVENSON'S, and I am glad to credit the author with having had no difficulty with it. But I have the misfortune to belong to the

minority which cannot see why tedious small-talk becomes less tedious when the speakers say "us" and "thic" and "you'm" and "bain't 'ee" in place of their more conventional equivalents. I like Mr. REYNOLDS better when he leaves the ocean and treats of cats. On the subject of cats he has many good things to say. "Power of Life and Death" is the gem of the collection, and almost equally good is "A Cat's Tragedy." As a matter of criticism, this choice of mine may be wrong. I admit that I am prejudiced in favour of cats by the fact that they do not talk in dialect. After all those "you'm's" and "thic's," the dignified silence of *Tib* was as rare and refreshing fruit.

The Emporium (GEORGE ALLEN) is a novel of Modern Society, and its author, unfortunately, has not discarded the characters stereotyped in this kind of fiction. It is time for society novelists to put eccentric duchesses into a

permanent rest-cure, and give us a whimsical marchioness for a change, if—for some obscure reason—these titled people must be abnormal. My hopes for Mr. ALEC HOLMES sank very low when, after being told in an advertisement that I was to read "A story of the latest Society craze," I found his hero unable to do anything more modern than shop-keeping. The book, however, is written with a buoyancy of spirit that disarms criticism, and as soon as the author gets away from the smart world he shows himself the possessor of distinct gifts. In his picture of a fierce woman who is determined at all costs to bring a gleam of happiness into her life, he comes to grips with real tragedy, and it will be a thousand pities if he is to remain content with shallowness and superficiality when he is equipped to deal with subjects infinitely worthier of his powers.

"He holed a chip spot from the rough for a 30."—*Daily Mail*.
We once took 14 to pocket the plain. After 14 we always give a miss.



Seaside Boarder. "BUT WHY DO YOU CALL THE HOUSE 'MARINE VIEW'? THERE ISN'T A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA TO BE HAD."

Landlady. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, MY LATE 'USBAND 'E WAS A RETIRED SERGEANT OF MARINES AND 'E WAS VERY FOND OF LOOKING OUT O' THAT WINDOW."

CHARIVARIA.

"THIS great and good Government to which I belong," said Lord HALDANE in a speech the other day, "is, like other things, mortal, and will be tumbled over one day." The LORD CHANCELLOR's cheery optimism never seems to desert him.

* *

We hear that our WAR MINISTER is not at all ashamed of the figures at his by-election. Any military man will tell you, he says, that it is unusual for a Colonel to get his Majority at all.

* *

In his survey of our Colonies Mr. HARCOURT remarked that in the East African Protectorate ostrich-farming was suffering from the depredations of large vermin—if it was permitted to apply such a term to lions. Some of our foreign friends, we believe, apply that term to the British lion without permission.

* *

A brick to which was attached a message to Mr. McKENNA was thrown through the window of a Manchester post-office last week. We understand that, as the brick was not stamped, the message was not delivered.

* *

Mr. BALFOUR, according to a stop-press item in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, stated in the House that to say that the Home Rule Bill would establish any form of supremacy of the British Parliament was a gross and improper way of dealing with "uninformed public opinion." This reminds one that a little while ago another newspaper referred to our "neatly uninformed messenger-boys."

* *

The Royal Academy has presented to the House of Commons a picture entitled "Tumult in the House." Hearing that it represents a scene in the early seventeenth century, when two Members held the SPEAKER in the chair, an old lady remarked that, thank Heaven, Speakers were more sober nowadays.

* *

"A German Lieutenant named DAHM has been arrested near Warsaw on a charge of espionage." Of course that may be the officer's own name, though

it sounds more like the name by which he addressed the person who arrested him.

* *

GIUSEPPE BELLETERI, a once famous brigand, has been pardoned by the King of ITALY after 47 years in prison. As he is now over 70 it will be difficult for him to learn a new trade, and his admirers, we understand, are about to petition the Government to allow him to continue his old calling.

shire," for instance, always sounds better somehow than "Chatsworth, 35, Jubilee Crescent, Margate."

* *

Several accounts of singing mice have been given in the papers recently. We have also heard excellent music from Herr WUPP's band.

* *

It was bound to come, of course. A pyjama dance has been invented.

Meanwhile we are informed that the statement in a provincial contemporary that the daughter of a clergyman will give an exhibition of shirt-dancing at a forthcoming concert is a pure misprint.

* *

Under its new lessee (Mr. LOUIS MEYER) the Whitney Theatre, we are informed, will again be named the Strand Theatre. While we shall make every effort to keep our readers informed of changes in the name of this house, it must be remembered that we only appear once a week.

* *

At the annual display of the London Fire Brigade in Battersea Park, the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD made a speech of very great length. As an object lesson to show how the members of the Brigade can suffer from BURNS without a murmur the oration was a success.

* *

We would desire as modestly as possible to draw attention to our almost supernatural restraint in making no comment on the fact that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL last week kissed the Blarney Stone. Still, we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following headlines from *The Daily News*, etc. :—

"FIRST LORD KISSES BLARNEY STONE. SIGNIFICANT ANSWER TO DOCKYARD DEPUTATION."

* *

It has been decided to allow cadet corps to be formed in L. C. C. schools. As it can only have the result of turning out better citizens we are amazed that there has been no outcry against this decision.

* *

"The invalid who appealed to *Express* readers for an old gramophone," says that paper, "is to be made happy." Yes, but what about his neighbours?



G. L. STAMP.

L. 12

Alf (selecting very gaudy tie). "I RATHER FANCY THIS ONE—OR DO YOU THINK IT KILLS THE FACE?"
Shopman. "NOT YOURS, SIR. YOUR FACE HAS SO MUCH CHARACTER, YOU'D BE PERFECTLY SAFE!"

The Pekin-to-Paris aeroplane race has been postponed from next September to May 1913. It will, of course, be difficult to make this alteration known to the countless millions in China, and it is feared that many of these will take up positions on the course in September and will wait there with true Oriental patience until the race occurs.

* *

Opposition, we read, has been created among residents of Beaconsfield by an Urban Council order that the houses there shall be numbered. It is, of course, annoying. "Chatsworth, Derby-

TO A PASSIVE RESISTER.

[In the matter of the National Health Insurance Act.]

I HOLD no partial brief for those
 Who made the thing. I do not care
 Much for this Act which you propose
 To burn upon the public square;
 I deem the optimists a little rash
 Who tell us it will make a new and genial
 Strand in the silken ropes that firmly lash
 The mistress to the menial.

I do not find it *comme il faut*—
 The thought that, just because it fits
 GEORGE'S convenience, I should go
 Cadging about for three-penny bits;
 Little it weighs for me in pleasure's scale
 That those who sweep my dust or serve my dinners
 Should put me in the selfsame odious pale
 With publicans and sinners.

Yet am I not of your intent
 Who press the wall with stubborn backs,
 Saying, "We will not pay a cent,
 We will resist this rotten tax;
 Untouched by us these loathsome cards shall lie;
 Yon tawdry stamp—no tongue of ours shall lick it!"
 And fondly hope to hear the people cry:
 "Brave fellows! This is cricket!"

They won't. They know the game too well.
The Mail may call it slow and tame,
 But cricket keeps its ancient spell
 As being still a sportsman's game;
 They know that players, when they're fairly beat,
 Do not ignite the enemy's pavilion,
 Dance on the umpire's face with spiky feet
 Or paint the pitch vermilion.

And so with sport of any style—
 Each has its rules by which we play;
 We take our beating with a smile
 In hope to win another day;
 Thus, when we meet again in rival camps,
 We may expect the foe, should we outscore 'em,
 To bear their licking (though it be of stamps)
 With similar decorum.

Yet, if the martyr-spirit still
 Burns like a flame inside your maw,
 I see a way to have your will
 Without the lightest breach of law;
 No free-born Briton can be brought to book
 For Servants' Taxes if from off the scene he
 Discharge his retinue—from Jane (the cook)
 To Josephine (the tweenie).

Then, when you call yourself at six
 Responsive to the milkman's toots,
 Polish the kitchen grate and fix
 The blacking on the household's boots;
 Now washing saucers by the pantry-sink,
 Now chasing beetles when the night is stilly—
 Each common task will give you joy to think
 You're making LLOYD look silly. O. S.

"Mr. — and Mr. — have been spending the week in Canada in a fishing expectation."—*Rochester (N.Z.) Post Express*.
 One can easily do that for more than a week.

ADVERTISING THE ACT.

(A hint to the Insurance Commissioners.)

THE AGE OF HUSTLE.

This age of Aeroplanes, Suffragettes, Wireless Telegraphy, BEN TILLET, etc., is playing havoc with the nerves of the average Domestic Servant. She is asked to bear a strain calculated at four times greater than that which her grandmother had to bear.

To meet these new conditions the nerves require new strength. Mistresses who have nervous, tired, overworked domestic drudges will find that DR. DAVID'S SOOTHING STAMPS FOR SICK SERVANTS will supply them with new energy, new power to carry them through their daily task.

Pleasant to the taste. On sale everywhere.

Price 6d. each.

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."

The New Card Game.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"Licks Creation. . ."—*Mr. Hilaire Belloc*.

"'Mistress and Maid' has come to stick. . ."—*Humorous Press*.

6d. MISTRESS AND MAID. 6d.

"HELTHO."

THE NEW NATIONAL FOOD.

Made of the Best Fruits—Rare and Refreshing.

"HELTHO" is not a luxury but a necessity.

Benefits everybody, from the largest employer of Labour to the humblest charwoman.

What is the secret of Britain's great wealth O?
 Surely the answer can only be "HELTHO."

"STAMPITON."

"The more you lick it the better it sticks."

Paints everything *couleur-de-rose*.

FOR FACTORIES, SHOPS, OFFICES, AND THE HOME.

May we send you a sample card?

Contractors to His Majesty's Government.

I HAVE FOUND THE CURE FOR FATNESS.

EVERY woman has always a horror of fatness. I have found the cure and have implicit faith in what it can do for those who have not yet tried it.

"LIKKO"—freed me from 8st. 5lb. of fat in three weeks!

I WANT YOU TO TRY IT.

Here are a few letters from ladies who suffered as I did, who are grateful to "LIKKO" and can't help telling me so:—

Almost forgotten I was fat.

I have almost forgotten I ever was fat since I began "LIKKO." I had to walk eight miles last Sunday to get a stamp and lost another 4 lbs.

Penzance (1278).

Yours gratefully,
 (Mrs.) W. T.

No double chin now.

I feel years younger since using "LIKKO." I have a large staff of servants and can run about after them to see if their cards are all in order like a young tax-collector, though I am 55 next week.

Alperton (678).

Yours sincerely, (Miss) M. D.

84 lbs. lighter in 5 days.

I have much pleasure in telling you that "LIKKO" has made me more fit and less fat already. Four weeks ago I could hardly crawl to the Albert Hall. In five days it made me 84 lbs. lighter, and now I can walk briskly from here to Lady St. Helier's.

West Kensington (4878).

Yours truly, (Mrs.) R. W.



THE GLORIOUS FIFTEENTH.

OUR ST. SEBASTIAN. "AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AFTER THESE REFRESHING PRELIMINARIES, LET US GET TO BUSINESS."



Second. "Now, now, Jules, no more. Another minute of this and the extra vest I lent you will be worth nothing. I had no idea you would be so rough."

THE STORY OF ROBERT; OR, THE SILVER LINING.

FAR off from here, I ween, there is a widow
In a grey by-street in a Northern town,
Named Smith or Jones, or Wilkinson or Prideaux
(One must have rhymes), struck down
By anguish, with an only son,
Her working days long past and done—
I say there must be such an one
Renting a small cot near The Rose and Crown,

A public, where her husband died of tippling,
A bad lot he, too prone to drink and sports;
And now the little son, the merest stripling,
His mother's age supports;
Someone who felt compassion's throb
Or liked the boy (I've called him Bob)
Found him, I feel convinced, a job,
Not a well-paid one, but a job of sorts.

They put the youth into a rubber factory,
And there his scanty wage made both ends meet,
Till this year, when the Fates got more refractory,
Through the high price of wheat
Or coals or what not; though they ate
Little enough, they fell in debt,
And so things were when, wild and wet,
June faded and July came robed in sleet.

And one grim morning (shall we dare bemoan us,
We whom so little fear of famine irks?)
The boy came back and shouted, "Hey! a bonus,
A bonus at the works!

The manager came round to say
Profits had been that big, they'd pay
Five pounds to all of us this day;
A bonus, mother!" There you have the circs.

The rain descends in unrelenting splashes,
With ceaseless floods the flag-stones may be layed,
But think of that big boom in mackintoshes,
And how that pair was saved.
Henley may be a trifle marred,
Cricket at Lord's the swamps retard,
But joy wells up within the bard
In looking on that picture dream-engraved.

And so if Tom or Henry or some other
Speaks of our climate with an angry frown,
I tell to him the tale of Robert's mother
In that dark Northern town.

"We cannot solve life's mysteries"
(I tell him), "but I'm sure there is
Some bright side to all tragedies;"
And Tom or Henry bolts the bad words down.
EVOE.

"I have no wife; my daughter (unmarried) keeps house for me, and has done so for nine years. I do not pay her any wages, but give her a certain sum every week, which she pays out to the best advantage.—'Durham.'"

Your sister will not come under the Act.—*National Insurance Weekly.*
Nothing, you see, about the daughter. A very cowardly answer.

"We marked only one loose ball that he sent down. It was a shortish one and went to the wrong batsman to escape."—*Morning Post.*
Very wise of it.

ALL (OR NEARLY ALL) THE STARS.

HOWEVER much they enjoyed their evening at the Palace on Monday, July 1st, let not THEIR MAJESTIES rest satisfied that they have seen a music-hall, or that the variety stage now withholds no secret from them; for it is not so. They witnessed a remarkable entertainment in a bower of roses, and laughed consumedly at certain individuals; but they have not seen a music-hall. Their only chance of so doing is to be carefully disguised and pay a surprise visit to one of the more popular two-houses-a-night establishments; and if ever they take this bold step the odds are immense, judging by royal predilections at the Palace, that it will be a hall whose programme includes HARRY TATE and GEORGE ROBey. But, until that adventure is undertaken, THEIR MAJESTIES have enough to ruminate upon in the memory of what diversity of talent can go to make up a score or so of British subjects.

Always excepting PAVLOVA, as being an exotic and in a way an accident in this historic programme, the interesting thing to record is the fact, already hinted at, that the performers who best pleased THEIR MAJESTIES, if laughter and visible delight are true guides, were two such thorough-going music-hall comedians. It is possible that, if VESTA TILLEY had sung her soldier song instead of the obsolete ditty she chose, or HARRY LAUDER had come on earlier and given of his best, instead of his second best, or WILKIE BARD had revived an old favourite, or LITTLE TICH had indulged in some of his patter, the isolation of HARRY TATE and GEORGE ROBey would have been less noticeable. But we must judge by the materials before us, and as things went there is no doubt whatever that these two made the deepest impression on the house as a whole and the royal box in particular.

In addition to HARRY TATE, the BOGANNYS, as Chinese acrobats in no way impaired by opium, had done much to raise the temperature to something approaching true music-hall heat, but it was left for that irresponsible robust cynic, GEORGE ROBey, to send the mercury to its highest pitch. The audience

fell to him instantly, and HER MAJESTY first of all. It is as well that this was so, for ROBey brought more of the real spirit of the halls than anyone else into the programme, and his triumph therefore may be called the justification of the experiment. His success in the royal box proves that the variety stage has more to offer the Throne than the Throne suspected; only a THACKERAY could do justice to the impact of the one GEORGE upon the regal OTHER.

None of the other true children of the halls "bit" as ROBey did. His hard uncompromising challenging way, almost as though he etched where others draw with pencil and brush, his profound behind-the-scenic air when touching upon humanity's foibles, his

it; but these sidelong thrusts at himself, which ordinarily would have rejoiced the house, here, among so many aliens from high places, did not carry.

It was ROBey's triumph that he made everything carry—word, gesture and expression. Not in any hall in England, however packed with the necessitous, could a more instant volume of laughter have followed his sally about the attentions of his aristocratic friend, Count Rendered, than went up from the plutocratic occupants of stalls at ten guineas apiece: a circumstance for the comedian to add to his already remarkable collection of sidelights on life.

It was in every way a memorable performance. Considering that there

were so many performers and each had a different scene, and some—such as WILKIE BARD, C. T. ALDRICH and ALFRED LESTER—brought elaborate properties, perhaps the most notable thing of all was the celerity and ease with which turn succeeded to turn. There was never a moment's delay and nothing went wrong. Whoever was responsible for this deserves the highest commendation.



(One reads in the papers from time to time of houses built on the border-line of two parishes; but one hardly realises how exciting it must be for the inhabitants.)

"COME BACK INTO WAMPTON, GRANFEYTHUR, THE BAFFLECOMBE TAXMAN'S A-COMING."

nonsense and his vigour, must have come as new things. His superb confidence made almost every one else a little nebular; even HARRY LAUDER, usually so masterful, was in a minor key, WILKIE BARD all woolly, and poor CHIRGWIN toiled in vain. White-eyed Kaffirs never boomed less. This was a pity, because he was the only performer of the evening who had prepared anything special and peculiar to it—a little recitation on the First of July, which merely perplexed the audience unfamiliar with his naïve idiosyncracies (and CHIRGWIN takes many years to know, and, indeed, the prosperity of his quarter of an hour depends always as much on the audience as himself) and drew only the applause of sympathy. But CHIRGWIN, like the true fantast that he is, turned his failure to account by remarking that he had thought the poem would have gone better, especially as he had spent all that day in learning

end of the latter thoroughfare of its own record."—*Calcutta Empire*.

We should have looked the other way.

"Max Decugis v. A. H. Gobert . . . Ducugis . . . Deengis . . . Deenghis."—*Evening News*.

After this we feel that we should like to see an account of a match between Decugis and Mavrogordato.

"It seems that in 1307 a Bill was introduced into the Commons which was very offensive to his most gracious Majesty King Richard II." S. L. H. in "*The Daily News*."

As His Majesty was minus 59 at this time he cannot really have been much annoyed about it.

"One has heard of the story of the ostrich hiding his head in a stack of hay, while leaving its body exposed."—*Ceylon Morning Leader*.

The story is new to us, but we assume that the bird was looking for the needle.

ALPHONSE—"SPORTMAN."

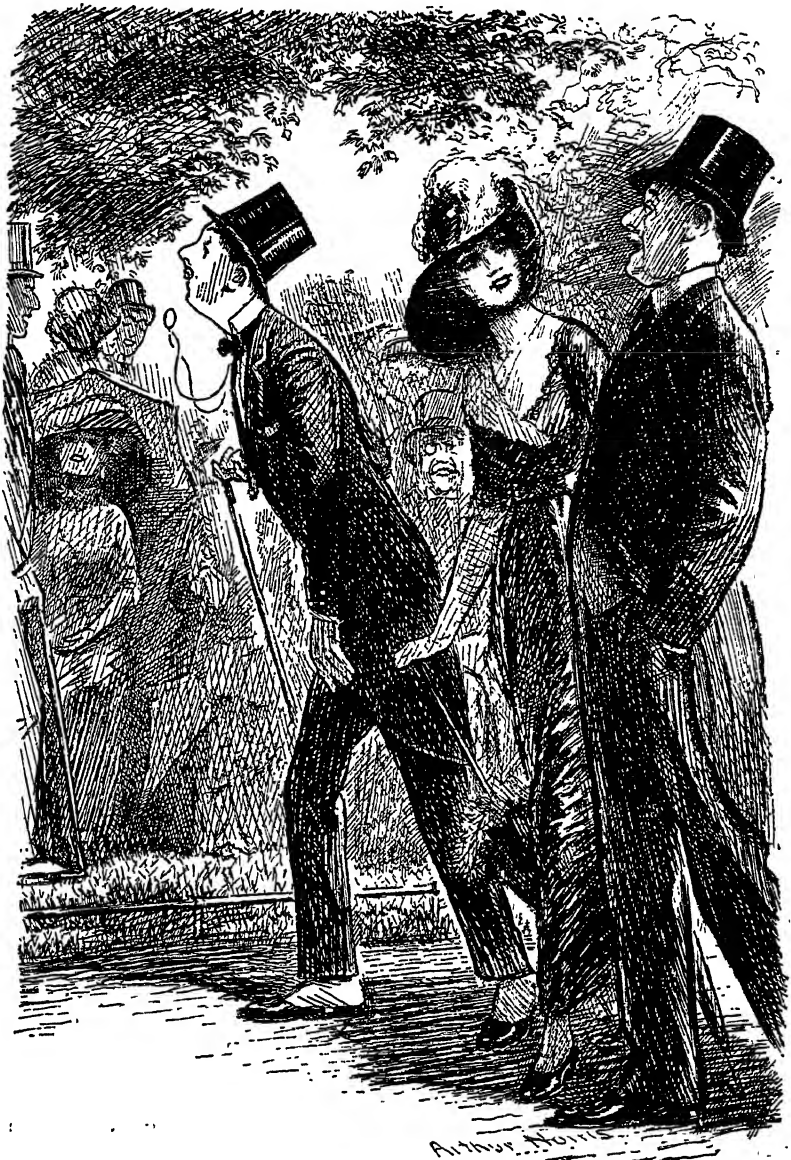
He had dark curly hair, and his side-whiskers would have done credit to an English butler of Fifth Avenue. That his name was Alphonse I have not the slightest doubt, and when I met him first he was attired in football knickerbockers, a noisy blazer of no particular cut, running shoes equipped with regulation three-quarter-inch spikes, and a cheery cherry-coloured skull-cap with a gold tassel. A welshed leather cricket ball was gathered in his left hand, and, from the knowing look in his eye, I felt that Alphonse was about to deliver a subtle googly ready to break both ways—win or place.

I passed him in haste, but the encounter left me with some realisation of that passionate enthusiasm for sport which has swept across Belgium from its sea front to its remotest boundaries.

Some weeks later I saw Alphonse again—the merest glimpse. He did not recognise me, and but for the side-whiskers he too might have gone unrecognised. As it was, for one vivid instant he appeared, clad in a nondescript sweater, white flannel trousers and tennis shoes (probably doe-skin). He was in act to smite over his head into the void with a hockey stick wonderfully poised in his gloved hand. Clearly Alphonse was a trier.

After that I frequently passed him of an afternoon. I began to look upon him as a friend and one in whose prowess I could take legitimate pride. It is not every "sportman" who can play tennis in football boots and wearing six-ounce boxing gloves. Perhaps Alphonse was doing it for a wager. If so, he probably won, for when I passed him he had the air of having just brought off a lovely cut which, I am confident, eluded slip and trickled to the boundary.

There was something so consistently surprising about each new encounter with Alphonse that I ceased to be surprised until the outrage occurred. As a fisherman I fancy he could have told many a good story. I saw him once in a mackintosh and waders, seated on a three-cornered stool and having just succeeded in casting an artificial roach with a fly rod for pike. The luncheon basket at his side was empty. On a motor bicycle, with yachting cap and khaki putties; passing out at Rugger in long trousers and a Norfolk jacket; racing down the wing in a rainproof overcoat at Soccer; in these and in many other sports beyond my knowledge Alphonse was magnificent. Through all, my friendship for him grew, became indeed more real a thing even as the faint suggestion of pathos,



The Blood. "WISH THE OLD BLIGHTAR WOULD STOP HIS JAW FOR HALF A SEC.; CAN'T GET A WORD IN. NEVER SEEMS TO ENTER HIS SILLY OLD HEAD THAT SHE MAY WISH TO BE AMUSED OCCASIONALLY."

of effort misplaced, became more noticeable.

It was indeed when I had grown to love him almost as a brother that the blow fell—crushing in its utter finality. As a man with a handicap of only 23 at Tuffleigh-under-Wotten I may fairly claim some knowledge of the greatest game. Well, on that fatal afternoon I found Alphonse brazenly committing sacrilege at Golf. A scarlet jacket, running shorts indecently abbreviated, cricket boots and a bowler constituted his outrageous attire. That was what I saw first, but when I got near enough to see what he was doing my blood positively boiled. Friendship was killed in a single instant.

With an inarticulate cry of rage I darted into the shop. "Look here,"

said I fiercely, "I don't know who dresses your confounded dummy, but he ought to be suspended from all games whatever except spillikens, tiddley-winks, and tossing the caber. For weeks I have endured everything, but this, *this*—I choked—"is too much."

The sports outfitter gazed at me with evident admiration. He saw at once that I was an Englishman, and therefore a "sportman." But I was not to be pacified.

"Do—do you know," I spluttered, "what the scoundrel has done now? Why, he's made Alphonse tee up on the green, select a brassy as his weapon, and open his shoulders to the limit for a two foot putt."

Emotion mastered me and I went out. I had seen the last of Alphonse for ever.

THE DOUBLE.

I WAS having lunch in one of those places where you stand and eat sandwiches until you are tired, and then try to count up how many you have had. As the charm of these sandwiches is that they all taste exactly alike, it is difficult to recall each individual as it went down; one feels, too, after the last sandwich, that one's mind would more willingly dwell upon other matters. Personally I detest the whole business—the place, the sandwiches, the method of scoring—but it is convenient and quick, and I cannot keep away. On this afternoon I was giving the *foie gras* plate a turn. I know a man who will never touch *foie gras* because of the cruelty involved in the preparation of it. I excuse myself on the ground that my own sufferings in eating these sandwiches are much greater than those of any goose in providing them.

There was a grey-haired man in the corner who kept looking at me. I seemed to myself to be behaving with sufficient propriety, and there was nothing in my clothes or appearance to invite comment; for in the working quarter of London a high standard of beauty is not insisted upon. On the next occasion when I caught his eye I frowned at him, and a moment later I found myself trying to stare him down. After two minutes it was I who retired in confusion to my glass.

As I prepared to go—for to be watched at meals makes me nervous, and leads me sometimes to eat the card with "*Foie Gras*" on it in mistake for the sandwich—he came up to me and raised his hat.

"You must excuse me, Sir, for staring at you," he said, "but has anyone ever told you that you are exactly like A. E. Barrett?"

I drew myself up and rested my left hand lightly on my hip. I thought he said DAVID GARRICK.

"The very image of him," he went on, "when first I met him."

Something told me that in spite of his grey hair he was not talking of DAVID GARRICK after all.

"Like *who*?" I said in some disappointment.

"A. E. Barrett."

I tried to think of a reply, both graceful and witty. The only one I could think of was, "Oh?"

"It's extraordinary. If your hair were just a little longer the likeness would be perfect."

I thought of offering to go away now and come back in a month's time. Anyway, it would be an excuse for going now.

"I first knew him at Cambridge," he explained. "We were up together in the seventies."

"Ah, I was up in the nineteen hundreds," I said. "I just missed you both."

"Well, didn't they ever tell you at Cambridge that you were the image of A. E. Barrett?"

I tried to think. They had told me lots of things at Cambridge, but I couldn't remember any chat about A. E. Barrett.

"I should have thought every one would have noticed it," he said.

I had something graceful for him this time all right.

"Probably," I said, "those who were unfortunate enough to know me had not the honour of knowing A. E. Barrett."

"But everybody knew A. E. Barrett. You've heard of him, of course?"

The dreadful moment had arrived. I knew it would.

"Of course," I said.

"A charming fellow."

"Very brainy," I agreed.

"Well, just ask any of your artist friends if they don't notice the likeness. The nose, the eyes, the expression—wonderful! But I must be going. Perhaps I shall see you here again some day. Good afternoon;" and he raised his hat and left me.

You can understand that I was considerably disturbed. First, why had I never heard of A. E. Barrett? Secondly, what sort of looking fellow was he? Thirdly, with all this talk about A. E. Barrett, how ever many sandwiches had I eaten? The last question seemed the most impossible to answer, so I said "eight," to be on the safe side, and went back to work.

In the evening I called upon Peter. My acquaintance of the afternoon had assumed too readily that I should allow myself to be on friendly terms with artists; but Peter's wife illustrates books, and they both talk in a familiar way of our greatest Academicians.

"Who," I began at once, as I strook hands, "did I remind you of as I came in at the door?"

Peter was silent. Mrs. Peter, feeling that some answer was called for, said, "The cat."

"No, no. Now I'll come in again." I went out and returned dramatically.

"Now then, tell me frankly, doesn't that remind you of A. E. Barrett entering his studio?"

"Who is A. E. Barrett?"

I was amazed at their ignorance.

"He's the well-known artist. Surely you've heard of him?"

"I seem to know the name," lied Peter. "What did he paint?"

"'Sunrise on the Alps,' 'A Corner of the West,' 'The Long Day Wanes'—I don't know. Something. The usual thing."

"And are you supposed to be like him?"

"I am. Particularly when eating sandwiches."

"Is it worth while getting you some, in order to observe the likeness?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"If you've never seen A. E. Barrett I fear you'd miss the likeness, even in the most favourable circumstances. Anyhow, you must have heard of him—dear old A. E.!"

They were utterly ignorant of him, so I sat down and told them what I knew; which, put shortly, was that he was a very remarkable-looking fellow.

* * * * *
I have not been to the sandwich-place since. Detesting the sandwiches as I do, I find A. E. Barrett a good excuse for keeping away. For, upon the day after that when he came into my life, I had a sudden cold fear that the thing was a plant. How, in what way, I cannot imagine. That I am to be sold a *Guide to Cambridge* at the next meeting; that an A. E. Barrett hair-restorer is about to be placed on the market; that an offer will be made to enlarge my photograph (or Barrett's) free of charge if I buy the frame—no, I cannot think what it can be.

Yet, after all, why should it be a plant? We Barretts are not the sort of men to be mixed up with fraud. Impetuous the Barrett type may be, obstinate, jealous—so much you see in our features. But dishonest? Never!

Still, as I did honestly detest those last eight sandwiches, I shall stay away.
A. A. M.

"If he is not quite as good a bowler as P. R. Le Couteur—and I am convinced he is now, though with less experience, a better—he is quite as good."

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell in "*The Evening Standard*."
We congratulate Mr. SEWELL on the clever way in which he alters his meaning without any perceptible change in his action.

"In view of the prevailing desire of the Chinese to conform to Western standards and of the marked tendency in the middle and upper classes towards the increased use of luxuries, there should be a widening market for such articles as celluloid collars and cuffs."

Board of Trade Journal.

We have always regarded a celluloid collar as a necessity.

"One of the most noteworthy incidents in the round was his holing out with his tie-shot at the 12th, a hole which measures 205 yards."

Morning Post.

Our record detachable-shirt-front shot is 150 yards.

THE MARTYRS.

THEY arrived—carriage paid—just before afternoon school, and from the moment of their arrival the dull monotony of Staff Room life was charged with all the delirium of high romance.

Nicodemus, short and suspiciously stumpy for a pedigree newt (the Art Mistress pointed out that his tail in particular was hopelessly out of drawing) clambered instantly to the top of the tree that forms the piece of resistance (if the Gallicism be permitted) of our new aquarium; but his companion, evidently a confirmed pessimist, sank so determinedly into the darkest recesses of the sanded floor that we decided in sheer humanity to respect his incognito.

At lunch next day it was observed that Nicodemus, touched probably with the modern spirit of restlessness, had impulsively abandoned his coat. "How too perfectly sweet of him!" cooed Miss Simpson (Miss Simpson stands for "Science" on the Staff). "Most ungentlemanly conduct, I should call it," sniffed the Senior Mathematical Mistress—ever a precisian—and was vehemently applauded by Mademoiselle, who fled shuddering out into the corridor, only to be further embarrassed by a stream of Middle School admirers bearing gifts—the slimmest duckweed, the most succulent slugs—and was finally discovered in the Art Room thanking just Heaven that plaster casts at least are inanimate.

Nicodemus, borne triumphantly in a bottle from class to class—Anonymous, at his own desire, remained at home—so identified himself with his environment that whenever the lesson bell rang he was to be detected making conscientious efforts to take his place with the school. His restlessness was further increased by the passion—natural enough perhaps—that he had contracted for Miss Simpson, who, arriving early on the second morning, was met by the affectionate fellow on the stairs. Rising next day betimes in the hope of a similar interview, he unfortunately encountered a charwoman, who went at once into hysterics and threw up her office. On the following morning he was with considerable difficulty retrieved from behind the hot-water pipes in the Laboratory—an apartment he had learned to associate with his adored Mistress—and cast ignominiously back into his hated prison and roofed in with a stout Greek lexicon. The same hour the lethargic Anonymous was reported missing. Mademoiselle, under escort, crept warily to her classes in the housekeeper's goloshes, and the



Mick. "WHISHT, JERRY, I'VE FORGOTTEN ME COMPASS. PHWAT WAY DID THE HERALD SAY THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' THIS MARNIN'?"

popularity of Miss Simpson, now convicted of gross negligence in the care of school property, suffered complete eclipse.

All day the search for Anonymous went on, one relief party going so far as to patrol the tower roof; while another, armed with bicycle lamps, investigated the coal-hole. When the morrow dawned our worst fears were confirmed. Nicodemus was found distended—dead. "Of grief," wailed Miss Simpson; but the Classics Mistress (local Hon. Sec. S.P.C.A.) hinted darkly at asphyxia. Worse, we learned how we had wronged the lofty-souled Anonymous. While we had deemed him sullen he had but been brooding over Rule XI.: "Every article found on the school premises without a name shall be brought immediately to the office. Penalty 3d.,"

which hung above his head. When the prefect in charge came to clear the forfeit cupboard, there, on the threshold, stark and cold, but with the smile of one whose conscience is at last at peace, lay our lost Anonymous. A legend still current in the Sixth relates that his right hand or foot (reports vary) was lying on an I.O.U. for the statutory fine.

The Middle School set aside its grief and gave the heroes—martyrs to love and duty—a sumptuous funeral. The epitaph, carried out in poker-work by the Fourth Remove, was composed by a Third Form poet:—

"Here lies our dear Anonymous,
And by his side Nicodemus;
Although 'tis wrong to make a fuss,
Their loss is ringing (wringing?)
tears from us."



Golfer. "HAVE YOU SEEN MY BALL, SIR?" Wounded Party. "YES, SIR; THERE IT IS, CONFOUND YOU! NEARLY KILLED——"
 Golfer. "JOVE! BIT OF LUCK, EH? I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING OUT OF BOUNDS."

A SONG OF DISCIPLESHIP.

(After reading "*Gems from Wilcox.*")

Good friends, whom Care, firm seated on the crupper,
 Besets with an uncompromising zest,
 Give ear to one who, steeped in MARTIN TUPPER,
 Can promise you redemption from unrest;
 It is a sort of magic mental KEATING,
 That bids all irritating worries fly,
 If you but keep incessantly repeating,
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

When tailors grow aggressive in their dunning;
 When butchers are bombarding you with bills;
 And when, in holy horror of outrunning
 The constable, you think of rifling tills—
 Don't join the ranks of malefactors, matey,
 Don't be alarmed by Snip's repeated cry;
 Sit tight, your aunt Jemima's nearly eighty;
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If when dressing for a most important dinner
 You gash your chin and cannot stanch the gore;
 If you never back a solitary winner,
 If your handicap is raised to 24—
 Don't waste your time in fruitless execration;
 Don't say, "Oh, blow!" or "Bother it!" or "Fie!"
 But remark, with undefeated resignation,
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If your wife has inconsiderately looted
 Your wardrobe to equip a jumble sale;
 Or if you find your parlour-maid has scooted
 With a burglar who has just come out of jail—
 Don't blame your wife in language tart and stinging,
 'Twill only start the tear-drop in her eye;
 But comfort her by chivalrously singing,
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If you send a very tasty set of verses
 To the Editor of *Answers* or *The Times*;
 And a printed form, that lamentably terse is,
 Is all the comment passed upon your rhymes—
 Don't think at once of shooting Mr. BUCKLE
 Or of burning good Lord NORTHCLIFFE as a guy;
 But meditate on Howorth with a chuckle,
 And the good *Times* coming by-and-by.

If the stocks and shares in which you have invested
 Are liable to never-ending slumps;
 If your strawberries with slugs are all infested;
 If your children are afflicted with the mumps;
 If your wife shows serious symptoms of eloping—
 Don't heave the sullen and recurrent sigh;
 But like a gallant Trojan go on hoping:
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

When Tom, your son, that brilliant Eton scholar,
 Gets ploughed quite inexcusably in Smalls,
 And then still further aggravates your choler
 By marrying a lady from the Halls—
 Don't call her an unprincipled marauder,
 Although her looks are just a trifle sly;
 If Tom turns out a second HARRY LAUDER,
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If you fail to get a coveted appointment;
 If your cockatoo is pestered with the croup;
 If you always find blue-bottles in your ointment,
 And now and then black-beetles in your soup—
 Don't hire a Christian Scientist or Healer;
 Don't drown your cares in Clicquot (very dry);
 But cantillate with WILCOX (ELLA WHEELER),
 "There's a good time coming by-and-by."



THE TRIANGULAR TEST.

LIBERAL WHIP. "MY COW, I THINK."

LABOUR PARTY LEADER. "MY COW, I THINK."
UNIONIST CANDIDATE (*milking*). "MY CHANCE, ANYHOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE PREMIER SITS OUT.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1.
 —DENMAN's eagle eye has discovered device practised in Unionist haunts which accounts for recent reductions of Ministerial majority. Disclosed it in question addressed to WEDGWOOD BENN, cherubic representative in this House of FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. Wants to know "whether he is aware that the division bells ring in a certain Conservative club; and, seeing that this gives a party advantage to unpaired Conservative Members who are thereby enabled to take part in divisions without being within the precincts of the House, whether he will immediately take steps to have the arrangement terminated?"

BENN with instinct of constitutional Minister hesitates. All very well for CROMWELL to make sudden descent on House of Commons and thunder instructions to "Take away that bauble." But what authority is to raid the sanctuary of a private Club and forcibly cut off one of its private luxuries?

SARK says it has been done. It happened in the late Seventies, when the Parnellites were in full force, fight-

ing the Government almost literally tooth and nail. One night critical division was expected. Irish Members artfully prolonged discussion till patience of irritated Saxon was worn out. At that epoch it was the habit, more extensively observed than to-day, to while away dull sittings by prolonging the dinner-hour at the St. Stephen's Club, to which convenient access was provided by subterranean passage from Palace Yard. Custom leniently regarded by Whips, since the Club was connected with the House by a wire which rang a bell simultaneously with that clanging through rooms and corridors.

Dinner well advanced, the Irish Members permitted division to be taken. Ministerial Whip quite easy in mind. A fairly safe muster of men on the premises. With the St. Stephen's contingent hurrying over there would be quite the full average majority. Only three minutes to do the spurt in. With punctual start experience had repeatedly shown that that sufficed. A minute sped and there was silence on the stairway when the Whip

turned to listen for the welcoming tramp of returning Members. Another minute and he began to have quickened sympathy with Mariana in the Moated Grange.

"They linger long," he said.
 He said, "I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead."

Division took place in absence of the diners-out. Ministerial defeat averted by narrow majority. In response to furious enquiries from irate Whip, explanation forthcoming. The wire connecting House and Club dining-room had been surreptitiously cut. In vain the bell rang through the precincts of the House. It was dumb in the Club dining-room, where, as NERO fiddled whilst Rome burnt, loyal Ministerialists unconcernedly ate and drank whilst life of the Government was in peril.

But that is another story which SARK hopes will not suggest evil design.

WEDGWOOD BENN, whilst hating to refuse anything to anybody, was unable to encourage desire for Ministerial interference in the matter. What with the Insurance Act, the Dock Strike, Naval

arrangements in the Mediterranean, Consols at 76½ and, on top of all, outbreak of Cattle Disease, the Government have sufficient on their hands without stretching them forth to pluck down bell-wires in neighbouring clubs.

Business done.—By 251 votes against 188 resolved that, "In the opinion of this House, it is expedient that the representatives of the employers' and the workmen's organisations involved in the present dispute in the Port of London should meet, with a view to arriving at a settlement."

In the play of this particular hand the PREMIER "sat out." Abstained from voting.

Thursday.—Back for a while in good old times. One of the legacies conferred upon House by PRINCE ARTHUR, sufficient of itself to keep his memory green, is the Standing Order limiting what is paradoxically called the Question hour. Business commences at ten minutes to three. If questions put down for oral reply are not disposed of by a quarter to four they are answered, as all questions should be, on a printed paper circulated with the votes. Sharp on the stroke of a quarter to four real business begins. To-day, with Home Rule Bill first Order, it was twenty-five minutes to five before House got into Committee. Interval filled up with irregular debates on spread of cattle plague and religious tourney in Ulster, personal statement from Lord ROBERT CECIL thrown in.

Naturally debate on Ulster affair the liveliest. Allegation was that a party of excursionists, largely composed of women and children, were assailed by body of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who differ from them on certain theological questions. According to story by GORDON, an Ulster Member, the Roman Catholics were wholly to blame. The affair arose upon the action of an Ancient Hibernian, presumably old enough to know better, who "dashed into the excursion party," enforcing his religious convictions with assistance of a shillelagh.

According to JOHN DILLON the Ancient Order of Hibernians were meek as lambs, unresisting victims of the theological arguments of the Orangemen, which took the concrete form of paving-stones and half bricks. According to report of police, read by ST. AUGUSTINE, there was lack of restraint in both religious camps. So impartial, not to say indiscriminate, the clash of polemics that one police sergeant was kicked in the stomach, and another bowled over with half a brick.

Effect of narrative upon WINTERTON and COUSIN HUGH extraordinary. Useful as affording House some idea of

an Ancient Hibernian out on the war-path, or an Orange scarfed-Protestant peremptory in demand of instant change of residence for the POPE. Apparently both had amendments to move or remarks to make. WINTERTON bobbed up from above the Gangway. Simultaneously COUSIN HUGH, arms and legs twitching, half rose from corner seat below Gangway. Too polite to stand in each other's way, each one, observing intention of his friend to speak, hurriedly resumed his seat. Whereupon less scrupulous Member on back bench got a look-in. Performance repeated *da capo*.

At last WINTERTON, his hands reverentially folded over his chest after the manner of saints in stained glass windows, found opportunity of giving notice to recur to the matter on motion for the adjournment. This



THE CHERUB.

MR. WEDGWOOD BENN.

he did, and at eleven o'clock we had the story all over again. But it had lost its freshness and the sense of stolen joy in starting debate in circumstances defiant of all rules of orderly procedure.

Business done.—Very little; forty minutes of sitting being fleeced for Supplementary Questions, and Members worked up to state of irritation unfavourable to sober debate.

Thursday.—The other day rousing cheer rose from both sides when, the INTERROGATIVE REFS having set forth ten questions in succession, the SPEAKER stopped him at the eighth, remarking that that was sufficiently large appropriation of the common time. HOGGE, taking note of this new ruling, discreetly observed it. Nevertheless, whilst guiding his course of action by it, *il marchait toute la route avec le cochon*. (That's Norman French. Perhaps I had better translate it. It simply means in our vernacular "He went the whole HOGGE.") In brief, he occupied nearly a page of the Question paper with inquiries numbered from 53 to 60 inclusive.

That bad enough, being a fraction under one-tenth of the whole number. But the wily HOGGE averted possible interference from the Chair by subdividing each numbered question, thus working off a total of 18.

He was beaten by MR. TOUCHE who, in a series of ten questions grouped under a single numeral, enthralled the House with biography of JOHN RICHARDS, of 60, Hatchards Road, Upper Holloway, N., whose father was born at Nassau, Bahama, West Indies, who went to school in Brand Street, Holloway, the birth of whose eldest daughter was registered at Somerset House 49 years ago, and who had fruitlessly applied for an old-age pension.

And this in a business assembly which sees before it the prospect of sitting into the month of March in order to deal with national affairs peremptorily crowded upon it!

Business done.—Army votes in Committee. SEELY makes first appearance as Secretary of State for War.

Writing last week about MR. LANSBURY'S attack on the PRIME MINISTER, I quoted a reminiscence by the MEMBER FOR SARK recalling an analogous scene, when an Irish Member approached the Treasury Bench with threatening attitude towards PRINCE ARTHUR, then Prime Minister. This action was attributed to MR. THOMAS O'DONNELL, Member for West Kerry. MR. O'DONNELL writes to disclaim identity with the Member responsible for the scene. I make haste to correct a confusion of names, and much regret any annoyance MR. O'DONNELL may have suffered in consequence of it. According to *Hansard*, the Member suspended for the breach of order was MR. JOHN O'DONNELL, Member for South Mayo.

"BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

VIEWS OF PROMINENT MEN ON THEIR RELATIONS."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

The views of any man on his relations are always interesting.

Extract from the National Health Insurance Commission's "Official Explanatory Leaflet No. 16":—

"For example, let us imagine a servant who . . . remains in a situation for two years without a break."

We will try to imagine this; but there is no precedent for it in the case of our crockery.

"ROYAL SHOW
SENSATION
2,000 EXHIBITS
SENT AWAY."

These headlines refer to the Cattle Disease and have nothing to do with the recent scandal in connection with the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.



GARDEN SUBURB AMENITIES.

THE RESULT OF A WHIST DRIVE HAS DIVIDED THE NEIGHBOURS FITZBROWN AND DE SMYTHE, AND THEY ARE NOW NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS. IT IS COMFORTING TO KNOW THAT A PROMISING HEDGE SEPARATES THE TWO GARDENS.

LINES TO A BUTLER.

THOMAS, it was a memorable dish!
A miracle of culinary art!
Where lettuce decked the rosy-tinted fish,
And pale cucumber played no trifling part;
The subtle vinegar a relish tart
Gave to the wonder, but oh! most my praise
Fell to those sauces—ah! be still, my heart!
Truly I shall remember all my days
The magic savour of that mayonnaise.

What wonder, Thomas, if you looked askance
When my fond mother took a second share,
Or sped o'er Juliet's head an anxious glance
So as to see if she was playing fair?
Paterfamilias with a gusto rare
Put down a generous portion on his plato,
So that I turned in haste to see if there
Was any left remaining. I may state
That I was sorry I got helped so late.

And then I saw, O Thomas, in your eye
How fierce can be the agony that sears
His soul who stands in mute remonstrance by
While the last wreck of dishes disappears.

Nobly you bore the torment! But the tears,
Slow oozing forth, a tedious passage gained
Adown your cheeks befurrowed by the years.
A sudden pity struck me; though it pained,
I waved aside the surplus and refrained.

I saw, in fancy, Thomas, you and him,
The author of the marvel, eyed by all
That crowd whose speech is hushed, whose gaze is dim—
The minor members of the servants' hall;
I saw you, Dual Kings, in rapture fall
On that delicious remnant, ah! I saw
The light of gladness in your optics' ball,
I heard the joyous clashing of your jaw,
I felt the satisfaction of your maw.

How false and fleet my fancy! But who thought
That he, that vilest little Benjamin,
Who stays up later than such children ought,
Had room to take a second helping in!
But so it was. We saw that child of sin
Pounce on the precious morsel, feasting twice.
Your ample frame took on an aspect thin;
Dead the day's promise. I, as cold as ice,
Mourned the foiled purpose of my sacrifice.

THE SOLUTION.

I MUST have looked worn and haggard as I entered Dorinda's mother's drawing-room. Dorinda was alone. She was sitting almost anyhow on the sofa reading a novel, and an extremely frivolous one too, I'm afraid. I don't know what our girls are coming to, especially Dorinda.

"Hullo! dear old thing," she said without moving.

Dorinda is twenty-two and it was high time someone spoke to her about it.

"You should get up and drop a curtsey," I told her. "Now put your book away. Dear, dear, our manners seem to get worse every day."

"Nobody invited you to tea," she said. "However, as the butler's let you in, you'd better stay, I suppose."

I sat down on the only available part of the sofa.

"I hope you will endeavour to be serious, Dorinda," I said. "I do not grudge you your little moment of merriment just now, but you must understand that I have not come here this afternoon to crack jokes with you. Kindly ring for tea."

I waited until the butler had left the room before proceeding.

"As you are aware, Dorinda," I continued, "I am not a Ladies' Man."

She shook her head over the tea-pot. Her hair is perfectly black, and she parts it in the middle and does it down over her ears in two large curly-wurly things. A foolish method.

"So far am I from being a Ladies' Man," I said, "that I sometimes even go to the length of calling myself a misogynist—which is probably rather a long word for you."

"I take your meaning," said Dorinda, "and I am on the brink of tears."

She handed me a cup of tea.

"The prospect of marriage," I went on, "is one which I should contemplate with absolutely no enthusiasm whatever. I am not putting it too strongly?"

"No, you are putting it as gently as you can, but my poor heart is breaking," sobbed Dorinda.

I helped myself to a jam sandwich.

"Another salient characteristic of mine," I pursued, "is that I am very conventional and extremely particular. Almost too much so, I sometimes think."

"You are an example to all of us," said Dorinda.

I think she really meant it.

"Anything in the nature of a—of a flirtation shocks me very much. Very much indeed."

"Oh, it does me too," said Dorinda soberly. "It does."

I surveyed the pattern on the carpet in silence for some moments.

"These principles," I continued, "are very upright and manly, and they do me credit. And in theory they are all right. But there is a difference between theory and practice. It is a little difficult to explain why."

"Oh, it is," said Dorinda, "but you must try to tell me. See, I will hold your hand."

I gave her my hand without demur, and transferred my gaze from the carpet to my boots.

"It may be said that life is full of compromises."

"Certainly it may be said," she assured me, "and it is said too."

"Well, my dear," I concluded, "you are perhaps rather young to understand, but the facts of the matter are these. Last week I became engaged to a girl called Joan. Nothing very much in that, you may say. But wait. Yesterday, in a weak moment, I proposed to, and was accepted by, a wholly separate and distinct girl called Nancy. I slept very badly last night. My health is not good enough to stand these sort of complications. I think people should be more considerate with an invalid like me."

"Which one do you like best?" asked Dorinda.

"Well, really, what an extraordinary question!" I exclaimed. "I can hardly say off-hand. So far as I have examined into the matter, I should think there was very little to choose between them. They've both got rather nice names, haven't they? What do you think I ought to do about it? Why should I be worried like this? I'm afraid to meet them."

"Poor boy," said Dorinda compassionately, "I will marry you and protect you from them."

I sprang up. "That's a splendid idea!" I cried. "Of course, if I were married to you, it would solve the whole difficulty. I could go to Nancy and say quite simply, 'You see how it is, I mean'—and the same with Joan, and it would be all right."

Dorinda, her tears banished, smiled happily up at me.

"Have I helped you, dear old thing?" "Of course you have," I said. "You are—The Solution."

And it seemed so at the time, but, as I have not yet managed to make the little explanation either to Joan or to Nancy, it occurs to me sometimes in thoughtful moments that I am more deeply involved than ever.

The New Summer Dish.

From a City bill-of-fare:—

"Minced Bee and Poached Egg."

PACIFIC FASHIONS.

[There is a tremendous amount of excitement just now in fashionable Fijian circles. Their fashion-determinator is expected to return from London with the very newest modes designed to meet local requirements.]

THOUGH the sun is gaily glancing

On a sea of bluest blue,
Though the little waves are dancing
As they almost always do,
For the nonce we find the weather
Unimportant altogether.

We have other things to think of—

Things that call for all our care—
Are we not upon the brink of
Hearing what we ought to wear?
Yes, awaiting the momentous
News that London town has sent us?

For the ship at any minute

May be steaming up the roads,
Bearing (precious freight) within it
All the very latest modes;
Modes that our determinator
Has designed with their creator.

Ye, by whom our fates are moulded,

We are all agog to see
If our loin-cloths should be folded
Into two or into three;
'Tis a question that perplexes
All the smart of both the sexes.

Are we wearing vine- or fig-leaves

When we make our bows at court?
Is it small or is it big leaves?
Are our girdles long or short?
Is it pinnies for the body?
Or are pinnies quite *démodés*?

What of ornaments and so forth?

Shall the gayest of our sparks
Deck their noses when they go forth
With the teeth of pigs or sharks?
Have the bones of soles and flounders
Now become the wear of bounders?

Waft, ye winds, oh, waft your hardest!

Speed upon thy fateful cruise
Like a bird, O ship that guardest
In thy hull the latest news!
Slumber there can be no more for us
Till we know what lies in store for us.

"In order to raise money to clear his church of debt the Rev. T. Smith, vicar of Greenhill, Harrow, resolved never to wear a hat until all liabilities were paid."—*Daily Mirror*.

On a technicality the vicar escapes the charge of "going round with the hat."

"I think I must have been born unlucky."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for instance, I went to a cricket match once. There were twenty-two players on the field, two umpires, and 10,000 people looking on, and—the ball hit me!"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

How to brighten cricket—let the whole eleven bat at once.

ON CHOOSING A PIANO.

[A few suggestions by a well-known Clerk of the Scales.]

Select a piano as you would a hunter—or a wife.

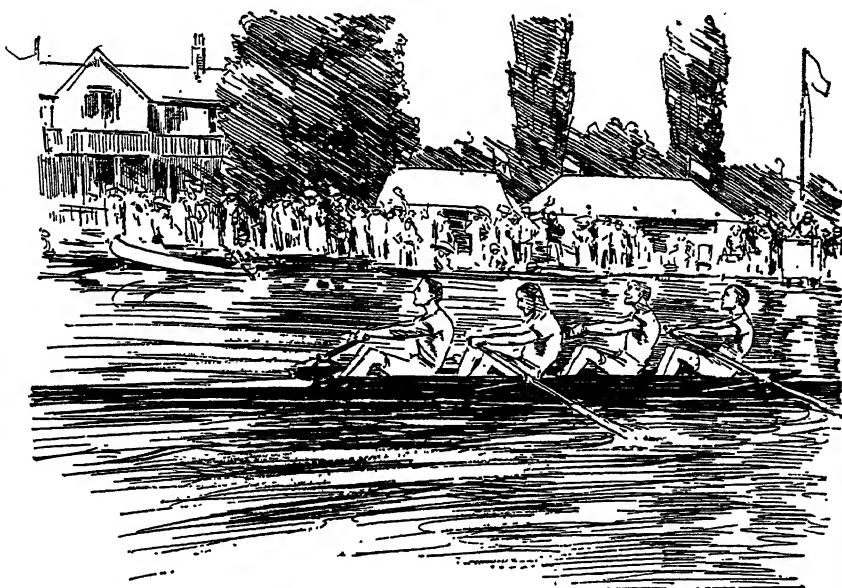
There are several breeds of pianos—the Cottage, the Baby Grand, the Upright Grand, the Semi-Grand, the Grand, the Double Grand and the Gorgeous. The last-named, embellished with folding doors and jewelled in sixteen holes, it is at once a thing of beauty and a cabinet of mystery. When your host throws open its ornamental portals you begin to wonder if he is going to look for a clean collar or to show you the razor-edged crease on his new evening trousers. When he seats himself before it you imagine that he has forgotten your presence and is about to attend to his correspondence, and when the flag falls the beauty of the first few opening bars of one of MENDELSSOHN'S "Songs Without Words" is lost upon you.

Having decided on the kind of piano you want, or your wife wants, or the most important member of your household insists upon having, you enter the establishment in which this particular breed is stabled. Have courage.

Take a good look round first, with an eye to form and colour. Avoid the chestnuts and light bays. A good up-standing dark roan will probably attract your attention before long. Approach it in a soothing manner on the near side. Spend a moment in admiring the straight foreleg tapering to the fetlock or castor-joint, and before exposing the keyboard open the man-hole at the top and peer into the place "where the notes come from." This will convince the groom in attendance that you are not a novice. If the light is bad strike a match, but not on the polished top; strike only on the back of the box, where the wood is plain. Note the position of the carburetters, and having satisfied yourself that the thing is fitted throughout with the Major's special wires and has a good action, open its mouth and have a look at the ivories.

The question now arises: Are they really ivory, or are they bonzaline? You see, it makes such a difference in the angle when playing "The Long Jenny," for instance. Having settled this knotty point to your entire satisfaction you cannot do better than look for a nice G. Most pianos include a few of these in their curriculum. If you can't find one, select an A or a B, or some other easy note, and strike it fairly and squarely. Don't be nervous and fizzle the shot. Tilt your hat on one side so as to rest your ear against the sounding-board. If there is any

POINTS OF VIEW.



THE RIVER AS IT APPEARS TO THE WINNERS OF AN EASY RACE.



AS IT APPEARS TO THE LOSERS OF A HARD RACE.

wheezing the brute is a roarer, and you should pass on; but if the breathing is quite regular and melodious you are possibly on a good thing and should make excursions among the other notes. Don't be in a hurry. The place doesn't close for another five minutes, and business probably isn't so brisk that the manager will call, "Time, gentlemen, please!" before he has taken your order.

Having assured yourself that the chest and lungs are all right, the pitch has to be considered. Don't pronounce it as too high or too low or too uneven until you have tried a few overs—or overtures, as they are sometimes called.

If not then to your liking have it rolled between the innings and try again.

From a letter in *The Yorkshire Post*:

"The land sharks are abroad rather extensively in this and other districts, and are feathering their own nests most lavishly."

This puts the difference between the land and the sea shark very neatly.

"PERPETUAL MOTION.—The principle of perpetual motion was revealed to me ten years ago. I am willing to communicate it to anyone for £1,000,000. If not true, I claim nothing. What do you advise? (Cyrus, Lampeter.)"

London Budget.

Make it 9d., CYRUS, and we'll risk it.

THE BIRTHDAY.

(Communicated by a Cake-Eater.)

THE 1st of July was Peggy's birthday, and we made up our minds that it was to be a good one. We all love birthdays, except Dad, and he doesn't take the least interest in his own birthday. He says it has come round much too often and he's quite tired of it and doesn't want to hear any more about it. It comes early in January, very soon after Christmas, so we don't mind so much. If it came in April or May or August we should insist on making it a great day, for our family has no feasts or birthdays in those months, and it wouldn't be right to waste a chance of having one of our "joyments and joycings"—that's what John calls them. We all think it would be best for a family to have a birthday in every month of the year; but when I told this to Mum she pretended to give a shriek of horror and said the mere thought of a family of ten children was too terrible. Four were trouble enough, and if she had to provide food and clothes and boots for more than twice as many she thought she would never be able to pay the bills. She would have to pine away into an early grave. So perhaps we had better stay as we are.

Peggy's birthday came on a Monday, and on the Saturday we had all got our presents for her. We all asked her questions so as to find out what she really wanted. Of course we didn't say, "What would you like, Peggy?" We were much more cunning than that. We said, "Peggy, if you had to give something to a little girl of about eight or ten years old, what would you get for her?" Or, "Did you see any nice things in the shop windows when you were in Barksbury yesterday?" It was quite successful, and we found out what she wanted; only John said he must buy her a sewing-machine, because she told him that was the one thing in the world for her, and he asked Dad to give him the money for it. In the end he got her a box of soldiers; but he promised her a sewing-machine next time, and he has already saved up three pennies and a half-penny stamp; but he has licked most of the gum off the stamp, and I don't think it will be much use next July.

Dad got a little trinket, shaped like a heart, with a gold chain for it; and Mum bought her a "Book of Heroes" full of battle-pictures. My present was a paint-box, and Rosie's was a drawing-block. She has already painted the Battle of Waterloo on it, and she has begun the Battle of Balaclava.

It was the hardest work in the world to keep John from telling Peggy all about the presents. She was very sly about it. She promised him a sixpenny aeroplane if he would say, and he was just going to when we came in and put our hands over his mouth. After this we had to watch him very carefully, and, of course, he tried to tease us by nearly telling her, but not quite. He would say, "Dad's present is a—hum, hum, hum, and Helen's present is a box of, box of, box of. Now you know, and I shan't say any more." He made Rosie and me very nervous, but he didn't tell, after all. Dad said we mustn't expect him to help us in curbing John, for he himself felt exactly like John. He said he was so excited he could hardly stop himself from telling Peggy everything, and he thought he would have to go away to Brighton or somewhere till the happy day arrived. I think this was true. Dad doesn't care a bit about his own birthday, but he always takes a tremendous interest in ours, and he wouldn't miss the birthday cake for a thousand pounds. He said so himself. Besides, Peggy is the youngest girl, and Dad always spoils her a little. Once, when he was away from home about two years ago, he wrote her a letter about a tooth of hers

which had dropped out when she was biting a biscuit. This is it. Peggy kept it:—

"DEAR PEGGY,—Your Mother, who sticks to the truth, informs me you've lost a most beautiful tooth: a small one, a white one, a sharp, not a blunt one; a tooth that was seen, since the tooth was a front one; and she adds in a tone which, no doubt, she thinks witty, that the loss of the tooth doesn't make you more pretty!

"When the news came, dear Peggy, I tore out my hair, knocked my head on the floor and gave way to despair; beat my face to a jelly and sliced off a leg, just to show how I grieved for the toothlet of Peg. But I'll sew on my leg and my face I'll restore, take my head off the planks and be cheerful once more, for I've somehow remembered what once I was told—that a new tooth will come in the place of the old. In the meantime, dear Peggy, be good and keep tidy and remember I'm coming to hug you on Friday; and I hope, oh, I hope, you'll be jolly and glad (though you're minus a tooth) in the arms of
Your DAD."

It was Rosie who first found out that this letter was in poetry. It doesn't look like it, though.

I have almost forgotten to say that the birthday went off splendidly. Peggy screamed for joy over all her presents, and we all enjoyed the cake with nine candles and the crackers after tea. My birthday comes next, but it's weeks and weeks away.

GLEN, A SHEEP-DOG.

I KEN there isna a p'int in yer heid,
I ken that ye're auld an' ill,
An' the dogs ye focht in yer day are deid,
An' I doot that ye've focht yer fill;
Ye're the dourest deevil in Lothian land,
But, man, the he'rt o' ye's simply grand;
Ye're done an' doited, but gie's yer hand
An' we'll thole ye a while still.

A daft-like character aye ye've been
Sin the day I brocht ye hame,
When I bocht ye doon on the Caddens green
An' gied ye a guid Scots name;
Ye've spiled the sheep an' ye've chased the stirk,
An' rabbits was mair tae yer mind nor work,
An' ye've left i' the morn an' stopped till mirk,
But I've keepit ye a' the same.

Mebbe ye're failin' an' mebbe I'm weak,
An' there's younger dogs tae fee,
But I doot that a new freen's ill tae seek,
An' I'm thinkin' I'll let them be;
Ye've whiles been richt whaur I've thocht wrang,
Ye've liked me weel an' ye've liked me lang,
An' when there's ane o' us got tae gang—
May the guid Lord mak' it me.

Lines on Three Lady Novelists.

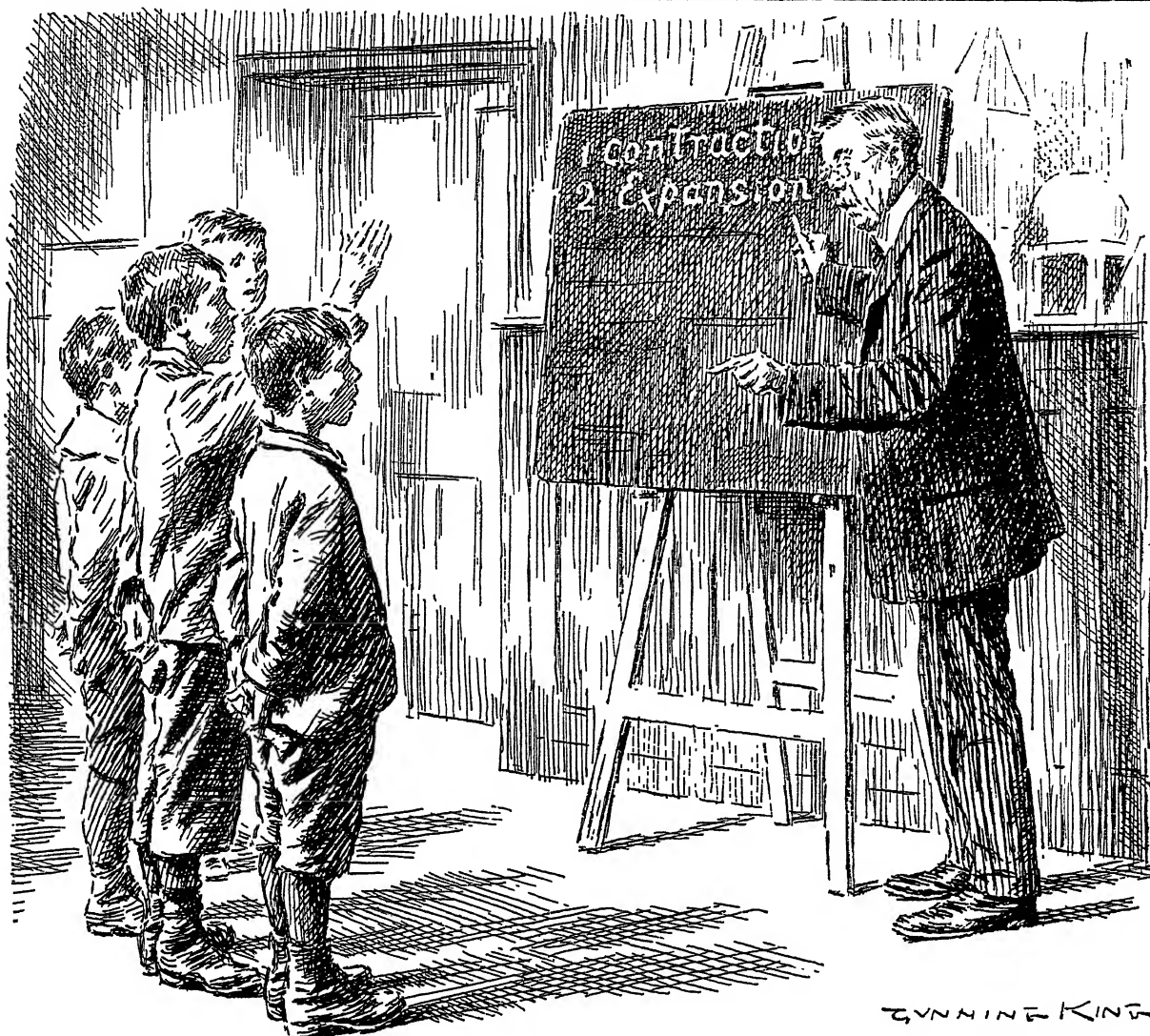
(With apologies to Dryden.)

Three Sibyls, in three diff'rent decades born,
Caused the judicious grievously to mourn.
The first in cataclysmic gush surpassed;
The next in lusciousness; in both the last.
Nature, exhausted by the BARCLAY boom,
Demands a respite till the crack of doom.

From a catalogue of "The World's Greatest Pictures":—

"Jane in the Austrian Tyrol. MacWhirter, J., R.A."

The colouring of the *Baedeker* is considered a remarkable piece of work.



GUNNING KING

Schoolmaster. "Now, you understand that heat expands matter and cold contracts it. Give me an example."
Bright Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DAYS ARE LONGEST IN SUMMER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I LAY aside Mr. C. B. FRY's new book on *Batsmanship* (EVELEIGH NASH), realising that whatever runs I may have made in my cricket career (now closed) were all of no value, since they were all made wrongly. Looking back on the past, after studying the many photographs of perfection in this work, I can see that I stood wrongly, I held my bat wrongly, I lifted it wrongly, I swung it wrongly. In short, the only satisfaction I can feel—and that is a very poor one—is that now and then the runs which I obtained by these deplorable means were of use in swelling the score and thus helping to win the match. But that is nothing; accurate style is the thing. Still, the English captain, although he has robbed so many of my best memories of their joy (for I rather fancied my batting), has provided me also with the materials of reprisal; and I am taking his book to Leeds to watch his innings against the South Africans, with it in my hand, and see exactly why he gets out; for the text itself leaves that point a mystery.

The American "best-seller" is a sort of uncouth growth on literature. It is like nothing else in the world of print.

In what, one asks, does its attraction for its hundred thousand readers consist? As a rule the story is rather dull. In the case of the latest of the species to come to my notice, Mr. CHARLES MAJOR's *The Touchstone of Fortune* (MACMILLAN), the story is extremely dull. The scene is laid at the Court of CHARLES THE SECOND, and the narrative lumbers along without a thrill for two hundred and ninety-eight pages. Yet, in my mind's eye, I can see it being devoured by thousands from the Everglades of Florida to Melonsquashville, Tenn. Why? It is no use the publisher telling me in his preliminary announcement that it "more nearly resembles *When Knighthood was in Flower*, the first great success of this writer, than anything he has since done," for I have never been able to fathom the reasons which induced five hundred thousand people to buy the book he names. No, it is one of those things no fellow can understand. Best-sellers are best-sellers, and that is all that can be said. To me the most interesting thing about *The Touchstone of Fortune* is the breezy American way in which the characters speak. "Do you suppose we could have made a mistake?" asks WENTWORTH, on page 203. "You surely did," says King CHARLES (champing irritably, I have no doubt, at his chewing-gum as he spoke). And, say, Mr. MAJOR, while I remember it, your grammar sure

is on the blink. A high-toned genius like you, way up among the great American novelists, shouldn't ought to hand out a sentence like "Frances was the last girl who I should have supposed capable of dying of love." Cut out this line of talk, CHARLES, or back to the bench for yours.

The Panel (CONSTABLE) has put me in something of a quandary. If Mr. FORD MADDOX HUEFFER, for whose gifts as an author I have the highest appreciation, had come to me and said, "I am now going to tell you a funny story," I should undoubtedly have been delighted. I should have heard the tale throughout with attention, and at the end might—if asked for it—have given an opinion judiciously blending friendship and diplomacy in the usual proportions. But to a third person who should seek my counsel on the subject, all I could honestly say would be, "Mr. HUEFFER is in his own line both an artist and a genius; as a painter of historical prose-pictures he has few rivals. But for goodness' sake don't let him tell you the story that he calls funny, for it bored me to death!" Well, I am sorry to say that has to stand as my considered judgment upon *The Panel*. What it was all about is difficult to tell, because not one of the characters seemed to me sufficiently real to produce any definite impression. There was a *Major Foster*, who appeared to have been flirting with several farcical young women, all of whom turned up as his fellow-guests in the same country house. And there was a *Lady Nancy*, who pretended to be a servant in order to fascinate him—though it is only fair to add that the *Major* knew his GOLDSMITH, and was no more imposed upon by this ancient manoeuvre than I was. But oh, the dreariness of all their antics! I shall have to read *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* again at once in order to recall Mr. HUEFFER in his best mood.

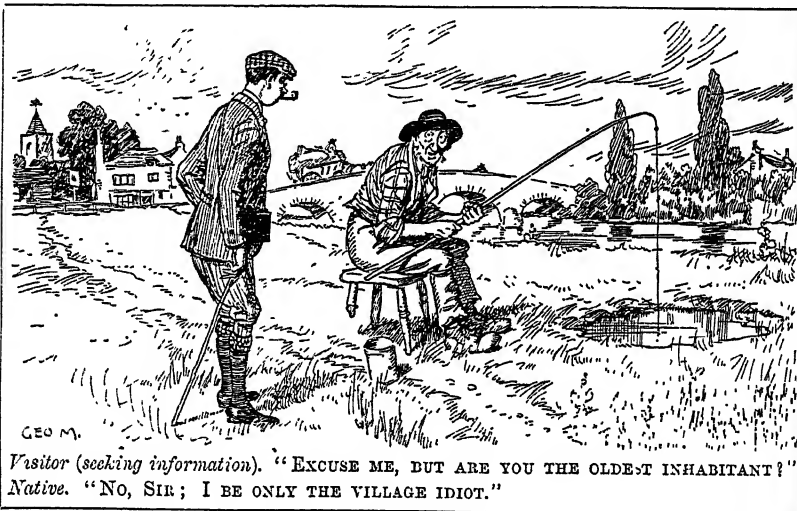
"To me the work of making the mind clear by first-hand experience is the holy alchemy of life. I call it Solemnisation, but I recognise it also under the mask of Levity." That is the preface to *The Solemnization of Jacklin*, by FLORENCE FARR (FIFIELD). Evidently a very clever and profound book. But I should have been obliged if the author had made up her mind whether she wished to produce a piece of flippantly unpleasant phantasy or of even less agreeable but wholesome realism. There is no story to speak of, but a series of attractions and repulsions which go to make the higher Alchemy. *Jacklin* marries, philanders, divorces, marries again, and is finally solemnized into taking back her first husband. My own Solemnization (which I recognised under the mask of Boredom) had taken place earlier, but I persevered manfully in the hope of finding justification for the pretentious brevity of that preface. I think there are indignations and sincerities under these strewn leaves of a reckless verbiage and an even more reckless philosophy. But the author's medium is not the novel. And in any case, with the ills of life as bad as they are, I

despair of her "holy alchemy" as a universal solvent for them.

Mr. Robert Lindsay, of Wester Mearns, who was intended for the Kirk, but unhappily got sent down from Glasgow College, and thereafter left his home and set out to see the world, acknowledges in one passage of *Dead Men's Bells* (SECKER), which is the story of his adventures as narrated or rather edited by FREDERICK NIVEN, the debt that he owes to DANIEL DEFOE. All the same, I consider Mr. Lindsay something of a niggard in confessions of gratitude; for when I tell you that he set out for the Carolinas in a ship whose captain intended to wreck her for the benefit of the owner; that the captain was a drunkard and bullied his cabin-boy; that Mr. Lindsay made friends with the mate, Mr. Wylie, a canny man but no believer in women; that the ship was run down by a pirate vessel, and that Messrs. Wylie and Lindsay escaped by clinging to the pirates' bowsprit; that they were wrecked on the West Highland coast and took to the heather; that they were entertained in the Appin country by men who feared the red-coats and hated the CAMPBELLS—you will

begin to understand that we should not have been very likely to hear the sound of *Dead Men's Bells* (which is another name for fox-gloves) if STEVENSON had never written *Kidnapped*. Putting aside the unabashed plagiarism of his theme, Mr. NIVEN tells a good story, gives a fine impression of the lonely grandeur of Highland scenery, is an expert navigator, and possibly uses a better Scots dialect than the

compromise employed by R. L. S. And, at any rate, I have to thank him heartily for rousing in me once more the delicious if vicarious thrill of STUART hatred for the names of LOVAT and ARGYLL.



Geo. M.

Visitor (seeking information). "EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU THE OLDEST INHABITANT?"
Native. "NO, SIR; I BE ONLY THE VILLAGE IDIOT."

In the generous comely girth
Of Col. ST. QUINTIN'S Chances
Of Sport Of Sorts there is fact and mirth
For a dozen superb romances.

Hardly a goal to be won
With a rod or a rein or a rifle
But he has reached with a bumper of fun,
And the risk ticked off as a trifle.

And he's made, with a hand well-skilled,
Not, as your smoke-room crack would,
A tedious tale of Things I've Killed,
But a tip-top volume (BLACKWOOD).

"The order and discipline of this splendid fleet are superb. It is ready to go anywhere and do nothing."—*Daily Mail*.

Surely this is an understatement. There must be some hidden talent in the Navy for doing something, which a timely *Daily Mail* competition might reveal.

CHARIVARIA.

In connection with the meeting between the KAISER and the TSAR it is said that an enterprising American newspaper cabled to the KAISER offering him a princely fee if he would go to the conference as its representative, and report fully what took place there. Apparently, however, in spite of the KAISER's desire to please our American cousins, the deal could not be arranged.

The ups and downs of Royalty! Only recently the KING was in the Royal Box. Last week he was in the Pit.

Speaking on the subject of Compulsory Military Training, Colonel SEELY said, "I think all will agree that that question is out of the range of practical politics until after the next war." Is our new War Minister also among the pessimists? It looks as if he thinks the victorious Germans may insist on it.

It is not, we fancy, generally known that, at the height of the discussion on the undermanning of our Navy, there was something like a panic one day at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. It was rumoured that Mr. WINSTON

CHURCHILL was coming with a press-gang to capture the able-bodied seamen who work "The Witching Waves."

One still sighs for a Business Government. The Admiralty held a sale of old war craft last week. It seems incredible that the unrivalled opportunity of advertising this sale by means of telling placards on the hulls of the 220 vessels which took part in the great review should not have been seized.

And why is it left to private enterprise to draw attention to the record bargains which may be picked up in consols? It is said that at one newspaper office the gentleman who is responsible for the preparation of the posters each day has received instructions that, in the absence of a direction to the contrary, the first item is always to be:—

CONSOLS DOWN AGAIN.

The Dutch Government intends to proceed with the erection of a powerful heavily-armed fort at Flushing. The bookmakers who were recently expelled from that town will perhaps see now how hopeless are their prospects of being able to force their way in again.

The German Professors EMMERICH and LOEW declare that the average man would have more joy, energy and brain power if he consumed a greater quantity of chalk. Our dairymen have appreciated this fact for years, but they are constantly being thwarted by the ignorance of our Food Inspectors.

Mr. H. A. HARBEN has withdrawn his candidature in the Liberal interest for Barnstaple as a protest against the

Conference had met at Chicago, it might have come to a different conclusion.

It is good to hear that Mr. PLOWDEN is now out of danger. It only remains to hope that his recent operation did not concern either his funny bone or his jocular vein.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE's new book bears the title, *Les Dieux ont soif*. In view of the quantity of water which has recently escaped from the heavens we can well believe that there may be a drought up there.

A report presented to the London County Council Education Committee declares English literature to be a subject "which is not of utilitarian advantage." This, perhaps, is the reason why our writers produce so little of it nowadays.

A specimen of the Shoebill has been presented to the Zoological Society. It is said to be the ugliest creature in the world, and was the subject of much good-natured chaff from the other animals on its arrival. Even the Wart Hog is said to have whispered, "Hello, Nosey!" as it passed.

According to the founder of a well-known Ladies' Club,

club life has the effect of making women younger and more beautiful. Some of these institutions are, of course, frankly called Toilet Clubs.

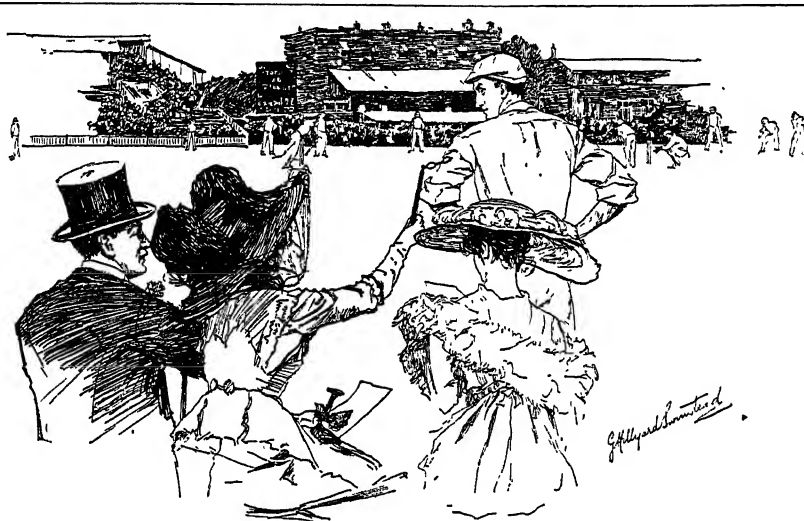
The announcement that a Cinematograph Theatre was showing

"JACK JOHNSON IN THE RING" was responsible for a certain amount of disappointment among a number of earnest Wagnerites who made a pilgrimage to the theatre in question.

We pluck the following from Miss MAY CROMMELIN's "stirring stanzas" (*P.M.G.*), entitled "Sons of Ulster":—

"You sent us here, O Britain,
To hold the fierce bleak North,
To sow and reap and loyal keep,
When have we broken troth?"

If a cockney rhyme was essential, the last word should have been *bro(r)th*. It goes better with "North," and makes quite good enough sense.



AT THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

Important Lady (to deep-square-leg). "WOULD YOU KINDLY MOVE AWAY? IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE FOR MY DAUGHTER TO SEE MY NEPHEW WHO IS BATTING."

treatment of the Suffragists in prison. The Liberal leaders, it is said, respectfully suggested that the Labour Candidates at Hanley and Crewe should follow this manly precedent.

"Will the day ever come," asks a writer in *The Observer*, "when Hanley will have its ideal Member—Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT?" Oh that the law as to libel would allow us to suggest the name of the ideal Member for Hanwell!

The House of Lords has decided that the Crystal Palace may be sold, and it is said that a syndicate of Suffragettes has offered, if the building is to be demolished, to do the work for nothing, just for the sake of the practice.

The International Bible Students' Conference at Washington has voted unanimously that Hell does not exist. In New York it is thought that, if the

OYEZ! OYEZ!

[Thoughts on imitation-chivalry, suggested by the Earl's Court Tournament.]

LORD rang the shock of lance on steel;
Out flew the swords with windy gust;
The tossing plumes were carved like real
And bit the Elizabethan dust;
Yet, in that high and noble tourney, none
Of those who joined the fray with all their spurs on
Cared how his head was damaged, so he won
A glance of Beauty's eyes (from Lady CURZON).

Of old the Knights of ARTHUR's Court,
Lest in repose their thews should rot,
Were wont to joust by way of sport,
When lists were set at Camelot;
A mimic warfare, yet it made them strong
To dare all deeds that might become their Order—
"To ride abroad redressing human wrong,"
And thrust a real foe back beyond their border.

To-day the self-respecting liege
Still plays at chivalry just the same,
Only—the cry "*Noblesse oblige!*"
Is seldom heard outside the game;
When people, noticing our rotten state,
Ask, "Why has England's knighthood fallen so low?"
He answers, "What about this Earl's Court fête?
And how superbly we behave at polo!"

Ah, Sirs, if I may change at will
From chaff to earnest in a breath,
Wrongs unredressed are with us still—
Hunger and want, disease and death;
Powers of the dark o'errun these Christian realms
For lack of knightly service. Come, let's see, then,
How, wearing England's favour on your helms,
Ye, too, can ride abroad to "break the heathen."
O. S.

THE PARADISE OF POLITICS.

[In the manner of "Lorna" of "The British Weekly."]

I SPENT a delicious afternoon last Tuesday on the Terrace at Westminster as one of the guests of Sir Theopompus Luther, M.P. for the Mushton Division of Slopshire. Our party included Sir Chadley and Lady Bandon, Dr. and Mrs. Heber Choep, Professor Tertius Toshley, the Rev. Eli Snuggs, B.D., Miss Aholibamah Jubbs, Lady Goldney Horner, and Master Boaz Horner, who had recently recovered from a severe attack of German measles and was unfortunately obliged to wear a respirator.

We were shown the lions and lionesses by our courteous host, and as it was at the height of the season and handsome gowns were worn at almost every table the *tout ensemble* was all that could be desired. Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT was the only Cabinet Minister who took his tea in the open air. Mr. HARCOURT has grown graver and more dignified in the last six years, but he still exhales the same spiritual suavity, the same debonaire unction, which have always made him a vital force in earnest Radical circles. He was wearing a grey frock suit with a white tall hat and a collar almost, if not quite, as high as those affected by the present Earl SPENCER. Altogether, a fine, well-groomed, statesmanlike, urbane and gracious figure. I overheard him specially ask for China tea, and noticed that he partook of apricot jam with his bread-and-butter.

LORD CREWE'S MASTERY OF THE LORDS.

After tea our kind host conducted us into the House of Lords, where we heard Lord CREWE addressing a large and deeply interested audience with impassioned eloquence and vivacity. Lord CREWE was wearing a fawn-coloured waistcoat with magenta spots. He has the face of a dreamer and idealist, with luminous eyes and a butterfly moustache, and the *timbre* of his voice reminded us strikingly of Dr. Wuthering Waddell, of Arbroath. Lord ROSEBERRY may well be proud of his gifted son-in-law, who holds the Upper Chamber in the hollow of his hand. We also saw Lord MORLEY of BLACKBURN, who was reading the article on "Armageddon" in *The British Weekly* with an expression of awe-stricken solemnity; Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH, who followed Lord CREWE's sallies with intense and boyish enthusiasm; and Lord HALDANE, bland and sphinx-like, whose wonderful resemblance to that noble-hearted Congregationalist leader, Dr. Methuselah Spong, of Dalwhinnie, was never more strikingly displayed. Indeed our host was only just in time to prevent Professor Toshley leaping on to the Woolsack to salute—as he thought—his old friend and fellow-student. The dejection that reigned on the Tory benches was indeed remarkable. Lord LANSDOWNE's hair was rumpled, Lord SELBORNE wore a wilted mien, and Lord CURZON positively shuddered beneath the torrential stream of Lord CREWE's impetuous indictment.

MR. BURNS TO THE RESCUE.

On our return to the Terrace an incident occurred which might have had a painful termination, but fortunately ended without disaster. Master Boaz Horner, who had been liberally treated by our hospitable host to ginger-beer and cracknels, was suddenly seized with a violent choking fit, to the consternation of his mother. At this moment Mr. JOHN BURNS came out on the Terrace, and, swiftly taking in the situation, leapt over the intervening chairs, seized Master Boaz Horner, smote him violently on the back, and held him upside down over the Terrace wall until the spasms had subsided. Mr. BURNS has grown whiter and rather thinner in the last seven years, but otherwise he is just the same vigorous athletic capable man whom I first saw at Westbourne Chapel, listening to a sermon by Dr. Boanerges Bopp in October, 1896.

A GLIMPSE OF LLOYD GEORGE.

As we left the House we had the extraordinary good fortune to see Mr. LLOYD GEORGE stepping into an R.U.A.T. taxi and driving off in the direction of Downing Street, amid the loud cheers and benedictions of a crowd which had been waiting for hours for a glimpse of England's darling statesman. The taxi-driver seemed nervously conscious of his tremendous responsibility, for he sounded his horn repeatedly. The CHANCELLOR, who wore a dark lounge suit and a Trilby hat and was smoking an Intimidat cigar, seemed in radiant spirits and responded to the cheers of Dr. Snuggs with a gracious inclination of his noble head. Other statesmen may have surpassed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in physical strength or stature or their mastery of Latin and Greek, but certainly no one has ever approached him in what the Rev. Wanless Dodder has so happily called the "consecrated ingenuity" which he has dedicated to the service of the suffering masses.

"Two hundred metres . . . First Heat: C. D. Redpath (America). Time 22½ mins. 10 secs. . . Third Heat: J. J. Courtney (America). Time 2¼ sec."—*Yorkshire Evening News*.

We can only suppose that REDPATH was not fully extended, but we imagine that COURTNEY would always beat him.



THE KNIGHT OF THE MAPLE-LEAF.

SIR BORDEN. "LADY, AN THERE BE AN ARMAGEDDON OR OTHER SCRAP TOWARD, COUNT ME IN!"

BRITANNIA. "SIR, I COULD DESIRE NO BETTER CHAMPION!"

THE RENASCENCE OF BRITAIN.

PETER RILEY was one of those lucky people who take naturally to games. Actually he only got his blue for cricket, rugger and boxing, but his perfect eye and wrist made him a beautiful player of any game with a ball. Also he rode and shot well, and knew all about the inside of a car. But, although he was always enthusiastic about anything he was doing, he was not really keen on games. He preferred wandering about the country looking for birds' nests or discovering the haunts of rare butterflies; he liked managing a small boat single-handed in a stiff breeze; he would have enjoyed being upset and having to swim a long way to shore. Most of all, perhaps, he loved to lie on the top of the cliffs and think of the wonderful things that he would do for England when he was a Cabinet Minister. For politics was to be his profession, and he had just taken a first in History by way of preparation for it.

There were a lot of silly people who envied Peter's mother. They thought, poor dears, that she must be very, very proud of him, for they regarded Peter as the ideal of the modern young Englishman. "If only my boy grows up to be like Peter Riley!" they used to say to themselves; and then add quickly, "But of course he'll be much nicer." In their ignorance they didn't see that it was the Peters of England who were making our country the laughing-stock of the world.

If you had been in Berlin in 1916, you would have seen Peter; for he had been persuaded, much against his will, to uphold the honour of Great Britain in the middle-weights at the Olympic Games. He got a position in the papers as "P. Riley, disqualified"—the result, he could only suppose, of his folly in allowing his opponent to butt him in the stomach. He was both annoyed and amused about it; offered to fight his vanquisher any time in England; and privately thanked Heaven that he could now get back to London in time for his favourite sister's wedding.

But he didn't. The English trainer, who had been sent, at the public expense, to America for a year, to study the proper methods, got hold of him.

"I've been watching you, young man," he said. "You'll have to give yourself up to me now. You're the coming champion."

"I'm sorry," said Peter politely, "but I shan't be fighting again."

"Fighting!" said the trainer, scornfully. "Don't you worry; I'll take good care that you don't fight any more. The event *you're* going to win is 'Pushing the Chisel.' I've been watching you, and you've got the most perfect neck and calf-muscles for it I've ever seen. No more fighting for you, my boy, nor cricket nor anything else. I'm not going to let you spoil those muscles."

"I don't think I've ever pushed the Chisel," said Peter. "Besides, it's over, isn't it?"



THE NEW INDUSTRY.

"ANY STAMPS TO LICK TO-DAY, MUM?"

"Over? Of course it's over, and that confounded American won. 'Poor old England,' as all the papers said."

"Then it's too late to begin to practise," said Peter thankfully.

"Well, it's too late for the 1920 games. But we can do a lot in eight years, and I think I can get you fit for the 1924 games at Pekin."

Peter stared at him in amazement.

"My good man," he said at last, "in 1924 I shall be in London, and I hope in the House of Commons."

"And what about the honour of your country? Do you want to read the jeers in the American papers when we lose 'Pushing the Chisel' in 1924?"

"I don't care a curse what the American papers say," said Peter angrily.

"Then you're very different from other Englishmen," said the trainer sternly.

Of course Peter was persuaded; he couldn't let England be the laughing-stock of the world. So for eight years he lived under the eye of the trainer, rising at five and retiring to bed at seven-thirty. This prevented him from taking much part in the ordinary social activities of the evening; and even his luncheon and garden-party invitations had to be declined in some such words as "Mr. Peter Riley regrets that he is unable to accept Lady Vavasour's kind invitation for Monday the 13th, as he will be hopping round the garden on one leg then." His career, too, had to be abandoned; for it was plain that even if he had the leisure to get into Parliament the early hours he kept would not allow him to take part in any important divisions.

But there were compensations. As he watched his calves swell; as he looked in the glass and noticed each morning that his head was a little more on one side—sure sign of the expert Chisel-pusher; as, still surer sign, his hands became more knuckly and his mouth remained more permanently open, he knew that his devotion to duty would not be without its reward. He saw already his country triumphing, and heard the chorus of congratulation in the newspapers that England was still a nation of sportsmen. . . .

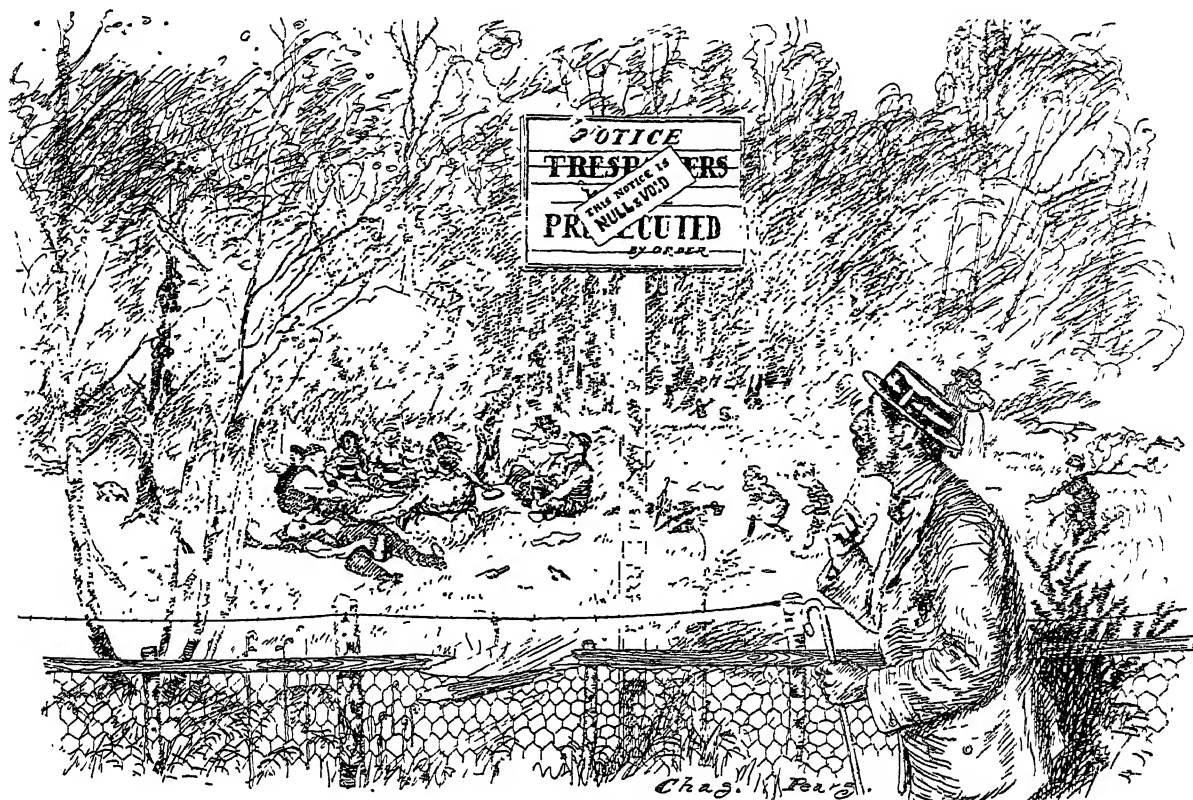
In 1924 Pekin was crowded. There were, of course, the ordinary million inhabitants; and, in addition, people had thronged from all parts to see the great Chisel-pusher of whom so much had been heard. That they did not come in vain, we in London knew one July morning as we opened our papers.

"PUSHING THE CHISEL" (*Free Style*).

1. P. Riley (Great Britain), 5½in. (World's Record). 2. H. Biffpoffer (America), 5½in. A. Wafer (America) was disqualified for going outside the wood."

And so England was herself again. There was only one discordant note in her triumph. Mr. P. A. VAILE pointed out in all the papers that Peter Riley, in the usual pig-headed English way, had been employing entirely the wrong grip. Mr. VAILE's book, *How to Push the Chisel*, illustrated with 50 full plates of Mr. VAILE in knickerbockers pushing the Chisel, explained the correct method.

A. A. M.



OUR BY-ELECTION.

RADICAL CANDIDATE, WHO OWNS THE ABOVE PROPERTY, SUSTAINS A SHOCK ON DISCOVERING A FRESH EXAMPLE OF HIS AGENT'S ZEAL.

ARTHUR'S BALL.

(Being a wholly apocryphal description of a recent social function.)

WHEN Parliament, sick with unreason,
Was occupied, night after night,
With bandying charges of treason
And challenging Ulster to fight,
To ease the political tension
Good ARTHUR determined to call
A truce to this deadly dissension
By giving a ball.

The guests were by no means confined
to

The ranks of the old Upper Ten,
For ARTHUR has always inclined to
Consort with all manner of men;
So the brainy, though lacking in breed-
ing,

Were bidden as well as the fops;
The foes of carnivorous feeding
And lovers of chops.

There were golfers from Troon and
Kilspindie,
Discussing their favourite greens;
Bronzed soldiers from Quetta and
Pindi; &c.

Pale pilots of flying machines;
There were *débutantes*, visibly flustered;
Calm beauties from over "the Pond";
Sleek magnates of soap and of mustard;
And BRUNNER and MOND.

I saw LEONARD BORWICK and TOVEY
Demurely adorning the wall;
"Punch" Fairs, and his conqueror,
COVEY,
Though neither was "killing the ball";
Disciples of BERGSON and EDDY;
Denouncers of greed and of graft;
Whole-hearted supporters of "TEDDY,"
And backers of TAFT.

I saw a delectable duchess
Sit out with a Syndicalist,
And a battle-scarred soldier on crutches
Hobnob with a Pacificist;
And a famous professor of psychics—
A Scot who was reared at Dunkeld—
Indulge in the highest of high kicks
I ever beheld.

Lord HALDANE, whose massive pro-
portions
Were gracefully garbed in a kilt,
Performed the most daring contortions
With true Caledonian lilt;
Lord MORLEY resembled a GRACCHUS;
LLOYD GEORGE was a genial JACK
CADE;
And ELIBANK, beaming like Bacchus,
The revels surveyed.

The music was subtly compounded
Of melodies famous of yore
And measures that richly abounded
In modern cacophonous lore;

There was STRAUSS, the adored of
Vienna,
The genius of joyous unrest;
And STRAUSS, who the shrieks of
Gehenna
Contrives to suggest.

I'd like to describe, but I canna,
The envy combined with dismay
Aroused by the wonderful ANNA
Whom several kingdoms obey;
Her entry produced quite a crisis—
Some prudes were surprised she was
axed—
She appeared in the costume of Isis
According to BAKST.

It was four of the clock ere I quitted
These scenes of eclectic delight;
The fogies had most of them fitted,
The revels were still at their height;
For GARVIN was dancing a Tango,
His head in the place of his legs;
And SPENDER a blameless Fandango
Encircled by eggs.

What incidents happened thereafter
I only can dimly surmise;
But gusts of ecstatic laughter
Went echoing up to the skies;
And I know from my own observation
The guests were agreed, one and all,
That ARTHUR united the nation
By giving this ball.

THE MIGHTY LIVING.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us!" was BURNS's appeal; and the giftie has come. A second-hand bookseller in the Charing Cross Road (that happy hunting-ground) gives it to some of us with a vengeance by the simple device of issuing a catalogue of autograph letters, each with its price, of a number of literary gents who are for the most part too young or insufficiently famous to come, in the ordinary way, under this species of valuation. Each with its price!—that is the deadly part of it. Because that tells; there is no escape from that. It shows how "others see us."

Let us take them alphabetically.

There are two of Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER's letters, and one is three-and-sixpence and the other three shillings. Not much for the hand-writing of that hardy Norseman, now in the Land of the Chrysanthemum, if the illustrated papers are to be trusted.

O WILLIAM, who in far Japan
Talk'st ID-EX to Mimosa San,
Let not that damsel ever think
Three bob will buy thy pen-and-ink!

CLAUDE and ALICE ASKEW, mysterious names familiar as household words to sensation-hunters on the feuilleton pages—what offers for a letter by each to a publisher? Well, the price is three shillings the two. Mr. A. J. BALFOUR's note to "my dear Fowler" is four-and-six; but how "my dear Fowler" came to part with it is not explained. The same figure is asked for a "fine" letter from MAURICE BARING, while ordinary letters from the same spritely hand fetch only half-a-crown. Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER is priced at three-and-six and two-and-six, and then we jump to higher things with Mr. BARRIE, who has two letters to a publisher, one at twenty-five shillings and the other at a guinea. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's "fine" letter is twelve-and-six, and an ordinary one eight-and-six; but the economist might prefer a selection of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIES at one-and-six or two-and-six according to their Haroldian merit. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT also is offered in some quantity at from four-and-six to seven-and-six. Mr. E. F. BENSON is three shillings, while for "a receipt for money received from a publisher on account of one of his books," signed by Mr. LAURENCE BINYON, half-a-crown is demanded. All these have been in ink; but Madame CLARA BUTT's scribbling in pencil will cost you two shillings.

How much for a HALL CAINE? Surely here we reach gold once more? No. A long letter is eight-and-six, and a letter-card, although written on four

sides, six-and-six. And that Other—how much for Her? Well, she just beats her rival in the popular bosom, a long letter being half-a-guinea, and more common measure eight-and-six; but one is a little shocked to find the distinguished editor of the *Fortnightly* quoted as low as one-and-six. But editors can always take their revenge! G. K. C., who for the moment can write to no one, having, as all the world grieves to hear, broken his arm, costs five-and-six a letter; but Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE may be had at from three-and-six to five-and-six apiece; Mr. GALSWORTHY is only three-and-six, which is very cheap; and a review of Miss STODDART's *Life of Professor Blackie* by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, "entirely in Mr. Gosse's handwriting," is even cheaper. A hand which trembles not in the presence of peers! Then we jump again, for Mr. HARDY is priced at two guineas, one pound ten, and one guinea, and decline swiftly to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON at three-and-six, and The Man HARRIS (who knows SHAKESPEARE as other men know the alphabet) at from three-and-six to five-and-six, pick where you will.

So far we have been on normal ground; but in a letter from Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS "to a well-known publisher who had made proposals to him which he must not call extravagant but which he certainly thought altruistic," we touch upon wonder and romance. For such a letter, containing such strange matter, seven-and-six seems to be a farcical sum. Mr. HEWLETT is also outside the normal pale, for he writes a "humorous letter to a publisher" and eight-and-six is asked for it. A signed receipt of the epistolary Englishwoman, Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, is three shillings, and there should be a rush for it under the green, white and purple; and the same figure is required for a letter, also to a publisher, by Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, who apparently did not think it worth while to be funny in it. COULSON KERNAHANS rule at sixpence or a shilling less, and BART KENNEDYS are a little stronger, while the only RAY LANKESTER is two shillings, and the only OLIVER LODGE half-a-crown. Any number of JOHN MASEFIELDS (in prose) are to be had at four shillings to seven-and-six each, and any number of EUSTACE MILESES, from two shillings to three shillings each, or the price of a nut orgy. The great question agitating the present writer is whether to save up for the EUSTACE MILESES or for the Dr. SALEEBYS, which range from two shillings to three-and-six apiece. A cheque drawn in Mr. BERNARD SHAW's favour (but since cashed) at four-and-six

is a curiosity that would lay the foundations of any museum of genius and cannot be called dear; but to ask two shillings for a letter by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER is, it must be confessed, going rather far.

So much for this very remarkable and eye-opening catalogue, with its revolutionary appraisements. As an aid to the young collector with a guinea to spend and a desire for variety in literary heroes, the following table of suggestions has been drawn up, containing illustrious names not hitherto mentioned:—

	£	s.	d.
1 THOMAS COBB . . .	1	1	6
1 NORMAN GALE . . .	3	6	
1 SARAH GRAND . . .	3	0	
1 W. J. LOCKE . . .	2	6	
1 OLIVER ONIONS . . .	2	6	
1 PETT RIDGE . . .	2	6	
1 SIDNEY WEBB . . .	2	6	
1 I. ZANGWILL . . .	3	0	
	£1	1	0

In a hundred years' time, think of the rush and tumble at SOTHEBY'S to acquire these documents!

THE SUNDIAL.

It was an old square dial resting upon a niche high up on the South corner of the house. Lichen grew upon its hoary surface. The sun cast a slanting shadow of the pointer round the time-worn lettering of the hours. Ivy trailed clinging fingers over its face.

Until the new gardener came.

His hobby was clipping . . . clipping anything and everything, and at all times. He clipped the creepers, the roses, trees, shrubs and grass edges. The tousled Skye underwent a startling transformation with the shears. He clipped his hours of attendance. His hand would even open and close convulsively at wage time.

It was clipping the ivy which climbed over and incidentally proved to have been the main support of the tottering old sundial that nearly led to his undoing. . . .

I helped him up, raised his wages and promised him a new straw hat to replace the ruin lying crushed beneath the fallen stone. Then word was sent to the local mason to come and repair the damage.

At 6.30 next morning I had to go down in a dressing-gown to interview an old and very deaf labourer. He told me his name was Jargesir, and he had worked nigh on seventy years man and boy in the village, he had, and thought it would clear later. He had brought



"I SAY, MOTHER, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE. I HAD A PENNY FARTHING IN MY KNICKERBOCKERS LAST NIGHT AND NOW I'VE ONLY A PENNY."

a wheel-barrow and spade—presumably to show that there was no disguise about his being a workman. I explained loudly that he was not wanted to bury a dog, but to replace a sundial that had fallen off the wall. He retired grumbling, and came back late that afternoon with a fellow-mason, a young lad of about sixty, carrying a ladder. This, after a severe battle with the creeper, was placed in position against the house, and the old man slowly crawled to the top. Then it was discovered that the ladder was too short, and it was decided that the men should return with a longer one and go thoroughly into the matter.

Next morning they came with a longer ladder, placed it against the wall, climbed up in turn to examine the spot whence the dial had fallen, descended, tried to lift the stone, agreed that eewur-a-eavy-un, eewur, and went away to procure some ropes and tackle and have dinner. In the afternoon they brought a hand-cart, some scaffolding poles, ropes and blocks, a sack of cement, and various trowels; also another spade, doubtless feeling convinced that someone would require burying before the job was done. By

the time these articles were unloaded, laid out on the lawn, sorted, identified and discussed, it had become too dark to see, and further postponement was necessary.

I was away the following day, but, on returning in the evening, found the men perched on ladders and freely bespattering everything within reach with cement. The sundial was back in position, but faced somewhere about E. by S.S.E., with the pointer horizontal. I spent some time drawing diagrams on the path to explain the principles of sundials in general; I emphasized the importance of this one in particular facing due South, and arranged that the men should come next morning at about 11.30, so as to get the shadow of the pointer falling on the XII at exactly noon. Jargesir couldn't make head or tail of it, but his young companion thought he had caught the idea. There was just time that night to get the stone loose before the cement set.

It was unavoidable that a cloud should obscure the sun from 11.40 to 1.15 next day, and most unfortunate that at the next attempt an error in taking a funereal tolling of the church

bell for the striking of noon led to our being an hour out. At the third experiment, however, we were completely successful. The cement was run neatly along the joints with a trowel, and the scaffolding removed.

At the last moment Jargesir leant across to give the pointer just the least tap with a hammer (as it had got a little bent from the fall) . . . and broke it off short.

"I do not say it is the most important," Mr. Borden replied cautiously. "I do not think I can usefully do anything till a decision has taken place." But *The Evening News* might have added a "d."

"His red-livered watermen were pulling a long even stroke."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*. We believe that the adjective applies to others than watermen, but we see no reason for dragging it in.

"Not until about 20 yards from home did Oliver manage to put his mount's short head in front, the verdict being a 'short head.'" *Zululand Times*.

The custom of measuring a horse's head to see what he won by still holds in Zululand.



THE EFFECT OF THE EARL'S COURT TOURNEY ON THE "FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S NOBILITY AND CHIVALRY."
No. I.

WE HEAR THAT, AT A RECENT BALL AT THE DUCHESS OF —'S, SIR —, ON ENTERING THE BALL-ROOM FOR THE FIRST WALTZ, FLUNG HIS GLOVE ON THE PARQUET WITH THE REMARK THAT, IF ANYBODY PRESENT SAID THAT LADY — WASN'T BY LONG CHALKS THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM, WELL—HE KNEW WHAT HE COULD DO ABOUT IT!

THE BLIND ALLEY.

CALLOW, when I met him in the train, wore the unmistakable look of one who has passed a sleepless night. He said he had been to a public dinner, and instinctively I made the obvious comment.

"No," said Callow, "the food was top hole. That isn't the trouble. Look here; perhaps you can help me. It was a good dinner. Menu good, wine good, toast list good—several excellent speeches, in a good cause: the Society for the Immediate Provision of Cork Limbs for Conductors of Orchestras who have had the Misfortune to Lose their Working Arm."

"With a mouthful like that, there was hardly any need for a dinner," I put in facetiously.

"So I've been told," was Callow's rather brutal reply.

"Well?"

"Well, the President got me to go, and afterwards, just as I was leaving, I ran into him. He thanked me for coming, and all in the same breath said what a clever speech Sir Pinker Parkinson had made. It was quite true.

He had made a clever speech, a very clever speech, and in the hurry of the moment, while I was thanking the President for giving me the chance of being there, I agreed with him about Parkinson, and went on to say that it was the cleverest speech, for one delivered practically impromptu, that I had ever heard."

Callow paused, evidently expecting me to sympathise.

I did my best. "It was so clever that it kept you awake? I am sorry—"

"Don't be an idiot!" said Callow.

"Don't you understand that the President made a speech too—a jolly good one; better than Parkinson's really, by a long way."

"Well," I said cheerily, "I don't suppose he noticed anything. You're practically accusing him of fishing."

"Not a bit of it. But he must have thought afterwards what a clumsy ass I was."

"Why not write and explain?"

"Yes, and make myself out a self-conscious fool."

"Don't be hasty. Have a little patience, and I may be able to help

you. Put it to him in general terms as to one who must have had experience in such things. Parkinson and you and the President can be A, B and C. He is certain to make one of two obvious replies. Either he will say that the President wouldn't be likely to worry his head about such a trifle, in which case everything is all right; or he will say that you wouldn't be likely to worry yours, which will show that he has a poor opinion of your sense of decency, and you will have to take more definite steps to put yourself right with him."

"I'll try it," said Callow.

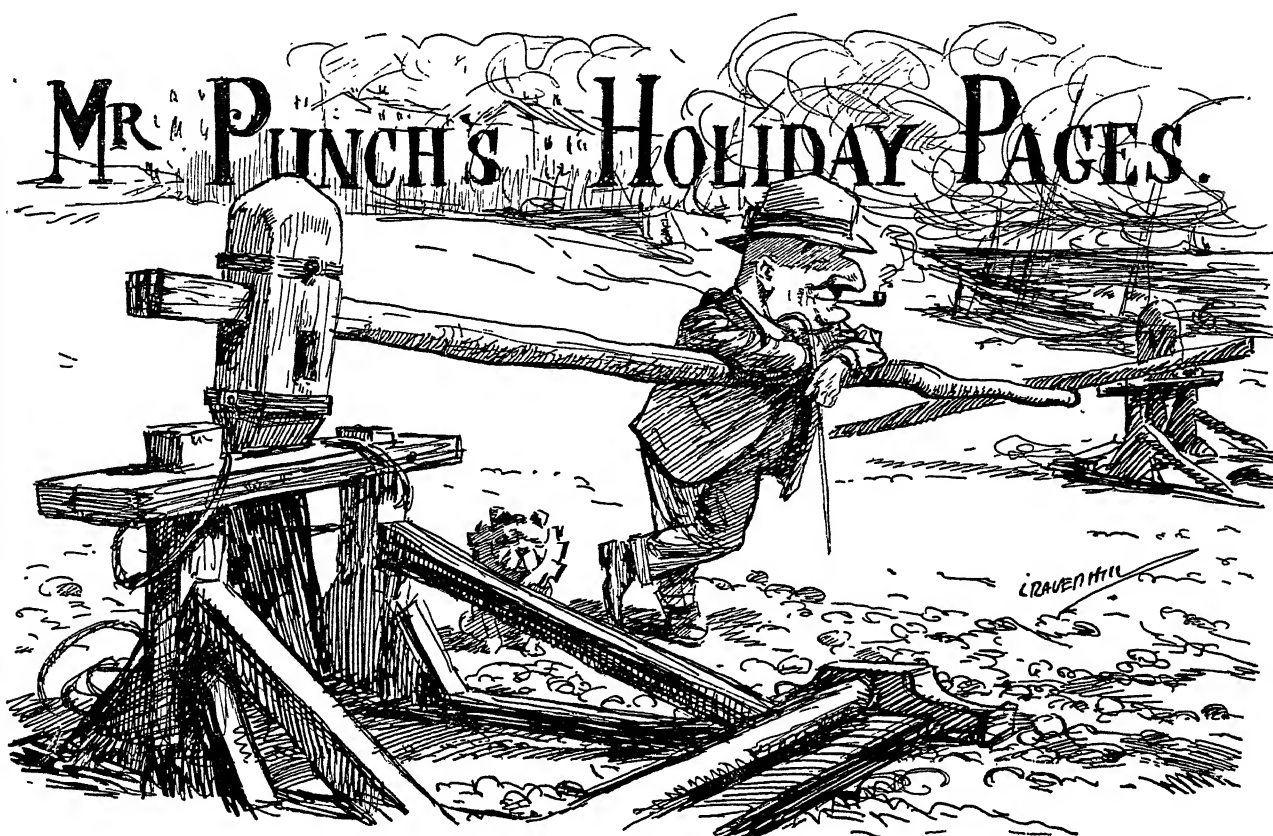
A day or two later I met him, and he showed me a post-card from his friend. It said: "B wouldn't waste his time over such nonsense."

"There," I said, "I have helped you after all."

"No," said Callow. "I cannot for the life of me remember which of us was B."

The Coming of Disestablishment.

"Sexton, complete in box and in perfect order, 15s."—*Exchange and Mart.*



"MINE EYES TO THE HILLS."

OLD DAVID the Psalmist he laid down the cup,
 The wine ceased to gladden, the harps had lost tune,
 And he went to his casement, I think, and looked up
 Where the hills of the Philistines fronted the moon,
 And he thought of old days—and a sling that he took
 And of five smooth white pebbles he'd picked from a
 brook!

And his eye lighted up as he looked at his hills,
 The hills of old triumphs, and high-riding stars,
 When he watched by the rush of the snow-watered rills
 Where the wild asses drank and lay down on the scars,
 In the days when he'd hunted and followed his flocks
 Where the little grey conies ran over the rocks!

And his spirit was caught in the magical calm
 Of far rugged faces, of scarps and of screes,
 For a day on a hill-side will lend you a balm
 That begins with bell-heather and murmur of bees,
 And ends with the mantle of silence that drops
 'Twixt man and his troubles on reaching the Tops!

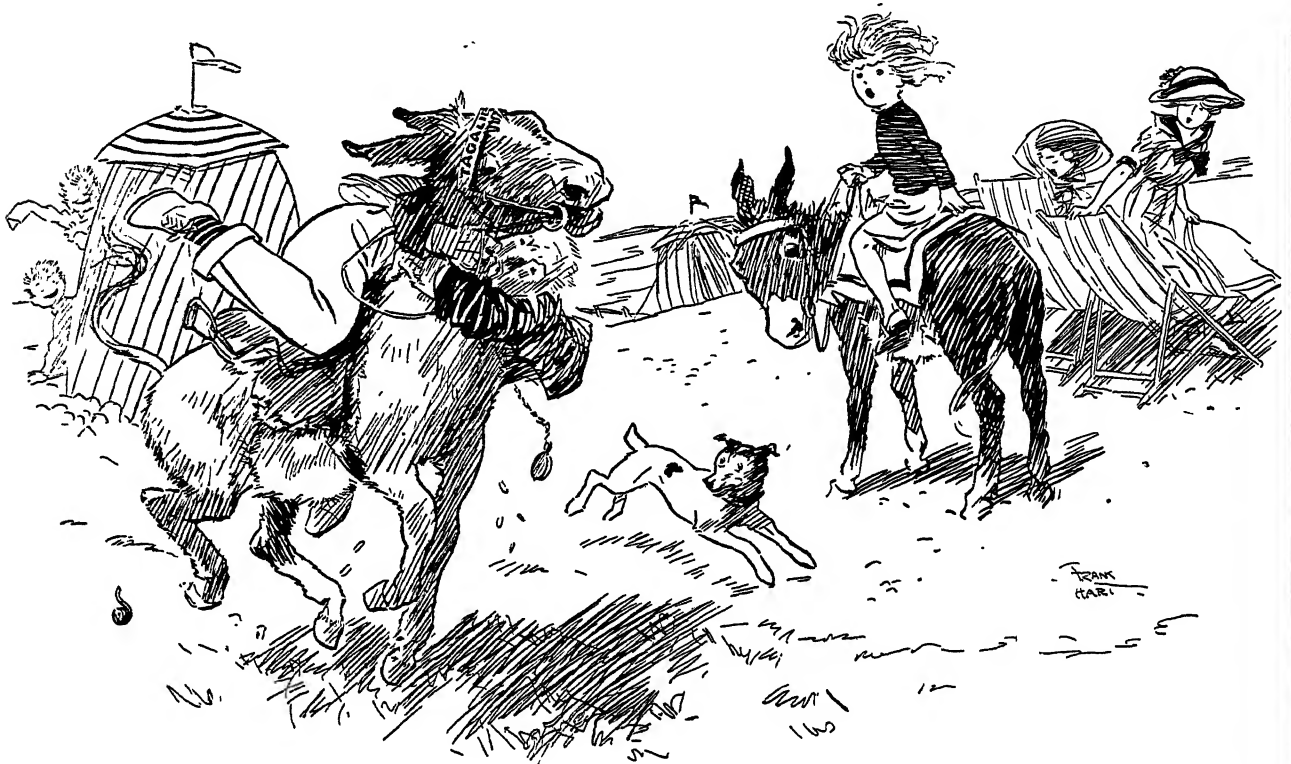
So now, when the nights have grown warm with July
 (And London in summer's as bad as Bombay),

Our town-sickened hearts through the windows will fly
 To Teviot and Tayside, Balquidder and Spey,
 To loch and to river, to corrie and strath,
 Where we also have met with Goliaths of Gath!

Oh, giants we've countered—trout, salmon or stag—
 We dream of you now and of battles we've fought
 By bare windy brae-face, by peat-pool and hag,
 Where, if you've escaped us, you're still to be sought;
 But it matters no whit how the combat has gone,
 Since the hills in their bigness and peace have looked on!

Then we fashion—for Fancy plays wonderful freaks—
 The sough of a pine-wood, the scent of a brae,
 With, massed far above us, crags, saddles and peaks,
 Where great caller winds blow the cobwebs away,
 And roar in the gulleys, and whoop down the cuts,
 And bring the wild grouse-packs like smoke to the butts!

By leagues of red heather and murderous midge,
 By crisp Autumn dusks a-bellow with deer,
 By straight-driven coveys, by rigging and ridge—
 It's mountains for us now that August is near;
 For London's got every sublunary ill,
 And our hearts—like old DAVID'S—are fain for "the hill"!



"UNCLE! UNCLE! DO STOP BEING FUNNY. CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE MAKING THE DONKEY NERVOUS?"



Newly-arrived Holiday-Maker. "MAY WE HAVE THE USE OF THE BILLIARD-TABLE THIS EVENING?"
Boarding-house Maid. "OH! CERTAINLY, SIR. I'LL GO AND GET IT FOR YOU."



Our Captain. "DECENT OF HIM TO CARRY THE BAGS."

Our Vice. "YES; I SUPPOSE HE'LL EXPECT TO PLAY NOW!"

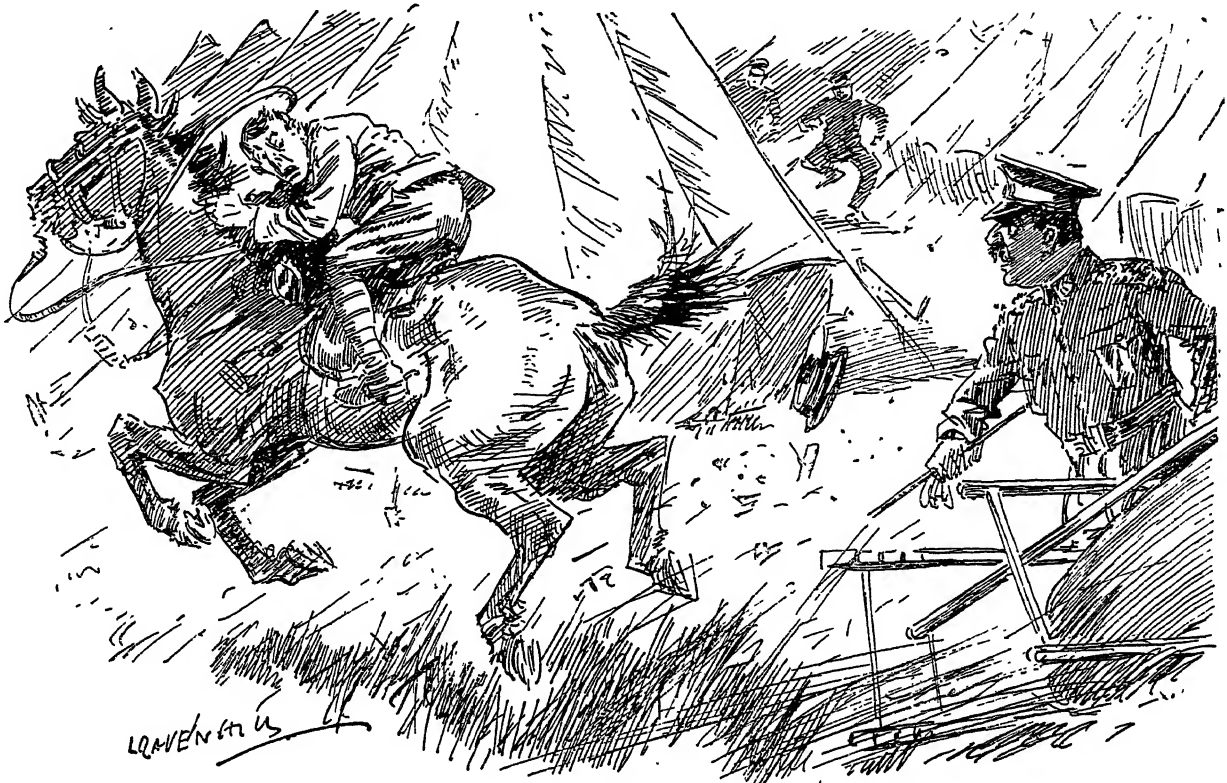


Wretched Deep Field (who has already dropped a few). "HERE IT COMES AGAIN!"



SHOWING THE BRAVE EFFORT OF A POSTER-ARTIST TO DO JUSTICE, IN THE LIMITED SPACE AT HIS DISPOSAL, TO THE VARIOUS ATTRACTIONS ADVERTISED BY THE MUNICIPALITY AND SPORTS COMMITTEE OF MIXINGHAM-ON-SEA.

GEO. M.



Irate Major. "WHERE THE DEUCE ARE YOU GOING TO?" *Gallant Yeoman (faintly).* "THE 'ORSE COMES FROM 'UNTINGDON, SIR!"



He (as the hope of the team goes in). "AH! NOW WE HAVE A CHANCE IF HE CAN ONLY GET SOMEONE TO STAY WITH HIM."
She. "IS HE AS DISAGREEABLE AS ALL THAT?"



A "THEATRICAL" GARDEN-PARTY.

WE HAVE NEVER BEEN TO ONE, BUT IMAGINE IT MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

THE DOUANE.

SOMETIMES I rest on the sofa. I was doing so the other day when my little daughter Felicity came along and sat on top of me.

"I think," she said, "we ought to go abroad."

"I've been there," I said.

"But I haven't, and Stephen hasn't either. We all need a change."

Stephen, I should explain, is a hedgehog who belongs to my little daughter. He lives in the garden and is introduced to visitors as "quite one of the family," though personally I cannot endorse this view.

"In any case," I said, "Stephen must stay behind; I never travel with hedgehogs."

And so eventually it was agreed that Felicity and I should depart the Realm while Stephen remained at home as caretaker.

There was a considerable tempest when we crossed the Channel, and I could not bring myself to fall in with Felicity's scheme of roving about the vessel, so I found a deck-chair and a

rug and gave her permission to explore by herself.

"Right-o," she said. "I'll leave this with you," and she deposited beside me a small basket bag that she had been carrying on her arm. "Don't let anybody take it."

"What's inside?" I asked.

"A surprise."

I concluded that it was some assortment of fruit and chocolates that she was intending to spread before my delighted gaze at a later stage of the journey, and having little appetite or curiosity during the voyage I let it be without making any investigation.

Felicity put in some good work. After a tour of inspection round the other passengers, she disappeared up a flight of stairs and apparently found her way on to the bridge, for she came back later with a glowing account of the Captain, who, it seemed, was the darlingest person, and had permitted her to steer the vessel. It is possible, however, that she was mistaken in this, as it can hardly be supposed that a captain with any sense of responsibility would entrust the safety of his

ship to a child of twelve, with little or no experience of navigation.

However, be this as it may, we arrived safely in port, and, after some turmoil, found ourselves within the precincts of the *douane*.

Our luggage was slammed down in a row on the counter and we were invited to make declaration.

"Rien" (Nothing), I said. "*Tabac? Oui, un peu, mais pour fumer moi-même*" (Tobacco? Yes, a little, but for my own consumption).

"*Et Mademoiselle?*" they asked.

"Rien," I repeated. "*Rien ne va plus*" (Nothing at all—strong negative).

Felicity looked up, deep indignation in her eyes.

"*Si, j'ai beaucoup à déclarer.*"

I was considerably taken aback. The officials cast eyes of fierce suspicion upon me and their moustaches bristled. Fellow-passengers crowded forward eagerly, anxious, no doubt, to see what would become of me.

"Felicity," I whispered, "my dear child, you should have told me. You should have told Papa. What is it you have?"

"Wait and see," said Felicity.

The officials opened all the trunks, Felicity watching them with queenly dignity till they pronounced themselves ready for the disclosure. Then she put her hand down into the first box, felt about, and drew out an ancient and sadly dissipated-looking gollywog whose hair had all departed from its head.

The officials eyed her in expectant silence. With reverent care she sat it down upon the counter facing them. There was an awful pause.

Suddenly — "*Mais ce n'est rien ça.*"

"*Rien !*" cried Felicity. "*Ça !*"

They had said the wrong thing.

I remembered well, presenting this antique exhibit to my little daughter in the days when she first began to operate with toys, and I knew that no successor had ever supplanted it in her affection and esteem.

I thought for a moment that she would close the proceedings, but, after giving them one glance of intense disdain, she explored the second trunk.

A lighter note was now struck by the introduction of a collapsible Teddy-bear which, being apparently in a condition of pent-up energy, immediately advanced upon the *douaniers* in a series of somersaults.

Almost incoherent, they thrust it back with gestures of impatience. The crowd behind us surged forward, and the historic building was filled with clamour.

Felicity, however, her chin at a serene angle in the air, calmly proceeded to the next "turn."

This unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, did not come to pass. I recognised the velvety hindlegs of an elephant rising out of a sea of muslin. But, for some reason—at the time I thought it modesty—it refused to come bodily into sight. (As a matter of fact its tusks had become hopelessly entangled.)

Then, amid a scene of indescribable confusion and untranslatable language, we arrived at the finale.

"The basket now, Papa."

"What basket?"

"The surprise."

I found that I was unconsciously carrying the thing under my arm.

She took it from me and poured the contents out upon the counter.

It was Stephen!

* * * * *

In the railway carriage I sank back into my seat with a sigh of relief.

"We came abroad for a little change, didn't we?" I said.

Felicity regarded me with profound solemnity, and then suddenly an irresistible twinkle came into her eyes.

"You'd better give Stephen a run in



FORCE OF HABIT.

THE LONDON POLICEMAN TAKES A HOLIDAY.

the corridor," I suggested. "He must be a bit stiff."

"Yes, I will," she said, and, taking the basket off the rack, she opened it. The Teddy-bear was within.

Felicity gasped.

"Oh, Stephen, where are you?"

She threw the Teddy-bear across the carriage, where it began a very slow somersault and then ceased with its feet in the air.

"I expect he got into a P. & O. Special or some such fancy train," I said. "It would be like Stephen."

Felicity gazed at me thoughtfully.

"No, Papa, it must have been at the *douane*. They made us pack up again in such a hurry, Stephen got wrong."

"Well, where do you think he went?"

"There were some French people next us with a sort of comic tea-basket. It's my belief that in a weak moment Stephen got in there. He was flustered, and it was a bit like his own."

"Well, I suppose he'll stick to their party now," I suggested cheerfully. "They say there's nothing like travelling with French people to pick up the language."

"Yes," said Felicity doubtfully; "but I am a little anxious about him. He never gets on very well with strangers."

At that moment we were startled by a sudden uproar coming from the next compartment. Several people rushed out into the corridor, calling loudly for the Guard. Their demonstration was made in the French tongue, and, from the fleeting vision that she caught, Felicity was convinced that she recognised some of Stephen's new friends. We both felt that we should go round and investigate.

There was a good deal of luggage sprinkled about, together with an overturned tea-basket, some *brioche*s and some buttered rolls. Otherwise, Stephen had the compartment to himself.

FANCY AND FACT.



THE "IDLE RICH" FISHING (AS PICTURED IN LIMEHOUSE).



AS ACTUALLY SEEN.



(Lady, anxious to elevate the "criminal classes," has been calling the child's attention to the beauties of nature in general and the high waving grass in particular.)

Child (face lighting up at last). "EH! ISN'T IT AWFU' BONNIE? YE MIGHT HIDE IN THERE AND THE POLIS WUD NEVER FIND YE."



Small Philosopher (helping herself with regret to largest slice of cake). "WELL, WELL! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE THE BIGGEST BIT."

TIPS FOR THE THAMES, BY A SOCIALIST.



COSTUME AND STYLE SHOULD BE UNTRAMMELED.



STIR UP THE IDLE RICH.



SHOW YOUR EQUANIMITY IN THE LOCKS.



REMEMBER THE RIVER WAS MADE FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE RIVER.



A is an Alpinist taking a walk.

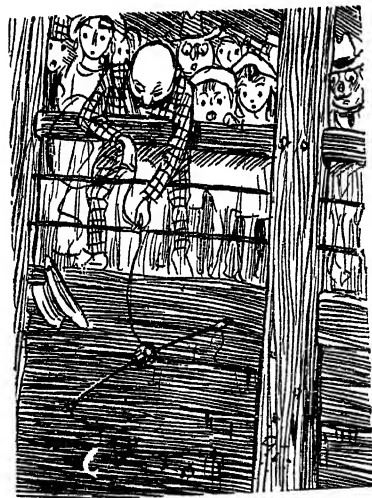
B is a Boatman—it's dry work to talk.



C is the Cabin I thought was my own.

D is a Damsel not trusted alone.

E's an Excursionist dreaming of Beer.



F is the Fish that is caught on the pier.

G is a Golfer unturfing the course.

H is a Horseman who hasn't a horse.



I is for **I**nvalids tasting the spring.



J is for **J**elly-fish—Lord! how they sting! **K** is for **K**nuts—if you spell it that way.



L for the **L**uggage that wandered astray.



M is a **M**arquis—don't make him your friend.



N is a **N**ymph that I met at Ostend.



O's the **O**zone that is found by the sea.



P is the **P**rawn that is toothsome at tea.



Q for the **Q**ualms that one gets on the waves.

**R** for the River, which always behaves.**S** is a Sportsman of Boulogne-sur-Mer.**T** for our Tourists—at home anywhere.**U** is for Urchin with bucket and spade.**V** is the View for which extra is paid.**W** (left) is a Wasp, is it not?**X** is the Mayor of a Maritime Spot.**Y** is a Yachtsman who's always on shore.**Z** is for Zephyr—I mention no more.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY COMPETITION.

IN order to be in the modern Press movement and to bring to light any hidden talent among holiday-makers, *Mr. Punch* has recently organised a grand competition for his readers. They were requested to send in descriptions of the holidays they had been experiencing, together with sketches illustrating the more salient points of enjoyment; such contributions to be judged as evidence of the competitor's capacity for holiday-making rather than of his skill as an author or artist. To keep enthusiasm up to its highest pitch *Mr. Punch* offered two noble prizes, the first being a £500 motor-car, and the second a postal-order for seven-and-six. It was pointed out, however, that the winner might (a) be already in possession of several cars, or (b) have nowhere to keep one, and it was decided therefore that he could choose alternatively a plot of land in the Island of Sheppey. Unfortunately it has been found impossible to separate four of the competitors, and until they have met and decided whether they would rather share the automobile or the building site, the question of the prize stands over. Meanwhile we have much pleasure in giving publicity to their holidays, and in congratulating them all on the amount of enjoyment they have extracted from them.

A. A. M.

I.—A HOLIDAY IN THE ALPS.

[Mr. Ernest Spotley, 5, Park Lane, Ponders End.]

Until this year I had never seen Switzerland, though I have always been



fond of mountains.

Unfortunately one has little chance in London of indulging one's taste in

this matter, and I have unceasingly looked forward to the time when I could cross the Channel and make a first acquaintance with the world-famous Alpine scenery in its native haunts. Owing to certain private matters, into which I need not go now, but they were connected with the death of an aunt, I was able last June to launch out in the way of a holiday rather more than usual, and I at once decided to visit the Mecca of the Alpine fraternity—Switzerland.

The month previous to my departure was happily spent in preparing for my holiday, and I took good care to provide myself with an excellent supply of rope, nailed boots, rucksacks, alpenstocks, and so forth. In this matter I was much assisted by the advice of my friend, Mr. George Bagg, who is a confirmed traveller, having undertaken, during last summer, a three days'



walking tour in Holland.

He was, however, a little against me on the question of the rope.

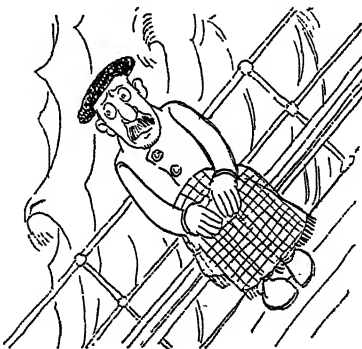
"You'll want a guide to tie it to," he pointed out.

"I shall pick up a guide out there," I said.

"Then why not pick up the rope there too? When I was in the Netherlands—"

However, I decided to be on the safe side and make all my purchases in England before starting.

The thought of the journey alarmed me, for I am a bad sailor, but Bagg assured me that there was no fear of illness so long as one always kept



in the same position.

I was particularly glad to hear this

because reasons connected with finance compelled me to travel by the longer route from Newhaven to Dieppe. My destination was a little village called Weissenwald, in the Bernese Oberland, recommended over a game of dominoes by a chance acquaintance at lunch. It was not, he admitted, precisely at the foot of the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc (the situation I had hoped for), but there were several peaks well worth climbing in the neighbourhood.

I had purchased a circular ticket, a precaution which, as I understand from my travelled friends, saves a good deal of



trouble with the authorities

abroad and I was on the eve of starting when a most unfortunate event occurred. My fellow-clerk, a man of apparently robust constitution, was suddenly struck down by that dread scourge appendicitis, and it became absolutely necessary that my holiday should be postponed. The senior partner suggested a fortnight in October instead. I need hardly say that I was thunderstruck. An earthquake or a sudden



eruption of Vesuvius

could not have disturbed me more. When the first shock was over there was nothing for it but an enquiry as to the autumn prices of lodgings in Southend.

Yet, though the body is still in London, my heart is in beautiful Switzerland, and I can truly say that I am spending "A Holiday in the Alps."

II.—A WEEK IN WONDERFUL LONDON.

[Mr. Joshua Cobble. The Cottage, Marsh Mallow.]

On arriving in London my first business was to call at the *Punch* office and learn the full details of this great Holiday Competition. [We were very glad to see Mr. Cobble.—Ed.] I accordingly drove there in a taxicab, feeling that my knowledge of London did not justify me in trying to find my way to Bouverie Street on foot. In less than an hour I had all the information which I desired, and had decided at once to enter my name as a competitor.

London is a remarkable town. For myself I am



never tired of looking at it; and I feel that even if I had stayed longer than a week I should still not have discovered all that there is to know about it. To describe everything that I saw would take too long; the most I can do is to take one day, such as Tuesday, and let it stand as a sample of the rest of the week.

Tuesday, 9.0 a.m. Made my way to Earl's Court station on the underground, where I took a ticket for Charing Cross.

9.30—10.15. While waiting for train, tried the moving staircase. A very clever arrangement.

10.15—11.0. Watched the numbers appear on the notice-board of the trains. Most ingenious.

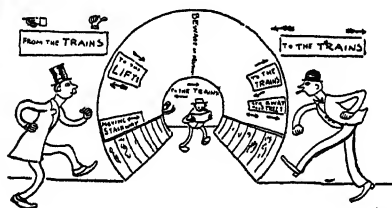
11.5. Got on train for Charing Cross.

11.30. Arrived Ealing.

11.30—11.45. Watched moving advertisements on Ealing platform.

12.20 p.m. Arrived Charing Cross.

12.30. In the underground passages of Charing Cross.



1.15. Still there.

2.10. Returned to daylight. Lunched heartily at A.B.C. in Trafalgar Square.

3.0. Some soldiers appeared in the Square and marched down Whitehall. Hastily left A.B.C. and followed them to their barracks opposite one of the parks.

3.40. Returned and spoke to a policeman. Most interesting.



4.0—4.15. Crossed Trafalgar Square.

4.20. Re-entered underground and took ticket for Mansion House.

4.20—4.30. Watched numbers on notice-board. Very clever idea. Got on train for Mansion House.

5.10. Arrived Richmond.

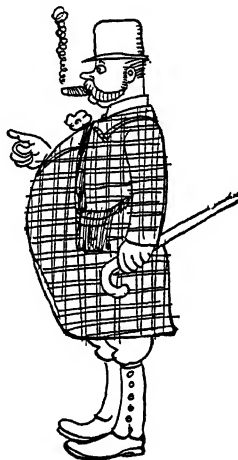
6.0. Arrived Mansion House. Dined leisurely.

8.0. Watched whisky and tea advertisements.

10.0. Entered train for West Kensington.

10.40. Arrived Wimbledon.

This is only a sample. After a whole week I can say that I enjoyed my holiday thoroughly, and I shall have plenty to tell the wife when I get back to Marsh Mallow. I have only had one real disappointment, and that was when I went



to see the Latin races at Shepherd's Bush. London is an expensive place to stay in, and I had hoped to get something back over these races; but they were evidently over by the time I arrived.

III.—A WALKING TOUR IN GERMANY.

[Mr. Albert Moss, Pocklington Towers, Streatham.]

I started from Sprockenspitz on the Monday, and after three hours' steady walking arrived at Brockenbitz. Brockenbitz is a delightful place; I



remember it well.

A short rest here was necessary, and then I proceeded to Pilsenschwarz (2 m.), where there is a post-office and an English church, besides numerous hotels. The population is something over 1,200 and the town lies in a delightful situation. Having accomplished nearly nine miles since breakfast, I decided to rest here for the night.

Next morning I left for Teufelwetter, a village some six miles distant. My



memories of Teufelwetter

are unfortunate, and I may say at once that I was greatly disappointed with the place. I pushed on as hurriedly as possible to Dortchen (3 m.), passing over a well-known gorge (whose name I have forgotten) on my way. Dortchen contains a post-office and an English church, neither of which, however, I entered. There are numerous shops, and the roads appear to be well-kept; the surrounding scenery also is deserving of attention. At Dortchen I



remained for several days, noting the chief beauties of the place;

and it was not until the following Monday that I continued on my way towards Bummelkursaalbrocken. This is a medium-sized village some five miles away, and I arrived there about noon. The place is much visited by travellers, containing as it does a post-office and an English church, while there is a waterfall of some celebrity in the neighbourhood. I did not have time to visit this, being somewhat unexpectedly



detained after lunch for several hours; and it was not until the next day that I finally reached Stiltzburg (5 m.), from which place I took train home to England.

IV.—A SPORTING TRIP TO THE HIGHLANDS.

[Mr. Gus Montmorency,
The Eyrie, Maida Vale, N.W.]

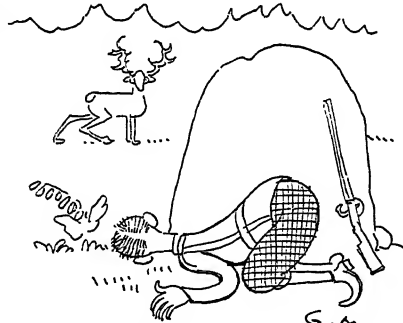
Duncan McGooghly has always been one of the boys. We were at Corpus together for a term; we go every week to the dear old Gaiety together; we often drop in at Oddenino's for a grilled bone after painting the town red. Dear old Dunky—



a thorough sportsman, if ever there was one. When he asked me up to his little place in the Trossachs last June, I threw up all my other engagements, cut Lady Fluffie's little dinner dance, told my man to pack my gun-case and fishing-tackle, and caught the night train up to Perth. There was no need to take my hunters along with me, as I knew I could rely on Dunky for a mount if we wanted a day with the hounds.

My host met me with the cob and toolled me out to his little shooting-box

in no time. Old McStymie, the head gillie, greeted me at the gates as we drove up with, "Hoots, it's the braw laddie herself, dinna fash the noo," to which I replied with a cheery, "What ho!" He will never forget that day last year when I flushed a



runnable stag of seventeen points and gave it both barrels.

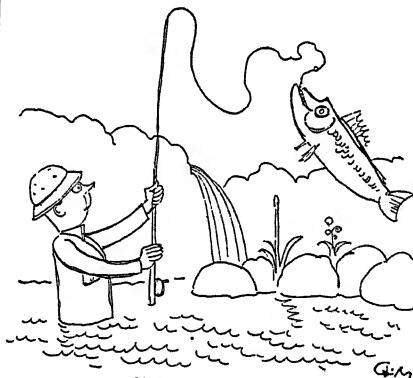
"Well, Gussie, old sport," said Duncan McGooghly to me next morning at breakfast, "what would you like to do to-day?"

"What's on?" I said, helping myself to another whisky-and-soda.

"You can have a day with the grouse," he said; "I've been keeping the home coverts specially for you. Or would you rather flog a stream for salmon?"

"I think, dear old fellow," I said, "I'll flog a stream," and I bit the end off a Corona. "Are the little beggars rising?"

The fish, it seemed, were in splendid condition, and so we lost no time in getting to work. Barely had I commenced whipping the stream when



I got a bite, and in a second a magnificent sixty-pounder was at my feet. I am one of those old-fashioned sportsmen who prefer their fishing mixed. I like to wander out with a rod, a fly and a retriever, and pick up what I can. Luck was in my way that morning and at the end of the day my bag consisted of three salmon, twenty brace of trout, four dozen perch, a pike and a couple of dabs. There was rejoicing among

the natives when we came in with the spoil.

"The Harriers are meeting here this morning," said Duncan next day at breakfast. "Would you care to go out?"

"I haven't a gee," I said, as I squirted some soda into a glass.

"I can give you a mount," he said.

"Good man," I answered.

It was on a fine raw-boned flea-bitten grey that he mounted me, with careful instructions to ride him on the snaffle. We drew Sporrans Wood first, and hounds put up a fine hare, scent being splendid. At Dewar's Corner,



puss doubled, but I headed her off, and she soon had the whole field streaming after her, the kill taking place at Breck's Beeches after twenty minutes of the best.

"Dunky, old sport," said I, as we walked our tired nags home, "London can show us nothing like this."

TO THE GENTLE READER ONLY.

HERE our holiday pages end;

So, before the last is done,
Let me beg a boon, my friend—

See, 'tis but a little one:

Ere you leave the breathless city

For the scents of mead and moor—

Give a thought, for love and pity,
To the children of the poor.

Ere you sit, o' summer nights,

Where the sea has much to say,
Walk the woodlands, climb to heights

Washed by all the winds at play;

Ere you thrud the watered valleys

With your own, a merry troop—

Don't forget the stifling alleys

Where the other children droop.

Would you make within your heart

Brighter yet the golden hours,

Calling these to have their part

In the gathering of the flowers?—

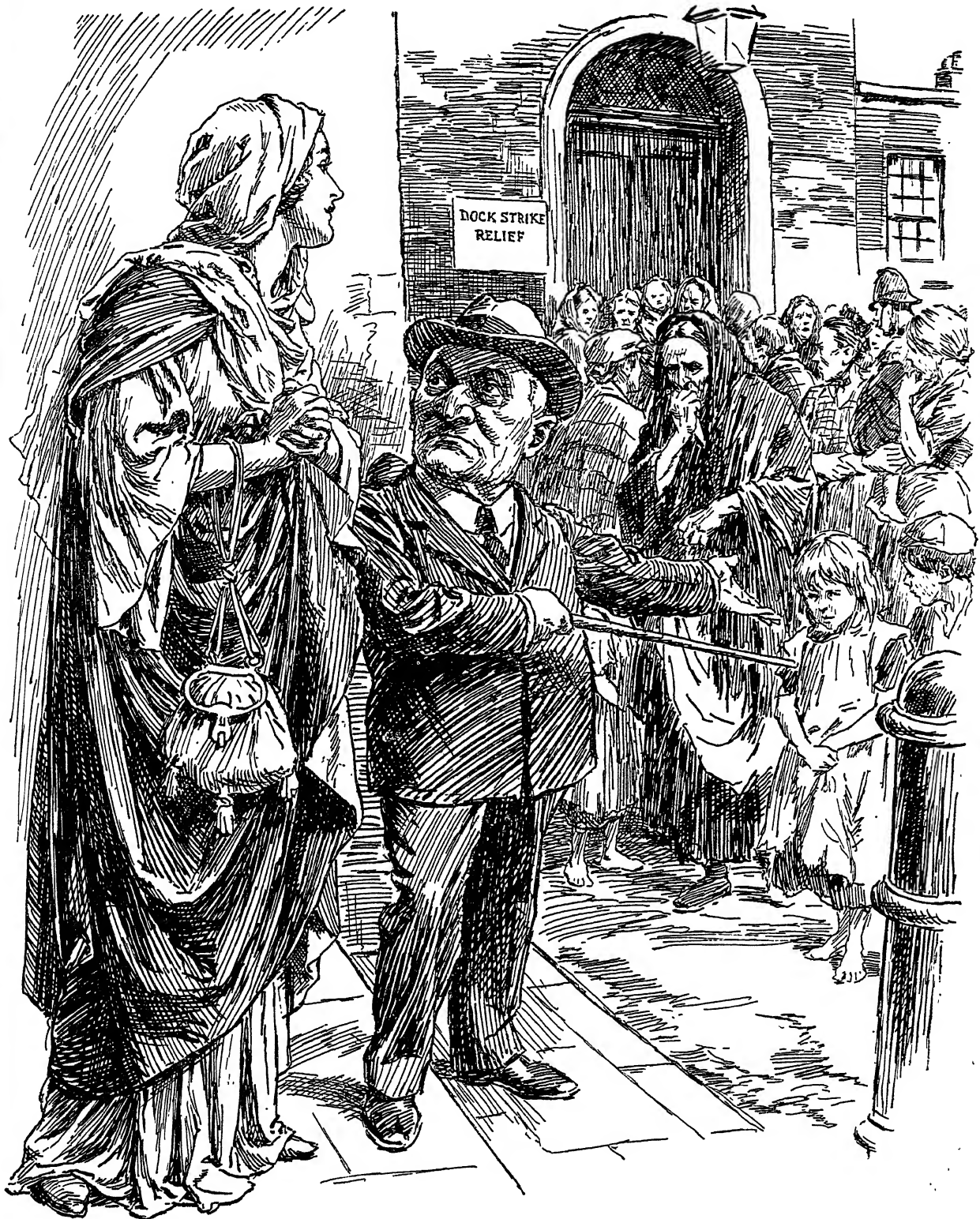
Ere you leave the sombre city

For the green ways, soft and sunned,
Please to send, for love and pity,

Something to the FRESH AIR FUND.*

O. S.

* This year sees the coming-of-age of the Fresh Air Fund. Last summer it sent 285,000 children for a day to the country, and 4,530 for a fortnight. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., 23, St. Bride Street, E.C.



FOR THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

MR. PUNCH (*to Charity*). "COME, MADAM; YOU WILL NOT ASK WHERE THE BLAME LIES; YOU WILL ONLY ASK HOW BEST YOU CAN HELP."

[From the letter sent to the Press by the Bishops we learn that "twice as many women and children as are relieved are turned away empty and hungry, despite their piteous appeals." Contributions to the relief fund will be received by the Rev. O. S. LOWRIE, Poplar Rectory, and the BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK, Bishop's House, Kennington.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

Monday, July 8.—No one regarding the slim, tall, well-groomed Minister standing at the Table addressing a listless, half-empty House, would imagine he was moving the Second Reading of a Reform Bill containing potentiality of adding to the electorate two-million-and-a-half males, ten-million-and-a-half females. Appearance of House on such momentous occasion faithfully reflects attitude of public outside. No thronged public meetings have sternly recommended Bill to favourable consideration of Legislature. Not a park paling has fallen. Reason for notable state of things obvious. No one believes in reality of Ministerial intention to pass the Bill this Session.

If such conclusion of the matter were desired or meant, it is physically impossible. With full length of average Session practically run, there remain two great measures, either sufficient of itself to form the background of a Session. House will sit into New Year, or to March, if necessary. But the time so appropriated will not prove too much to dispose of the Home Rule Bill, of which one clause has been passed in Committee, the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, not yet in Committee, and a Bill abolishing Plural Voting, fragment of the bulkier measure discussed to-night.

Wherefore then this apparently deliberate waste of precious time? Why this hauling up of empty buckets from dried-out wells?

Answer is found in the old injunction, *Cherchez la femme*. PREMIER, distraught amid divided counsels, hemmed in by conflicting sections of party, gave a pledge that a straight issue on question of Woman Suffrage should be provided in Reform Bill. By-and-by we shall get into Committee; the fateful amendment opening door to addition of ten-million-and-a-half women to the electoral register will be moved; it will be negatived; a pledge will have been fulfilled, a troublesome question temporarily got rid of, and the Reform Bill having played its part in the little game will be dropped—all but the principle of the abolishment of Plural Voting.

Meanwhile LULU, seductive in his Sunday clothes, speaking in level conversational tone at speed unchecked by obstacle of a single comma, commends the measure to favourable consideration of some empty Benches and here and there a group of Members



"Lulu, seductive in his Sunday clothes."
(Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT.)

more or less successfully repressing instinct to yawn.

Business done.—Second Reading of Reform Bill moved. On behalf of Opposition PRETYMAN submits amendment declining to proceed with it.

Tuesday.—House emptier even than



"Girt by life-belt, scanning the far-flung line of battleships."
(Lord HALSBURY.)

when Reform Bill was under discussion. Difficult to muster a quorum; increasing trouble in keeping it in hand. Fact is House has adjourned to Spithead to inspect the British Navy. Whilst excursion was looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation proper to a picnic, it was not without misgiving that Members committed their precious lives to custody of a ship. Yesterday anxious inquiries addressed to Admiralty as to precautions taken against disaster. Would provision be made, it was asked, for a sufficient number of lifeboats, rafts and other appliances for the safety of Honourable Members?

MACNAMARA able to give required assurance. Still there was hesitation. How about priority of Members taking their places in the boats in case of disaster?

As this question was put, Members below Gangway on both sides cast distrustful glances on occupants of two Front Benches facing the Table. It is a favourite axiom with the Private Member that when the two Front Benches agree upon a current question there is mischief ahead. Suppose in case indicated they were to agree upon their right of priority to take to the boats, what would become of Private Members, some of them fathers of families?

As it happened these premonitions proved superfluous. All went well, and Members have returned prepared to vote any Supplementary Naval Estimates that may be asked for.

Feeling personal interest in measure delicately entitled Mental Deficiency Bill, set down as principal business for to-day, I did not go to Spithead. SARK, who was of the company, reports complete success of expedition. The Admiralty, their intent spurred by what took place in the House yesterday, exceeded their original provision for the safety of Members. On boarding the *Armada* Castle Members of both Houses of Parliament were equipped with lifebelts, which they retained throughout the voyage, temporarily disrobing for luncheon.

SARK, not constitutionally emotional, not habitually exuberant in language, much impressed by spectacle of Lord HALSBURY, girt by lifebelt, scanning the far-flung line of battleships. Says he never before realised the might and real kingliness of Neptune.

At first sight resemblance between the Sea-god and a former Lord Chancellor is not recognisable. But the poetic eye in fine

frenzy rolling perceives much hidden from gaze of ordinary man.

Business done.—After all, Mental Deficiency Bill not reached, House being with difficulty kept sitting till 7.30. Got a couple of useful small measures over a stage.

Friday.—Dead set against HOME SECRETARY made from Opposition Benches continues. Daily finds issue in cunningly-contrived questions designed to put him in the wrong. McKENNA a hard nut to crack. Supplementary Questioners and others do not get much change out of him. JESSEL recently found this out when he attempted to show that last year the Home Office had saddled Metropolitan ratepayers with cost of 500 members of Metropolitan police force sent to Hull in aid of local police. Wanted to know what HOME SECRETARY was going to do in the matter. After explaining that the alleged circumstances took place a year ago, before he was responsible for business of the Department, McKENNA added, "The question of the Honourable Member is impertinent."

Roar expressive of outraged sense of decency hurtled from Opposition Benches. Half-a-dozen Members sprang to their feet to ask SPEAKER'S ruling if it was in order to accuse an Honourable Member of putting an impertinent question. For them the word had nothing beyond its meaning in colloquial use, defined in New English (Oxford) Dictionary—a book so seductive by its literary lore that, when searching for a word, one pauses to read a page—as "meddling, abusive, presumptuous, insolent in speech or behaviour."

"I use the word," McKENNA quietly added, "in its older sense."

This reminded House that it had originally another meaning. In usage of the law, "impertinent" still means "not pertaining to the subject or matter in hand, irrelevant." That, it seems, was what McKENNA had in mind.

Just as well to have it explained. This done, storm blew over as rapidly as it had arisen. But the badgered, provokingly smiling HOME SECRETARY had his retort courteous. In skilful hands, more blessed than "Mesopotamia" is the word "impertinent."

Business done.—Reform Bill read a second time by majority of 72.

"Somerset are paying Mr. Norman Hardy, medium pace right-hand bowler, for the first time."—*Daily Mail*.

We fear this makes him a professional.

TOUCHING THE MATTER IN QUESTION.

WHEN the room which I and Murray occupy in chambers is void of briefs, we go in to our Big Man's room and steal some of his; partly to occupy ourselves in perusing them, more to give ourselves an illusory appearance of business and prosperity by spreading them on our table. But even Big Men have their bad times, and ours has had only one set of papers this week. That one, however, we have each read six times; and I can tell you with authority that it concerns an omnibus and a policeman.

There are periods of slump at the Bar when it is necessary to give it up for good or go to sleep for the moment. We chose the latter alternative. Murray dreamt of himself conducting the omni-



"Impertinent" in its older sense.
(Mr. McKENNA explains.)

bus case with extraordinary ability and conspicuous success; I deliberated upon turning the facts into the form of an occasional contribution to the Chit Chat columns of the daily press.

Waking first, I put my cogitations on paper. They bore no resemblance to the case or anything on earth, but ran thus:—

"I want," said Charles, approaching the Policeman outside Victoria Station—"I want to go to Hammersmith."

"Why?" said the Policeman.

"And what is more, I want to go by omnibus."

"By omnibus? Are you quite sure you mean what you say?"

Charles observed him narrowly. "Yes," he declared, "I have thought the matter out carefully and that is my fixed determination. I apprehend that the vast majority of people do not go from Victoria to Hammersmith by omnibus, but that is only because the vast majority of people do not go from Victoria to Ham-

mersmith. For myself, however, I have a peculiar affection for the Heath." E

"What Heath?" asked the Policeman, being greedy of sensational details. "Hampstead Heath, of course," said Charles irritably.

"Then what you really mean is that you want to go from Victoria to Hampstead, and not Hammersmith, by omnibus?" Charles accepted the correction. "In that case," continued the Policeman, "I will oppose your wishes no further, and, if you are quite sure that you want to go by omnibus and you do not think that the walk would do you more good, I will no longer stand in your way."

And he moved off in an Easterly direction.

Murray woke up second, a bad second, and took my manuscript off me. He put on his pince-nez (his greatest asset, upon which alone he relies for his future success in the profession). Addressing an imaginary Bench with great condescension but firmness he asked leave to cross-examine the defendant on his affidavit. Imaginary Benches accede to all Murray's suggestions with the utmost rapidity and deference.

Murray took off his glasses to read my writing (the reason of which process I could never understand) and then put them on again to cross-examine me.

"Yes," I said (I omit his questions and give my answers consecutively), "that is a true account of the affair. I am quite sure that the direction was

Easterly. . . .

"The account I have given you is a true one. I dare say I am prepared to vouch for it. . . .

"No, I did not remember for the moment that I was on my oath. That of course might make a difference. Having regard to that, I now say that the account I have given you is more or less true. By that I do mean probably less. . . .

"Yes, it is a tissue of lies. . . .

"There is no such person as Charles. . . .

"There never was such a Policeman. . . .

"Victoria, Hammersmith and Hampstead were names invented by me on the spur of the moment. No such places in fact exist. . . .

"Certainly I will be careful, Sir. My memory is fair to medium. It serves, without overstraining, to remind me of what we agreed to a minute ago, that I am on my oath. And yet, somehow,



ON THE RHINE.

First Tourist. "CARE TO USE THESE GLASSES!"

Second Tourist. "NO THANKS. SEEN IT ALL ON THE CINEMA 'T'OME!"

I still swear that those three places do not exist. . . .

"I swear that I invented the names. I often invent names. I do not regard that as an immoral thing to do. It is my business in life. I may or may not have seen names very like them somewhere. From time to time I see such a lot of things that it would be impossible to speak positively as to any of them. Yes, I often invent things that have been invented before. My conscience does not prick me. I have not got a conscience, if you prefer to put it that way. What is the commercial value of a conscience as a business asset, all said and done? . . .

"Certainly I will try to answer your questions. I am not endeavouring to conceal anything from anybody. If there were in fact such places as Victoria, Hammersmith and Hampstead, I should be the first to own up to them, cost me what it might. I have no quarrel with any of the three. I have no grudge against any of them. I tell you I never heard of any of them before to-day. . . .

"No, I am not aware that there is anything astonishing in what I am saying. It is not true that I have appeared before the South London Sessions for using coarse language to a dog. There is no foundation whatever for such a suggestion. I was indeed once bitten by a dog. Very likely I expressed

an opinion. I draw a very marked distinction between sarcasm and coarseness. Yes, I do expect a jury of twelve intelligent men to believe all I say; some of them one part of it, some of them another part of it, but all of it between them. . . .

"Yes, I have a brother. No, he has not been convicted of perjury. I have also two sisters. I do not think either of them has ever been convicted of perjury, but you never know. I still swear that those places do not exist. . .

"Yes, if you please, we will now turn to this Charles. My own name is Frederic. No, I spell it without a 'k.' Am I bound to give my reasons for so doing? Well, then, I do it to save ink. . . .

"My name is not Charles. It never has been Charles. Have I ever called myself Charles? (All right, I will not repeat your questions if you're ashamed of them.) Only once did I ever call myself Charles. When was that? Oh, just lately. Very well, have it your own way; I am the Charles I was telling you about, if you must know. . .

"I still swear that there are no such places as Victoria, Hammersmith and Hampstead. . . .

"No, I have never been convicted of perjury myself. I swear positively that I have never committed perjury. This is the first time I have ever tried, and I have failed both ways. . . .

"Thanks. I will stand down, if I may. By-the-by, how does one stand down?"

* * * * *
If one plays too long with Murray, he always gets spoilt. When he proposed to continue the affair and address the jury (I now to be the jury) I refused and went back to sleep. Nevertheless, or perhaps for that reason, he persisted in regarding me as the usual intelligent Twelve and addressed me as such.

Local Fashions in the Animal World.

From a letter in *The Western Morning News* :—

"In any other country the loathsome reptiles who stir up strife (solely in order to line their pockets) would long ere this have been clapped in gaol or banished the country."

It is doubtful, though, whether the reptiles in any other country do wear pockets.

Our Deliberate Putters.

"A half seemed assured, Lockhart being left with a five-year putt for the hole."
Glasgow Herald.

This is the sort of golfer we hate playing behind.

"Miss —, M.A., will speak on 'Psychology as the Basis of Dogma,' after which there will be a three months' recess."—*Lyceum.*
Personally we should be all right again in a fortnight.

A REST CURE.

ALFRED, my friend, when late you wrote
From your Arcadian retreat,
Bidding me cast the Bond Street coat,
The patent leather from my feet;

Leave all those labours none may tell,
That bow a conscientious bard,
And take, within your gates, a spell
Of rural rest as my reward;

Worn out, at once I saw in dream
A gently rocking hammock, far
'Neath shady willows by your stream,
And straightway wired you, "Right
you are!"

And fancy painted, as I packed,
How I should revel at my ease
In scent of haycocks newly stacked,
Wild roses and late strawberries.

Back to the kindly, restful land. . . .
Alas, my dream! the first hot day,
You put a pitchfork in my hand
And hauled me out to *make* that hay!

Five long days now I've fagged about
(Oh, shady side of dear Pall Mall!),
My peaceful dreams all put to rout.
Alfred, how can you deem it well?

This breaking back I might endure,
These fingers in their blistered pain,
But now I've got, I'm pretty sure,
A sunstroke on my simmering brain;

And, lest my premature decease,
Good friend, should be the end of it,
I must give up this rural ease,
Get back to town—and rest a bit.

"It was a grey day made chilly by a sharp
wind, which gathered an edge through being
stopped on the snow-capped ridges of the
Taraunas."—*Dominion*.

"The guns continued to breathe heavily
behind the trees (incited by members of the
D Battery)."—*Evening Post*.

The judges are unable to separate these
two competitors from New Zealand,
and they will hold *The Daily Telegraph*
Cup jointly for one year.

From a paragraph in *The Yorkshire*
Evening Post entitled "Cat's Fight with
a Fox":—

"It was afterwards discovered that the cat
had a litter of chickens near the chicken-run,
and it was the maternal instinct that made her
'go' for Reynard."

This reminds us of the fierce fight with
a weasel which our tortoise put up when
sitting on a clutch of young rabbits.

From the rules of a cycling club:—

"All members to meet at Headquarters for
all runs . . . and disperse at Headquarters on
return."

It is this paying up at the end which
is so unpleasant.

THE REVIVAL OF SQUASH-BALL.

It is possible that the present generation, with its wide-spread infatuation about golf, cricket, tennis and other elaborate summer pastimes, will hardly even know the name of the King of Games. The real cause of its decline and fall is to be found in the fact that Sinclair has been in the Argentine for the last seventeen years. During the whole of that time Squash-ball has been under a cloud. Even the Annual Tournament fell through shortly after he went, and the Annual Revision of the Rules (which is much the most sporting event in the Squash-ball year) has not been held since 1895. Last week's matches were played on an obsolete register.

But now that Sinclair has come back, to see him again, porringer in hand, is to recall the great summer of 1889, when he and I seceded from the local cricket club and formed a committee of experts to consider the condition of our national game. For we are only too glad to admit that Cricket is the father of Squash-ball. Our original intention was merely to eliminate the more obvious blemishes in the game of cricket, such as the extreme hardness of the ball, the precarious tenure of the batsman, the large number of players involved, and the excessive amount of menial labour, fetching and carrying, which it entails. For rightly considered the fielder is a mere slave. Thus we arrived at the main principles of Squash-ball; I mean, of course, that it shall be played in an enclosed space with short boundaries of varying values, with one man a side, who has eleven successive innings, with an enormous wicket, counterbalanced by the accumulative boundary system, by which you may score as many boundaries as you can reach in a single hit by taking in the two sides of an angle of the wall. A small white ball and a porringer or broomstick three feet long were adopted as the standard; and it was at some of the later Revisions that the principle of catching off walls or roofs or first bounce off the ground were admitted. This latter practice has enormously strengthened the interest in the game, which is now a blend of all the finer points of Cricket with the more interesting features of Fives.

We spent a busy Sunday afternoon—Sinclair and I—and at last we came upon a couple of broomsticks and a packet of balls in the lumber room. It was clear from the very first that the farm-yard provided an almost perfect pitch—might really have been built for it; and we had no difficulty

whatever in "pricing the boundaries" (a technical term). We put one on the cart-shed and the granary, two on the stable. The shippon, which is on the off, was valued at three; the hay-shed (about mid on) at four, and the pigsties, barn and straw-houses were adjudged to be worth five each. A straight drive full-pitch to the wall of the hen-house was the only six—it is up a narrow passage—while a back cut through the gate-way into the trough counted three. Sinclair, who always likes to introduce a little play of fancy into these laborious details, insisted on allowing nineteen for the kitchen chimney; but of course, if you missed it and went over the roof, you were out.

I certainly was a bit nervous while Sinclair with a pot of green paint was marking off the wicket on the white-washed wall. You see I had no means of knowing what my servants would think of this sort of thing. I had been ten years in the farm, and had striven to maintain towards them a friendly but dignified demeanour. This was bound to be a new aspect of me, so to speak. I am becoming middle-aged and might almost be regarded as stout. I was not at all sure if they would quite understand or appreciate. It was all very well for Sinclair.

The game began, and I may say at once that the bowling was atrocious. A rigid course of practice at the nets must clearly be undertaken if we are ever to recover our pitch. But the batting, on the other hand—to our extreme delight—had lost nothing whatever of its old freedom and vigour. Sinclair (who had won the toss) amassed no fewer than twenty-six off my first two overs without loss of a wicket, chiefly by clean powerful drives to the hay-shed. I got him out however. All the last seven men were l.b.w. He had really made the wicket too wide. But his score was 117, and the light was already failing when I went in. Mine was an eventful innings. Off the first ball I nearly killed a cockerel in the slips, and in the following over I had a beautiful square cut which resulted in a dead loss of three gallons of milk. But it is notoriously no use crying over that when it is spilt, and I went on to cause a panic among my cart-horses by pulling a wide long-hop through the stable window. My big hitter however was brilliantly caught in the third over off the turnip cutter, and after that something of a rot set in.

I was perhaps a little distracted by considerations of the attitude of my farm staff. It was a great evening for them. The ploughman took up a moderately safe position in the door of



Fond Mother (of tormenting babe). "DON'T LET 'IM DISTURB YE, MISTER. IT'S ONLY YER GLASSES WOT INT'RESTS 'IM, I 'XPECT."

the shippin with a pipe in his mouth, intensely enjoying the spectacle, and the two boys, with the Briton's innate love of sport, appeared to tumble to it at once as being all in the day's work. One took up a position at cover point—saving two—and had to be persuaded to desist; while the other did some fine retrieving work on the railway. The ploughman's little girl insisted on going long-stop on the top of the wall (which was, of course, most irregular) with a basket.

Meanwhile the dairy-maid, who was milking at the time, ran back and forth, whenever her duties necessitated it, in open terror and squealing as she went. And I do not know that she was far wrong, for I always score freely on the off side. The dogs barked wildly. It was by no means a peaceful game.

Well, he got me out for forty-nine. But the light was getting bad. My foreman had already kindly placed the stable lantern on the wall before the last wicket fell.

The Annual Tournament is to begin on Wednesday, and the Revision will be held next week. There are already seventeen amendments to the rules on the order paper. It is quite like old times.

THE WOMAN AND THE HAT.

AMELIA ROGERS is haughty and slim,
Her brother is jolly and stout;
But don't you pay any attention to him,
It's her that I'm talking about.

A lady is clearly entitled to stand
And gaze at a hat-shop; but why
The paper and pencil she holds in her
hand,

The sinister look in her eye?
Is sketching in Bond Street becoming
a vogue?

Or what in the world is she at?
And what has her business to do with
that rogue,
That positive *rogue* of a hat,

Whose frame is cerise and whose ribbons
are pink
(The colours blent subtly together);
Whose price, thirty guineas, is stiffish,
you think,
But includes, one supposes, the
feather?

* * * * *
You have heard of the business of
Robins and Pete,
But scarcely are likely to know
The popular shop in the popular street,
Their ready-cash *locus in quo*.

I blush to refer to the latter; enough
That this is where bargains are
made
In ribbons of every conceivable stuff
And every conceivable shade.

Moreover, though known by the tech-
nical name
Of drapers, or people who drape,
Politely approached, they will make you
a frame
Of any conceivable shape.

And many a lady we know of has
been
To Robins and Pete, and her stock
Is complete when a brother (you know
who I mean)
Was slaughtered a pheasant, a cock.

* * * * *
Amelia Rogers is haughty and slim
(I think I have told you before);
There's that in her hat, in the twirl of
its brim,
Compels you to gaze and adore.

Its ribbons are pink and its frame is
cerise
(The colours blent subtly together);
They cost her eleven three farthings
apiece;
The pheasant provided the feather.

THE SQUEEZEE.

[Cayley is taking a bachelor breakfast in dressing-gown and slippers at 11 o'clock, when his nephew Walter is announced. The latter is a young fellow of sporting cut. He looks ill at ease and affects a forced gaiety of manner.]

Cayley. You're looking rather jumpy. What's the matter with you?

Walter. I had a wretched night. Hardly a wink of sleep.

Cayley. Let's get down to the point.

Walter. Well, if you *must* know . . .

Cayley. I'm scarcely as anxious as all that. Say: "Having come here to make you listen."

Walter (injured). When a fellow's in trouble . . .

Cayley. He goes to Uncle for money. That's supposed to be the *raison d'être* of uncles. They're to be automatic machines where you put a Thank-you in the slot and out drops a fiver. But that's not *my* specialty. Long ago I decided to specialise in the giving of advice—an inexpensive, useful hobby.

Walter. A fiver would be no earthly use to me. I'm in a deuced deep hole. Things reach a crisis to-day.

Cayley. Gambling?

Walter (reluctantly). Well, I suppose straight-laced people would call it gambling.

Cayley. Tips straight from the stable?

Walter (eagerly). That's just it. A man I met—helped him in a race-course row—told me of a dead sure thing. Said he had inside information. Seemed a decent straight fellow, and I took his word for it. Hang it all, when you pull a man out of a crowd of roughs at the expense of your own top-hat and a new suit, surely you can expect him not to play you dirt? So I took his word and plunged into it up to the neck.

Cayley. That's a dodge I've not yet met. I must add it to my collection. The gang stages a row, and when some rash young sportsman rushes to the rescue they plant him with one of those "dead sure things." Very neat! . . . Of course you entrusted him with your money?

Walter. I tell you I thought he was perfectly square with me. Anyone would have. He's a member of the Carlton.

Cayley (rising from the table and taking the hearthrug). I envy you your innocence. . . . But, in the first place, you've no right to gamble at all. A young man of the name of Walter will obviously stand no chance at the devil's game. In the second place, you've no right to gamble up to your neck when you feel you've a well-to-do uncle to turn to in case of failure. It's

playing a low-down game on him. In the third place, you've no right to gamble on race-courses. You may know something about horses, but you know nothing about men, and race-course gambling is taking chances on men.

Walter. In the fourth place, it wasn't betting on horses at all.

Cayley (taken aback, but recovering himself). That only makes it worse. . . . Stock Exchange?

Walter. Mining shares. He told me to buy a block of them on margin, as much as I could shoulder—said they were dead sure to go up. There was to be a "rig" in them. Said the people he knew were out to "squeeze the bears," or something like that, and the shares were to go sky-high presently. I believed him, and went to the broker he recommended. The brutes have fallen steadily, and the beast told me yesterday that he wouldn't carry over for me any longer. To-day's carrying-over day, you know.

Cayley. Which beast?

Walter. The broker. . . . I'm landed with three thousand of the brutes, and of course I can't afford to take them up; and I can't pay the differences.

Cayley. In the first place, you've no right to gamble on the Stock Exchange. On your own showing you don't know a bear from an Ostend rabbit. In the second place, you've no right to tackle mining shares; mining shares are no meat for babes. In the third place, you've no right to go a bull of anything. (With the earnest conviction of the system man.) All the beginners and foolish little dabblers on the Exchange buy for a rise. They run in a flock like woolly baa-lambs. Every now and again the big men behind the market scare the sheep to pen, and then the shearing begins. No, bulling is a dabbler's game. The only rule—my rule—is to be a permanent bear, then you're on the side of the big man behind the market. Now in your case you're one of the silly woolly baa-lambs . . .

Telephone (interrupting). Ring-a-ting!

Cayley (taking up the receiver). Hullo! This is Mr. Robert Cayley. . . . Morning, Phillips. . . . They've jumped right up first thing this morning? What's the reason? . . . Will you 'phone over to the floor of the House and find out what's happening? (To Walter, while he is waiting for a reply with the receiver at his ear) Some shares I'm interested in. Mining shares. . . . Sold a bear of them a fortnight ago and they've gone down. . . . One has to expect these temporary rallies. . . . The great point is

not to be scared by them. Remember that. (To the telephone) Hullo! you there? (To Walter) Take up a sound, speculative position and you can afford to ignore temporary setbacks. . . . (To the telephone) Hullo! hullo? . . . Yes, yes! . . . Now at eight and a-half! You mean four and a-half, surely? . . . Then why didn't you cover me first thing this morning as soon as the rise began? . . . No sellers in the market! But that's ridiculous! . . . Squeezing the bears, did you say? . . . It's a disgraceful trick! That kind of thing ought to be put a stop to by the Committee of the House! It's fleecing the genuine investor! It's . . .

Walter (interrupting eagerly). Are those shares in the Parroquet mine?

Cayley. Yes. You don't mean to say that . . .

Walter. I do! That's my three thousand shares. Hurrah! (Rushes to the telephone and calls for a number.)

Cayley (very sore). Beginner's luck!

Walter (while waiting for the telephone connection). No, not luck—inside information. Let me give you some sound advice. In the first place, don't gamble at all. In the second place, if you must gamble, don't gamble by rule. In the third place, when a squeeze is on, for heaven's sake don't be the squeezer! . . . And now, to play the modern nephew—can I accommodate you with a small temporary loan, uncle?

Mr. Balfour showed an intimate knowledge of the game and a skill that was surprising. Once he sent over an underhand serve that 'broke' almost out of the reach of Cardia, but unfortunately it was a fault."—*Daily Chronicle*. He should see our back-hand volley into the net.

From *The Standard's* critique of *Narcisse* at Covent Garden:—

"Nothing more strangely weird has been presented than the opening episode. For its adequate description we must draw upon Lewis Carroll. In the dim green light of the woodland depth the 'slithy lover did gyr and gimble in the wake.'"

Certainly, it was unusual behaviour, even at a wake.

"Delius let the first ball pass outside the off-stump, but he was bowled that ball."

Pall Mall Gazette.

This ball must have been one of the kind that "come back."

Commercial Candour.

From a circular:—

"One of the characteristic features of mankind is the continual intention to increase our income. The simplest and most favorable opportunity heretofore is afforded by the States-Lottery."



POINTS OF VIEW.

First Cabman. "PAPER SAYS THERE'S OLE DISTRICTS OF LONDON WHERE YOU COULDN'T FIND A 'ANSOM IF YOU WANTED ONE."
Second Cabman. "BLOOMIN' LOT MORE DIFFICULT TO FIND THE BLOKE AS WANTS ONE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DURING debate on the Home Rule Bill of 1893 Mr. GLADSTONE, recurring to the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, startled the House of Commons by the declaration that there was "no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of mankind." The statesman who twice attempted to invest Ireland with a Home Rule Parliament was suspect. LECKY, most loyal of Unionists, in the front rank of historians, declared that accomplishment of the Union was made possible only by the fact that "the virus of corruption extended and descended through every fibre and artery of the political system." Mr. McDONNELL BODKIN, in relating the history of *Grattan's Parliament* (FISHER UNWIN), deals at some length with this episode of history. Coming out just now, the book, result of profound study of annals of the time, is opportune. I am not quite certain that it is designed in favour of the resuscitation of a Parliament on College Green. If it be, it is much more damaging to the Bill now before the House of Commons than are the speeches of Sir EDWARD CARSON or the ejaculations of Captain CRAIG and Mr. MOORE. GRATTAN himself calculated that of those who voted for the Bill and enacted the Union "not more than seven were unbribed." In order to procure a majority, three millions of money were distributed, twenty promotions were made in the Irish peerage, twenty-nine new peerages were created, and six English peerages conferred upon owners of borough seats whose votes were transferred to the Government. Like

"Jockey of Norfolk," Ireland was bought and sold. For Irishmen it is a pitiful memory that it was their own countrymen who shamelessly made the bargain possible. In his narrative of proceedings in GRATTAN'S Parliament Mr. BODKIN cites several passages from speeches, notably GRATTAN'S own, which mark the highest style of Parliamentary eloquence. The value of a book full of interest for the reader of to-day is augmented by reproduction of some thirty portraits of men who at this critical epoch helped to make a new history for Ireland.

If a body kiss a body in the dark, and a body, so far from crying, look upon the incident as a not unpleasant jest; and if, upon recognition later in the full light of day, there is neither confusion on the one side nor even pretence of resentment on the other, but instant love on both, surely there is no reason for three hundred pages of delay? *Damosel Croft* (STANLEY PAUL) fails to show cause why *Toby*, in such circumstances, should hang back and allow his less dashing rivals to try their several licks meanwhile. True, *Janey* was no mere serving wench, as originally supposed, but the highly respectable daughter of a local yeoman family, and something of an heiress to boot; but no importance was attached to this; the argument of the book is that, though townfolk may hanker after formal introductions and cavil about settlements, to the honest countryman there is only one pertinent question to be discussed before marrying, and that is, have the parties a mutual mind to do it? I can only account for *Toby's* procrastination by supposing a sporting instinct which

determined him to let the reader have a run for his money; he knew that there were no contingent complications to postpone the happy issue, and was fortified in his altruism, no doubt, by the feeling that the other starters, a local dullard and a second-rate Londoner, were never really in the running. I blame him for his folly in thus trifling with his own happiness, but thank him for his kindness in promoting mine. For the company was very good to meet, and their quaintly idiomatic conversation a pleasure to hear.

Mr. R. MURRAY GILCHRIST imports *Timothy Molyneux*, popular author and noxious egoist, into his homely atmosphere, largely, I think, in order to scoff at novelists with wide circulations. Let me warn him that, if he will put a little more stuff into his stories and continue writing in this attractive strain, he will be in jeopardy himself of achieving a vogue.

My feeling about *The Sign* (MACMILLAN) is mainly that it has outgrown its strength. In other words, Mrs. ROMILLY FEDDEN has spoilt what might have been a

powerful short story in the attempt to stretch it into a novel. It is a strange and interesting little study of a phase of what is, technically speaking, morbid psychology—a term which we all know can be used to explain almost anything. Here it treats of what might be called the strange case of *Mónik*. It is dedicated "to the painter who told me the story;" and, as a matter of fact, I seem to remember hearing that something very like it did actually take place, not long ago. *Mónik* was a Breton peasant girl, upon whose imagination the sinful state of the countryside worked so powerfully that she vowed herself to be crucified in

the village square as a sacrifice; with the result that, when she was dying (of consumption, I gathered), marks became visible in her hands, and she herself was found stretched at daybreak in the market-square, "as if upon her cross. . . ." This is the whole story. Not exactly a pleasant one, you perceive, nor one easy to tell without offence. To do Mrs. FEDDEN justice, the only objection that can be urged against her way of treating it is that the interest is a little hard to sustain, especially in the subordinate passages with which she has had to fill out her book. Some of the minor characters, however, are well drawn; the best being the egoistical genius *Walden*, the head of the little artist-band, whose life and thought are effectively contrasted with those of the Breton folk amongst whom they work. Of course the tale is sad, no one would object to that; the trouble is that it is occasionally also dull, and that it need not have been.

There is no golf in Poros, and no sport and no casino; hardly anything, in fact, in which the heart of the ordinary Englishman rejoices when he takes his journeys abroad. And when I began to read *Tales of a Greek Island* (CONSTABLE), by JULIA D. DRAGOMIS, I felt, for all my Classical education, that I was a stranger in a strange land.

It was a land of oliveyards and of vineyards, fragrant with the scent of thyme and myrtle and lentisk bushes, golden and purple and green with the fruit of lemons and mulberries and figs, rich and beautiful and godlike in the freshness of its light and colour and sound. Eye and ear rejoiced as I learnt to love the purity and delicacy of the sweeping lines of its sunny bay, the blue of its seas and skies, the gleaming white of its houses, the green of its slim cypress trees and the soft curves of its pines, or listened for the liquid tinkle of the goat-bells on the mountains, the persistent chirp of the tettix, and all its other unfamiliar sounds. Of a certainty this little island set in the Gulf of Aegina, close to the Peloponnesian coast, forty miles across the sea from the Piræus and Athens, was a dream of beauty. But for all that I didn't expect to enjoy my stay there one bit. I know better now. I have sat with the women filling their pitchers at the fountain, and joined in the gossip of the market-place till the faces and thoughts of these simple islanders are real to me; because I have been told by a woman with a rare gift of sympathy how the hearts of

mothers and lovers in Poros ache, and how sickness and separation and death and cruelty and ingratitude, and even the sterner tragedies of murder and suicide, disturb the quiet current of their lives. All the stories are sad, though not all of them have unhappy endings; but the manner of their telling reflects the beauty of the island, and they are not quite like anything that I have read before.

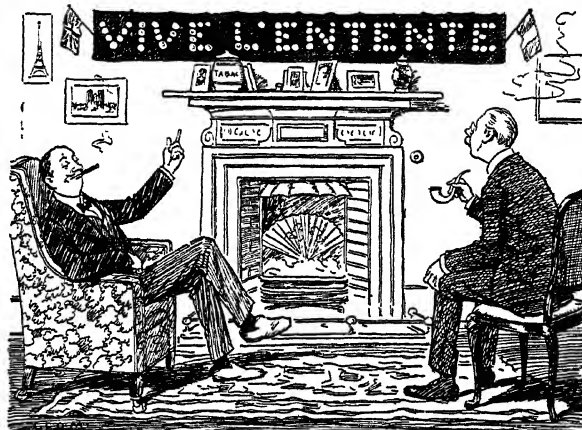
It would be a churlish spirit indeed that could cavil at the collection of reprints published by SWIFT under the title of *Leaves of Prose*. With the exception of two "studies" by MAX SINCLAIR, they are essays from

the pen of ANNIE MATHESON, and they are prefaced by the most meticulous expression of gratitude that I have ever seen in a publisher's note. Not content with acknowledging the courtesy of the periodicals under whose auspices these leaves first burgeoned, Mr. SWIFT bows his thanks to the living authors who have been occasionally quoted by the essayist, and to those holders of copyrights who guard the privilege of citation from the glorious dead. The range of this anthology, if I may use the word of leaves, is considerable, for it comprises literary and sociological criticism as well as *vignettes* of people and places, and, in the teeth of its own title, a considerable number of laurel sprigs has crept in amongst the less pretentious foliage. Many of the compositions are well and all are pleasantly written, though I discover an occasional triteness, as when in "Thyrsis in a London Square," a very short essay, the writer feels it necessary to quote twenty-five of the best-known lines of *The Scholar Gipsy*. But, since it must have been this kind of thing that prompted the preliminary paean of thanksgiving from Mr. SWIFT, I refuse to complain.

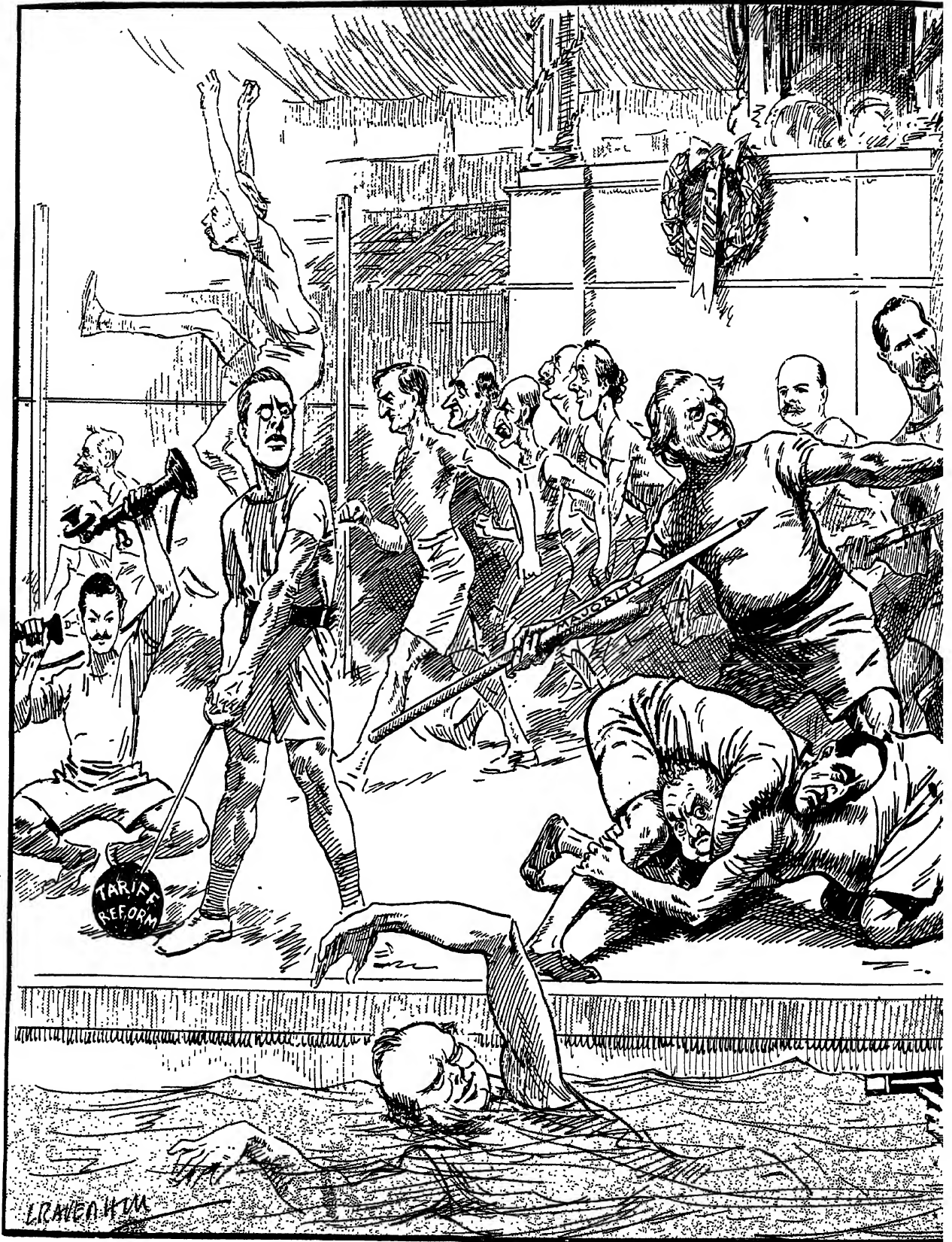
Notice in a country churchyard:—

"Dogs must be led by the hand."

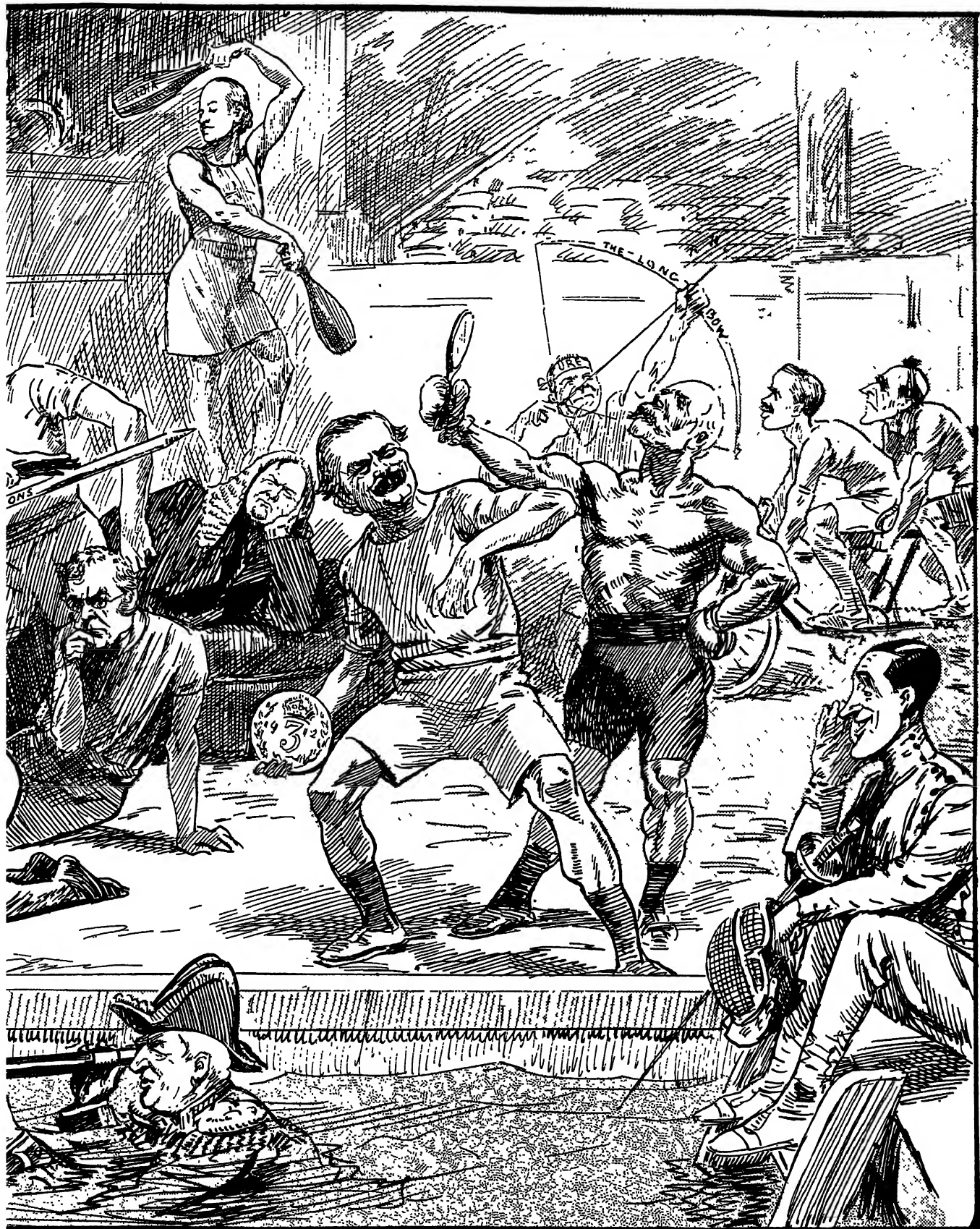
Arm-in-arm with our French poodle we walk sedately past the church.



JONES, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO PARIS, CONCEIVES THE BRILLIANT IDEA OF FORMING A TROPHY WITH THE SPURIOUS FIVE-FRANC PIECES IMPOSED UPON HIM BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS WAITERS OF THAT CITY.



THE OLYMPIA



NS AT PLAY.

CHARIVARIA.

It was a distinguished Liberal leader who said a short time ago, "We shall not shrink from the consequences of our acts." Liberal majorities, however, appear to be less obstinate.

Heading in a newspaper:—

"STAMP-LICKING RACE."

Yes, that is what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has made of us.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL proposes to establish a system of Urgent Telegrams between the United Kingdom and the Continent. We hope shortly to hear that he has also made arrangements for a system of Urgent Telephone Connections for persons who are in a hurry.

The British Government has lodged a protest at Washington against the Panama Canal Bill, with the consequence that Mr. TAFT's Panama Hat is now in the ring.

Mr. ATHELSTAN RILEY, in a letter to *The Times*, declares that the so-called Sacred Peacock recently accepted by the British Museum is a fraudulent bird, worth at the most £10. It is hoped that it may be possible to dispose of the creature either to the Natural History Museum or Dr. BODE.

Readers of newspapers have so many tragedies brought to their notice that they are apt to become callous. It would, however, be an exceptionally hard-hearted person who could fail to be moved by the pathos of the following incident:—"Twenty gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, are victims of an epidemic of mumps."

"On Saturday," says a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "between Charing Cross and the Savoy Hotel a correspondent met seven one-legged men. Why? The number was out of all proportion to the balance of the traffic." The heat wave was no doubt responsible for it. We have always understood that wooden legs are much cooler than the other sort.

The low temperature of the Central London Tube during a heat wave has again been conspicuous, and it is now realised that the engineers showed a great lack of foresight in not giving

the tube a greater circumference so as to allow of the erection of summer residences on each side of the line.

The City Police, on their return from Stockholm, have, it is said, been challenged to a tug of war by a team of newsboys. We caution these little lads that, though the good temper of the City Police is well known, it is a dangerous thing to tempt Providence during a heat wave.

The first criminal alien to be deported under the Aliens Act reappeared last week at the Marlborough Street

Women, a Fashion Expert reports from Paris, are once more to have hips—and those ladies who underwent surgical operations when slimness became the mode will shortly be crowding into nunneries until thin women once more become the thing.

"If you want to be beautiful, do your own washing," says Dr. DAVID POULSON. Let us hope that this may be more successful than the attempts many ladies make to do their own painting.

A *propos* of a suggestion for a cricket match, Married v. Single, a correspondent asks, in *The Express*, what is the position of a widower: is he married, or is he single? We should be inclined to describe him as "married, but let off with a caution."

We had thought that practical jokes had died out, but news of an eminently successful one reaches us from the States. When attacked by her husband, a woman at Seranton, Pa., feigned death, and the husband, believing he had killed his wife, committed suicide.

There is no accounting for prices at an auction. One would have thought that a unique copy of a hitherto unknown work by MATTHEW ARNOLD, on a subject which is attracting considerable attention just now, would have been worth a fabulous sum. Yet *The Eastern Daily Press* tells us that, at the Marlingford Hall Sale, MATTHEW ARNOLD's "Forsaken Mor-

mon," with wonderful illustrations, fetched only forty shillings.

Trop de zèle.

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, the recent devastating cloud-bursts in Mexico afforded opportunity for bands of ruffians to loot shops and houses, and a Cabinet Meeting was summoned "to take steps to put a stop to excesses on the part of the pillagers." This is as it should be. We have always set our face against excesses on the part of pillagers, holding, as we do, that people should only pillage in moderation.

Commercial Candour.

"Shooting to let, good covers; nothing shot last year."—*Isle of Wight County Press*.



THE CAMPER'S DILEMMA.

Uncle Joe (who has been left to cook dinner for the party, reading from "Things all Scouts Should Know"). "IF YOUR ONLY WAX MATCH FALLS INTO A PUDDLE . . . YOU NEED NOT DESPAIR; DRY IT ROUGHLY ON YOUR COAT AND THEN STICK IT IN YOUR HAIR. LEAVE IT THERE FOR A MINUTE AND IT WILL COME OUT PERFECTLY DRY AGAIN."

Police Court. In spite of his historical value he was sentenced to five weeks' hard labour; but an effort is to be made, we understand, on his release, to secure him for the London Museum.

A contemporary informs us that at her wedding Miss VIOLA TREE cut "a cake of the shape of the Cathedral of Milan, where the bride recently studied for the operative stage." The secularisation of sacred edifices evidently proceeds apace.

"WHERE IS THE IDEAL VILLAGE? PLAN FOR 'EMBALMING' A PIECE OF ARCADY."

Thus a contemporary. But surely the average village is dead enough already without carrying the idea further?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The jangled nerves caused by the *Sturm und Drang* of town this summer have made rest-rooms *absolutely*. People who 've come rushing in from two bazaars, a flower-show, a dog-show, three concerts and several garden-parties, just fly off to their rest-rooms and throw themselves flat down among cushions. You carefully extract all the expression from your face, make your mind a blank, as far as possible—if you *must* think, think of nothing but dull grey things, and dull mauve things, and oval things (oval is *wonderful* for jangled nerves!)—and stay so till you have to get up and wrestle with your evening engagements. The rest-room must be quite restful. There must be nothing to look at—nothing with any shape in it. Everything must be neutral and vague and undefined. If there are any pictures, they must be pictures of nothing in particular, they must be oval, they mustn't have any frames, and must just blend into the walls; the walls and draperies must just blend into the ceiling, and the low, wide, neutral-tinted couches must just blend into the floor. If there are any chairs, they must have neither backs nor legs and must blend into whatever is near them. Some people, when in their rest-rooms, have an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy played a long way off, and say it gives a feeling of remoteness and dreaminess that helps them *immensely*. No pets at all are allowed in the rest-room—with the one exception of *dormice*, and these, though they blend in quite nicely with a rest-room, are, as pets, just a bit inadequate!

A good many people have gone already to their yachts in the Solent. Some of them have been complaining about the Fleet having been there, filling up the place, and making a noise and turning the water oily. They say it was *too bad* to assemble the Fleet and inspect it just where the yachting people go to enjoy themselves. Ninny Follyott goes farther still, and says it was "rotten bad form!"

Ray Rymington's first play, *Human Beings*, is a *succès fou*—that's to say, Everybody and Nobody both crowd to see it. There's a married couple in it, and a man, and some people, and the situations are rather new, and, I believe, are highly disapproved of by those who go oftenest to see it! It's the *funniest* thing, my dear, to hear Ray tell how he came to write a play. He sat down one day to write poetry as usual, and began trying a new

fountain pen, scribbling idly with it and scarcely thinking of what he was doing. When he looked through what he'd scribbled, he saw that it shaped something like a play, so he split it into Acts, wrote "Curtain" at the end just for a joke, put it in his pocket, and forgot all about it. He evidently dropped it in the street, for the next thing that happened was a letter from the manager of the Doric, saying it had been picked up near the theatre and brought to him, that immediately on reading it he had put it into rehearsal, and it would be produced at once. When the interviewing people came bothering Ray, asking him what his plans are, and what's the way to write a successful play, he tells them he has no plans, and the way to write a play seems to be to sit down with the intention of writing something else, or, better still, with no intention at all!

The rage for the Middle Ages this summer has left traces behind it that won't easily be got rid of. A good many who are just rushing off for their cures will have to have *special* treatment this year for Elizabethan face, mediæval back, and all sorts of new horrors! Among the men, Lord Clarges, Jack and Dick Flummery, and several others, will have to go to Krankenbad to have high-frequency electric baths for helmet-head and tournament-toe! And the mischief doesn't stop there. Sad to say, our *speech* is affected, and we find ourselves involuntarily using all sorts of queer, high-ruffed, long-waisted expressions. For instance, the other day, when Norty's schoolboy brother was cheeking him, instead of his usual, "Shut your head, young 'un, or I'll punch it," Norty actually said, "Go to, Sir Boy! Od's bodikins and marry come up, thou art over malapert!"

And now, my dearest and best, to tell you of something that's made me so angry and disgusted that I feel I must go away and live in a tub, like SOPHOCLES—or was it SOCRATES? I always mix those two up.

Yesterday the Haviland boy came to say good-bye before leaving town. He brought me some flowers and a gold and jewelled manicure-set for darling Pompom, and I gave him some parting words of wisdom, telling him he must see, and think, and all that sort of thing, for *himself*; that, in short, he must try to make life an independent trip, not a personally conducted tour! He hung about and kept on thanking me for having been so good to him, and taken him about, and shown him the ropes, and he asked if Josiah and I would go down to Haviland, and I said, "Oh, my lessons! my

lessons! Haven't you learnt *yet* that husbands and wives are *not* invited together?" And he laughed and said he'd forgotten, and then he went back to the coda and began thanking me again, till I stopped him with, "That's enough, my dear boy. It's admitted I *have* done a good deal for you. Probably no other woman could have got you out of the Manœuvrer camp that time. -If it hadn't been for that daring rescue the Widow Manœuvrer would certainly have planted one of her twins at Haviland Park by this time!" "Please don't speak of it so, Cousin Blanche," he said, stammering and fidgeting. "I—I felt such a champion rotter after that party! I—I hated to think of it. And when, after the first little coldness, Lady Manœuvrer forgot and forgave, I felt a still bigger rotter. You must own it was awfully decent of her, Blanche—it—it was *noble*!" I looked at him in surprise: "The Widow Manœuvrer would only have made herself ridiculous by quarrelling with *you*, and she'd have simply committed social suicide by quarrelling with *me* and risking my cutting her and deserting her parties. I'm like the star or something in SHAKESPEARE that draws a third of Heaven after it."

"I—I wish you'd do her more justice, Blanche," he went on, stammering and fidgeting worse than ever; "I—I do so want you two to be real friends!" "*Vraiment*?" I said coldly. "This is really too lovely for words! Am I to understand, then, that you're again a captive in the Manœuvrer camp?" He didn't answer, and I couldn't help stamping my foot a little. "After all the *trouble* I've taken with you! And which of the twins, pray, have you engaged yourself to—Mari-gold or Bluebell?" "I—I—I'm not engaged to either of the twins," he said; "I—I—I'm engaged to Lady Manœuvrer herself!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"He either indulges this drive or a well-concealed lob every time on his forehead."
Sportsman.

Our own aim at lawn tennis is to get a well-concealed lob on to the other man's forehead.

"Enries simply poured in," says *The Eastern Daily Press* familiarly in its account of the Aylsham Lawn Tennis Tournament. We hope that there was an equally good supply of 'Erbs and 'Arols.

"It was further ascertained that Mr. Lockhart, the owner of the house, had a good deal of voluble old French furniture."—*Daily Mail*.
The national characteristic.



CRUICKSHANK after George Cruikshank.

“OLIVER ASKS FOR” LESS.

JOHN BULL (*fed up*). “PLEASE, SIR, NEED I HAVE QUITE SO MANY GOOD THINGS?”
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. “YES, YOU MUST; AND THERE’S MORE TO COME.”

NEW INSTRUMENTS.

AN interesting account appears in the pages of an esteemed contemporary of the new self-playing violin that has recently been placed on the market. "The actual violin is used. It has mechanical fingers and a horsehair bow, whose pressure is varied to produce increase or diminution in tone. That tone is fully characteristic, and includes the violinist's 'close shake' or vibrato. The effect of the instrument is very pleasing, and the invention is likely to attract a good deal of attention from the success with which it applies mechanical means. It can be inspected at any time." But it is a great relief to know that this wonderful invention does not stand alone. Another highly-relished addendum to the ranks of the self-playing instruments recently patented is the Phonoplunk Banjolette which has recently been placed on the market by Messrs. Vamper and Fudge. This instrument, which is a wonder of mechanical ingenuity and can be used in conjunction with the patentees' renowned Phonopunk pianolette, is operated by mechanical fingers of ebony. The tone is entirely representative of the best Virginian traditions and is admirably adapted for accompanying cake-walks and other negroid fantasies. The Phonoplunk Banjolette can be inspected any day except Sundays and Bank Holidays at Messrs. Vamper and Fudge's show-rooms between the hours of 5 and 8 A.M.

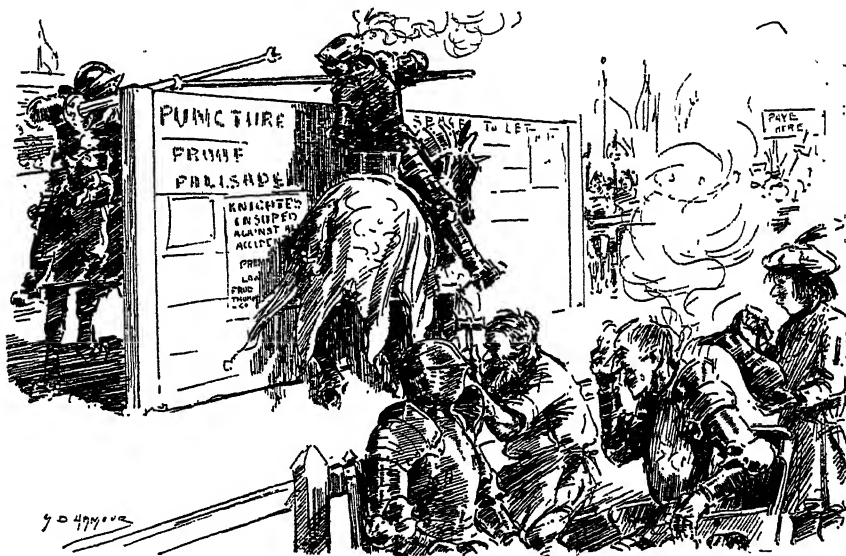
Amateurs whose executive capacity can best be expressed by the formula ϕ — will immensely appreciate the facilities placed within their reach by the invention of the new Phonoklink Triangulina recently placed on the market by Messrs. Jossier and Jubb. The instrument, which is operated by mechanical fingers and a steel plectrum, produces a very pleasing effect, including the characteristic tingle-tangle of the human triangulator. The Phonoklink Triangulina may be inspected at any time during thunder-storms at the warehouse of the patentees.

In his masterly work on *Style in Music*, Sir HUBERT PARRY notes with regret that the enlightened and emancipated democracy of the day has abandoned some of the simpler old-world instruments for more complicated musical monstrosities. By way of counteracting this lamentable tendency, Messrs. Schuyler and Pepys have placed on the market an astounding instrument, to which they have assigned the name of the Phono-Sou-Siffleur, or Automatic Penny Whistle. The P.S.S., as it is called, is operated by a

FANCY AND FACT.



TILTING IN THE 16TH CENTURY AS WE PICTURE IT



AND AS IT PROBABLY WAS.

mechanical mouth, from which issues a current of compressed air whose pressure is varied to produce increase or diminution in tone. The timbre is extraordinarily penetrating and brilliant, being compared by Professor GARNER to the highest register of the Burmese Cockatoo. Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, the composer of *The Children of Don*, has written several characteristic pieces for the Phono-Sou-Siffleur, the Arpa Judaica and the tenor Tromballoon, with a *basso ostinato* for the Contra-Zoedone. These may be heard any day at the show-rooms of Messrs. Schuyler and Pepys between the hours of 3 and 4 P.M., subject to the intervention of the police.

Lastly we have to chronicle the appearance of what is perhaps the

most momentous of all these additions to the automatic orchestra of to-day. This is the Phonoblitz Sax-Brontoblasthorn, which has been patented by Messrs. Godfrey Daniel, the famous blastfurnacemen of Leeds. The valves are operated by mechanical feet of colossal size, and no one of normal hearing can listen to a single note at a distance of less than two miles without serious damage to the tympanum. But the instrument may be inspected at any time, and measurements may be taken of the feet, which are said to exceed in size those of the Colossus of Rhodes.

SUBJECT FOR A HIGHLAND LANDSCAPE.—The rugged heights of Ben Tillett proudly dominating Loch Out.

PAMELA AT THE TELEPHONE.

I AM not sure that I am going to continue our telephone. If, as seems to me to happen with extraordinary frequency, Pamela gets put on to a wrong number, she will stand for hours misleading the people the other end, pretending to take their orders (if they think she's a shop), accepting invitations to dinner from perfect strangers, inventing bulletins from invalids to anxious enquirers, or assuring an irate householder that the plumber shall be round in ten minutes at the latest. She has no moral qualms about her behaviour. "You see, Dick," she said to me the other day when I expostulated; "to get as much fun out of the telephone as you possibly can is the only way of getting even with the amount of aggravation you have to put up with from it." And when I said something about confusion being worse confounded she asked me not to swear in front of her. I was glad, therefore, to hear her getting some of her own back when I was sitting writing the other day while she was on her knees beside the telephone at my elbow.

"Oh, are you the riding-school?" she began. "I want the riding-school."

"My dear girl," came back a lazy, good-natured voice quite audible to me, "how *can* I be the riding-school? I'm in bed. In bed with flu. Beastly pains all over me from head to foot. Feel a perfect worm. You simply couldn't have rung up anyone who felt less like a riding-school. No, don't apologise. I like it. It's awfully dull being cooped up here all day. Do talk to me a little. Tell me about yourself. Are you only just beginning to ride? Are you going to pay your Insurance Tax? Do you like caviare? I've just had a lot sent me and I hate it. Shall I send it on? You sound so jolly, I should love to. I say, are you dark or fair? I mean, it's so dull not knowing."

A gurgle of delight escaped Pamela. "Oh, with a laugh like *that*, of course you've got ripping grey eyes, and the sort of hair that 'escapes' from underneath a large shady hat. It curls up quite tight in a sea-mist too. I know that sort."

I burst into a loud laugh. It was a remarkably good shot.

"I say, what on earth's that? That noise, I mean."

"Oh, that," said Pamela—"that's my husband laughing. He's sitting next to me and is rather enjoying you."

"Your husband— Oh, I say. You might have told me before."

"Why? It's so nice our *both* knowing you. I almost feel I could ask you to dinner now."

"I wish you would. I'd come like a shot. Well, if you *must* go, good-bye. I hope you'll mistake me for the riding-school again soon. *Au revoir*."

"I wish you hadn't laughed so soon, Dick," she said, as she rather regretfully put the receiver back. "He might have gone on much longer, and it was being rather fun."

About a week later we were dining with Pamela's godmother, Lady Sophie Lamb. As Lady Sophie's one form of conversation is a tirade against the manners of the present generation and the inventions of the last fifty years, I didn't feel very happy when young Campbell asked her if she was on the telephone.

"Certainly not!" said Lady Sophie severely. "I have never been able to see the attraction of paying £6 10s. a year to be at the mercy of anyone with 2d. in his pocket. Life under modern conditions is complex enough without that."

"What a funny way of looking at it, Aunt Sophie," broke in Pamela on the other side. "You miss no end of fun. For instance, the other day I got on to the wrong person by mistake. You see, you can say anything in those circumstances. They'll never know who you are. I remember I asked him to dinner. Or did he invite himself? I forget. Aren't you going to have any caviare, Captain Campbell? How nice of you! Then I can take your bit as well as my own. I adore it. By-the-by, my telephone man offered to send me some. I wish I knew him."

Something had suddenly happened to Campbell. He was a bright scarlet, and was staring open-mouthed at Pamela. He is a shy young man, and I probably shouldn't have thought much of it but that he was looking in such a very odd way at her hair.

Afterwards he confided in me, and I have promised not to enlighten Pamela.

"You see, I'm not a bit like that really, Molyneux," he said, "b—but through the telephone . . . when you're bored to tears . . . and, of course, I never thought I should meet her."

As I said before, I shall not tell Pamela.

But it would be nice if he rang her up one day and continued the conversation. I think I shall suggest it to him.

"Lady and baby would like change with bright people for a few weeks."

Advt. in "The Lady."

Baby (in disgust). "Call themselves bright people—and that's the fifth one that's shown me his watch this morning!" (*Decides to advertise again.*)

DESPERATE MEASURES.

(*A Song of the Heat.*)

'Tis not enough that I be laid
Under the lime-trees' scented shade;
'Tis not enough, O Muse,
That from these hands the heavenly lyre
Must fall, because its strings are fire,
'Tis not enough; I still perspire,
I positively ooze.

'Tis not enough that slaves should fan
My temples, or that Mary Ann
Should fetch me fizzy bowls;
'Tis not enough that I be dressed
In some salubrious kind of vest.
(John Binks's [ad.] is much the best,
It's chiefly made of holes.)

'Tis not enough; nay, let me leap
In fancy to some snow-topped steep
Or plunge beneath the wave
To grottoes where the mermaids sport,
To Amphitrite's vitreous court,
Where undressed crabs may still resort
And oysters need not shave.

Let me reflect on Northern nights,
On polar-bears and stalactites,
And on the charnel vault;
On the cool pluck that nerves the
frames
Of chaps that win the Olympic games
(They keep the most peculiar names,
But that is not their fault).

Let me perpend on snakes and frogs,
And winter-pastime catalogues,
And frosty days of Yule:
On hurricanes of snow and sleet,
And persons in Throgmorton Street
(Confound them) in this frightful heat
Making their thousands cool.

These be my thoughts, and, if there still
Falls from my brow the unwelcome rill,
Let every lady fair,
Whose face I keep remembered,
Up to my leaf-hung haunt be led,
And cut me absolutely dead

With her most Arctic stare.

EVOC.

The Talking Force.

"A crowd numbering several hundreds assembled between half-past eight and nine in Trafalgar-square, but owing to the regulations governing public meetings there, speeches were not allowed to be delivered by the police on duty."—*Daily Telegraph*.

However the "Pass along, please" and the "Now then, move along there" would be slight indications of the delightful oratorical feast to come when they were off duty.

"Aunts in the house are a serious nuisance, and are not easily expelled once they have established a kingdom. Perhaps a chemist in your town could help you."—*People's Friend*.
Better than a chemist, who is always a dangerous ally, is a butter-slide on the top stair.

GUARDS OF HONOUR.

AT MANY FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS OF LATE QUITE A FEATURE HAS BEEN THE GUARD OF HONOUR, EITHER NAVAL, MILITARY, TERRITORIAL, FIRE BRIGADE OR SCOUT. THE IDEA IS EXTENDING.



AT THE WEDDING OF MR. GRANVILLE PASTE, ONE OF THE LARGEST ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS IN CLERKENWELL, TO MISS DAISY CHEERS, THE GUARD OF HONOUR WAS COMPOSED OF SANDWICHMEN, WHO FORMED AN APPROPRIATE ARCH, WITH THEIR BOARDS, OVER THE HAPPY PAIR.



WHEN MR. SAM DARK, MASTER SWEEP OF HAMMERSMITH, WAS MARRIED TO MISS DOROTHEA WHITE LAST SATURDAY THE GUARD OF HONOUR WAS COMPOSED OF MEMBERS OF THE SABLE FRATERNITY, WHOSE BRUSHES MADE A TASTEFUL ARCH UNDER WHICH THE HAPPY PAIR LEFT THE CHURCH.



A MUCH-ATTENDED WEDDING WAS CELEBRATED LAST WEEK WHEN MR. GEORGE NUTLET WAS MARRIED TO MISS TRICKSIE PALMER, DAUGHTER OF THE CELEBRATED CONJURER, PROFESSOR ALBERT PALMER. THE CONJURERS' AND JUGGLERS' UNION SENT A GUARD OF HONOUR, AND THE BRIDE'S FATHER STREWED FLOWERS FROM A BORROWED HAT BEFORE THE HAPPY PAIR.



THE EFFECT OF A VERY PRETTY WEDDING AT SALTWORTHY HARBOUR WAS SOMEWHAT MARRIED THE OTHER DAY WHEN THE GUARD OF HONOUR, COMPOSED OF FISHERMEN, HAD THEIR ATTENTION DISTRACTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF FISH IN THE BAY AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT, AND ALLOWED THE ARCH OF FISHING-NET TO FALL ON THE HEADS OF THE HAPPY PAIR.

MEMORY.

"LIFE," says an ancient philosopher whose words I remember while I have forgotten his name—"life is not easily to be conceived without memory, for if we recalled not past events, building up and buttressing our years with wisdom drawn from a former unwisdom, how should it profit us to proceed on our way to the undiscovered country whither we tend encompassed by the natural pitfalls of the ground and ambushed about by the designs of our foes? Nay," he adds, "in that second and better life to which we hope in humility to attain, there must be memory of the first and worse and of a man's deeds therein, else the good and the bad would be mixed in one general stream of self-effacing oblivion."

These are impressive words, and they place memory in a high position. Yet when I consider my own memory and note what a feeble thing of shreds and patches it is, and how small are the treasures it yields to a careful explorer, I begin to doubt. How few and how insignificant for the most part are the things I remember; how innumerable and how important are the things that time and negligence have wiped out and made as though they had never been. I test myself by the question, What was I doing the day before yesterday? I give you my sacred word of honour that I cannot for the life of me tell you. At this moment, barely forty-eight hours afterwards, everything is gone from me as completely as if it had happened a thousand years ago. And yet there are men (and women too, for the matter of that) who can go into the witness-box in court and give a detailed account of what they did and said and what other women did and said five years back. Is it genius, or is it merely invention—which is often the same thing as genius? Certainly it is a feat that I could not perform. I should say to the cross-examining counsel, "Have it your own way. I've done the best I could, but if you say I'm wrong I shall not contest it. My mind is a perfect blank." A gentleman—and all our cross-examining counsel are gentlemen—would, I am sure, sympathise with me and let me alone. Would he himself be able to tell me where he was and what he was doing at 3.30 P.M. on Thursday of last week.

If I scan what, for want of a better word, I may call the vista of my earliest years, I can perceive only the most trivial things. For instance, I see a small plump boy with a red rose in his hand tottering along a garden path. He falls down with an imposing crash and is immediately picked up. I believe I myself was that boy, and yet, if that be so, it is obvious that I never could have seen myself in fact as I see myself in my memory, which represents me quite plainly as a person outside myself, for I can see my own face as I tumble and begin to cry. Again—but this must be some years afterwards—I behold myself sitting on a chair in the gardener's cottage. I am sucking a bull's-eye presented to me by the gardener's wife. I have said something to her, for she laughs and calls me "a little radical." I understood her to make a complimentary allusion to my high capacities for mischief and wickedness. Yet I cannot remember that she held or expressed any definite views on politics. To have asked for a bull's-eye and to have secured it by cajolery was to her the essence of radicalism.

A few years later I lift the curtain again. I am in a cricket-pavilion and a school match is going on. It is my first year in the eleven, and I look forward to my innings with apprehension and horror. Perhaps it will rain. There are some very black and promising clouds in the

sky. If it rains quickly play will be stopped and, the hour being late, I shall not have to go in. The leaden minutes pass and so do the promising clouds. There is a shout. The ninth wicket is down and my dreadful turn has come. The Captain says, "If you and Rimington can stay in for ten minutes we shall draw the game. Play as carefully as you can and take no chances." I go to the wickets with an affected jauntiness. I take middle. I look round to see how the field is placed. I take my position and the bowler begins his diabolical run. He delivers the ball. I see it spinning inexorably at me. Thank heaven, it is not quite straight. It is to the off. It hits my bat, snicks itself away into the slips, and we run one. There the curtain drops again, and I cannot even remember with certainty whether we managed to play out time and draw the game. I think we did. Why should my memory, I wonder, insist on presenting this scene? There was no pleasure in it. Such, however, are the futilities of a memory which is not much worse than the memories of other people.

TRÈS SEC.

BLUSH not, my Thomas, though it is a hoary—
Stalwart yet hoary—yarn that you have told.
Believe me, I delight in what is old.
Tell me, I beg, the really old old story,
Such as the summer-sleepy clubmen weave:
I loathe your raconteur who makes believe
That he has got a new, quite new one up his sleeve.

Why not judge jests like vintages, like china?
(Thomas, on your behalf I ask, why not?)
I'd hear you say seductively, "I've got
Quite a sound year in jests,"—what time you dine a
Particular old pal—"you'll try it? Do!"
And then he'd smack his lips and hear it through,
Your special bottling—say, "*Punch*, 1852."

Gladly we'd quaff the wine that cheered CATULLUS,
Gladly go in for classical antiques;
Shall we then feel disgust when someone wreaks
Old jokes on us—when, Thomas, you can cull us
Fruitage of wit which charmed the Abbassids,
Quips of Sicilian shepherds herding kids,
Tales with which Pan convulsed Maenads and Bassarids?

No, no! For me, I own I long to hear a
Really indubitably ancient jest.
Tickle me now with one of NOAH's best,
Suitably turned to fit the place and era.
Take heart of grace, my Thomas, try again:
Repeat some jape about our English rain,
Exploit that firm old friend the London-Chatham train.

More Indian Unrest.

From a letter in a Madras paper:—

"Sir,—It is my longfelt desideratum, nay rather avidity, to contribute a few lines to your worthy and widely circulated daily regarding the censorious inconveniences to which the pedestrians are constrained inveterately to circumscribe into owing to the cows being allowed to prowl in swarms especially during nights in the main and heavy traffic centres, to the deterioration of many sarcastic accidents of personal danger, and no wonder the other day while I was passing along the Mint Street I had to come across with a terror as an old man was about to be goaded by a gigantic cow, and but for not the sudden alarm that was raised by others his condition would have been otherwise."

Many good Liberals absolutely declined to take part in the festivities of "Joy-Day." Another transport strike!



The One with the News (concluding careful and spicy revelations). "THEY WERE LAST HEARD OF IN NEW YORK, SWAGGERING ABOUT IN MOTOR-CARS, AND SHE—WITH THE TWO KIDDIES—POOR THING, IS RUNNING A PICTURE POST-CARD SHOP IN WORTHING."
Little Boy (whose presence has been totally forgotten). "NOW TELL US ANOTHER STORY."

A HOUSE IN A WOOD.

So 'tis your will to have a cell,
 My Betsy, of your own and dwell
 Here where the sun for ever shines
 That glances off the holly spines—
 A clearing where the trunks are few,
 Here shall be built a house for you,
 The little walls of beechen stakes
 Watted with twigs from hazel brakes,
 Tiled with white oak-chips that lie round
 The fallen giants on the ground;
 Under your little feet shall be
 A ground-work of wild strawberry
 With gadding stem, a pleasant wort
 Alike for carpet and dessert.
 Here, Betsy, in the lucid shade
 Come, let us twine a green stockade
 With slender saplings all about,
 And a small window to look out,
 So that you may be "Not at Home"
 If any mortal callers come.
 Then shall arrive to make you mirth
 The four wise peoples of the earth:
 The thrifty ants who run around
 To fill their store-rooms underground;
 The rabbit-folk, a feeble race,
 From out their rocky sleeping-place;
 The grasshoppers who have no king,
 Yet come in companies to sing;
 The lizard slim who shyly stands
 Swaying upon his slender hands—

I'll give them all your new address.
 For me, my little anchoress,
 I'll never stir the bracken by
 Your house; the brown wood butterfly,
 Passing you like the sunshine's fleck
 That gilds the nape of your warm neck,
 Shall still report me how you do
 And bring me all the news of you,
 And tell me (where I sit alone)
 How gay you are, and how you're grown.
 A fox-glove's span in the soft weather.

* * * * *
 No? Then we'll wander home together.

THE SLEUTH.

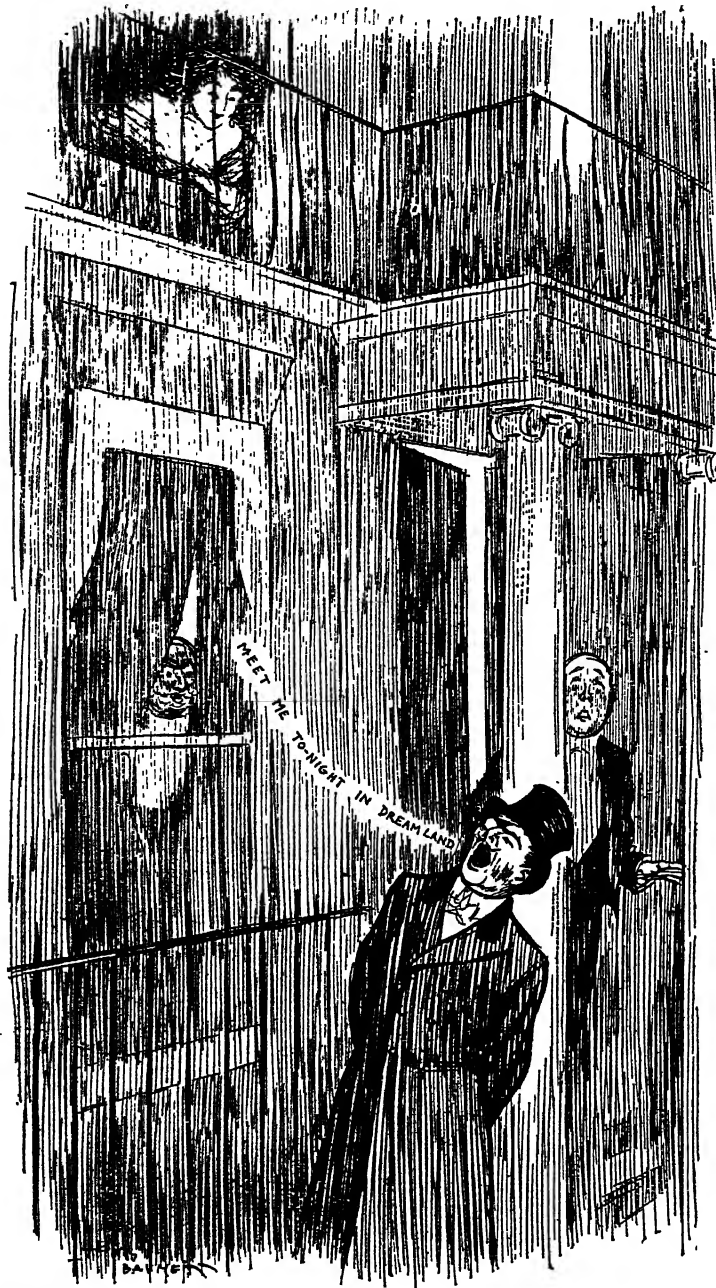
OF the romance of life behind the scenes in London few men could tell so thrilling a story as that of Detective-Inspector Baggem, who yesterday celebrated his silver jubilee of active service. While Inspector Baggem has often been taken for the custodian of a picture-palace in mufti, nobody ever suspected this quiet unassuming man (six feet three) of being one of the most alert and energetic of our detectives.

The Inspector has a number of good stories to tell of his varied experiences. "Yes, I have been in some tight corners," he admitted modestly. "For

instance, when I arrested the Mulligan gang single-handed in '94, the other hand got a nasty bruise on it. Yes, thanks, it's better now. Mulligan was one of the most inconsiderate criminals I have ever had to deal with."

The part the Inspector played in the Fairyland Street affair will not readily be remembered. Disguised as a policeman he came suddenly upon the unsuspecting pick-pockets, the arrest of whom was but the work of a moment.

Then who does not forget the notorious forger, Checknib? Inspector Baggem's share in tracking down this consummate rogue makes a story too long to tell in detail here; suffice it to say, however, that the indefatigable detective, after a long and interesting tour through France, Spain and Morocco, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, and, not finding his man there, went on to New Zealand, Japan, Ceylon, and so returned to old England once more, where he had the satisfaction of learning that Checknib had just been found in a Pimlico attic, where he had lain for months suffering from writer's cramp. "I shall never forget that journey," said the Inspector impressively. "Checknib got three months, and well he deserved it!"



THE EFFECT OF THE EARL'S COURT TOURNEY ON THE "FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S NOBILITY AND CHIVALRY."
No. II.

WE ARE INFORMED THAT A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SCANDAL IS RIFE IN A REGION WITHIN ONE HUNDRED MILES OF GROSVENOR SQUARE OWING TO A WELL-KNOWN MEMBER OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB HAVING EXPRESSED HIS PREDILECTION FOR A FAIR RESIDENT IN TOO MEDIEVAL A FASHION.

"THE DAILY SNAIL'S" WHIST PRIZES.

As a protest against the cult of unintellectual pastimes, *The Daily Snail* started this tournament with the idea of discovering hidden talent and encouraging whist drives generally.

How far this object has been attained may be gathered from the extraordinarily interesting and appreciative messages

received from the secretaries of the local clubs who are participating in this great patriotic movement.

TRUMPINGTON PARVA (Cambridge).—Fifty-two cards issued. Members wildly excited. Their families following suit.

CHOWBENT (Lancs.).—About 100 entries. The tournament is going strong and all the shops are closing early.

STRATTON STRAWLESS (Norfolk).—Play greatly improved. No revokes yesterday. Several members driving very finely.

BALLYBUNION (North Kerry).—A large number of entries. Members shy at first but rapidly growing enthusiastic. Local Pilgrims' Progressive Whist Club holding aloof, but hope to secure them. Riot Act read this morning.

DULDITCH (Lincs.).—Members getting keener every day. Supply of packs exhausted; insurance cards being freely used.

SLOPTON-UNDER-SLIME (Dorset).—Great interest displayed on all hands. Local Choral Society practising *Aces and Galatea*.

SLAGTON (Staffs.).—Please accept our best thanks for privilege of playing in your competition. Protest of Portland Club unanimously condemned by all our members.

MUGGLEFORD-IN-THE-MARSH.—Great enthusiasm prevails. Books most in demand: ARNOLD BENNETT's *The Card* and the works of Owen Wister.

KIRBY MUXLOE (Leicestershire).—At a public meeting convened by the mayor it was unanimously resolved to confer the freedom of the village on the proprietor of *The Daily Snail* for his enterprise and generosity.

MIFFHAM-ON-THE-BILGE.—Resolution unanimously adopted by the Borough Council to subscribe for one copy of *The Daily Snail* for the staff of the local *Almack's*.

From *The Daily Mail* serial by CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN:

"He was very fond of her; he thought of marrying her more than once."

We believed at first that this was evidence of one of those struggles which must take place between collaborators as to who should have the credit. We imagined some such dialogue as this:

Heath (suddenly inspired). He must marry her!

Coralie (unmoved). Of course.

Heath (astonished). But you've said nothing to me about it. You ought to have mentioned it.

Coralie. I forgot. Anyhow, it's my idea.

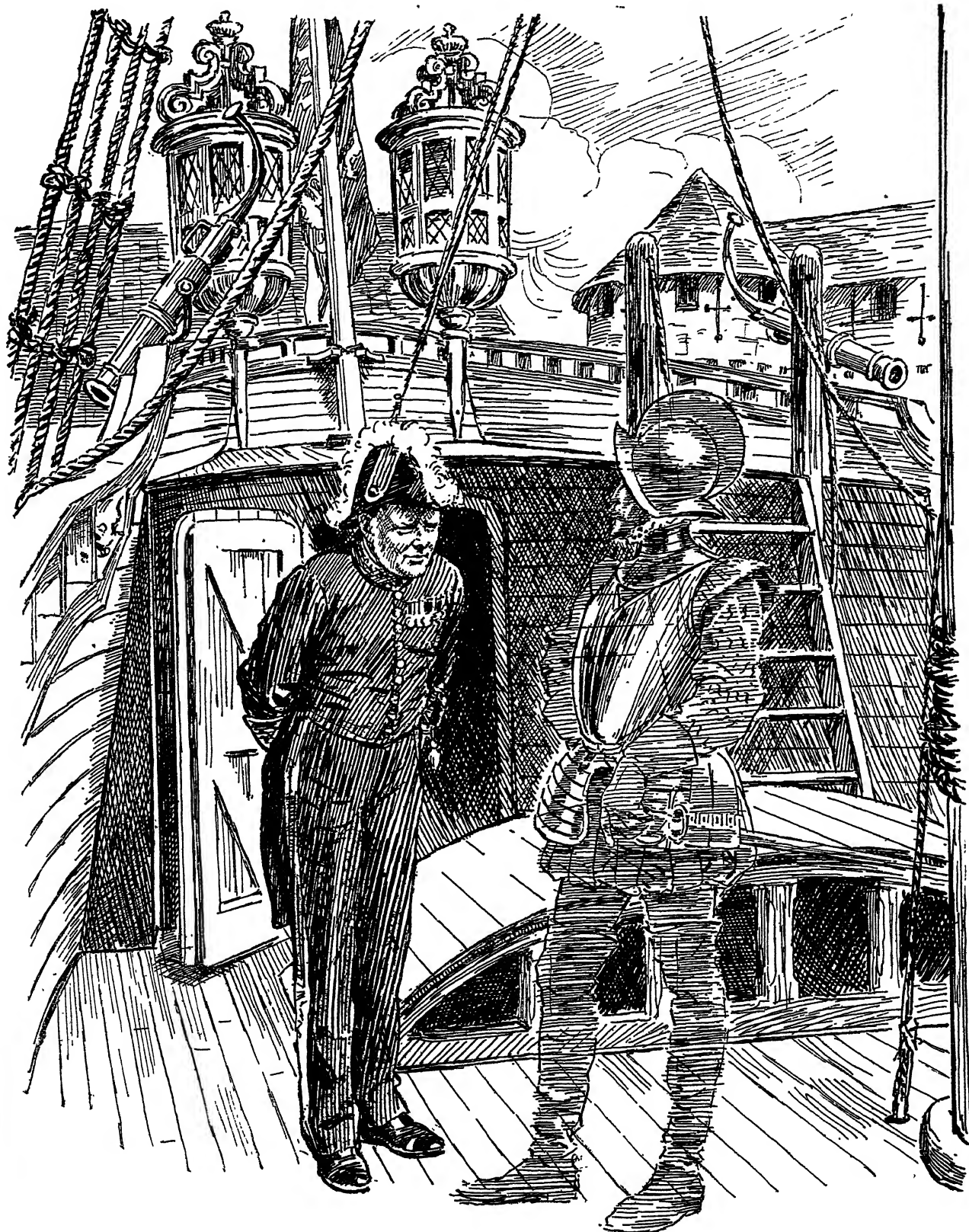
Heath. No—I spoke first.

Coralie. I refuse to give it up.

Heath. Very well, we must both have it. He must marry her twice.

But we were quite wrong. The real reason appears a little lower down the column:

"She looked like a thousand elderly women he saw in the streets, walking along wearily, shopping, or going to and from their work." Naturally one wedding wouldn't be enough.



A SEA-CHANGE

(“INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE”).

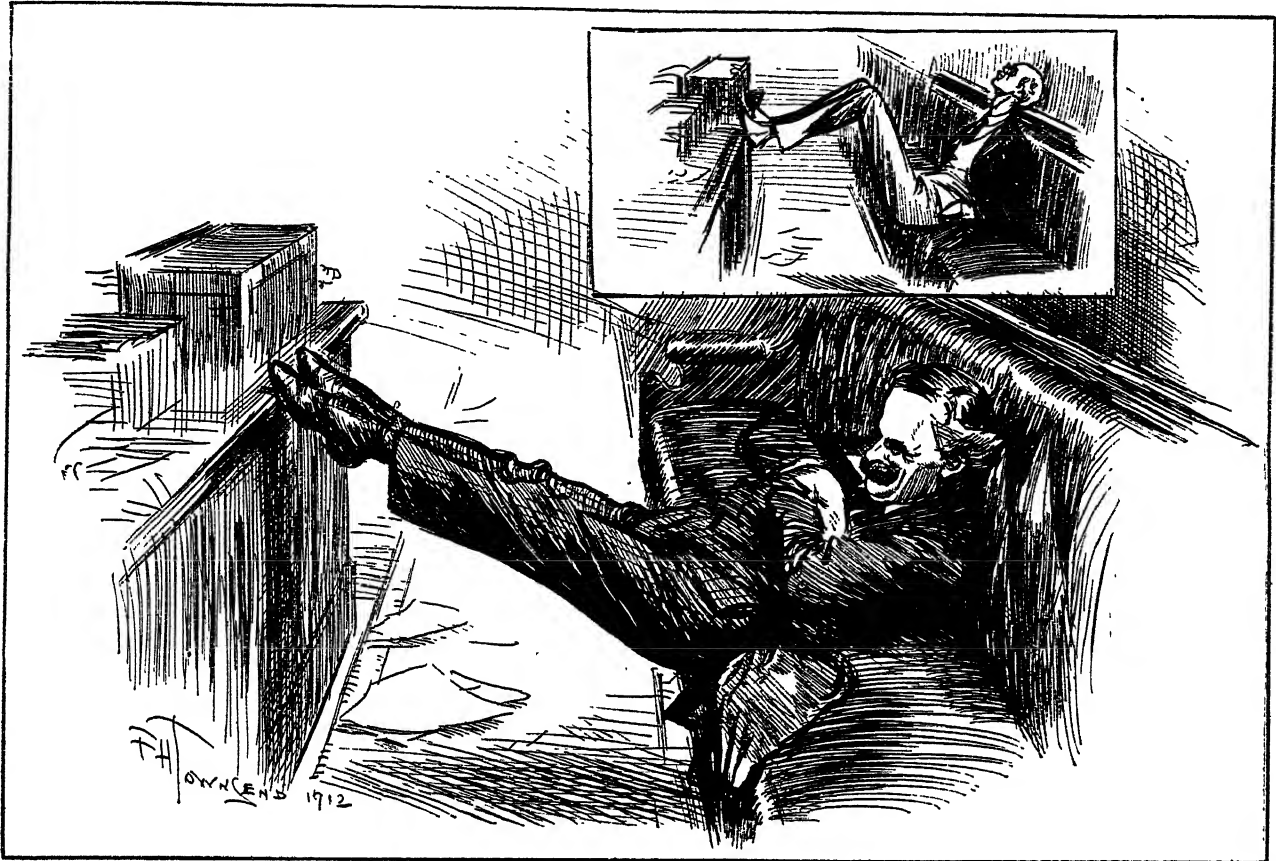
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (*at Earl's Court*). “WELL, THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE YOUR TIME; BUT OUR LOWER DECK'S AS GOOD AS EVER.”

SHADE OF SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE (*of the “Revenge”*). “YES; AND I HEAR THEY'RE UNDERPAID AS WELL AS EVER.”

FIRST LORD. “AH! THAT'S ANOTHER CHANGE WE HOPE TO MAKE.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"As Prince Arthur [inset] used to do."
(The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 15.—"Sir," said Mr. TIM HEALY, mopping his massive brow with a bandana from whose variegated hue no colour seemed absent save a streak of orange, "has this House become a huckster's shop?"

If it were, business was evidently slack. At one moment four Members represented full muster of Ministerialists, whilst nine Unionists testified to burning desire, implacable resolve, to go thoroughly into the Budget scheme before House on the crucial stage of second reading. Last week PREMIER, sketching programme of Session, presented pleasing plan of adjournment for summer holiday on the 2nd or 3rd of August. LEADER OF OPPOSITION, pursuing his constitutional business, which is to oppose, sat aghast at so shameless a proposition. True, the big legislative measures of Session were postponed till resumption of sittings in October. With immaterial exceptions the next three weeks were to be given up entirely to consideration of Financial Business.

That not enough. A supine, reckless Government, careless of best interests

of State, anxious only to loll about in holiday array, might contemplate such arrangement. A patriotic Opposition, lofty in aim, unflagging in devotion to

public business, would not pander to such principles. They must have full time to discuss the Budget and Supply, the latter opening up wide questions of administration of great spending departments.

"Very well," said the PREMIER blandly, "if the Right Hon. gentleman think it desirable the sitting may be extended into week following 3rd of August."

Innocent remark cast gloom over Benches opposite. All very well to pose as Codlin the faithful friend of the country, his virtues shining by contrast with gloom of shortcomings of the shameless Short. But when it comes to carrying over the Session into another week in August things take on fresh aspect. Nothing more heard of forcing Government's hand. PREMIER, always ready to oblige, helped to smooth situation by allotting two days for discussion of Second Reading of Budget, instead of the one originally proposed.

And here we are, numbering at various periods from thirteen strong to maximum, rarely attained, of a hundred.



"Has this House become a huckster's shop?"
(Mr. TIM HEALY.)

What TIM HEALY and his rainbow bandana did in this galley not at first clear. Secret out later. In disposing of his realised surplus CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER allotted half-a-million to providing loan on easy terms for promotion of railways in East Africa. That touched TIM, bringing back for a moment something of the truculence that endeared him to Parliaments dead and gone. Hereafter flashed forth his enquiry about the huckster's shop.

"Does the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," he inquired, sternly regarding LLOYD GEORGE—elate with success following prolonged effort to get his feet on the edge of the Table whilst leaning back on the Treasury Bench, as PRINCE ARTHUR used to do whilst Leader of House—"suppose that, if he had included this proposal in his Budget, a howl of protest would not have gone up from Irish Members against giving this money out of taxes raised upon their tobacco and whiskey? Tame cats as some of them have become" (this with glance over his shoulder at empty benches reserved for JOHN REDMOND's mute supporters), "there would have been angry protest."

Business done.—Second Reading of Budget Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Many popular aphorisms cluster round the word Peace. But none excels the phrase dropped from lips of HAROLD BAKER when, appearing at Table for first time in capacity of Financial Secretary to the War Office, he defended Territorial Force against captious critics.

"One thing the Territorials want more than anything else," he said, "is Peace."

There you have the whole situation crystallised in a phrase. Here is our citizen soldier, to whom preservation of Empire is to be committed in time of extremest peril, patriotically giving up his leisure to training calculated to prepare him for his task. Whether under the scorching summer sun or chilled by the breath of winter he, at some slight cost to a grateful nation, prepares himself for the ordeal of War. And all he wants to complete and crown a noble career is Peace!

BAKER partly spoiled effect of this memorable saying by weakly explaining that what he meant was not peace from the invader, but from hostile critics thrusting with pen or tongue. But House knows when it has got hold of a good thing, and stuck to the FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S declaration in the simple sense it bore when spoken.

ARTHUR LEE damped hilarity by gloomy view of future of Territorial Force. All very well for them to seek peace and ensue it. It would be wise

for the Government and the nation to take count of possibility of war. As, speaking at Kennington Theatre the other day, LLOYD GEORGE (borrowing unconsciously, SARK says, the imagery of one of JOHN BRIGHT's most famous perorations) beheld a vision of gloom passing away from the working man's home, "the rays of God's sun piercing the narrowest window," so (in his mind's eye, Horatio) ARTHUR LEE beheld vision of a body of invaders, seventy thousand strong, marching upon the Territorials left on guard at home, and "going through them like a knife through butter."

SEELY ridiculed this pessimistic view. Its enunciation left Committee more than ever desirous of realisation



The Official Manner.
(Col. SEELY.)

of HAROLD BAKER's summing up of the one thing needful for the happiness and prosperity of the Territorial Force—Peace.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply vote of £2,780,000 for training and other expenses of Territorial Force agreed to after interesting debate.

Thursday.—This time five years ago we still had with us one of those born and trained soldiers with whom Ireland enriches the Empire. He was known in the Army List as Sir JOHN ARDAGH, Major-General of Royal Engineers. Among his friends, a wide and varied circle, he was always called "Military Ardour." The man who, had his carefully gleaned reports of resources of the Boers on eve of war in South Africa been listened to, would have saved the country from grave peril, is in his grave. His *nom de guerre* is revived in House of Commons in connection with Member for Ludlow.

War Estimates being to the fore this week, MILITARY ARDOUR HUNT been much in evidence. His latest idea is set forth in question addressed to WAR SECRETARY. Recalling fact that FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY arranged and carried out inspection by Members of Parliament of our ships of war in fighting trim, he proposes that Members shall now have opportunity of seeing ten battalions of regular infantry, ten battalions of the special reserve, and ten of the Territorial force (it sounds like instructions for confecting a cocktail), all to be chosen by lot, the men to carry a full field-service equipment of 59½lbs. in weight, march ten miles and then go through tactical exercises. Does not mention the detail, but it is understood that if his pleasing suggestion be accepted he is prepared personally to take command of the force.

With that chilly demeanour which is so speedily acquired in office SEELY curtly answered, "The suggestion will be borne in mind." But, as PRINCE ARTHUR learned at an awkward period of his leadership of the Opposition, MILITARY ARDOUR HUNT is not the kind of man to be safely snubbed. Having been at some pains to draw up his plan of campaign he means us to hear more of it.

Business done.—Members returning from Garden Party at Windsor, SPEAKER took Chair at seven o'clock. Debate resumed on Second Reading of Finance Bill. On division majority run down to 48. "This," said SARK to the MASTER OF ELIBANK, who, mourning for his absent men, refused to be comforted, "comes of your going a-garden-partying."

"Ten military men, with rifles, have gone after Mr. Kuk Chung-sau, a member of the Advisory Council, with the intention of denouncing him for his recommending Mr. Wang Chih-chang to be Governor-General of Chihli province."—*South China Morning Post*.

No doubt Mr. CHUNG-SAU will justify his recommendation with a shot-gun.

"Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the American sculptor, says in a newspaper article, 'When I get an order for a statue of a dead man, I ask his people for a suit of his clothes—not a new suit, but an old one, the oldest that may be found.'"

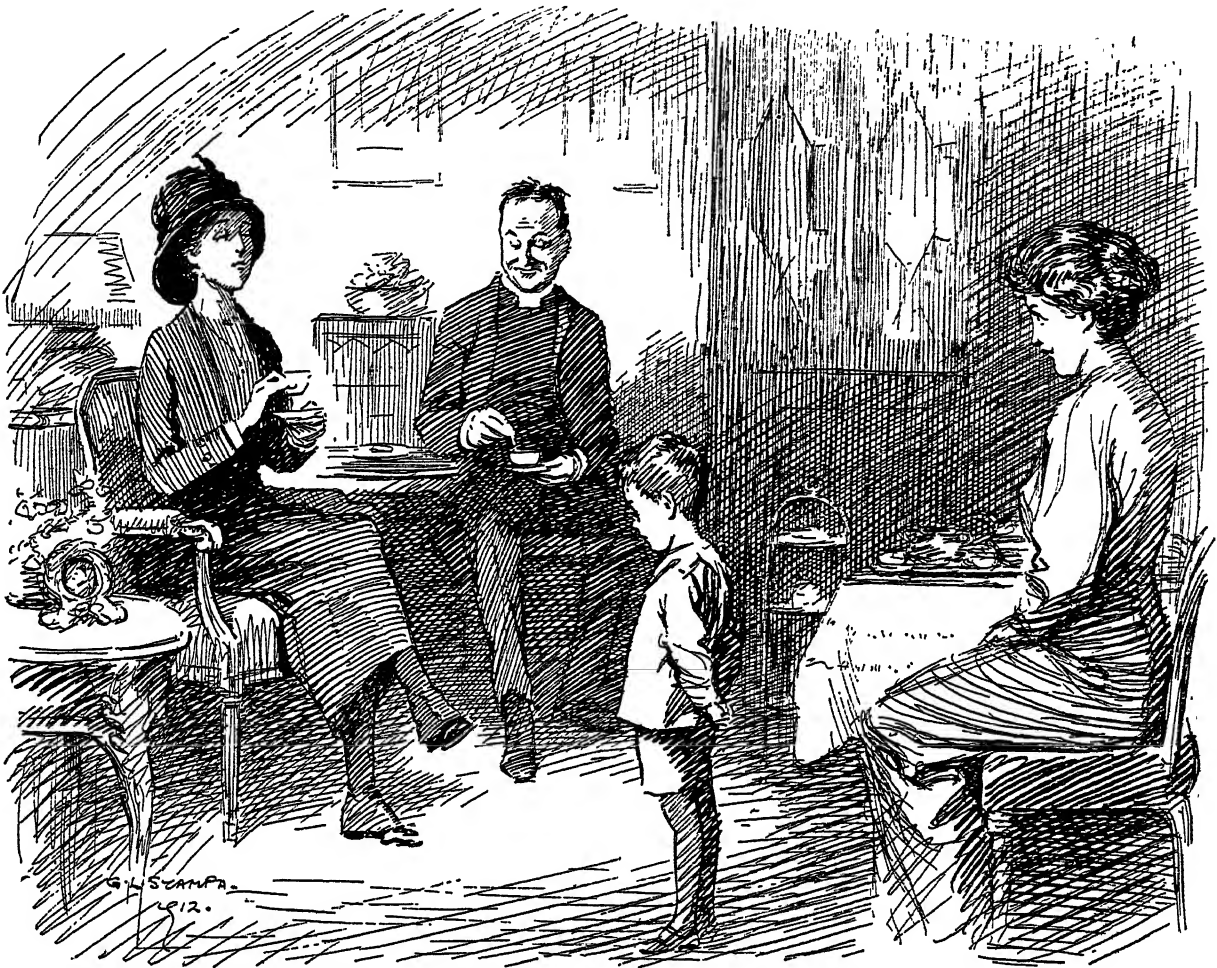
New York Outlook.

English sculptors charge more than this.

Record Flight by Lord Kitchener.

"Lord Kitchener arrived at Dover this afternoon and left by motor car for Broom Park, Canterbury."—"Evening Standard," Friday, July 12, Special Edition.

"ROME, Friday. Lord Kitchener has arrived here, and will stay a few days.—Dalziel."—"Evening Standard," Friday, July 12, Special Edition. From Canterbury to Rome in no time! It sounds more like a spiritual than a bodily translation.



The Vicar's Son (who was greatly interested in the bishop's visit yesterday, and has been solemnly inspecting lady's ankles). "Oh, I s'pose you're the wife of the bishop?"

BRITISH PLAGE PARS.

ROCKVILLE.

ONE of the curious problems which confronts the delighted visitor to Rockville is where do all the fair motorists, who are to be met with at every turn in their pretty gossamer veils, keep their cars? Somewhere in the back of the town there must be garages of gigantic capacity. Meanwhile, rather than tire his brain with this question, he will be wise to plunge into the giddy vortex of this popular Mecca of holiday makers. The sea is so warm and still that most of the visitors have become (like seals) absolutely ambidexterous and are as much in the water as out. The place was never fuller.

THE BELLE VUE, a true palace of comfort. Prices moderate.

THE GRAND. Unrivalled service.

HOTEL PAVILION. Write for prospectus.

PRAWNINGHAM.

The sea has never been wetter than during this glorious summer. Beneath

the radiant sky it presents a spectacle of the richest azure, and is useful as well as ornamental, for it not only buoys up pleasure craft on its bosom and refreshes the limbs of bathers, but it provides in its shimmering depths choice fish for the nourishment of visitors fortunate enough to have hit upon this little paradise for their annual recess.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE. Everything perfect.

HOTEL SUPERB. A home from home.

EASTON-SUPER-MARE.

This favourite seaside resort has literally relinquished itself to the joys of summer heat. Mr. Ollerboy, who is not only the principal caterer but the mayor of the borough, after years of sartorial precision has given way, and may be seen every afternoon on the sands wearing a Union Jack cummerbund, a frock coat, straw hat and white sand shoes, as he superintends the vast city of tents which is due to his thoughtful enterprise. Without Mr. Ollerboy, Easton would not be what it

is; with him it is wonderful. Never was the town so crowded.

HOTEL MON PLAISIR. Under entirely new management.

THE GRAND. High cuisine.

RUMBOROUGH.

The day delights of Rumborough—the promenade, the bathing, the pier-music, golf and boating—are so well known that it is idle to speak of them again, but a word should be said of some of the treats which the enterprising corporation has brought together for the delectation of the visitors after dark. At the Riviera Palace are to be found those delightful humourists, the Japes, whose imitations of London performers whom no one at Rumborough has ever seen cause convulsions of joy.

SEA VIEW HOTEL. First-class in every way.

ROYAL MARINE. Far the best hotel in the town.

"Very few dinners have been on the tapis,"
Gentlewoman.

Personally we never take our dinner on the floor.

AT THE PLAY.

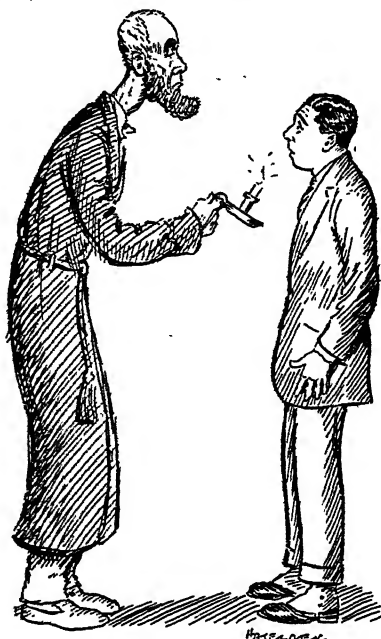
"HINDLE WAKES."

HINDLE is a place in Lancashire; but as for the rest of the title, I never even made out whether "Wakes" was a noun or a verb. This was my only real difficulty in a play of singular directness and clarity. As a study in dialect and brogue it bears a superficial resemblance to the popular Haymarket comedy; but, as a drama of conflicting wills and emotions, it is worth ten of *Bunty*, because it deals with one of the universal problems of life and not simply with the particular idiosyncrasies of local freaks.

Briefly the story tells how one *Alan Jeffcote*, son of a wealthy self-made cotton-spinner, and engaged to *Beatrice Farrar*, daughter of another Lancashire parvenu (knichted), goes off for a week-end with *Fanny Hawthorn*, a mill-hand in his father's works. The truth comes out through a tragic breakdown in the girl's alibi, and *Jeffcote père* is informed of the facts. For two reasons—(1) because he himself, though Lancastrian, wears the white rose of a blameless life and is a stickler for moral obligations, (2) because the girl's father, though now in an inferior social position, has been his friend from the days of early obscurity—he insists, in spite of high parental ambitions, that his son shall marry *Fanny*; otherwise he will cut him off. But *Alan* is a spoilt youth, and, since his heart, as distinguished from his body, remains true to his betrothed, he declines this arrangement. *Beatrice*, however, though ready to forgive his infidelity, will not consent to let the other girl be sacrificed, and throws him over. Under the general pressure *Alan* gives way, and in full conclave of all the families concerned it is announced that he is prepared to "make an honest woman" of *Fanny*. But *Fanny*, the only person not yet consulted, makes it quite clear that she is not prepared to make an honest man of *Alan*. Left alone with him in order to worry things out, she assures him with perfect candour that their week-end jaunt was a mere matter of amusement on her part, as on his, and that she had never cherished any *arrière pensée* as to the issue of it. He is not the man she would choose for a husband and she absolutely declines to contemplate such a solution. To the consternation of the relatives—always excepting *Sir Timothy Farrar* who has week-ends of his own, and *Alan's* mother whose moral scruples stop short of the ruining of her son's career by a *mésalliance*, he is left suspended in air. But I gathered that he counted on *Beatrice* to cut him down.

It should be noted, as simplifying the author's task, that the one element which is the invincible difficulty in breaches of the moral code as between the two sexes is here ignored altogether. If this deliberate omission escaped the audience, they might well, in face of *Fanny's* own indifference, conclude that some of the tragedies of life are tragedies only because our social system chooses to make them such.

Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON must be complimented on dialogue of extraordinary freshness and efficiency. From the very opening, where the right



THE CANDLE LECTURE;
OR, A STRAIGHT TALK WITH A PRODIGAL.
Jeffcote, sen. ... Mr. HERBERT LOMAS.
Jeffcote, jun. ... Mr. J. V. BRYANT.

atmosphere is suggested in a few lines and the situation at once becomes arresting, down to the novelty of the unconventional conclusion, every word tells; every word, even in apparent digressions, is a contribution either to the scheme or to the revelation of character. The humour which so lavishly relieves the tension of things is never wanton, never destructive of the serious interest. Between the various types, all really of much the same class, though money has made a difference, the nicest distinctions are drawn both in character and manner. Compare, for instance, the dour and determined mother of *Fanny* with the comparatively soft and refined mother of *Alan*—each full of maternal solicitude for her child's career, but manifested how differently.

The acting of Miss HORNIMAN'S Company was most refreshingly human. They never troubled about stage traditions, but simply consulted the book

of nature. They were not constantly shifting their seat or their stance for fear of boring an audience eager for "action." Everybody spoke with the confidence of people who can afford to keep still and restful because they know that what they have to say is worth listening to. *Nat Jeffcote*, as he stands robed in a long dressing-gown and holding a tilted candlestick while he lectures his errant son, is an absurd figure; but that did not trouble Mr. HERBERT LOMAS at all, any more than it would have troubled *Nat Jeffcote* in actual life. The only person whose manner was at all conventional and restless was Mr. J. V. BRYANT in the part of *Alan*; but it was a shifty part, and it is always difficult to show perfect aplomb when you never know from one minute to another what woman you are going to marry. Anyhow, he had the hardest task of them all, for his parents' ambitions had lifted him above their own level and turned him out a relatively commonplace figure, lacking in the less familiar qualities which gave a piquancy to the other characters.

Mr. LOMAS as *Nat Jeffcote* was always rather throaty and at times indistinct. But I didn't like to shout "What?" from my stall, because I shrank from his masterful way of replying "You 'eard what I said"—a common repartee with him, and one that I shall try on some inattentive friends of my own. Miss ENGLAND, who played *Mrs. Jeffcote*, seemed to show a little too much refinement for a woman who dropped her h's so freely. It took from such lapses half their natural charm.

I hope I make plain by the mention of these trivial blemishes how hard it is to find any fault with this most remarkable performance. My only regret was that I did not see more of Miss ADA KING as *Mrs. Hawthorn*, and of Miss EDYTH GOODALL as *Fanny*. If this was "Fanny's" first play on a regular London stage, I am safe enough in predicting great things for her. It was a part that might have been made for Miss LENA ASHWELL, but she could hardly have bettered Miss GOODALL'S playing of it.

I find, by the way, that I have, after all, a grave complaint to make. The first night fell during the heat wave, and I think the author would have better consulted the feelings of his audience if he had not allowed quite so much liquid refreshment to be taken on the stage. I, for one, could hardly bear the sight of it.

Later.—I am credibly informed that the word "Wakes" in the title means a sort of beano; but, unlike the Irish kind, it doesn't need to have a funeral just in front of it.

O. S.



Humorous Writer (dried up, to flippant friend). "JOKING APART, OLD MAN, CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING AMUSING?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I do not know exactly how far I ought to congratulate Miss KATHARINE TYNAN upon the achievement of this charming story, *Rose of the Garden* (CONSTABLE), because, of course, the events of her heroine's career and many of her thoughts needed no invention. Thus it is possible that to those who are already familiar with the *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox* her tale in novel form may appear twice told. That is one of the objections to fact masquerading in the guise of fiction, and there are conceivably others also, but of the fascination of the result in this instance there can be no question. The author has managed a delicate and difficult task admirably. *Lady Sall*, her husband, and her lover, are all figures that live. Of the three, the last, *Lord William Gordon*, is (as was inevitable) the most elusive. There are some delightful scenes, in the earlier chapters especially. *Sally's* childish adventure at Kensington Palace with the old KING, and the episode of her being courted by young GEORGE III., are told with an excellent spirit. Perhaps the author is naturally at her best in those passages where she can give her imagination play and become the unfettered novelist. It is a book that I have greatly enjoyed reading, but one that suggests the reflection—"Exactly how long ago must real persons have lived to become fit subjects for a story?" One sees the limit, but it is undefined. Suppose somebody were to write a romance about—for example—Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE! Still, this need not interfere with your appreciation of *Rose of the Garden*, which is as tactful as it is charming.

Some novels attract, though the style is Unpolished and slipshod the plot, While others, though expert, like I. A. R. WYLIE'S *The Daughter of Brahma*, do not.

Her topic—the juxtaposition Of opposite races and creeds In India—offers an author's ambition Enough and to spare for its needs.

Past books she has written have told me She's up in such subjects, yet this (From MILLS, to say nothing of BOON) does not hold me; It drags, and I give it a miss.

A *Diana of Quebec* (SMITH ELDER) is partly a very pleasant yarn and partly an historical reconstruction, with the authentic musty documents from the British Museum worked into the fabric of the story. The Quebec is the Quebec of 1782, and the hero a certain honest and stolid *Captain Mathews*, Military Secretary to *General Haldiman*, Governor of the Province. The time is a time of excursions and alarms. America has been lost and Canada has great temptation to break away. The forlorn little Post-Captain who figures in the first chapters on short shore-leave and conducts an impetuous flirtation with the heroine had not yet lost an arm or found a quarter-deck of his own whence to dictate history.

Diana (whose real name is *Mary Simpson*) is a charming lass and adroit intriguer. Poor *Mathews*, thinking her on the wrong side, has an anxious time 'twixt love and duty,

complicated by a quite gratuitous loyalty to the light-hearted NELSON. As a matter of fact *Diana* had irrevocably settled on her prey even before the little Post-Captain's philandering began. It is plain that the ground has been carefully studied by the author, and I take away a very clear picture of this early Quebec and the troubled and depressed bearing of those responsible for her. Perhaps Miss McILWRAITH has been too conscientious with her documents and had been better advised to give her yarn its head and let meticulous accuracy go hang. Yet this may be merely the plaint of the indecently ignorant person not quite sure just when he enters historical ground or when he leaves it for the author's romantic and plausible extensions.

Until I read Mr. H. F. PRÉVOST BATTERSBY'S *The Last*

comments on the behaviour of the Government in placing them in their perilous situation. But they were men, one must remember, who had never gone deeply into politics, and did not realize that the Party might have lost votes at the next election had the defence of Magaliland been permitted to get into the papers as a War.

Appropriately with the news of a recent Government grant, there reaches me a copy of the new *Handbook of British East Africa* (PRAED), compiled by Messrs. H. F. WARD and J. W. MILLIGAN. While hardly suggesting this as a volume for the general library list, I have no hesitation in saying that no one with any interest, vicarious or personal, in the Protectorate should fail to secure a copy. The information it contains is nothing less than staggering, and ranges pleasantly from time-tables to taxidermists. There



A NEW DEPARTURE.

WITH A VIEW TO ATTRACTING THE MORE STUDIOUS CLASS OF SUMMER VISITORS THE COUNCIL OF THE ABOVE SEASIDE RESORT HAS SECURED THE SERVICES OF A NUMBER OF NATURAL HISTORY EXPERTS.

Resort (LANE), I had always imagined that a particular type of muddle-headed mismanagement was confined to the theatre. But, if Mr. BATTERSBY is to be believed—and he convinced me—some of the British Empire is run on the worst musical-comedy lines. When Major Mark Sarrol wished to get four thousand men from the authorities to uphold Great Britain's honour in Magaliland, he found that in order to do so it would be necessary for him to "get in with the management," in other words, to make love to Mrs. Heseltine, who would then make love to Cyril Meldon, a member of the Cabinet, who would by these means be persuaded to look with an indulgent eye on the maintenance of the country's honour. But the major, who had wasted his life brawling with Boers and others and was consequently rather bad at this sort of thing, failed to play the part assigned to him, and went back to fight *Vgaz Ghama* and his twenty thousand followers with the handful of troops he already possessed. The result was some wonderfully fine fighting, admirably described by the author, and ending, through the timely arrival of a cruiser, in victory. In the intervals of beating back attacks, certain members of the garrison permitted a slightly peevish note to creep into their

is even a conversation manual of *Swahili*, containing such obviously useful phrases as "What are you fighting about?" and "Stop that noise"; while for many readers the element of tragedy will be supplied by a photograph of a Rubber Plantation. Altogether a little monument of comprehensive care, upon which I offer all concerned my respectful congratulations.

A ROUNDEL OF RAGE.

I STAMPED and swore; in fact, I lost my hair;
I *knew* the thing would be a beastly bore;
Yes, I, who really very seldom swear,
I stamped and swore!

The men in my employ are twenty-four,
And when they came I had no time to spare,
And there they were, all grinning, at the door!

Each held a card and, with a sheepish air,
They clattered noisily across the floor.
Wishing LLOYD GEORGE in—Reader, *you* know where!
I stamped—and swore.

CHARIVARIA.

CIVILISATION progresses. Owing to the introduction of French rifles into Central Africa, many natives who used to walk about in a state of complete nudity now wear anyhow a bandolier.

It is said that a great development of our poultry industry is about to take place, and that Government assistance is to be given on a scale hitherto unapproached. The grant, we take it, will be ear-marked, "Conscience money from a robber of hen-roosts."

"It is not unlikely," said Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in his speech on the Supplementary Navy Estimates, "that the Mediterranean Squadron will require to be reinforced at the end of 1915-16. *If so, the proper steps will be taken in due time.*" This is taken by the Opposition to mean that, in the opinion of the FIRST LORD, the Unionists will then be in office.

A piece of steel was thrown through the window of a shop hired by the Union Defence League the other night, and a reward of £10 is offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the outrage. "He is," we are told, "believed to be a political opponent of the League." The guess strikes us as being a remarkably shrewd one, and, if it emanates from the Police, does credit to that body.

"The Commonwealth House of Representatives," REUTER'S Melbourne correspondent informs us, "has passed a motion limiting members' speeches to sixty-five minutes, and to ninety-five in special cases." The special cases, we take it, will be made of some sound-proof material.

Quite a number of German newspapers which had stated that Englishmen were guilty of the outrages on Indian rubber-gatherers in Peru were prevented by pressure on their space from publishing our Foreign Office denial of this allegation.

Upon being informed that, although he had been beaten by Captain GUEST at the Elizabethan Tourney, yet the judges had decided he was to receive the Gold Cup, because tilting by proxy

was not permissible, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH stated, "I shall abide by the decision." Respect for authority is so rare nowadays that this resolve comes as a pleasant surprise.

In a lecture at Leipzig, Dr. KLOTZ stated that all the ills to which man is subject are due to his error in behaving as though he were a biped when he is really a quadruped, and the Doctor recommended that men and women should walk on all fours. The suggestion has been hailed with acclamation in the Boot Trade.

A novel adjunct to a public-house is being established in connection with a well-known Stepney tavern, in the shape of a miniature rifle range with five targets. It would be difficult to

act as an awful warning to those Suffragettes who go in for hunger strikes.

"HOMEFINDING AS A PASTIME" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We fancy we have seen several old gentlemen lately, apparently on their return from banquets, playing this game quite late at night.

Mr. MASTERMAN has laid it down that it is the wife's duty, and not that of the husband, to lick the servants' insurance stamps. This seems an equitable arrangement in view of the fact that the lady often has the stronger tongue.

In South Essex butterflies have been causing great damage to the crops.

It is estimated that each butterfly does one pennyworth of harm daily, and the local police are experiencing the greatest difficulty in capturing the offenders. It is rumoured that Scotland Yard has been asked to send down a squad of detectives cleverly disguised as flowers.

"Blackberries were picked at Guildford, Surrey, yesterday." The news, we imagine, reached the Press through a Hospital correspondent.

The Government's "Single Tax" Motto—

Outhwaite and see.

Of Insurance Stamps.

With apologies to a fine old English song.

Down in the cellar cool no more
We sit for idle drinking;
Though parched our throats and furred
our tongues,
Dry humour sets us thinking;
While Yankees claim to beat the globe,
Fresh palms are ours for picking;
LLOYD GEORGE'S New Creation we
Are licking, licking, licking!

"The Dardanelles, of course, is the narrow channel separating Europe from Asia."

Daily Mirror.

Hence the importance of keeping it open.
Only thus can Europe remain an island.

"For Sale, compact, modern, detached, six-roomed House, with entrance."—*Advt. in "Daily Express."*

Yes, but is there an exit? That's the important question.



"DO YOU THINK, CHARLES, THAT WOMEN SHOULD HAVE A VOTE?"
"CERTAINLY NOT, EDWARD."

imagine a more satisfactory test of sobriety.

"KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL ANONYMOUS CHEQUE FOR £20,000." Thus *The Pall Mall Gazette*. We should have thought that the value of an unsigned cheque would have been less than that.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S statistics as to Marriages show that widows are continuing to drop in popular favour, and there is a danger of their falling into desuetude. It is only fair, however, to say that we are sure that their ill-success is not due to any lack of effort on their part.

As a result of his researches among oysters M. DANTON has discovered that the sex of an oyster often varies in the same subject, and that, when badly nourished, a female oyster will "degenerate" into a male. Perhaps this will

LEFT SMILING.

It is the joyful time when out of town
(For me a large red letter checks it)
To sea and loch, to dale and windy down
The public makes its annual exit,
Deeming that they are dotty in the mind
Who choose to stay behind.

"Exodus" is the tag the papers use,
A Scriptural term from ancient Jewry,
But I shall always steadily refuse
To do like PHARAOH in his fury
And fling my horse and chariot on their track
To fetch the people back.

Poor crowded souls, who think that when they fare
Forth to the briny, there to wallow,
They leave in London's every street and square
An aching void, a yawning hollow.
"Town," they observe, "is empty!" It is not:
I still am on the spot.

They picture Beauty vanished from the Park,
Clubland a waste for flies to buzz in,
The Halls of Song and high Cinema dark,
And here and there a country cousin
Sharing with vagrant cat and mongrel dawg
The putrid dust of Aug.

These are their views who shun the quiet shade
And go *en masse* in search of glamour,
Wash in the same sea, walk the same parade,
Fill the same solitude with clamour,
And on the same rock, in a fist like Fame's,
Knife their confounded names.

So let them trip it where their neighbours press
With loud excursion and alarum,
And leave me London in her Summer dress
Exquisite as the lily (*arum*)
And fragrant with the absence, all too short,
Of the more stuffy sort.

For then, when all the obvious people flit,
The town unlocks her rarer treasures;
More freely, with companions few but fit,
I taste the less obtrusive pleasures
With which the Choicer Spirits keep in touch
(As Editors and such).

Dearer I find than any change of scene
The charm of old familiar places,
When the dull obstacle that stood between
Fades and reveals their hidden graces.
London with half her Londoners removed
Is very much improved.

Enfin, j'y reste. And, if some folk regard
My conduct as a thing of beauty,
Saying, "He stops in town, this virtuous bard,
Because he loves the way of Duty,"
Why, let them talk; I shall not take the trouble
To prick this wanton bubble. O. S.

"Her two brothers aged thirteen and fifteen, who on Wednesday swam a mile out to sea, yesterday began their return home to Leicester-shire by bicycle."—*Daily Mail*.

Our contemporary might have lent them one of its water-planes for the first mile.

FROM PUBLIC TO PRIVATE LIFE.

MORE CASES OF PROMOTION.

THE action of Sir PERCY GIROUARD in resigning the Governorship of British East Africa for an appointment at Messrs. ARMSTRONG's has given rise to disquieting rumours. It is reported that other servants of the State are about to relinquish their posts and accept situations in commercial or other unofficial establishments. Thus the HOME SECRETARY is said to have been offered a lucrative engagement as Shopwalker to the Constabulary Supply Association (strictly Limited); Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is considering two chances—a partnership in a well-known Land Agency, and a post as Fruit-Taster to a famous Jam Factory in the neighbourhood of Limehouse; Colonel SEELY has a prospect of becoming Head Cutter in an Army Outfitters and Clothiers Company; Mr. JOHN BURNS is thinking of taking up a post as Trainer to the Battersea Pugilistic; Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT is considering the attraction of an Agency for a well-established firm of Antiquarians in Wardour Street, and Mr. RUNCIMAN may at any moment accept the Chair of Pedagogy at the Whitehall Kindergarten College.

Lord CREWE is a likely candidate for the situation of Chef in the Curry Department of the Savoy; Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Librarian to the House of Lords, is being tempted to become Reader to the Amalgamated Press; Mr. MASTERMAN's services are being solicited as Senior Leaflet-monger to a leading firm in Paternoster Row, with a branch at Vallombrosa; and Mr. CHURCHILL has been pressed to become Manager of the Dogger Bank Marine Stores (lately removed from Malta).

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON has been tentatively selected for the Secretaryship of the Poplar Branch of the A.S.R.S.; Mr. SAMUEL's success with the Telephone has secured him the offer of a remunerative situation with the Ear-Trumpet and Aural Appliances Association; the MASTER OF ELIBANK has under consideration the offer of partnership with the proprietor of a Physical Culture Emporium; and Lord HALDANE, if he declines the opportunity of attaching himself to a certain firm of Theatrical Wig-makers, will shortly be asked to join the management of the Anglo-German Mutual Understanding Society (which is about to be put on a war footing).

Finally Mr. URE is to be invited to fill the Chairmanship of a Publishing Company that makes a specialty of Popular Fiction; and Lord GRANARD, Master of the Horse, has only to lift his hand to become Confidential Adviser to Messrs. TATTERSALL.

A WALK ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

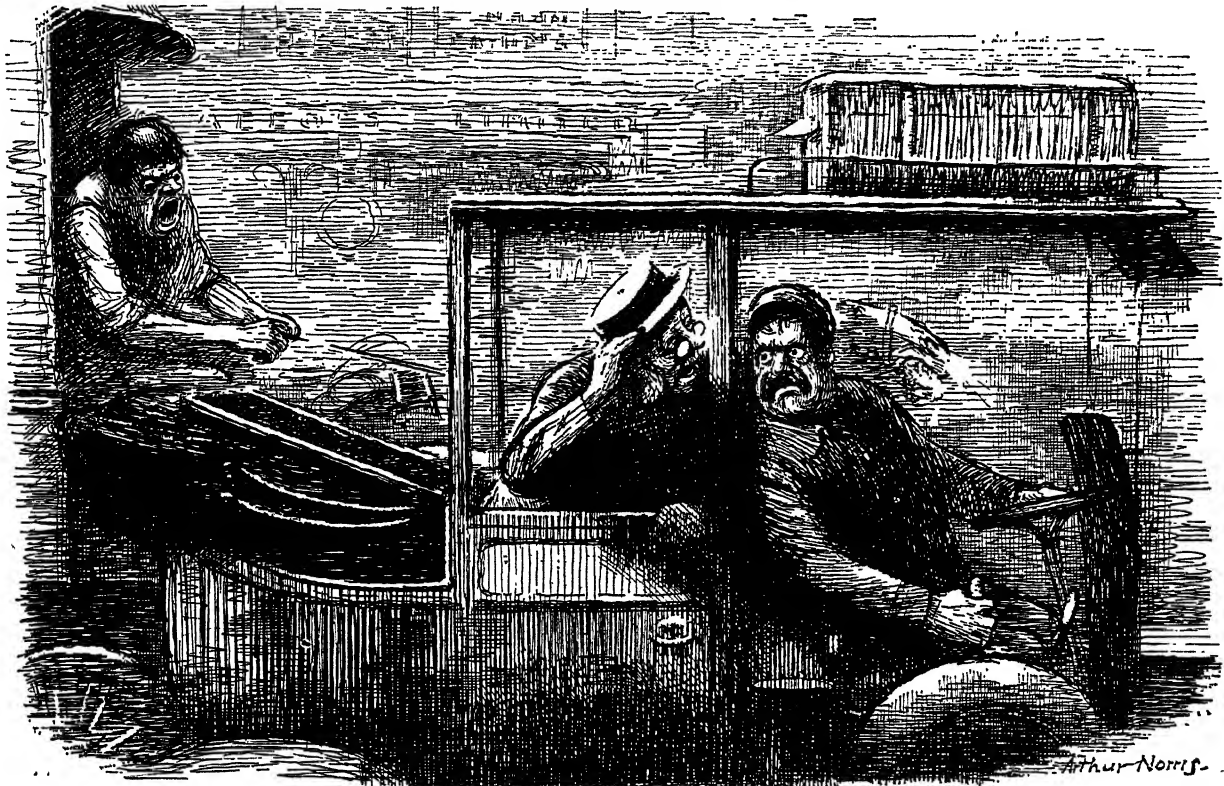
(Extract from an actual essay by a L.C.C. school-boy.)

"... We then walked on to where we see a little wood with palings round. Just as we got near it I see a beautiful little white ball lying in a hole in the grass like a bird's nest. I picked it up, and said to my sister that we would have a game of catchball with it. Just as I was going to throw it to her I heard all at once a awful lot of shouting; then I see two men in red jackets running to us, one holding his fist up, and two men behind carrying bags. The gentleman with his fist up had a very red face, and he said to me, "You've got my ball, you little beggar." I said as I was very sorry, but I didn't know they was playing. Then he told me to put it back at once in the very spot where I had picked it up; he said it was a very important match they was playing. So I went and put it back in that little round hole. He then looked real savage at me, and said I hadn't found it in there, but just outside on the edge. The other gentleman, who looked very kind



A DOMESTIC TRIUMPH.

MILITARY PARTY (celebrating victory over Young Turk Cabinet), "AH! IF ONLY THIS WERE ITALY!"



Country Uncle. "DRIVER, STOP, STOP! DO YOU KNOW I THINK IT MUST BE YOU TO WHOM THIS GOOD MAN HAS SOMETHING TO SAY, FOR I CANNOT RECOLLECT EVER HAVING SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE."

indeed and did not speak so loud, said to him that I looked a truthful boy and that the ball must stop in the hole where I had put it. Then, after a bit, the other gentleman lifted up a stick what he took from the bag, and he gave the ball a hard hit that sent it further in. He then said a very bad word indeed, looked at me, and gave it another hit. This time it went further in still, and he then walked away looking wild all round, while the other man smiled at me kindly. The man with the bag then stooped down and dug out the ball with his hands, telling me to get out of it or he'd give me what for. . . ."

JEAMES'S JEREMIAD.

[The Improvements Committee of the City of Westminster Council have had under consideration a building proposal made by the Grosvenor Estate, involving the erection of shops in Park Lane.]

DEAR MISTER PUNCH, of hall the crimes that hever yet were planned

To haggravate the misery of hour hunappy land,
Hi 'm sure you will hagree with me that none is more hinsane
Than this owdacious houtrage contemplated in Pawk Lane.

This 'orrible proposal, this hepitome of wrong,
Flies in the face of Providence, of Fashion and *Bong Tong*;
When first Hi read it hout to Chawles—'twas in *The Morning Post*—

'E looked, porefellow, just as hif 'e'd seen 'is mother's ghost!

Hi've known some horful changes since QUEEN VICTORIA'S
day,

The noxshus spread of parlourmaids, and powder done
away;

Hi've lived to see pipes in Pall Mall and Consols on the
slump,

But this Hi call the final stror that breaks the camel's 'ump.

When ladies took to slummin' and tō harskin' for the vote,
When KIPLING housted BYRON as the fashernable pote,
I sor the way the tide 'ad turned, but hō! I never guessed
That 'orrid counterjumpers would hour privacy molest.

When millionaires invaded us with noses shaped like 'ooks,
Hi bore with the infliction, though Hi didn't like their looks;
But they at least 'ave risen to a station near the top,
Hunlike the petty 'ucksterer 'oo keeps a vulgar shop.

There's been just one wine merchant there for many years,
Hi know,
But that's an 'igh-class bizness, hintirely *commeel fo*;
But, when I think of butcher's meat and sich igsposed
for sale
In that hexalted prommynade, my very cawves turn pale!

What, dessycrate with 'ideous shops this 'aughty thorough-
fare,
Where hall the best haristocrats have chosen to repair?
R Hingland, R my country, you surely won't profane
With low commercial henterprise the glories of Pawk Lane!

Happeals are hall the fashion now, so Hi happeal to *Punch*—
By very far the best of hall the journalistic bunch—
To put a stopper upon this, the wickedest of schemes,
And hearn the lasting gratitude of his devoted JEAMES.

"Liverpool is exceptionally liable to the importation of six persons
who have no known place of abode in England."—*Daily Dispatch*.
Who are the mysterious half-dozen who keep on going back
to Liverpool?

"History of the Puritans, 2 vols. 4to, russia (joints cracking),
4/6."—*Bookseller's Catalogue*.
We protest against this crude appeal to the morbid.

THE HEIR.

I.—HE INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"In less refined circles than ours," I said to Myra, "your behaviour would be described as swank. Really, to judge from the airs you put on, you might be the child's mother."

"He's jealous because he's not an aunt himself. Isn't he, ducksey darling?"

"I do wish you wouldn't keep dragging the baby into the conversation; we can make it go quite well as a duologue. As to being jealous—why, it's absurd. True, I'm not an aunt, but in a very short time I shall be an uncle by marriage, which sounds to me much superior. That is," I added, "if you're still equal to it."

Myra blew me a kiss over the cradle.

"Another thing you've forgotten," I went on, "is that I'm down for a place as a godfather. Archie tells me that it isn't settled yet, but that there's a good deal of talk about it in the clubs. Who's the other going to be? Not Thomas, I suppose? That would be making the thing rather a farce."

"Hasn't Dahlia broken it to you?" said Myra anxiously.

"Simpson?" I asked, in an awed whisper.

Myra nodded. "And, of course, Thomas," she said.

"Heavens! Not three of us? What a jolly crowd we shall be. Thomas can play our best ball. We might—"

"But of course there are only going to be two godfathers," she said, and leant over the cradle again.

I held up my three end fingers. "Thomas," I said, pointing to the smallest, "me," I explained, pointing to the next, "and Simpson, the tall gentleman in glasses. One, two, three."

"Oh, baby," sighed Myra, "what a very slow uncle by marriage you're going to have!"

I stood and gazed at my three fingers for some time.

"I've got it," I said at last, and I pulled down the middle one. "The rumour in the clubs was unauthorised. I don't get a place after all."

"Don't say you mind," pleaded Myra. "You see, Dahlia thought that as you were practically one of the family already, an uncle-elect by marriage, and as she didn't want to choose between Thomas and Samuel—"

"Say no more. I was only afraid that she might have something against my moral character. Child," I went on, rising and addressing the unresponsive infant, "England has lost a godfather this day, but the world has gained a— What? I don't know. I want my tea."

Myra gave the baby a last kiss and got up.

"Can I trust him with you while I go and see about Dahlia?"

"I'm not sure. It depends how I feel. I may change him with some poor baby in the village. Run away, aunt, and leave us men to ourselves. We have several matters to discuss."

When the child and I were alone together, I knelt by his cradle and surveyed his features earnestly. I wanted to see what it was he had to offer Myra which I could not give her. "This," I said to myself, "is the face which has come between her and me," for it was unfortunately true that I could no longer claim Myra's undivided attention. But the more I looked at him the more mysterious the whole thing became to me.

"Not a bad kid?" said a voice behind me. I turned and saw Archie.

"Yours, I believe," I said, and I waved him to the cradle.

Archie bent down and tickled the baby's chin, making appropriate noises the while—one of the things a father has to learn to do.

"Who do you think he's like?" he asked proudly.

"The late Mr. GLADSTONE," I said, after deep thought.

"Wrong. Hallo, here's Dahlia coming out. I hope, for your sake, that the baby's all right. If she finds he's caught measles or anything, you'll get into trouble."

By a stroke of bad luck the child began to cry as soon as he saw the ladies. Myra rushed up to him.

"Poor little darling," she said soothingly. "Did his uncle by marriage frighten him, then?"

"Don't listen to her, Dahlia," I said. "I haven't done anything to him. We were chatting together quite amicably until he suddenly caught sight of Myra and burst into tears."

"He's got a little pain," said Dahlia gently, taking him up and patting him.

"I think the trouble is mental," suggested Archie. "He looks to me as if he had something on his conscience. Did he say anything to you about it when you were alone?"

"He didn't say much," I confessed, "but he seemed to be keeping something back. I think he wants a bit of a run, really."

"Poor little lamb," said Dahlia. "There, he's better now, thank you." She looked up at Archie and me. "I don't believe you two love him a bit."

Archie smiled at his wife and went over to the tea-table to pour out. I sat on the grass and tried to analyse my feelings to my nephew by marriage.

"As an acquaintance," I said, "he is charming; I know no one who is better company. If I cannot speak of his more solid qualities it is only because I do not know him well enough. But to say whether I love him or not is difficult; I could tell you better after our first quarrel. However, there is one thing I must confess. I am rather jealous of him."

"You envy his life of idleness?"

"No, I envy him the amount of attention he gets from Myra. The love she wastes on him which might be better employed on me is a heart-rending thing to witness. As her betrothed I should expect to occupy the premier place in her affections, but, really, I sometimes think that if the baby and I both fell into the sea she would jump in and save the baby first."

"Don't talk about his falling into the sea," said Dahlia, with a shudder; "I can't bear it."

"I think it will be all right," said Archie, "I was touching wood all the time."

"What a silly godfather he nearly had!" whispered Myra at the cradle. "It quite makes you smile, doesn't it, baby? Oh, Dahlia, he's just like Archie when he smiles."

"Oh, yes, he's the living image of Archie," said Dahlia confidently.

I looked closely at Archie and then at the baby.

"I should always know them apart," I said at last. "That," and I pointed to the one at the tea-table, "is Archie, and this," and I pointed to the one in the cradle, "is the baby. But then I've such a wonderful memory for faces."

"Baby," said Myra, "I'm afraid you're going to know some very foolish people." A. A. M.

"U. C. A. O. of C. C. L. D. P. K. C. C. W. I. Council of the Democracy will hold their united celebration to-morrow."—*"Gleaner" (Jamaica)*. Having been elected under Rule II.—"That this Council may be referred to briefly as the U. C. A. O. of C. C. L. D. P. K. C. C. W. I."—we do not feel it necessary to explain to our readers what the mystic letters stand for.

"Almost every civilised race is represented, and, in addition, there are delegates from the United States and Japan."—*Mr. W. R. Titterton*, in *"The Daily Dispatch."*

We should never have dared to say that.

"BRIGHT COLORED BOY, to be generally useful in printing shop."—*Advt. in "Providence Evening Bulletin."*

Our own preference would be for a very smart scheme—say, blue with red stripes.

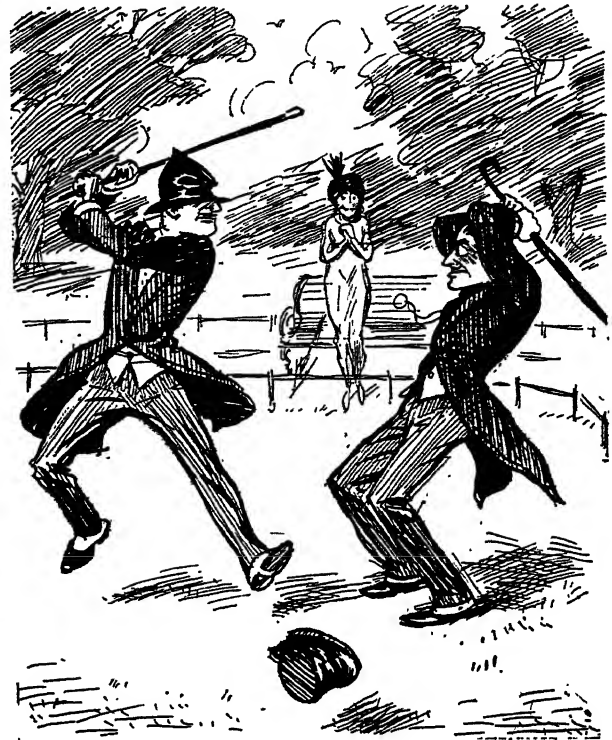
THE EFFECT OF THE EARL'S COURT TOURNEY ON THE "FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S NOBILITY AND CHIVALRY."

No. 3.

(HOW MISS —, OF THE — THEATRE, MADE TRYST WITH TWO KNIGHTS AT THE SAME HOUR.)



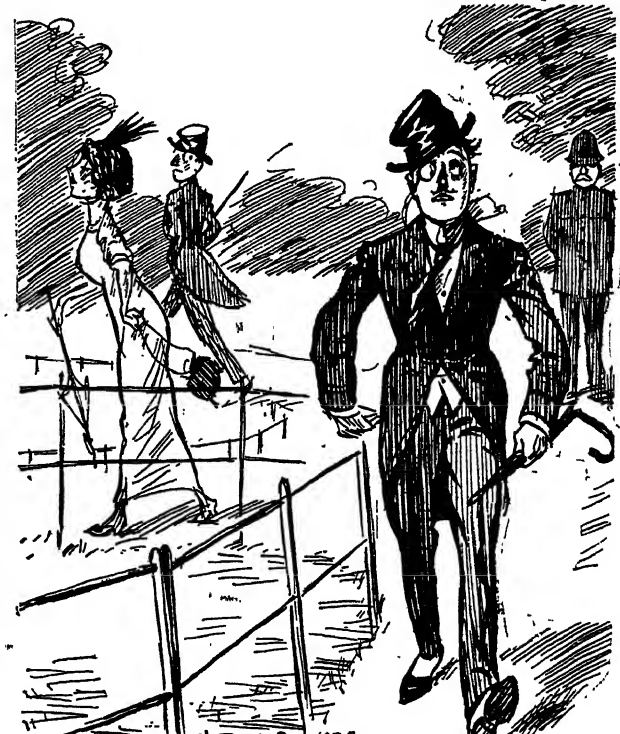
ENTERING THE LISTS.



THE COMBAT.



THE VICTORIOUS KNIGHT.



ARRIVAL OF THE GUARDIAN OF LAW
(POST-CHIVALRY PERIOD).

TACT.

It was during the *mauvais quart d'heure* that Ronalds, my host (whom I knew very slightly), drew me mysteriously apart.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I want you to do me a service. I'm on a *régime* and have to be very careful, and that means nothing for me but a little hock, perhaps. But I have heard of you as an epicure, and I want you to be so good as to tell me at once if there is anything the matter with the wine. Will you? I can rely on you absolutely, I know; they say your taste is so perfect."

Impossible to deny that there was something flattering in being deferred to as a gourmet and judge of wine, and I put his obviously unquiet mind at ease by promising to do what he wished.

Not, however, with any great personal satisfaction, beyond the glow naturally communicated by the knowledge that a certain fastidiousness on which I rather plume myself had reached Ronalds' ears. Who had told him, I wondered. Anyway, he knew, and, although I am not as a rule given to putting myself into any kind of prominence, whether among friends or comparative strangers, I decided that, if anything was wrong with the wines, he should certainly know it. Such were my thoughts in the remaining few minutes before we left the room in that absurd ark-like procession downstairs.

I will not say that the responsibility under which I had been laid spoiled my dinner, but it did not improve it.

There was quite a pretty girl on my left, but her, of course, I was not entitled to speak to until half-time, when that automatic swing round to the other partner occurs. The lady

I had taken down was of a maturer build, and began badly by accusing me roundly of being a barrister. Now, if there is one thing—but never mind. She covered her blunder by adding, "Then I'm sure you write. Now tell me all about it!"

Tell her all about it! I was far too much occupied in trying to decide whether anything was the matter with the sherry or not. Was it? Surely that flavour was not wholly nutty: the faintest suggestion of the *bouchon*, was there not? or was there? I glanced swiftly at our host, half terrified that he might catch my eye, and, to my relief, not unmixed with surprise, found

him to be sipping this dangerous fluid—dangerous, that is, to one on a *régime*—with perfect content. I therefore explained to my partner that writing was one of those mysteries that one cannot tell anybody all about.

Then came the fish, and my partner asked me if I did not think that MORDKIN was really better than NIJNSKY, because she did.

I was about to answer when hock was poured into my glass, and I re-

pleasant, it might be spoiling someone's dinner. Should I act? At that moment the butler reached the host with the same large cloudy jug, and without a moment's hesitation our host permitted him to fill his glass. I was conscious that my partner was saying something about *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*, but I could not attend to her: I had to watch our host's expression as he drank. At last he lifted his glass, tilted it, and set it down again with no sign of dissatisfaction.

I was, I must admit, disappointed and also a little piqued. Why had I been singled out to do this service for him when he could obviously do it for himself? Why had he so completely forgotten his physician's advice? Why did he never look my way? I felt so sure about this being corked that I fixed my eye on him, determined that he should catch it, while vague murmurs about the Five Towns reached my ears. Our host being obdurate, I determined to tell one of the footmen, but, as he misunderstood me and brought me a biscuit, I turned to my partner and said that I had not read some of the earlier ones, but all the later ones, and that I liked *The Man of Property* best. I then asked her if she did not think the champagne was corked, and she said she never knew about such things, but her husband would tell her after dinner, as he was considered the best judge of wine in London.

Mercifully at this point half-time was reached and I saw her no more, but, consigning wine and its problems to the devil, talked cheerfully with the pretty girl on the left.

In the redistribution of seats after the ladies had left us, I found myself between two men who seemed to be old friends.

"Hullo!" said one to the other, across me, "what did you think of your first glass of champagne? Was it the least little bit corked, or not?"

"Not," said the other emphatically.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely. If it had been corked I should have sent it back."

"You?"

"Yes; why not? Ronalds asked me to. He's been seedy, it seems, and mayn't drink anything much, and so, considering mine the best palate here, he asked me to watch the wine for him."

The other man lit a cigar slowly. "Oh, he did, did he?" he said. "Lucky



WAKE UP, ENGLAND!
OUR 6.30 "NEWS" AS LATE AS 5.30!!!

membered my duty. Nothing the matter with that, I discerned at once, and replied that personally I found no comparison between the two men, NIJNSKY being in every way the superior. She argued about it for a while and then asked me if I had read all ARNOLD BENNETT's books; but the arrival of the champagne prevented an immediate reply.

I hope no one thought me too much in need of stimulant, but naturally I had to sip it instantly if I was to do my duty by the table, and again I was plunged into doubt. To my palate a suspicion of cork was again apparent—but only a suspicion. Yet it was not

we were in such good hands. But I wish you had thought it corked all the same, and had it replaced. I nearly did."

"You?"

"Yes, Ronalds asked me to be sure to mention if anything was wrong."

"You!"

"Yes, he said he felt himself quite safe if I would do it."

And that was all.

And now I am wondering if at every dinner-party Ronalds adopts the same device for putting certain of his newer guests into a good conceit of themselves. But the plan has its defects.

A PAIR OF OPERATIC BRACES.

(From our Bayreuth Correspondent.)

HAVE you, O Wagnerian, ever run short of braces in Bayreuth? It is the sort of thing that might happen to anyone, anywhere. But, happening as it did here and to me, it has entailed a long and painful voyage of discovery, resulting in an unsatisfactory compromise. The first that were offered to me had a picture of WAGNER worked on one of them in pale blue silk and a picture of the theatre on the other. These were beautiful pictures in their way, but doomed, from the very nature of the case, to perpetual obscurity. Then I might have had a pair with a Grail motive on them, or a pair splashed all over with demi-semi-quavers out of the *Ring*. Those that I got finally were really more like thongs than anything else. You know the sort that *Mime* wears?

You see, if you start any sort of shop in Bayreuth you have to do this kind of thing or be left behind by your competitors. You begin by placing a large bust of RICHARD WAGNER, surrounded by massive folds of plum-coloured velvet, in the window. Then you lay in a large stock of picture-postcards, a few photographs and some operatic texts. After that you may add—if you are a butcher—meat; if you are a baker—bread, and so on. But it is simply no good starting business at all unless you can give your premises the genuine festival flavour. The only successful hair-dresser in the place is the one that has an envelope addressed by WAGNER displayed in the window; and the man who set up as a blacksmith on the strength of possessing one of the shoes of the original *Grane*—I won't ask how he got it—has prospered enormously.

Of course it is the real souvenir shops that do most of the business. It is calculated that there are now enough picture-postcards alone in Bayreuth to



Lady (president of village nursing association, to village nurse). "IT'S REALLY VERY TIRESOME YOU SHOULD HAVE MUMPS NOW, BUT AS YOU HAVE YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY AT THE SAME TIME!"

make a paste-board band—if they were laid side by side—nearly as long as the first Act of *Götterdämmerung*. I have bought a souvenir myself this year. I know it was weak of me, but I like to have it. It is so characteristic. It is a drinking-horn. Now that I have scraped the motives off it, it may be called quite a simple drinking-horn, such as is in daily use among the humblest of WAGNER's characters. I know that it will remind me in days to come of what I regard as the chief cause of trouble and unrest in the Wagnerian world. So much worry would be saved if people would only mix their drinks themselves! It may seem a small point, but it is not. *Hunding, Siegfried, Tristan and Isolde* would all have prospered and triumphed

had they but taken this very simple precaution. For the most surprising thing about WAGNER's characters—in other respects amiable enough—is their abominable habit of doctoring one another's drinks.

"Out of forty salmon caught by hand nets at Gatcombe in the Severn in one tide this week eight went to a father and three to a son."

Daily Mail.

We see no particular reason why a father shouldn't catch a salmon.

"East batted' patiently for an hour and a half, but Haywood and Thompson adopted enterprising methods."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Lower down we read:—

"Thompson, c Chidgey, b Hylton-Stewart...1." Ah, how often we have been dismissed for an enterprising 1 ourselves..



Bobbie. "MY DANCE, I THINK!"

Madge. "I'M SORRY, IT'S DUNCAN'S DANCE."

Bobbie. "OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I BOUGHT YOU FROM HIM FOR TWO SHILLINGS."

THE LIFE ROMANTIC;

OR, A SOFT ANSWER TO A HOUSE AGENT.

I HAVE beheld the mansion, I have seen
The place you want to plant me in as tenant,
And "all that message" and the plot of green,
And—no, dear Sir; the little wooden pennant
That cries "To Let"
Must still float on. I say so with regret.
Not for myself, old comrade, but for you,
Because I hate to see such trouble wasted,
Because the gods give genius to few,
But on your lips at least I think they pasted
Ambrosial balm;
You have the gleam, the vision (nay, keep calm!).
The world he lives in, to a six-year mite,
With some celestial glory is apparelled,
The house, the stable, every common sight
Seems nobler, and his pop-gun's double-barrelled;
But most, alas,
Suffer the dream to die as dull years pass.
Too swiftly with the lapse of time we pull
Our boyish castles down, or deem them odious;
For you they linger on desirable
For evermore—for evermore commodious;
The sty, the hutch
You once deemed palaces, continue such.

I would not dare to nip wild fancy's bloom,
I would not dare to quench that glowing ardour,
But what about your third reception room?
What was that little shelf? was that the larder?
What about coal?
Where does one keep it? You fantastic soul,
I cannot dream with you the ancient dreams,
Nor turn a wilted shrub into a garden;
I build no temples under attic beams;
I know the fault is mine; I ask your pardon;
A plain, dull chap,
I felt strange doubts about the bath-room tap.
You are a poet, and your brains, I think,
Were made for better things than office-durance,
For weaving odes beside a fountain's brink,
For framing airy fabrics on Insurance;
But as for me,
I shall not take your hay-loft; here's the key. *EVOE.*

Mr. OSWALD STOLL, writing in *The Stage* on the Sunday Opening of Theatres, observes:—

"Wide and deep is the latitude that has been given to it (the Sabbath) by the cities of the world. London, after cultivating small patches of such latitude for years, is now opening up broad acres of it." Question for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—"What is the site value of an acre of latitude, in view of threatened theatrical development (1) above the Equator, (2) below the same?"



PEACEFUL PROVOCATION.

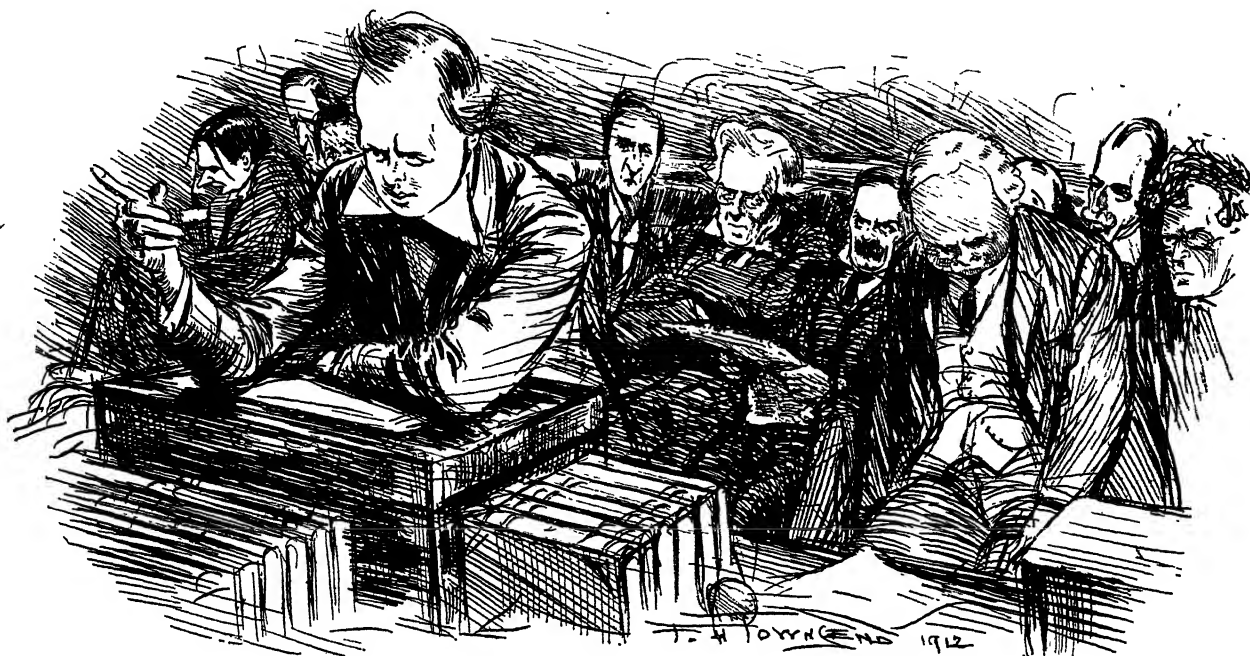
GERMANY (*challenging*). "AT ALL COSTS I SHALL DEFEND THIS LADY."

BRITAIN (*calmly*). "SAME HERE—AND A BIT MORE."

PEACE. "WELL, LET'S HOPE THEY WON'T QUARREL, OR THERE'LL BE AN END OF ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



WINSTON'S EPOCH-MAKING SPEECH. A FULL TREASURY BENCH TAKES THE NAVY SERIOUSLY.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—Emptiness of House and prevailing listlessness, noted of late, varied to-night. Benches on both sides filled. All sections of galleries allotted to Strangers, including preserves for the Peerage, crowded. From Diplomatic Gallery CANADIAN PREMIER and some of his companions in memorable visit to this country looked on. Impressed by gravity of situation, hushed by momentous import of FIRST LORD'S statement, Members cheered but little. Silence broken when reference to emissaries from Canada was made, whether by WINSTON, PRINCE ARTHUR, or PRIME MINISTER. What WINSTON felicitously described as "a touch from the hand of a strong friend" was warmly welcomed, the grasp heartily returned by all sections of parties.

Contrary to early habit, WINSTON observed precaution of writing out his speech. Skilfully avoided depressing influence that commonly attends that method of oratory. Had evidently learnt speech off by heart; only occasionally bent over his folios to pick up a line. Through hour and a half he was followed with almost pained interest, and with notable restraint from interruption by cheers or ejaculations. House felt it was assisting at development of a critical turn in history of Empire.

Happily at such crisis PRINCE ARTHUR was available as spokesman of Opposition. He rose to occasion with the

large-minded patriotism the House has through many years learned to expect from him. There was no quibbling at details, no earning of cheap Party cheers by personal attack on individual Ministers. He fully and generously admitted soundness and sufficiency of Ministerial scheme. Echoed with approval WINSTON'S declaration following on detailed statement of Germany's naval programme.



THE O'GRADY'S DRAMATIC TURN.

"There is," he said, "one way, and but one way, to meet a menace of that kind. It is to imitate the policy of your neighbour, and neither lapse into panic nor, what is even more important, relax for one instant the necessary annual augmentation of your strength, so that no foreseeable revolution will ever put you at the mercy of some naval or military accident."

Lofty note thus struck was, with two exceptions, maintained throughout debate. RAMSAY MACDONALD compelled by official position, as Leader of Labour Party to protest against increased expenditure for defence of Empire. TOMMY LOUGH, honestly uneasy under conviction that since he left the Government nothing has gone well with it, moved amendment reducing Vote. Proposal did not receive support that justified his going into Division Lobby. Accordingly withdrawn. Question being put that Vote be agreed to, Labour Members dissented. On Division there mustered 42 in No Lobby, against 291 supporting Government.

Business done.—FIRST LORD delivers epoch-making speech. Supplementary Vote for Navy carried.

Tuesday.—Added misfortune for hapless wives and children in London Dockyard district that they should suffer from advocacy in Parliament of THE O'GRADY. Public sympathy goes out to them as innocent pawns in a game

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOME RAILS.

IMAGINE US, if you can, sitting one on each side of the fire, I with my feet on the mantelpiece, Margery curled up in the blue arm-chair, both of us intent on the morning paper. To me, by good chance, has fallen the sporting page; to Margery the foreign, political and financial intelligence of the day.

"What," said Margery, "does it mean when it says——" She stopped and spelt it over to herself again.

I put down my piece of the paper and prepared to explain. The desire for knowledge in the young cannot be too strongly encouraged, and I have always flattered myself that I can explain in perfectly simple language anything which a child wants to know. For instance, I once told Margery what "Miniature Rifle Shooting" meant; it was a head-line which she had come across in her paper. The explanation took some time, owing to Margery's preconceived idea that a bird entered into it somewhere; several times, when I thought the lesson was over, she said, "Well, what about the bird?" But I think I made it plain to her in the end, though maybe she has forgotten about it now.

"What," said Margery, "does it mean when it says 'Home Rails Firm'?"

I took up my paper again. The Springboks, I was glad to see, were rapidly developing into a first-class team, and——

"'Home Rails Firm,'" repeated Margery, and looked up at me.

"My mind worked rapidly, as it always does in a crisis.

"What did you say?" I asked in surprise.

"What does 'Home Rails Firm' mean?"

"Where does it say that?" I went on, still thinking at lightning speed.

"There. It said it yesterday too."

"Ah, yes." I made up my mind. "Well, *that*," I said—"I think *that* is something you must ask your father."

"I did ask him yesterday."

"Well, then——"

"He told me to ask Mummy."

Coward!

"You can be sure," I said firmly, "that what Mummy told you would be right," and I returned to my paper.

"Mummy told me to wait till *you* came."

Really, these parents! The way they shirk their responsibilities nowadays is disgusting.

"'Home Rails Firm,'" said Margery, and settled herself to listen.

"It is good that children should be encouraged to take an interest in the

affairs of the day, but I do think that a little girl might be taught by its father (or if more convenient, mother) *which* part of a newspaper to read. Had Margery asked me the difference between a Springbok and a Sanjak, had she demanded an explanation of "ultimatum" or "guillotine," I could have done something with it; but to let a child of six fill her head with ideas as to the firmness or otherwise of Home Rails is hardly nice. However, an explanation had to be given.

"Well, it's like this, Margery," I said at last. "Supposing—well, you see, supposing—that is to say, if I——" and then I stopped. I had a sort of feeling—intuition, they call it—that I was beginning in the wrong way.

"Go on," said Margery.

"Perhaps I had better put it this way. Supposing you were to—— Well, we'd better begin further back than that. You know what—— No, I don't suppose you do know that. Well, if I——that is to say, when a man—you know, it's rather difficult to explain this, Margery."

"Are you explaining it now?"

"I'm just going to begin."

"Thank you, uncle."

I lit my pipe slowly, while I considered again how best to approach the matter.

"'Home Rails Firm,'" said Margery.

"Isn't it a *funny* thing to say?"

It was. It was a very *silly* thing to say. Whoever said it first might have known what it would lead to.

"Perhaps I can explain it best like this, Margery," I said, beginning on a new tack. "I suppose you know what 'firm' means?"

"What does it mean?"

"Ah, well, if you don't know *that*," I said, rather pleased, "perhaps I had better explain that first. 'Firm' means that—that is to say, you call a thing firm if it—well, if it doesn't—that is to say, a thing is firm if it can't move."

"Like a house."

"Well, something like that. This chair, for instance," and I put my hand on her chair, "is firm because you can't shake it. You see, it's quite—— Hallo, what's that?"

"Oh, you bad uncle, you've knocked the castor off again," cried Margery, greatly excited at the incident.

"This is too much," I said bitterly.

"Even the furniture is against me."

"Go on explaining," said Margery, rocking herself in the now wobbly chair.

I decided to leave "firm." It is not an easy word to explain at the best of times, and when everything you touch goes and breaks itself it becomes perfectly impossible.

"Well, so much for that," I said. "And now we come to 'rails.' You know what rails are?"

"Like I've got in the nursery?"

This was splendid. I had forgotten these for the moment.

"Exactly. The rails your train goes on. Well then, 'Home Rails' would be rails at home."

"Well, I've got them at home," said Margery in surprise. "I couldn't have them anywhere else."

"Quite so. Then 'Home Rails Firm' would mean that—er—home rails were—er—firm."

"But mine aren't, because they wobble. You know they do."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, why do they say 'Home Rails Firm' when they mean 'Home Rails-Wobble'?"

"Ah, that's just it. The point is that when they say 'Home Rails Firm,' they don't mean that the rails *themselves* are firm. In fact, they don't mean at all what you think they mean. They mean something quite different."

"What do they mean?"

"I am just going to explain," I said stiffly.

* * * * *

"Or perhaps I had better put it this way," I said ten minutes later. "Supposing—— Oh, Margery, it is difficult to explain."

"I must know," said Margery.

"Why do you want to know so badly?"

"I want to know a million million times more than anything else in the whole world."

"Why?"

"So as I can tell Angela," said Margery.

I plunged into my explanation again. Angela is three, and I can quite see how important it is that she should be sound on the question. A. A. M.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I KNEW very well that I had never seen him before. I am rather given to boasting that I never forget a face, and if I had only had enough faith to hold on to that I should have been all right. But when he came up to the motor which was to convey us both from the station to my uncle's house some twelve miles distant, I could see at once that he was bent upon recognising me. I had been on the point of formally introducing myself, according to a useful Teutonic custom that I learned as a student at Bonn, but he instantly swept all that aside, grasped my hand, and told me not to "pull his leg"—an expression, by the way, that I strongly



Horse Dealer (who has in vain produced nearly all his stock-in-trade). "TAKE 'IM AWAY, JACK, AND RUN IN AND TELL THE MISSUS TO PUT THE KETTLE ON; THE GENT DON'T WANT AN 'OSS, 'E WANTS A CUP O' TEA."

object to, "You needn't think I have forgotten you, Davidson," he remarked cheerily. Well, he had got my name all right, and when he went on to ask if I remembered him, of course I said I did. One always does say that, if one has any pluck.

He did most of the talking and he gave me a clue right away—at least so I thought. He said he had at last made up his mind to give up playing for the old team at the end of the season. (Playing what? For what team?) I soon got on to that, and it fitted in all right, for I too used to play Rugby for Blackheath. Naturally he went on to enlarge upon this common topic. Did I remember the match against the London Scottish when Waterhouse was hurt in the first five minutes and Hopkins had to play half? No, I didn't remember anything at all about it, and furthermore—though I didn't tell him so—I didn't remember either Waterhouse or Hopkins. He went on in the same strain. I was asked in turn to recall occasions when (against Oxford) the ground was as hard as a brick, and (against Cardiff)

the referee thought it safer to get into his cab on the inside of the touchline. I had not the faintest recollection of either incident. I began indeed to suspect that he was "pulling my leg," to use his own unpleasant expression. But he seemed quite genuine and he was undoubtedly cordial. There was no end to his reminiscences. "You remember a chap who used to play back for us—Balfour?" Well, I really could not go on any longer meeting his friendly advances with a stony negative. I was becoming a positive wet blanket. Conversation would soon have been impossible. So at last I said, Yes, I did remember. One always does come to that if one has any sense of decency.

After that we got on swimmingly. Perhaps I threw myself into the thing with a little too much gusto, but I felt that I had arrears to make up. Not only did I remember Balfour, but I had dined with him not long ago and he had told me that he was just sailing for Valparaiso. Then I recalled with him every detail of the remarkable dinner that had followed the Leicester match (at which, I need hardly say, I

had not been present), and we laughed heartily over the incident of the lost luggage, when the team visited Dublin University—which it had never done in my day.

"All the same," he concluded with enthusiasm, "the Dublin match was far and away the best game we had last year, don't you think so?"

Last year! That pulled me up pretty short, for I had not played for Blackheath since 1906. And then I saw it. The fellow had mistaken me for my brother Colin! There was an awkward pause, for I began to reflect that I had got pretty deep in, and as we were to spend the week-end in the same house there was no possibility of avoiding awkward explanations. And after all, how was I to blame? It was he that was short-sighted; it was he that had jumped at conclusions; it was he that had insisted on talking nothing but footer shop; and, besides that, I have never been able to see the slightest resemblance between Colin and myself, though Colin likes to believe there is. Anyhow, I must take the bull by the horns.



"I'VE JUST BEEN INTRODUCED TO PROFESSOR SMYTHE; SUCH A CHARMING MAN TO TALK TO. HE DOESN'T MAKE ONE FEEL A FOOL, IN SPITE OF HIS CLEVERNESS."

"AH, MY DEAR, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE OF HIS CLEVERNESS!"

"Do you know," I remarked pleasantly, "you have been mistaking me for my brother? It's some years since I played footer."

"Yes," he replied, "I did mistake you for your brother—just at first."

"How do you mean—just at first?"

"Well," he said, smiling in rather an objectionable way, I thought, "by the time I had tumbled to it you seemed to be getting so keen on my little reminiscences that I thought it would be a pity to spoil a good thing. I have never been in Leicester or Dublin in my life!"

I have made up my mind to take an early opportunity of telling Colin what I think of his friends.

"Enver Bey is Turkey's greatest military leader."—*Evening News*.

If retreat becomes necessary, he will be able to lead the Turkish troops across the Hellespont.

"Of the Roman remains found the most imposing was the 80-foot wide staircase . . . where was also found the huge marble trunk of a Russian statue, lying headless and without arm or limbs, which was in all probability that of Cæsar."—*Statesman*.

It certainly looked exactly like CÆSAR.

A POLITE PROTEST.

(Dedicated respectfully to the owner of the animal next door.)

DEAR SIR, when several weeks ago
The perfect orb in heaven was hung
Of Dian wandering to and fro
Thessalian woods among,
When fast by many a forest glade
The hunt was up, and hounds obeyed
The horn-blast of the buskined maid,
I did not weep when your decayed
Old rag-bag too gave tongue.

I flung my window casement wide:
O'er flood and fen, o'er field and bog
I seemed to see the huntress stride,
Her silvery rout agog,
Through beech and fir and pine-wood stem,
And though the time was 2 A.M.
I listed powerless to condemn
A beast howe'er so slightly rem-
iniscent of a dog.

"Poor chap," I thought, "it well may be
Some shadowy vision stirs within,
Some memory of the uplands free
And copses loud with din,
Of sires who from some moated
grange
Would sally forth the woods to
range:

He quests: there is a longing
strange

Enkindled underneath the mange
That pies his odorous skin.

Some strain perhaps of many strains
That bids him bay the virgin moon,
Some atavistic dream remains,

He will be silent soon:

His ardour is a sign of grace,
I will not mash that upturned face
So filled with fever for the chase."
These thoughts induced me to re-
place

The bootjack in my shoon.

Since then, through many midnights
wrapped

In darkness, when the Queen was dim,
Your mouldy hybrid still has yapped,
It makes no odds to him.

It does to me. I am a bard,
And so I send this little card
To say your Ponto will be marred
By something heavy, thrown quite
hard,

Unless you change his whim.

EVVOE.

"The adornment of the many widows, particularly those on the north side of the church, was very beautiful and pleasing."—*Hants News*.
However, we did not come to church for this.



UNITED THEY FAIL.

THE POWERS. "WE DISCOURAGED THE CHINESE LOAN; WE FORBODE WAR IN THE BALKANS. NOW, HOW SHALL WE ASSERT OURSELVES NEXT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 7.

—There's no getting round LAURENCE GINNELL, Member for North Westmeath. If he never read another paper to the listening Senate he would live in Parliamentary history by reason of the manœuvre whereby he dominated the present House even before it was fully equipped by election of SPEAKER. Mr. LOWTHER having been nominated to the Chair, the motion seconded amid acclaim, up gat GINNELL with voluminous notes in hand. Proceeded to read denunciation of proposed Speaker inasmuch as during previous parliaments he had, in spite of all temptation, never once caught his (GINNELL's) eye.

Crowded House aghast. Assembled to do honour to one of the select among Speakers of modern times, here was a Member making personal attack upon him. Worst of it was GINNELL was master of the situation. There being no mace on the Table, no Speaker in the Chair, no Deputy appointed, authority to check unruly Members was non-existent. On this the wily G. had counted, and fully enjoyed fruition of his foresight. Since the autumn nights when he used to defend cattle-driving, to the detriment of grazing farmers in the Irish Midlands and the despair of CHIEF SECRETARY, had never had such a good time.

Little heard of him since. To-day, House re-assembling after brief recess, he suddenly, unexpectedly, comes to the fore. A sort of Parliamentary Brer Rabbit, at a moment when circumstances seemed to presage his final discomfiture, he is discovered quietly, doggedly dominant.

Only nineteen questions on paper and GINNELL not numbered in the list. CHARLES BATHURST well to the front with four. Hopelessly beaten by the MAD HATTER, who has five, representing more than 25 per cent. of the curiosity of assembled House. Actually his several interrogations, subdivided under general headings, number thirteen. House with quickened interest observes that during Recess he has penetrated a new district, assumed championship of fresh client. Particulars set forth in inquiry addressed to the languid LULU, desiring to know "whether he has received a petition from Ifawibe, the onion or head chief of Ibon, in Southern Nigeria; whether any answer has been

returned; and whether Ifawibe will be restored to his seat of authority at Ibon."

(Beg pardon. On looking again at the question find that, led astray by familiar associations, misread a word.



"To the fore again."

(MR. LAURENCE GINNELL.)

"Onibon" is the head chief, not "onion.")

Questions on paper disposed of, there arose from quarter where Irish Members dwell together in unity a tall figure uplifting countenance of funereal gravity. In right hand it held sheaf of manuscript. As he proceeded to read from this, House recognised GINNELL, wanting to

know about precautionary measures taken by Board of Agriculture in view of foot and mouth disease in Ireland. This and batch of Supplementary Questions answered by RUNCIMAN, a happy thought struck GINNELL.

"Will the House allow me," he said, "to ask the right honourable gentleman a question I have asked him already?"

No: the House drew the line at this indulgence, and Member for North Westmeath slowly subsided.

Other business interposed. GINNELL forgotten, when familiar voice was heard from below Gangway, and lo! there he was again with another short paper, this time read for the benefit of St. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, "to whom," he remarked, "I have given private notice of the question."

Here the wiliness of Westmeath comes in. Ordinary Member desirous of cross-examining a Minister hands text of question to Clerk at Table. In due course it is printed. But it may not be read aloud. Is referred to simply by its number on the paper. That would not suit Mr. GINNELL's book. By giving private notice one is privileged to read aloud every syllable of his question. This L. G. remorselessly did. Proceeding lengthened by difficulties with manuscript, its apparent illegibility requiring him once or twice to hark back to beginning of a sentence.

Business done.—Both Houses re-assemble after Autumn Recess. The Lords having no business on hand adjourn in five minutes. The Commons discuss at length Lord MERSEY's report on *Titanic*-disaster.

Tuesday.—Remarkable how warlike spirit suddenly developed by GENERAL CARSON, K.C., has caught alight in Opposition camp, and at unexpected moments flames along the trenches. Inspiration more particularly felt among the younger men. This afternoon, Lord ROBERT CECIL, who, like the great Chieftain, by profession affects the Bar, came to the front and, assuming command, rallied forces for smart attack on Government.

There stood on paper in name of PREMIER a familiar formal Resolution affecting course of business. It proposed to give precedence to Government measures to-morrow and Friday, a second clause suspending eleven o'clock rule to-day and to-morrow whilst Scotch Temperance Bill is in hand. Lord ROBERT objected to this conjunction of mandates. Insisted that questions should be put separately.



THE MAD HATTER DURING RECESS DISCOVERS THE ONION OF IBON IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

Noble Lord has not fully attained the martial air natural to his learned friend the Chieftain. But he was smart and soldierly. Opposition quickly caught on. An iniquitous Government, anxious to save public time, had lumped two proposals together in order to dispose of them by one division. If they were submitted as one Resolution delay in approaching business would be halved. **SPEAKER** consenting to make two bites at the cherry, House divided, with result that Ministerial majority was run up to 149.

This rather a damper; but at least there would be two more divisions. **BANBURY** having, so to speak, tasted blood, wanted "some more in a moog." Moved amendment restricting suspension of eleven-o'clock rule to to-day's sitting. This insisted upon would raise number of divisions to three. **LLOYD GEORGE**, in charge of affairs in temporary absence of **PREMIER**, did a little sum in mental arithmetic. If he resisted **BANBURY**'s amendment there would be a division involving loss of quarter-of-an-hour. If he accepted it it would be necessary to-morrow to move a resolution suspending the rule. There would, of course, then be a division. But if he now proved obdurate a division was inevitable. Thus the balance was struck. Accordingly when **BANBURY**, after impassioned appeal, resumed his seat, **CHANCELLOR**, protesting himself convinced, accepted amendment.

House roared with laughter at sight of **BANBURY**'s look of amazement and disgust at this concession. Thought he was opening a spicy debate that might last an hour and make an extra division. And here he was getting all he'd asked for, patted on the back, told to be a good boy and go away and play in the next street.

Small matters these, perhaps hard of understanding by people who suppose Parliament is a place in which to do business. But boys will be boys, especially in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Having trifled away three-quarters-of-an-hour at opening, sat up late with Scotch Temperance Bill.

Thursday—Benches crowded in response to Whip for division on Closure resolutions affecting Home Rule Bill. Rumour current that there would be rows. General **CARSON**, K.C., entering from behind **SPEAKER**'s Chair, whilst Questions were going forward, was eagerly scanned. Had he brought with him his historical blackthorn? As far as could be seen he had not. Nervous Members breathed again.

The happy omen justified through progress of sitting. **PREMIER** moved closure resolution in one of those brief argumentative speeches which act as



SMART AND SOLDIERLY.
(**LORD ROBERT CECIL**.)

jets of cold water shot into a steam boiler. **BONAR LAW** had wound himself up to pitch likely to satisfy **Captain CRAIG** and **Mr. MOORE**, but fell short of measure of success achieved at **Blenheim**. Some bickering across Table between the **WINSOME WINSTON** and the



"Be a good boy."
The **CHANCELLOR** and **SIR FREDERICK BANBURY**.

war-worn **GENERAL** came to nought. As early as eleven o'clock division called.

Business done.—Closure resolution carried by majority of ninety-one in a House of five hundred and fifty-five Members.

MAGDALEN MATTERS.

(From our Oxford [Street]
Correspondent.)

OXFORD is naturally interested in the coming of a British Prince who last week wrote his name in the college books. Those who only know Oxford from seeing *Charley's Aunt* will scarcely realize the difficulties of the **PRINCE**'s advisers in determining just how far he may enter into University life. The **PRINCE** will be treated as an ordinary commoner, like all other undergraduates except exhibitioners and demies. (The demies, it is stated, will be kept strictly in the background during the **PRINCE**'s stay, as it is not considered advisable that he should make acquaintance with the demies' monde). The difficult question of "soccer," as the Oxford breakfast is called (from the fact that slippers being the rule there is a liberal display of fancy socks), has been solved in this way. The **PRINCE** will not invite men to "soccer" in his own rooms, but will meet them at "battels" in the ordinary way. If he plays billiards in a public room before one or ten and is caught in the act by the "scout" (a sort of University detective) he will have to go to "bedder" early for a week, just like every other Magdalen man. A good deal of nonsense has been written to the effect that the **PRINCE** will not be allowed to indulge in the ordinary college sports. As a matter of fact he will take up just such sports as he pleases, and, though perhaps rather light for a helmsman, I should not be surprised to see him sculling in the college "Ruggers," as the Lent races are called. The **PRINCE** will, of course, have a perfectly free hand as regards the clubs he will join. Oxford naturally abounds in clubs, from the ephemeral societies like "Mesopotamia" (that "blessed word," as **Dr. JOWETT** called it) to those of world-wide fame, like "The Torpids," which is famous for its high livers and deep thinkers. Just at first, no doubt, Oxford slang and expressions will sound strangely on the royal ears. He will wonder, we are sure, why Trinity men are called "Sons of Belial"; "Jaggers," signifying Merton College, will puzzle him till he learns that a famous boy-messenger of that name was once "gated" in first-class honours (both ways) in his first term. "Wuggins" will strike him as a strange name for Oriel till he learns that the pious founder of the college bore that appellation. He will learn to call his tutor a "proggins," the University



Fare. "HAVE YOU CHANGE FOR HALF-A-SOVEREIGN, DRIVER?"

Cabby. "CHANGE FOR 'ARF-A-SOV.!" (Confidentially) "NOT IF YER WAS TO TAKE THE BLOOMIN' LOT OF US, LIDY, HAS WE STAND."

sermon a "lekker," and will no doubt soon make his first acquaintance with the famous Magdalen tippie known as "brunch"—a fascinating mixture of beer and punch (hence the name) served nightly in the Great Hall, which is lit by candles in the famous "sconces," to which each undergraduate has to contribute.

Every effort will be made to render the stay of the PRINCE at Oxford a pleasant one.

Wherever he goes he will be welcomed and acclaimed with the good old 'Varsity (University) cry of VIVA! VIVA!! VOCE!!!

THE DIARY OF A DISCIPLE.

Monday.—Made the great resolve. Henceforth I devote my life to Cubism. I am not certain yet exactly what this involves, but feel sure it is all right, as the motto is: "Quite on the square."

Tuesday.—Bought a T-square and practised the art of real landscape. Not very successful with this, so tried some subject pictures. At last have got going on a small canvas that looks like being successful. Think I shall call it "A Tunnel coming out of a Train." Shall get to work again early to-morrow.

Had cube sugar in my tea to-night—every little helps.

Wednesday.—Am getting on well. The eye of the engine-driver is, of course, the predominant feature and is placed three millimetres North-east by East, measuring from the centre of the canvas; this seems just the right position. Am not certain yet whether I shall put in the rest of the engine-driver—safest to leave him out, perhaps. Wish I knew what MATISSE would do in such circumstances.

Thursday.—I have worked a herring-bone pattern into the left-hand lower corner of the picture, which is full of meaning, and I feel sure I shall discover what it does mean later on. Am only a humble disciple and must rest content with the amount I have already accomplished. I had to pass through Oxford Circus this morning, and I never noticed before what a horrible spot it is—nearly round! I felt quite ill, so hurried on to Cavendish Square, and felt better.

Friday.—Find I need a new hat. Is it possible to get a square bowler? Must try to induce my hatter to make me one. The picture is nearly complete, and after days of work I have done what at first I dared not hope to

accomplish—I have shown both ends of the tunnel as well as the front of the engine and back of the guard's van.

Saturday.—The *magnum opus* is finished. Across the top of the picture in block letters I have inscribed, "Travel by Underground," and the effect is marvellous. My doctor has just looked in—can't imagine why; I didn't send for him—and the idiot says I must stop all work and go to Brighton for a month. What nonsense! I am just getting into my stride and have thought out a magnificent conception—a picture that will make PABLO PICASSO green with envy. I shall call it "The Cubicle." . . .

[The Diary ends abruptly at this point.]

"GRAND OPERA HOUSE"

ON SATURDAY

HAN PING CHIEN

WILL KEEP THE AUDIENCE SPELL-BOUND
BY BREAKING A 40 LBS. STONE
ON HEAD.

None should miss this unique opportunity as the performance is not likely to be repeated."

Advt. in "Statesman."

We are not surprised to read in another part of this paper that "a benefit performance will be given in aid of Han Ping Chien on Monday."

THE MODERN PLAY.

MORE ESPECIALLY AS PUBLISHED.

(Some extracts from an old friend, as it might appear if written to-day and issued in volume form by Messrs. SIDGWICK AND JACKSON.)

BOX AND COX.

The scene represents a bed-sitting-room in a lodging-house of the lower middle-class. The furniture and appointments are frankly hideous, but utilitarian—or would be, in an undamaged condition. There is one door, which, when opened, discloses the head of a somewhat dingy staircase. Though it is a summer morning there is not too much light. The window (which has not been cleaned for weeks) permits only a partial view of the upper floors and chimney-pots of a row of drab houses, forming the opposite side of a mean street. A typical Battersea or Bermondsey vista. At present, however, even this cannot be observed, as the window is in the fourth wall, and therefore out of sight of the audience.

When the curtain rises, Mrs. Bouncer, a careworn and worried woman of forty-five, but looking older from want of albumen, is clearing away the breakfast things.

Mrs. Bouncer. Anything further you require, Mr. Cox?

Cox (rouses himself as from a reverie). Thank you. Nothing. Nothing.

[Now that he has turned from the fire, before which he has been sitting lost in thought, you see Henry Cox more clearly. A sparse, middle-aged, and prematurely grizzled man. A hatter, with all a hatter's emotionalism and characteristic lack of balance kept in check by circumstances. He has the sallow, brooding face of a man who will never grow up, because he has never been wholly young. Something of a misogynist too, though this fact is not as yet fully apparent; his manner, for example, towards Mrs. Bouncer gives no clue to it. Continuing, he says:

Nothing. Except, of course, the bolster, and the chimney smoking. And the man—

Mrs. B. (quickly). The man?

Cox. On the stairs. But I'm not unreasonable. There are always men—
[He rouses himself again and goes out.

Mrs. B. (looks after him a moment, then speaks as though to herself. N.B.—This means precisely the same thing as Sol., but sounds modern). Gone! If he only knew how I am getting double

rent for my room. Well, well. One must live. (This is her invariable formula, to excuse—to herself—any special one of the thousand petty meanesses of which her daily life is made up). Goodness knows it's hard enough in these times.

Box (outside). Mind your own business, Sir.

[He comes in quickly. George Box is a printer, which means nowadays a Socialist. He is a larger, more assertive man than his fellow-lodger. One feels instinctively that in a higher social sphere he would spend his autumns in Northern Italy and contribute to The Saturday Westminster. As it is, he goes to Margate, and considers Mr. CHESTERTON well-meaning but obscure. Generally easy-tempered, he is capable of outbursts of passion. At present he is very angry indeed. NOTE.—The actor may find all this, especially the CHESTERTON part, a little difficult to express by make-up alone; but it can be done.

Mrs. B. Dear me, Mr. Box, I declare you're quite pale in the face.

Box. What colour would you have a man be who has been setting up long leaders all night? Leaders! But go away, Mrs. Bouncer.

[She goes away. Box retires to prepare his breakfast. After a moment the door opens, and Cox comes in quickly.

Cox (to himself). A holiday! My venerable employer (he pronounces the word quietly; though acutely class-conscious he is as yet without a trace of Syndicalism) has given me a holiday!

[Etc., Etc. In the midst of his reflections, Box re-enters, and they meet. Mrs. Bouncer, being summoned, confesses her duplicity. "One must live!" she says, and, as neither of her victims is familiar with French, she is allowed to depart unanswered. The two then settle down to discuss the situation, which they do at considerable length.

Cox (half-an-hour later). But surely all this talk of Penelope Ann! If it should be the same. What a coincidence.

Box. Coincidences in modern plays are the expected that never happens.

[Struck, as possibly the audience will be also, by the fact that this remark is singularly unlike the usual tone of Box, Cox glances at him sharply to be certain he is not being "got at." The other, however, is entirely serious.

Cox. It is the same. Shall we (with a sudden flash of the hatter) fight for her? Whoever loses, marries.

Box. I suppose so. (They summon Mrs. Bouncer.) Pistols for two.

Mrs. B. Yes, Sir.

Cox. Is the little back second-floor room ready?

Mrs. B. (hesitates, then brazenly). I was coming to tell you, gentlemen, that I made a mistake. The little back second-floor room is already let to a couple of the name of Knox.

Box. Knox?

Mrs. B. Yes, Sir. Penelope Ann is the lady's name. Was a Mrs. Wiggins. One must live, gentlemen. (She means by this that the Knoxes have offered her a higher rent than she would obtain from either of the others, who moreover have already paid in advance.)

Cox. She is coming to live here?

Mrs. B. Yes. [She goes out.

Box. We shall be here too. Both of us. We shall be meeting her constantly.

Cox. We shall have to.

Box. We shall hate each other, worse and worse. But there will be no escape. Never.

Cox. No, there will be no escape. Except— (He breaks off. For a moment there is a gleam in his face almost of insanity, the beginning perhaps of what years of boredom may develop.)

Box. No.

Cox. Yes. (He has fallen into apathy again.) And this is my holiday!

Box. Yes. (Very slowly he turns his head and looks at the other. Their eyes meet. Each at that moment is realizing the full horror of what lies before them. He does not speak again, because there is, after all, nothing to say. And on the picture of them sitting thus the curtain falls.)

THE END. (Except for America.)

A HOMELY HERO.

It was not on the tented field,
Where fierce the flag of battle flew,
That, scorning all demands to yield,
Darling, I proved my love for you
Both staunch and true.

Nor at some manly outdoor game
My stand did I proceed to take,
Crying (in honour of your name),
"Behold the duck's-egg that I break
For Maisie's sake."

No! 'Twas at supper yesternight
My heart continued unafraid
When told that there for my delight
A pie would shortly be displayed
That you had made.

For love of you, dear, I ignored
The pangs I knew Fate had in store;
Alone of those around the board,
Like little Oliver of yore,
I asked for more.

HOW THEY BEGAN.

A NEW series of autobiographical sketches, to be called "How I Began," is to run through *T.P.'s Weekly*. An intelligent anticipation of certain of the contributions follows:—

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

But surely I have told you all this before? Yes? Then here goes. [He tells it again.]

MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

I cannot remember any time when I was not an old man with a voice like DAN LENO. Even as a baby I would place one hand over my eyes, lean against some one or something with the other, and make the nursery rock with laughter. It was horrible, horrible, in one so young; but I did it.

MR. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

I don't usually talk much about myself, but who can resist T.P.? Even as a mere child I had a passion to paint portraits. My first brush was made of hair cut from a favourite puppy's tail, my first paint was blacking and cochineal, and my first sitter was SHEM from the nursery Noah's ark.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Your request that I should tell you "how I began" is one of the most enormously perplexing and paralysing that I ever received. For it puts in the past tense an operation which is still in the present. It is like asking a man who has not yet eaten his first morsel of *hors d'œuvre*, how he had liked his dinner; or asking a traveller just alighting at Calais from Dover for the first time, how he had enjoyed his trip in France: for I consider my beginning as much in front of me as behind me. To tell you how I began would be to write the whole history of my life, day by day and minute by minute, down to this very moment. I hold that I shall be beginning to the end.

MR. HARRY VARDON.

For some years I played no golf at all, certainly for three years. But although I did not play I thought about the game, and from my nurse's arms and from the perambulator studied the frequenters of the Jersey links until I knew more of their form than they themselves did. Then, when the time was ripe, I one day seized a club myself and—began.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

To tell you how I began would not only take too long and occupy too much of my space, but it would also be throwing away a lot of excellent material. But I have no objection to



Country Customer (who has been dining sumptuously for one hour and fifty minutes, to astounded waiter). "WAITER, IF IT'S NOT AGAINST RULES, I'D LIKE TO COME BACK AND DO MY OTHER FORTY MINUTES AT SUPPER-TIME."

letting you know how I chanced upon my present profession. I once let my house furnished and had an inventory of it made out. Glancing at the inventory, I exclaimed, "What an excellent ground plan for a novel!" and straightway wrote it.

SIR HENRY WOOD.

Strange to say, I was unconscious of any musical talent until I won a good conduct prize at my preparatory school, and immediately realised that I was destined to be a good conductor.

MR. C. K. SHORTER.

I, a mere Cockney, even in the cradle found no difficulty in MEREDITH'S *Shaving of Shagpat*. Its intricacies (as other people call them) were indeed milk to me. Nor did I need a glossary when reading the meritorious poems of ROBERT BURNS, while CHAUCER, although so archaic to many eyes, to

mine, little Cockney though I was, was so simple and lucid as to make him my favourite songster. Thus nurtured on the best, and finding it so easy, how could I help but become an omnivorous reader and collector and a critic of universal range?

From a Stores Catalogue.

"The Wasp and Fly Pistol. No. 1. Dull finish."

For the fly, anyway.

"So far was Home Rule from being at the top that the vast majority of Radical candidates had carefully taken it out of the pack and hidden it. If any chance cut brought it to the surface, they dexterously reshuffled and hurriedly played another card."

Daily Telegraph.

They are poor card-players, these Radicals. When once we have got a card safely out of the pack we defy any chance cut to bring it to the surface.

THE SAFETY VALVE.

DREAM of my yearning soul, Elaine,
My rhymes surge out to thee;
Richly inspired, my burning brain
Exults in poesy;
Unchecked, untrammelled, as from out
A roly-poly pudding spout
Pure streams of jam when sliced in
twain,
So leaps my song from me.

Thine eyes are like the stars that gleam
On purple seas by night;
Look into mine, and I should seem
Intoxicate (or tight).
Thy cheeks are like the skies' deep flush
In Southern sunsets (when they blush,
Otherwise they resemble cream
Viewed in a pinkish light).

Thy sweet white throat, thy slender
arms—
But, no, forgive me, dear;
I will not catalogue thy charms
Like some dull auctioneer.
Perfect art thou from crown to toe,
Words cannot paint thee, though one
grow
Emphatic, like to fire alarms,
Or burst in foam like beer.

O passion lost in nothingness!
O tears dissolved in mist!
O hands unclasped in my caress!
O lips by me unknissed!
O grammar sacrificed to meet
Exigencies of perfect feet—
Mighty is truth; I must confess,
Elaine, thou don't exist.

Phantom thou art, unbodied child
Of music in my breast.
I was impassioned, Muse-beguiled,
Almost I felt oppressed
With a vast swelling storm of song,
With rapturous thoughts, a crowding
throng—
I loosed these lines, ecstatic, wild,
To get it off my chest.

AT THE PLAY.

"DOORMATS."

No dramatist writes dialogue quite so simply and naturally as Mr. H. H. DAVIES, and with such pleasant results. His characters are always human, and because they are so human they are of their own accord humorous. *Uncle Rufus* is not given funny things to say; he merely says the things that your Uncle Rufus or my Uncle Rufus would say; we recognise them with delighted laughter. *Noel* and *Leila* and *Aunt Josephine* we know too; they speak as our own Noel and Leila and Aunt Josephine would speak. It is very jolly to see all our relations in a play. All this for two Acts, and then

Captain Harding gets going; and we find that we don't know *Captain Harding*. He makes love to *Leila*, and we begin to think that we don't know *Leila*. They decide to run away together—this, we feel, is something outside our own life. *Noel* refuses to divorce her, but offers to let *Leila* divorce him; we begin to look about us uncomfortably. These are not our friends at all; who are they? Have we come into the wrong house by mistake?

It was unwise of Mr. DAVIES to deal, in a light-hearted play and in his light-handed manner, with the deep emotions. There are dramatists who can be amusing about infidelity, but he is not one of them—for which let him be thankful. Mr. DAVIES knows perfectly well



"Of course, I hate making love to another man's wife, but in these days of competition you know—"

Leila Miss MARIE LÖHR.
Captain Harding . . Mr. DAWSON MILWARD.

that in real life husband, wife and lover don't behave as do *Noel*, *Leila* and *Harding* in the Third Act of *Doormats*. Another dramatist might protest that his people were not meant to be real people, but Mr. DAVIES has not that excuse. He started out to make them real and to make us interested in them. He could not, afterwards, turn them back into puppets.

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP and Miss NINA BOUCICAULT played perfectly as the Uncle and Aunt. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as *Noel* was better than I have ever seen him; for once, it was not the part which fitted him, but he who fitted the part. Miss LÖHR was *Leila*, and how else she could have played *Leila* I do not know. It was to her credit as an actress in the first two Acts that she showed up the Third Act so badly. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD did not belong to the play at all, but as an imaginary *Captain Harding* he was magnificent. M.

OUR A.B.C.

WITH the war comes a very epidemic of alphabets, no paper being complete without its "A.B.C. of the Struggle;" or, "Who's Who in the Balkan business;" or, "This Way to the Personal Facts." Mr. *Punch* does not propose to enlighten his readers as to the ins and outs of this conflict, partly because he does not know them; but to come out without an A.B.C. of some kind seems to him so pusillanimous that, at great expenditure of force and patience, he has compiled one. The war itself being barred, he has devoted his alphabet to its backwash in our own country.

ALBANY, THE.—Residence of the Albanians in London.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Prime Minister of the Black Country, and remotely connected with Mr. BENNETT BURLEIGH.

CINEMA.—The invention which has brought the scent of the battlefield over the pianist. It provides the most gentlemanly way yet devised of partaking in slaughter.

DECISIVE.—Word useful for applying to battles, whatever their result.

EVENING.—A time of day starting at about 9.30 A.M., at which the more interesting war news begins to be available to those who have half-pence to spare for it.

GREY (SIR EDWARD).—The man who, had he only cared, could have prevented the war by merely raising his little finger. But such is his cynical indifference and supineness . . . [Vide *The Nation* and *The Daily News* for the rest.]

MONEY.—See OPPORTUNITY.

OPPORTUNITY.—That which is being enjoyed by all journalists who ever had the luck or misfortune or prescience to spend any time in the Balkan States.

PRIVATE WIRE.—One of the busiest soldiers in the world, and indispensable at times such as these.

STOCKS.—Things in the City that go up or down, but usually down, in consequence of wars.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.—A gentleman with a pair of field-glasses and a writing-pad, but for whose activities, wherever exercised, no one knows what we should know.

ZEAL.—The quality shown by sub-editors, demon cyclists and newsboys in getting the evening papers sold.

From the Rules of the Seaham Harbour Golf Club:—

"All complaints should be made in writing to the Secretary, in order that they may be submitted to the Committee, and none shall be attended to."

We thought it was a custom rather than a rule.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH *The Book of Saints and Heroes*, written by Mrs. LANG and edited by ANDREW LANG (LONGMANS), there comes an end, I suppose, to the gay and fascinating series of volumes that have delighted us year by year as the winter approached. Twenty-four of them there have been, beautiful books dealing with elves and fairies and men and women and magicians; and this last book, for her share in which Mrs. LANG must again be heartily thanked, is worthy of the company of those that went before.

Frost and sleet and the gloom of the shortened days will be less tolerable now that ANDREW LANG is gone. So fresh and various and joyful was his activity that we could not

ledge to his readers. No man's pen ever chaffed and charmed with half the lightness of ANDREW LANG'S. And to all these gifts he added a proud and sensitive manliness, a devotion to things that are noble and sincere in life and art, and a sympathy which gave him a sure appreciation of greatness. I speak of him as a critic, essayist, historian, and folk-lorist, now serious, now playful, and always delightful, but I cannot forget—who could?—that he was a poet—a poet without a trace of affectation and with an exquisite sense of form and reticence. There was in his verse not only a fastidious refinement of phrase and cadence, but a peculiarly intimate kind of tenderness and friendship that haunted the mind. You cannot read his *Grass of Parnassus* without feeling an affection for the writer; but this may truly be said of all that he wrote, whether in verse



AN ARTIST'S MODEL WRITES: "PRESENTING CUPS TO CRICKETERS IS ALL RIGHT—"



BUT I DON'T HOLD WITH THESE HERE FLYING MEN HAVING THEM."

think of death, or indeed of age and ANDREW LANG together. We might have said to him in his own words:—

"And you once more may voyage through
The forests that of old we knew,
The fairy forests deep in dew,
Where you, resuming childish things,
Shall listen when the Blue Bird sings,
And sit at feast with fairy Kings,
And taste their wine, ere all be done,
And face more welcome shall be none
Among the guests of Oberon.
Ay, of that feast shall tales be told,
The marvels of that world of gold,
To children young, when you are old.
When you are old! Ah, dateless 'when,'
For youth shall perish among men,
And Spring herself be ancient then!"

What greater man of letters than ANDREW LANG have we known in our time? He had learning enough to fit him to be a pedant, but pedantry was abhorrent to him. His style rippled and sparkled in the light of his sane and joyous humour; he pricked pretension and the bubble was dissolved in laughter. He was a fine and exacting scholar, and even in the things he wrote, to all appearance, without care, there was a grace which only a scholar could have conferred. He was a man deeply versed in strange lore, but he illumined the dark places of his investigations with his insight, his humanity and the prodigal and allusive brilliancy of the English in which he conveyed his know-

ledge in prose. To read his posthumously published *History of English Literature*, for instance, is to enjoy a feast of pleasant converse and exuberant vitality. Nothing is dull and heavy, and even when you begin to disagree you are quickly charmed into agreement. I have no space to say more, but I should have performed my duty ill if, having this opportunity, I had failed to add my tributary pebble to ANDREW LANG'S memorial cairn.

What is "that conflict which makes the everlasting antagonism between men and women"? If you can guess the answer you will, I suppose, understand, which is more than I do, why Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON calls his book *The Antagonists* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). As for me I give it up. But then I am only a man. And (*à propos* of *The Origin of Species*) Mr. THURSTON tells me that "Darwin means nothing to any woman; for within her very essence lie revealed all the secrets that he found, lie hidden all the secrets that no man will ever know"—secrets, I presume, even more mysterious than the price of ladies' hats or the uses of the common hairpin. But Mr. THURSTON, unlike the rest of his sex, as he sees them, appears to know them all. He is for ever generalising about the feelings of women with a confidence which I should think presumptuous if I were describing the habits of the domestic cat. The antagonists of his story are not a man and a woman, but a pair of boy and girl lovers. The boy (of

THE HEIR.

II.—HE MEETS HIS GODFATHERS.

THOMAS and Simpson arrived by the twelve-thirty train, and Myra and I drove down in the wagonette to meet them. Myra handled the ribbons ("handled the ribbons"—we must have that again) while I sat on the box-seat and pointed out any traction-engines and things in the road. I am very good at this.

"I suppose," I said, "there will be some sort of ceremony at the station? The station-master will read an address while his little daughter presents a bouquet of flowers. You don't often get two godfathers travelling by the same train. Look out," I said, as we swung round a corner, "there's an ant coming."

"What did you say? I'm so sorry, but I listen awfully badly when I'm driving."

"As soon as I hit upon anything really good I'll write it down. So far I have been throwing off the merest trifles. When we are married, Myra —"

"Go on; I love that."

"When we are married we shan't be able to afford horses, so we'll keep a couple of bicycles, and you'll be able to hear everything I say. How jolly for you."

"All right," said Myra quietly.

There was no formal ceremony on the platform, but I did not seem to feel the want of it when I saw Simpson stepping from the train with an enormous Teddy-bear under his arm.

"Hullo, dear old chap," he said, "here we are. You're looking at my bear. I quite forgot it until I'd strapped up my bags, so I had to bring it like this. It squeaks," he added as if that explained it. "Listen," and the piercing roar of the bear resounded through the station.

"Very fine. Hallo, Thomas."

"Hullo," said Thomas, and went to look after his luggage.

"I hope he'll like it," Simpson went on. "Its legs move up and down." He put them into several positions and then squeaked it again. "Jolly, isn't it?"

"Ripping," I agreed. "Who's it for?"

He looked at me in astonishment for a moment.

"My dear old chap, for the baby."

"Oh, I see. That's awfully nice of you. He'll love it." I wondered if Simpson had ever seen a month-old baby. "What's its name?"

"I've been calling it Duncan in the train, but of course he will want to choose his own name for it."

"Well, you must talk it over with him to-night after the ladies have gone to bed. How about your luggage? We mustn't keep Myra waiting."

"Hallo, Thomas," said Myra, as we came out. "Hallo, Samuel. Hooray!"

"Hallo, Myra," said Thomas. "All right?"

"Myra, this is Duncan," said Simpson, and the shrill roar of the bear rang out once more.

Myra, her mouth firm, but smiles in her eyes, looked down lovingly at him. Sometimes I think that she would like to be Simpson's mother. Perhaps, when we are married, we might adopt him.

"For Baby?" she said, stroking it with her whip. "But he won't be allowed to take it into church with him, you know. No, Thomas, I won't have the luggage next to me; I want someone to talk to. You come."

Inside the wagonette Simpson squeaked his bear at intervals, while I tried to prepare him for his coming introduction to his godson. Having known the baby for nearly a week, and being to some extent in Myra's confidence, I felt quite the family man beside Simpson.

"You must try not to be disappointed with his looks," I said. "Anyway, don't let Dahlia think you are. And if you want to do the right thing say that he's just like Archie. Archie doesn't mind this for some reason."

"Is he tall for his age?"

"Samuel, pull yourself together. He isn't tall at all. If he is anything he is long, but how long only those can say who have seen him in his bath. You do realise that he is only a month old?"

"My dear old boy, of course. One can't expect much from him. I suppose he isn't even toddling about yet?"

"No—no. Not actually toddling."

"Well, we can teach him later on. And I'm going to have a lot of fun with him. I shall show him my watch—babies always love that."

There was a sudden laugh from the front, which changed just a little too late into a cough. The fact is I had bet Myra a new golf-ball that Simpson would show the baby his watch within two minutes of meeting him. Of course it wasn't a certainty yet, but I thought there would be no harm in mentioning the make of ball I preferred. So I changed the conversation subtly to golf.

Amidst loud roars from the bear we drove up to the house and were greeted by Archie.

"Hallo, Thomas, how are you? Hallo, Simpson. Good heavens! I know that face. Introduce me, Samuel."

"This is Duncan. I brought him down for your boy to play with."

"Duncan, of course. The boy will love it. He's tired of me already. He proposes to meet his godfathers at 4 p.m. precisely. So you'll have nearly three hours to think of something genial to say to him."

We spent the last of the three hours playing tennis, and at 4 p.m. precisely the introduction took place. By great good luck Duncan was absent; Simpson would have wasted his whole two minutes in making it squeak.

"Baby," said Dahlia, "this is your Uncle Thomas."

"Hallo," said Thomas, gently kissing the baby's hand. "Good old boy," and he felt for his pipe.

"Baby," said Dahlia, "this is your Uncle Samuel."

As he leant over the child, I whipped out my watch and murmured, "Go!" 4 hrs. 1 min. 25 sec. I wished Myra had not taken my "two minutes" so literally, but I felt that the golf-ball was safe.

Simpson looked at the baby as if fascinated, and the baby stared back at him. It was a new experience for both of them.

"He's just like Archie," he said at last, remembering my advice. "Only smaller," he added.

4 hrs. 2 min. 7 sec.

"I can see you, baby," he said. "Goo-goo."

Myra came and rested her chin on my shoulder. Silently I pointed to the finishing place on my watch, and she gave a little gurgle of excitement. There was only one minute left.

"I wonder what you're thinking about," said Simpson to the baby. "Is it my glasses you want to play with?"

"Help!" I murmured. "This will never do."

"He just looks and looks. Ah! but his Uncle Samuel knows what Baby wants to see. (I squeezed Myra's arm. 4 hrs. 3 mins. 10 secs. There was just time). "I wonder if it's anything in his Uncle's waistcoat?"

"No!" whispered Myra to me in agony. "Certainly not."

"He shall see it if he wants to," said Simpson soothingly, and put his hand to his waistcoat pocket. I smiled triumphantly at Myra. He had five seconds to get the watch out—plenty of time.

"Bother," said Simpson, "I left it upstairs." A. A. M.

"Mr. Clarence W. Wells has lost by death a canary-goldfinch mule, hatched in June, 1888."—*Bedford Daily Circular*.

Our own bluetit-bustard zebra, spawned in 1878, has just turned into a chrysalis.

THE WOOLIN' O'T.

(Being the authorised version of the
Eugenist's Love-song.)

EYES of azure, eyes of hazel,
Ebon tresses, locks of gold,
Beauty, ocular or nasal—
These, beloved, leave me cold.
They are trifles, only skin-deep,
Unto nothing they amount:
Let us rather enter in deep
To the things that really count.

Why, then, has my love been fired so?
What has brought me to thy feet?
'Tis thy system I've admired so,
Thy anatomy, my sweet.
Harley Street has flocked to see thee
With its stethoscopes, and found
It could safely guarantee thee
Wholly, absolutely sound.

Here's a chart whereon are written
Beatings of my true love's heart:
Never was there seen in Britain
Such a model of a chart.
Up and down in faultless rhythm
Run the curves in ordered law
Bearing testimony with 'em
Of a heart without a flaw.

Charms like this thou hast in plenty;
I resolved to tempt the Fates
When I read thy five-and-twenty
Medical certificates.
Perfect as the heart between 'em
Are thy lungs, and liver too,
While thy matchless duodenum
Is the best that ever grew.

Doctors rave about thy pharynx,
They have scarcely words to tell
All the beauties of thy larynx
And thy bronchial tubes as well;
Thy digestive apparatus
Bids my soul its love confess—
Then let Science come and mate us!
Sweet-and-healthy, whisper Yes!

POPLAR BY THE SEA.

"Ever seen the sea before, Mister?"
asked the small boy who had been
grubbing about among the shingle.

"Once or twice. Have you?"

"Not afore yesterday," he replied.

"Ever been out in the *Saucy Polly*?"

"No, never in my life."

"Well, you've missed a fair treat,
Mister. Me and the others from the
camp went this mornin', and I was the
only one as didn't want to come back.
Which way's Gibbaltar?"

"Oh, over there somewhere—a long
way off. Why?"

"Got an uncle who's been there.
Never been in a boat at all?"

"Well, yes—but, you see, I wanted
to come back."



"OW WAS YER OUT, JERRY?"

"CAUGHT AND BOWLED, REUB."

"AH! THEN THEY 'AD YER BOTH WAYS, EH?"

"Better not spend the tanner on the
Saucy Polly, p'raps. You'd be all right
on the pier, though."

"Where is your home?" I asked,
taking my turn as questioner.

"Poplar," he replied.

"Then you've heard all about the
sea, I suppose, if you haven't seen it
before?"

"Look, see this?" and he pulled a
dead starfish from his pocket. "Goin'
to take that 'ome to young Ginger
Collins. 'E come 'ere last year, and
told me about it, and I punched 'im in
the jor for kiddin' me." He looked a
little shy; there was a suspicion of
regret in his tone.

"Bit of a liar, eh?" I asked.

"Not 'im," retorted my acquaintance.
"I thought 'e was, but 'e wasn't after
all. Couldn't come this year, so I'm
takin' 'im a present—see, Mister?"

I saw.

"See this?" He pointed to a scratch
on his cheek. "That was a near go,
that was. The bloke as 'elps the boat-

man shove the boats out done that
yesterday."

"How was that?" I asked.

"I was tellin' 'im what London was
like, Mister."

"Perhaps he'll give you a present
when he goes to London and finds
that what you've told him is true," I
suggested.

"True? Yus, I don't think!" he
replied with a grin.

The Decadence of Cricket.

"The innings might have been concluded at
4.34 had Denton been able to take a very difficult
catch which Kennedy offered him at mid-on.
However, an easier chance came seven runs later,
and the innings was over at half-past twelve."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

Seven runs in eight hours; something
must really be done about it.

The Pioneer on Sleeping Sickness:—

"Human beings acquire the disease from
biting flies."

An amusement we have never gone in
for.



PLEASURES OF CAMPING.

Camper (on left). "PUSH! YOU ASS; DON'T PULL!"

THE INHUMAN BOY.

[A portrait of the best boy, both at home and at school, of the entire population of —, recently appeared in *The Daily Lens*.]

CHILD of a great and gorgeous opportunity,
Whose portrait looms to England as the best
Boy of a large and virtuous community—
A claim upheld, they say, by every test;
Model of all that's calm, severe, and steady
To wicked Thomas or unmoral Jack,
Most worthy youth, O almost reverend Freddy,
Lord, how I envy you when I look back!

For I—despite the past, I say this boldly—
Was such another; I too had a strong
Bias tow'rd's putting off temptation coldly,
With an uncanny loathing of the wrong;
Urbane and clean, with trim locks neatly parted,
Good at my books, obedient to the bone,
That is the sort that I was when I started,
And, with your luck, that's how I should have grown.

But in my time a youthful zeal for virtue
Had small encouragement. Your powerful peers
(Is it so still?) combined to sting and hurt you,
And no publicity assuaged your tears.
To hold that quality a thing rewarded
By its own self, no doubt, is very fine;
But, when your merit's wholly unrecorded,
There, in pure self-respect, I draw the line.

Small wonder, Frederick, if results so chilling
Weakened my moral fibres one by one;
Partly, I ceased to find the struggle thrilling;
Partly, I hate the thought of being done.

And if by slow degrees I fell, and drifted
Down to the level of my comrades, you,
Unless, of course, you're even better gifted,
(Of which I'm doubtful) would have done so too.

But, with a modern Press, to-day your story
Has set all England ringing with your fame;
A simple worth has lifted you to glory,
And boys with bated breath pronounce your name.
Solely by virtue of your moral status,
Men see your very photograph; a bard
May grind for years at the divine afflatus
And never reach that rapture—which is hard.

Still, may you prosper. There is much that promises
Well for you, Frederick, if you risk no fall.
Don't heed what naughty John or evil Tommy says;
You stick to goodness, and you'll do them all.
Be good, sweet child, and let who can be funny;
But—just a word from one who ought to know—
When you're a good young man and making money,
Don't overdo it, or you'll find it slow.

DUM-DUM.

"Stringer, the Little Dormington terror, sent down a most 'erratic' over. The first ball was a sort of streak-lightning wide, the second hit the batsman on the forearm, the third was a 'no-ball,' the fourth was fluked through the slips for four, the fifth was another 'wide,' and the sixth touched the edge of the bat and came at lightning speed between Mark and Mabel."—*Red Magazine*.

A very erratic over, seeing that it was three balls short.

"I am certain that the language of General Panegyric would be more distasteful to Sir Edward Cook than to anybody."

Lord Morley as reported in "*The Daily Chronicle*."

The language of these military gentlemen is notoriously strong.



TEMPORARY STOPPING.

THE THREE BILLS. "I SAY, WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR WEEKS AND WEEKS. WHEN'S HE GOING TO FINISH US?"

MASTER OF ELIBANK (*the dentist's butler*). "MR. ASQUITH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE'S FORTGOTTEN ALL ABOUT YOU TILL OCTOBER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 29.

—Thirty-four years ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, scornfully regarding poor SCLATER-BOOTH, whom he could not abear, observed, "Remarkable how often we find mediocrity with a double-barrelled name." The aside caught fresh charm from fact, momentarily overlooked by the speaker, that RANDOLPH SPENCER-CHURCHILL was numbered among the class denounced.

In present Parliament owners of double-barrelled names distinguish themselves in new way. They assume that, having twice as many names as average Member, they may ask four times as many questions *per diem*. Tendency marked in increasing degree by LOCKER-LAMPSON and LANE-FOX. WORTHINGTON-EVANS takes the shine out of them all. Remembering SPEAKER's modest objection to a Member even with a double-barrelled name placing on the paper more than eight questions, he nominally had to-day only seven. By ingenuity and dexterous use of the blessed phrase, "And whether," he fired off no fewer than seventeen—this not counting supplementaries.

Certain monotony about the business. Plan simple. Execution easy. When shaving, brushing his abundant hair, taking his walks abroad, or otherwise enjoying opportunity for meditation, W.-E. thinks out hypothetical difficulties arising from working of Insurance Act, throws them into form of conundrum, and asks CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to guess the answer. Surely in vain is the net spread in sight of any bird, more especially one as wary as LLOYD GEORGE. He passes on the riddle to SECRETARY FOR TREASURY, who perhaps knows more about the Act than does the author of its being.

This disappointing. But a Ministerial answer is forthcoming and certain measure of time wasted.

MASTERMAN had his revenge when, later, moving in Committee of Supply vote on account of salaries and expenses of Insurance Commissioners he dilated on working of Act through its first fortnight. Things going on swimmingly. Ten millions and a half insured persons have become members of Approved Societies. In first week of operation of Act sixteen and a half million of stamps were bought and, presumably, licked. In brief, MASTERMAN testified that "the Act is working with smoothness and celerity."

Discussion interrupted by stroke of ten o'clock. At the signal, guillotine dragged in. Votes passed as quickly as they could be put from the Chair.

All Opposition could do was to challenge occasional divisions. These disclosed notable condition of affairs that wreathed rotund countenance of MASTER OF ELIBANK with a smile unfamiliar since noon last Friday. On afternoon of that day BALCARRES worked out little plot almost crowned with complete success. At quarter past twelve as Ministerialists sauntered in, themselves guileless, unsuspecting of depravity in others, the Opposition Whip, having his men at hand, sprang a division on a technical point of procedure. Result: Ministerial majority run down to three.



"Seventeen questions."

(MR. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.)

Not the sort of game to be played twice in a week. To-day Ministerialists flocked in full number. Majority reinstated in excess of customary 100, on one division running up to 405.

Business done.—Supply being wound up. Sixty-eight millions sterling voted in less than sixty-eight minutes.

Tuesday.—Odd mischance that at a time when vast majority of population of Ireland are being drawn closer to their neighbour across the Channel the union with Scotland should be imperilled. It was Viscount WOLMER who revealed the chasm upon which Empire stands.

As he grows in years this statesman becomes more dangerous to the Government he was returned to oppose. Opened sitting by insisting upon know-

ing whether Land policy of Ministers includes what is known as the Single Tax. PREMIER briefly replied in the negative.

This triumph would have satisfied lesser men. Tireless in pursuit of national interests WOLMER fixed his eagle eye on SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. Last Thursday, when question of Scottish Estimates was raised on motion for adjournment, WOLMER, glancing round House, as is his custom of an afternoon, with intent to see that all things are in order and every man in his place, noted absence of SCOTTISH SECRETARY. What he now wanted to know was (a) Why was MACKINNON WOOD absent on this particular occasion? (b) Did he intend in future to be at his post when matters concerning Scotland came under discussion?

With meekness not excelled by PRIME MINISTER, SCOTCH SECRETARY explained his absence on Thursday and promised amendment for the future.

Here subject about to drop when suddenly, unexpectedly, PIRIE rushed in. Had listened with some impatience to WOLMER's interpellation. Noble Lord is not a Scotchman; does not even sit for Scotch constituency. Comes no nearer the Border than Lancashire. Aberdeen had inalienable right to deal with the matter, and as its duly elected Member PIRIE voiced its desire for information.

"Is it not the case," he asked, "that, whilst Mr. HOGGE was going all the way in denunciation of Ministerial conduct of the Scotch Estimates, the SECRETARY was in the Lobby sniggering at the Hon. Member?"

MACKINNON WOOD attempted to take refuge in guilty silence. PIRIE not to be put off by that ignoble device. "Will he reply?" he sternly asked.

Thus adjured, SCOTCH SECRETARY, not being on his oath, answered in the negative. No use, if there were opportunity, of carrying matter further. So with solemn injunction to "mend his manners" the Member for North Aberdeen let the culprit off.

Incident created profound sensation. Since the not unfamiliar historical episode of NERO continuing violin exercise whilst his Capital was in flames, there has been nothing to equal this painful exhibition of the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND "sniggering in the Lobby" what time Scottish Members uplifted their voice in protest against attempt to smuggle their country's Estimates through Committee of Supply.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded in excellent speech by UNDER SECRETARY.

Thursday.—House, always grateful for any diversion from drudgery of work, watches with interest a competition scarcely less exciting than those between candidates for an Olympic record. The men are PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, IRISH SECRETARY and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY. The game is to see which can rattle off at quickest rate more or less lengthy answers typed on sheets of foolscap.

At outset running seemed to lie between ST. AUGUSTINE and SYDNEY BUXTON, the former being favourite by a trifle. MASTERMAN regarded by the bookies as rank outsider. With fuller practice and closer training he has gradually crept up. Begins to disturb confidence of backers of his colleagues. Can do 130 words a minute. Evidently bent on accomplishing the round 200.

Common result in case of all three competitors. So distracting is their speed that Members have only remote idea of purport of gabbled phrases. This of less consequence as nine-tenths of questions demanding oral reply are not drafted with desire to obtain information. Members therefore free to devote attention to prowess and prospects of the competitors. Make up their books accordingly. At present odds tend in favour of MASTERMAN.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

THE PEST.

ALL the year round Johnson's sporting instincts are a nuisance

to me, but when the wasp-knifing season is on they are a positive terror. For the rest of the year I, his London co-tenant, suffer only from the relation of his exploits, and, after all, one is not bound to listen. But when there is an enthusiast on the move with a bread-knife it is neither safe nor convenient to continue one's meal unconcerned, especially if one wants a little bread. The other morning at breakfast the first wasp made its appearance, and Johnson thereupon became impossible.

He started operations with his napkin, using it, as one uses the red rag in a bull-fight, to exasperate the victim to a proper state of fury. Meanwhile, benefiting by the experience of past years, I gathered the marmalade jar to myself and concealed it behind the coffee pot, over which it is my custom to preside. (Johnson's dictum, that marmalade is called a Preserve to indicate that it is primarily intended for sporting purposes, is one of those jests

that do not contain a word of truth.) After a little fruitless skirmishing on his part, "For goodness' sake sit down," I said.

Suppressing as far as he could the joy of battle, he said that what he did he did solely for my good, and asked me if I *wanted* to be stung.

"I really don't know that I should mind," I said.

"Mind? You have no idea what you're saying. Have you ever been stung?"

"No," I said. "Have you?" I knew that my only hope of distracting Johnson was to start him talking about himself. "Put down your napkin and tell me all about it."

"Once upon a time," he began, gradually acquiescing, "I too was

me of is, I am sure you will agree with me, a really important sting. What did it feel like?"

"It felt . . . But where is that marmalade? Quick, we must snare the fellow by subtlety and cunning."

I put a retentive hand on the marmalade jar (a sufficiently unpleasant thing to have to do) and fixed a severe eye on Johnson. To concentrate his attention needed all my personal magnetism.

"I insist upon being told all about that sting," I said mesmerically.

"It wasn't so much the injury as the insult," he continued reluctantly.

"It was a half-asleep wasp that did it, an impudent fellow who had got into my tobacco pouch, which is strictly reserved for tobacco, and dared to

resent my intrusion. And above all was the sickening thought of my lost prestige. Now that one insolent, comatose, and possibly intoxicated insect had dared to attack me, others were bound to lose their respect and do the same. It was the beginning of the rising of the masses, the thin end of the wedge."

"Of the wasp," I corrected.

"Both," said Johnson. "Anyhow, I was incensed and amazed."

It was because my hypnotic eye was fixed on him that his attention was so long held. It was for the same reason that the Initial Cause of All the Trouble did very much as it liked meanwhile round about the marmalade jar and neighbourhood . . .

"Dash it," I said hurriedly and bitterly, as I killed the little brute with one indignant blow.

Johnson was carried away by the pure enthusiasm of a zealot over the conversion of a heretic. "Good," he declared, "I am glad to see the militant spirit awaking in you. The other wasp, also deceased, of which I was telling you . . ."

"I never want to hear of that or any wasp again," I interrupted him. "I am sick of the whole race."

"But I have never even told you what it feels like to be stung."

"I know," I said shortly, "now."

Johnson leant against the mantelpiece the better to enjoy his triumph.

"No," I said at once, "anything but that. The worst has undoubtedly happened, but, nevertheless, let it be clearly understood that if I have to suffer further from the activities of someone, I would, on experience, choose that they were the activities of the wasp rather than of yourself."

And so I come to my point. It is Johnson who is The Pest.



BELL GLASSES FOR BEAUX.
CALCULATED TO PRODUCE THE MUCH-ADMIRED TAN IN A ONE-DAY TRIP.

foolish and idle and callous in the matter of wasps. I, as you do, regarded wasp-stings as regrettable incidents in other people's lives, which were apt to get magnified in the telling . . ."

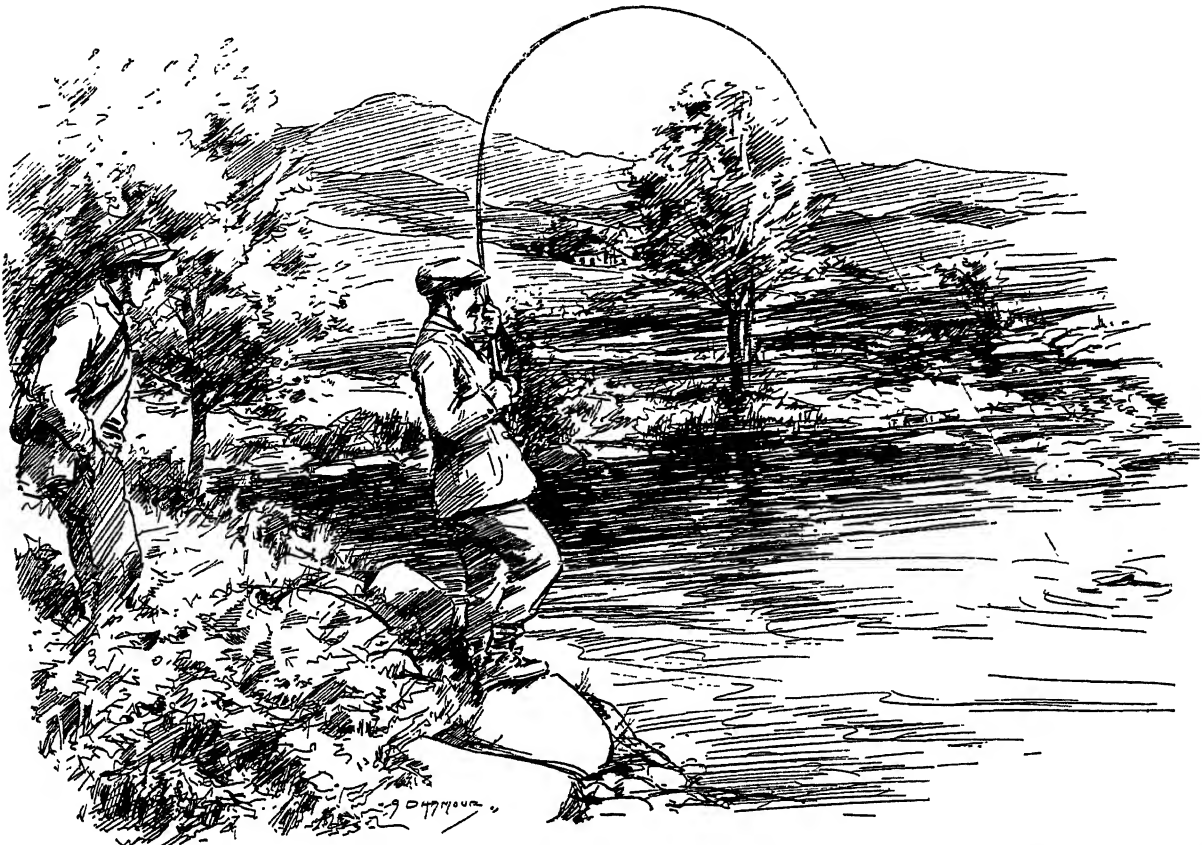
The narrative was interrupted.

"Yes," I said, picking up the toast-rack off the floor but not despairing of my ultimate purpose, "go on; I am absorbed."

"Having lived for twenty years unstung, I came to believe that I was unstingable. I was contemptuous of the whole matter and regarded myself as one apart, above such things . . . Then came the first sting. It left me a changed . . ."

This time I picked up the toast merely and let the rack remain on the floor. The wasp retired to the window again, hurt but not physically.

"Do, I beg of you, continue your narrative," I said; "for, though others may have suffered, this you are telling



Young Angler (who, accompanied by the village loafer during several unproductive days, has at last hooked a big fish). "GET THE GAFF READY, SANDY!"
Sandy. "I DIDNA BRING'T THE DAY; I THOUGHT YE WADNA BE NEEDIN' IT."

THE BETTER PART.

[It is pointed out that motoring, by producing appetite without affording exercise, is a great cause of fatness.]

FULL often Envy made me sad,
As (Fortune favouring not the just)
I humbly fared afoot, and had
To masticate Sir Mammon's dust.
Whene'er his horn said "Scoot," right
hot
And angry was I as I scot.

"It must be really fine," I thought,
"When one goes forth to take the
air,
To travel like a Juggernaut
Apparelled like a Teddy Bear."
I hoped some day to me might come
Propulsion by Petroleum.

But now I've put such thoughts afar.
No more I burn with envious heat;
Mammon can keep his motor car,
And I propose to keep my feet.
I would not give a single thank
For all the cars in England (swank).

For I am graceful, lissom, slim,
While he, returning home at night
And bringing (as he does) with him
A wholly unearned appetite,
Is quickly forced thereby to be
A prey to adiposity.

I think, now Sirius rules the sky,
How, scant of breath but big of belt,
He vainly seeks for means whereby
His "too too solid flesh may melt,"
And realize that I have got
The better part, the happier lot.

SPORTING PROSPECTS.

Report from our own Moor.

I.—FUR.

THE Black Rabbit has been seen twice in the Home Close, and is reported to be in the best of health and as sprightly as ever. With careful placing of the guns, two days' excellent sport seem assured—a morning in the long grass winding up with a jolly afternoon with the spade and "better luck next time," and a rousing morning to and fro along the hedgerow (mounted meet) concluding with lunch, a cordial vote of thanks to all concerned, and *Auld Lang Syne* all together.

The Leveret, so heartily cheered to the echo last autumn, has not returned to see what it was all about, as hoped.

II.—FEATHER.

The gap in the Parson's fence still escapes his notice, and the Buff Orpington brood come through to feed regularly on Fridays.

The Rook built well, and is still on

the spot. It is proposed to drive the bird from the N.E. corner of the ground next Equinox, placing the guns as usual on the roof.

The female Pheasant, who became such a pet with the children on off days last season, and kept her eye in by putting up a very creditable imitation of a partridge on otherwise blank days in September, seems, like so many others, to have found better food elsewhere. The gardener's boy, who was entrusted with the raisins, repeatedly came back with his mouth too full for words.

The Wild Duck is wilder than ever, and seems to have got completely out of hand. It will be difficult to make a full day of her, unless the guns are taken a long way round.

* * * * *
Prospects on the whole less cheerful than last year. Plenty of cartridges left over as usual, but invitations very scarce and difficult to rear; there has also been an ominous absence of poachers. The yellow dog licence will require renewing—this time without the option. The check suit should be turned on either flank, and a couple of stops put at the ends of the grease boots. It is most annoying to find that someone has again been using the Game Register to check the washing.

THE SPEECH DAY.

(Communicated by one of the Audience.)

DAD and Mum were going to the Speeches at Dad's old School, but almost at the last moment Mum couldn't go, so Dad wrote to the Head Master's wife and asked if he might bring me instead, and she wrote back a very kind letter and said Yes, certainly, I was to come. Dad said, "You're not a boy, but perhaps you'd like to see the old place where your father spent some of his happiest days," and I said, "Right-O," and when Dad asked me where I learnt that expression I told him everybody said it, but he told me not to do it again.

Well, when the day came, off we started at about ten o'clock, for we had a good long way to go. There were a great many black clouds about, so we both took umbrellas, and of course it didn't rain. When we got to the place, Dad said we had a few minutes to spare before we had to go to the luncheon, so he took me to the playing field, where we met a very jolly clergyman with whom he used to be at school, and they laughed and joked together about the old days and all the things they used to do and all the mischief and the scrapes they got into, just as if he hadn't been a clergyman at all—but somebody once told me that clergymen when they were young were always as bad as anybody else. I don't quite believe that, though, for if everything was quite true that Dad told me about himself that day nobody could have been quite as bad as he was, and he isn't a clergyman. Nearly all the places he showed me were places where he had done wrong things. He showed me (1) the place where he had a fight with another boy: he hit the other boy in the eye, and the other boy hit him in the mouth; (2) the place where he smoked a cigarette which he didn't like, but he thought it was a fine thing to do and one of the masters caught him doing it and reported him; (3) the place where the Head Master whacked him on the hand with a birch so as to cure him of smoking, but he was only cured for a time and has broken out again since; (4) the window from which he poured a jugful of water on a policeman's head, because the policeman would keep talking to somebody and Dad couldn't go to sleep; and a good many other places where he said he had distinguished himself. One was where he broke another boy's collar-bone playing football; but he said he didn't mean to do that. I asked Dad if there were any places where he had done good things, and he told me they were too numerous to pick out and I must imagine them. I must say the clergyman was nearly as bad.

Well, at last the time came and we went into the School House, where the Head Master lives, and we were shown into the drawing-room; but I didn't see any canes or birches about anywhere. It was rather formidable, for all the other ladies and gentlemen in the room were much older than me (I'm just going to be thirteen), but they were all very kind to me, especially the Head Master's wife. Then we went in to the dining-room to lunch, and a gentleman, who said he was older than Dad, gave me his arm and took me in just as if I'd been grown up. He and I talked a good deal during lunch, and he kept putting good things on to my plate. The sweets were splendid.

After this we went off to the School buildings. The speeches—but they weren't speeches really: it was all acting—were in the big schoolroom, which was crammed full of boys and fathers and mothers and sisters, and they were all smiling and looking very happy, and the boys cheered everybody and everything tremendously. I thought they were never going to stop. First there was some Greek acting, which they did in evening dress—long-tail coats and white ties and patent leather shoes—but it was very funny,

and everybody understood it quite well because it was all explained in the programmes. It was about Suffragettes who had stolen their husbands' clothes and put on false beards, but at last their husbands came and carried them off in their arms, so they didn't seem to get on very well in Greece either. Then there was a French piece, and last of all a bit of *Twelfth Night*; where they make a fool of poor *Malvolio*. I knew all about this because we had read it in our own school, and I liked it very much; but Dad said he could never care for it himself because they all behaved so badly to *Malvolio*, who was a gentleman after all. He said it always made him feel as if he had eaten a spoonful of ice-cream and found that the salt had got into it. I've done that myself and it isn't nice.

After the speeches came the prize-giving—heaps and heaps of beautiful books which were piled up on a table; and they got Dad up on the platform and made him give some of them. He was very different then. He made a speech, and talked about discipline and all the things the boys must do if they were to be really good boys and be a credit to their school and their country; and they all clapped their hands and cheered, the clergyman too. I saw him doing it. After this we had a very good tea, with any amount of different cakes, and raspberries and cream, and Dad sat next the daughter of one of his old school-fellows who had once run away from school because he didn't want to learn the Thirty-nine Articles. He afterwards became a general in India. Then we said good-bye and walked to the station. Dad said he felt as if he was taking Cinderella home after her ball, and I think I know what he meant.

POUR PRENDRE CONGÉ.

DEAR, when I note your "higher education,"

Your hockey prowess and your skill at golf,
I realize my sorry situation—

My chance of winning you, I see, is off.

But, could we only once again be carried

Back to the days ere womankind was "freed,"
We would within a month or two be married,

We would indeed.

For I should only have to seek your father,

Tell him his daughter pleased my amorous whim,

Beg for your hand, and forthwith (in the rather

Improbable event of pleasing him)

You would be mine. I should not need to flatter,

Court and cajole you every passing day;

His word would settle it, my dear, no matter

What you might say.

Or, were he harsh, a few soft, tender speeches,

A little rhapsody on blighted hope,

And you (my reading of romances teaches)

Would make your simple mind up to elope,

Soothing my tendency to melancholy

By fleeing with me at the dead of night,

A course which now you'd deem the rankest folly

(And you are right!)

So since, romantic practices eschewing,

You modern maidens always want to know

The income of the man who comes a-wooing,

And mine is so preposterously low,

Accept this valedictory effusion

From one whom Cupid's latter ways compel

To lead a life of celibate seclusion.

Phyllis, farewell.



Wife. "YOU'VE MADE ME LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH, GEORGE. I SHALL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF ALL THOSE HORRID WORK-PEOPLE AS I DRIFT PAST THE FACTORY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is a writer from whose books I almost always derive unmixed entertainment; therefore I was just a little startled and even worried to find in the advertisement of his latest, *The Red Hand of Ulster* (SMITH, ELDER), the sinister warning, "This is a political novel." To save you from a similar shock, I will say at once that whatever your political convictions they are unlikely to be seriously outraged by a story in which the author's peculiar gifts of light-hearted fun and half-serious satire have never once deserted him. Yet on the face of it, to write a tale in which Belfast's rebellion against the rebels should be shown as a working reality, and carried to a grimly humorous finish, was a task of difficulty and danger. I hardly think it could have been better done. The characters, it is explained, though "necessarily placed in the positions occupied by living men," must not be taken as representing any real person. This, however, will not interfere with your appreciation of such episodes as that in which a certain privy-councillor, called *Babberley*, having all along advocated armed resistance, is so shocked and outraged at his advice being taken, that he dashes from Belfast to Trafalgar Square, and, in a wild attempt to prevent bloodshed, addresses a Labour demonstration on "the murder of working men by the hired

mercenaries of the capitalist classes." This is a sample of the incidents to which the revolution gives rise; the actual fighting is told with the most jovial and exciting zest; and the end leaves you breathless. Mr. BIRMINGHAM in short has proved himself too good a novelist (and sportsman) to spoil his fun, even in the domain of controversy.

At both ends of his book Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN is at great pains to make a spirited protest against a point of view long since defunct, and to resist a charge of impropriety that none would urge against him. We do not, in these enlightened days, maintain that no love affair which has failed to culminate in matrimony duly solemnized is fit to be discussed; and those of us who have a sneaking regard for lovers who marry and pluckily go through with it are not such extremists as to deserve the invective of his dedicatory note or lengthy postscript. Without these, I should never have known that I was reading a story "devoutly founded in ideas repugnant to British virtue." This is it: *Stephen Gaunt*, having previously begotten (in what he calls a moment of inconsiderate passion) and forgotten (in a mood which he does not explain) a son, returns, at the opening of the story, to discover that this boy, a tiresome child, has been taken in and kept for thirteen years by his brother *Jacob*. The question arises, and is discussed at full length, shall the boy be told? *Stephen* ultimately decides, amidst the applause of the

minor characters, that he shall. Even so, there is little to blush at, but there is less when his failure to make an honest woman of the dead mother is amply explained, if not justified. What annoys is the lack of sportsmanship shown by *Stephen* and the author; by the one in his ingratitude, by the other in his injustice, to *Jacob*. Un-generous, on the face of it, *Jacob* was not, and for myself I found him less of a prig about his premeditated righteousness than *Stephen* was about his casual paternity. On the whole I cannot appreciate the fitness of the title, *Bright Shame* (STANLEY PAUL). I missed both the shame and the brightness.

When DANIEL CHAUCER, in the preface to his so delightfully Puckish book, *The New Humpty-Dumpty* (LANE), describes himself as a breeder of shorthorns, writing to pass the time, how are we to know he isn't just pulling our legs? But when he tells us that it was his publisher who christened the book we can see that he frankly wants to give that astute man away. Because it's a rotten title. The Russo-Scot, *Sergius Mihailovitch, Count Macdonald*, is a new Quixote, a dear, brave, impracticable, even preposterous person, but with nothing whatever Humpty-Dumptyish about him. He leaves a Grand Duke's service, ostensibly to become managing director of an American motor-car company in London, really to engineer the restoration of the King of Galizia. The marked card in the game is played by one *Mr. Pett*, a malicious travesty of an ex-Fabian (and meant, I should judge, for an actual caricature), who is the professional econo-

mist and philosopher of the movement. The economics are not economical. Every inhabitant of Galizia has his price, and each is to be paid, in order to effect a progressive and bloodless counter-revolution. But *Sergius Mihailovitch* knows nothing of this and walks a white way of his own over calumny and misunderstanding to essential success and death. It is a rattling good story, not a bit in the Ruritanian manner; more whimsical and likely-unlikely. There's clever if extravagant satire in it, and it has some very engaging lively characters—perhaps rather too many of them. I think, too, that *Mr. CHAUCER*, distracted possibly by the shorthorns, has let *Sergius's* wife run away with him, always an immoral thing to do, and, in this instance, very destructive to the story. For there's such a thing as "key" even in a fantasia, and she seems out of it. The blameless episode between *Sergius* and *Lady Aldington* deserves (I speak as a decent philistine) a happier ending.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES has tackled a pretty stiff job in *Jessie Bazley* (CONSTABLE)—the fusion of romance proper with a story of sensational crime. It is a mixture which has sometimes been made successfully—there is *The Woman in White*, to name no other example—but for the

most part the characters in such yarns as introduce ever so slightly the sleuth-hound element are mere lay-figures and have no claim on our imaginative sympathy. After all, this is an age of specialisation, and why should we be doubly harrowed? In this particular case, too, the author has been a little unfair, for he gave us no indication for one hundred pages or so that he was about to dabble in such horrors as a secret society for the annihilation of millionaires. As soon as I discovered this the knowledge cast a cloud of unreality over *Jessie Bazley* and her protector *Roger Carnac*, both of whom I was trying to get to know and like. *Mr. BERNARD CAPES* is a remarkable stylist of the forceful kind. He stabs one with vivid adjectives, and he suffers intensely with the emotions of his characters; but I think he ought to admit (putting aside for a moment the difficulty I have mentioned above) that it is a little difficult to weep for a plutocrat who makes a mistress of an innocent girl whilst his wife is living, and a little incredible that a girl, however innocent, should

consent to live in the house of a man as his secretary when she has realised that there is no other woman in the establishment. Anyhow, whatever the cause and whether the fault was the author's or mine, I tried to agonise with him, and with his hero and heroine, but failed. And I am heartily sorry for this, for I have the greatest respect for *Mr. CAPES*.

Captain Grigg, the hero of *The Red Vintage* (CONSTABLE), was a Federal spy, and the main incidents of this stirring story are in the hair-breadth, fire-at-sight, hold-your-life-in-your-hand style. The

simple layman may well be astonished by secret-service men, and not invariably by their acuteness. Here, for instance, *Grigg's* intrepidity was rewarded by the scoring of several points for his side; but the credit of his exploits is tempered by the reflection that his chief rival would have been easily outwitted by an intelligent boy-scout. *Delia Coombs*, the heroine, was of course a whole-hearted Confederate; at least she was until she met the spy, and then her heart was punctured. *Grigg* (being less agile than his name suggests) got on very slowly with his wooing, but the conditions under which he had to make love were so parlous that I cannot bring myself to blame him. Every time he went to see *Delia* he was in danger of being arrested or shot, and that may well have placed an impediment on his tongue. For the development of *Delia's* character *Mr. JOSEPH SHARTS* deserves a special word of praise. Resisting the temptation to allow her to indulge in heroics, he has drawn a woman capable, in peculiarly trying circumstances, of acting not only with loyalty and courage, but also with reason and common sense.

The New Glove.

"Go'oshes were to be seen on every hand."—*Star*.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.
II.—AN AGENT ENDEAVOURING TO SECURE AN ORDER FOR A COPY OF
DOMESDAY BOOK.

CHARIVARIA.

It is said that the Government contemplates presenting Mr. REDMOND with a medal for life-saving.

* *

An alleged burglar who broke into a clothing establishment at Tamworth changed his old suit for a new one, but neglected to take from his discarded coat an Insurance Act emergency card which bore his name and address. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to be delighted that proof should already be forthcoming of the usefulness of his experiment.

* *

In connection with a recent incident in the House, it is being asked whether the so-called punishment of suspension for defying the SPEAKER might not be improved upon. For ourselves, instead of temporarily disfranchising a constituency, we should be inclined to give the Treasury power to hold back a portion of the naughty boy's pocket-money.

* *

The programme at the Coliseum during the cold snap was such an excellent one that we trust that the advertised description of the house as "The Coolest Theatre in London" kept no one away.

* *

Among the announcements of attractions at the White City we find the following item:—"Twelve Concerts by Costumed Natives." While we are relieved to hear that the performers are costumed, the word "Natives" seems to us to be lacking in descriptive power. It can even be applied to people born in England.

* *

"A cinematograph target, in which the marksman aims at living pictures, is being tested on Salisbury Plain." We are glad to hear this. There are a great many cinema productions which we should like to see shot.

* *

Journalism sometimes approaches very near to literature. Occasionally it comes too close. For example, the other day a dainty sketch by Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP in *The Daily Mail*, describing a courtship, wound up with the sentence:—"Sir Henry kissed Lady Elizabeth." Immediately follow-

ing this came the statement:—"Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths appear at the foot of the first column on this page every day."

* *

It is perhaps excusable if the persons represented in the miniatures which were surreptitiously removed from the Royal Academy are a little piqued at their return.

* *

Meanwhile the authorities at Burlington House hope that this borrowing of pictures from their exhibition will not spread, and another year they may find it necessary to make a charge in such cases.

* *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has expressed himself as being in sympathy with the proposal to tax advertisement boards

The microbe which is responsible for tooth-ache has been discovered by M. HOLBEK HANSEN, a Christiania dentist. An angry crowd, consisting mainly of persons with swollen faces, is said to have surrounded the dentist's house as soon as the news became known, and but for the efforts of the police the bacillus would have been dragged out and lynched.

* *

At the Market Bosworth Petty Sessions last week a man and his wife were fined five shillings each and costs for cruelty to a cat and a canary which they had left without food and water while they were away. As a result of this vindication of their rights, canary birds all over the country are said to be showing a certain amount of truculence, and there have been brought to

our notice two well-authenticated instances of birds refusing to desist from singing when told to.

* *

The Ancient Order of Foresters, at its high court held last week at Leicester, decided by a large majority that London shall in future be the permanent centre of the Society. Might we suggest the forest of Aldwych as offering a peculiarly appropriate site for the new headquarters?

* *

The Berlin corres-

pondent of *The Express* informs its readers that an unusual elopement has taken place in that city, a bridegroom running off with the daughter of his betrothed on the morning that had been fixed for his wedding with the mother. We withhold judgment until we have seen portraits of the ladies; but meanwhile we are prejudiced in favour of the gentleman.

* *

From a poster advertisement of the Birkenhead Hippodrome:—

FOR

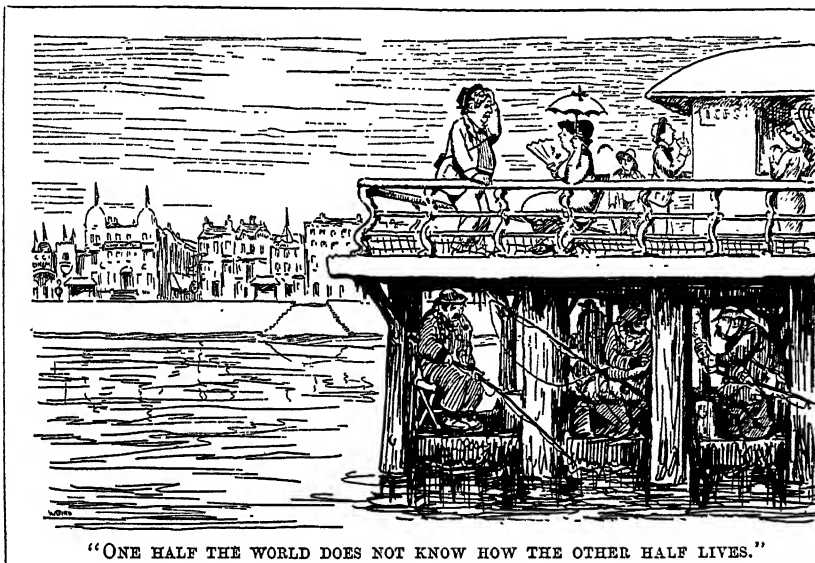
"TOMORROW'S DAWN"

BOOK YOUR SEATS.

Personally we shall take it lying down.

A Generous Recognition.

"Southall-Norwood District Council proposes to place portraits of the Earl and Countess of Jersey on the walls of the council chamber, in recognition of the great interest they have always taken in the welfare of the district. Lord and Lady Jersey are to be asked to provide the portraits."—*Standard*.



"ONE HALF THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES."

by the sides of railways. The CHANCELLOR is of course well known to be hostile to hoardings of any kind.

* *

Now that Banbury has allowed the famous Globe Room in the Reindeer Inn to be sold, the chief antiquities left to that town are certain Banbury cakes.

* *

Marlborough Street Police Court is to be demolished, and replaced by a more commodious building. We have long been of the opinion that the present structure is not quite worthy of the high class of prisoner which patronises this court.

* *

A letter from the Home Office to local authorities suggesting that unclean prisoners should be cleansed states that "there is no statutory power of compulsion where the prisoner refuses." But surely Wormwood Scrubs?

TO THE PREMIER

on reading in a Ministerial Journal the alleged programme of his Autumn Manœuvres.

["The Prime Minister will spend the next few weeks in a round of visits . . . Early in October Mr. Asquith will go north, spending a week at Dallas, Elgin, and a week at Balmoral. . . . At the end of this period . . . Mr. Asquith will make Venice his headquarters for a few weeks of motoring and sight-seeing."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"The House of Commons will resume on October 7."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

WHEN the wild partridge, hustled from the turnips,
Comes swooping down the equinoctial gales;
When Autumn's matin chill the coney's fur nips
And Summer's final charm (if any) fails;

In that lone hour of widowhood and worry,
When first your stricken party lacks the aid
Of him its Master (now the Baron MURRAY),
Newest of converts to the ranks of Trade;—

I should have thought, at such a solemn juncture,
You would be there, your own heart wounded sore,
Doing your best to salve the general puncture
And hush the dirge of "*Elibank no more!*"

It should have been, I guessed, your bounden duty
To raise their drooping peckers, come out strong,
And loudly reassert the deathless beauty
Of all those various Bills deferred so long.

But no. If I may trust my *Daily Chronicle*,
'Tis then, when most they mourn their truant Whip,
Your kilted frame, in search of Nature's tonic, 'll
Traverse the Border on a Highland trip.

Healed by a fortnight's rolling in the heather,
You 'll whizz through London on your southward way,
Not pausing once to make enquiry whether
Your sheep, unshepherded, have gone astray.

Deaf to the voice of by-election voters,
You will embrace the Adriatic's bride
(Venice, that happy hunting-ground of motors
At which no local horse has ever shied).

Strident amid her strait and tortuous *calli*
I hear your hooter's devastating tune,
I see you in your goggles as you sally
To Lido o'er the nicely-tarred lagoon.

A few brief weeks in this fine motoring centre,
And home again your punctual feet will press,
Cheered by a generous House as you re-enter
In time to catch the Christmastide recess.

O. S.

THE RESORT.

"We must go for a holiday," said I.

"But must get neither lost among, nor identified with, the holiday-making masses," said George.

"Let us wait till the last loaded four-wheeler has disappeared."

"And then get into a taxi. Nothing else remains to be considered except our destination."

"And that will be decided by the gentleman at the Enquiry Office of that particular terminus to which our taxi elects to take us."

So we waited till the rush was over and made our dignified and leisurely exit later. At the London and Great Western we found an Enquiry Officer not so exhausted by previous enquirers but what he was ready and willing to give his undivided attention to our case, and place his vast knowledge at our disposal.

"Chief among the graver problems of the day," said we to this Knowledgable One, "is the question: where shall we make our holiday?"

"You want to know where to stay," he began.

"Exactly."

"In the West Country?"

"On to it in once!" said we, and he handed us a book, marked sixpence, but presented gratis, and entitled, *Where to Stay in the West Country*.

We sat upon a bench, the admired of all beholders. "*Barnstaple*," I read aloud, beginning at the beginning, "attracts many patients suffering from pulmonary disorders."

"Next, please," said George.

"*Bideford (North Devon)*. Population 9,500. *Early Closing Day, Wednesday*. Rates 8/4 (*likely to be reduced*). *Subsoil, loam and shale*. Town Clerk, W. B. Sheldon."

"We might spend our mornings," said George, "counting the population and our afternoons watching the rates being reduced. Then, what with the loam and shale and the Town Clerk, we should not want for evening amusement and instruction of the quieter sort."

I went on a bit. "*On the morning of June 11th, 1685, the 'Helderenberg,' accompanied by two smaller vessels, appeared at the little port of Lyme*."

"Indeed," said George; "but I am afraid we are too late for that."

"The death rate at Seaton is stated to be 15.7. . . ."

George is very hard to please. "Quickish," he admitted, "but if it must be, let it, say I, be sudden."

". . . and the gas 5s. per 1,000 feet, but 4s. 7d. for heating. A thousand feet should last us, if we make a point of going to bed early, and we could save the 5d. by pretending that it was for heating. Let's go to Seaton."

George was adamant on the question of rapid decease.

"Then," I announced, "we must go to Lynmouth, where, apparently, special privileges are afforded to tourists. The death-rate there is distinctly stipulated to be 8 per 1,000, *excluding visitors*. . . . Moreover I see that one may here purchase electric light at 5d. per unit."

"One could of course distribute units as the customary presents for good children from Lynmouth and so keep the Devonshire cream for oneself. But even so. . . ."

"Oh, take the book yourself," said I irritably, "and don't trouble to tell me that the Morthoe Parish Council Clerk is Mr. P. Chugg, for I have observed that fact for myself."

"D stands for Dartmoor," said George. "What about that? . . . *The visitor who goes there will return again and again*. . . . *and those who wish for a longer stay will find accommodation*."

"Does it say exactly where?" I asked.

"Curiously enough, no."

"All the men I ever knew who, by their own desire or not, made a longer stay were similarly reticent upon the point. . . . But what does it say about the attractions?"

"There is a lamentable absence of Town Clerks and Early Closing Days, and there is, in fact, but one particular given."

"And that?"

"A Cider Manufacturer, who, it seems, practises there as also at Birmingham."

That railway does not go to Birmingham, so we went to Dartmoor.

In the train, George became a little silent and gloomy.

"Cheer up!" said I optimistically. "If we don't like the place, we can always . . . escape."

"I was wondering," he answered, "more about clothes. Aren't they rather particular, and have we got the right ones?"



HARMONY.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR has been patronising the Centenary of KRUPP's Gun Factory.]



Miss Lady (to pleasure-seeker who has inadvertently come through window). "I WISH YOU'D KNOCK AT THE DOOR IN THE USUAL WAY, SIR. IT'S LESS FRIGHTENING FOR MY CATS."

AUNTS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHERE are the aunts of yesteryear,
Whose quaint familiar faces
Redeemed an age of chandelier,
Of lavender and laces,
Their daily rôle to knit and chat
On ottoman or settle,
Their properties a pampered cat,
A caddy and a kettle?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,
Whose charitable labours,
Whose coal and flannel made them
dear
To impecunious neighbours,
Who breathed an air of auld lang syne
And struck delicious poses
That went with elderberry wine
And desiccated roses?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,
The bane of little nephews
Who feared the ebon crutch, the queer
Appendage that the deaf use;
Small visitors who viewed askance
Their autocratic habits
And quailed before the lorgnette glance
Like paralytic rabbits?

Here where the groundsmen mow and
delve
Till every lie is grassy,
You'll find the aunt of 1912
Most handy with her brassy;
Scorning the after-luncheon nap,
The mittened "far niente,"
She strives to bring her handicap
To something under twenty.

Here where the glittering snowscapes
shelve
And feathery flakes are swirling,
You'll meet the aunt of 1912
Tobogganing and curling;
Ski-ing and skating with the best
In manner bright and hearty,
She adds inimitable zest
To any Alpine party.

Queen of the tourney, she applauds
Each feat of thew and tendon,
Heroic bouts at Queen's or Lord's,
At Ranelagh or Hendon;
Where airmen plane, where batsmen
plant
Their feet across the creases,
Young England greets the modern aunt
And disregards the nieces.

J. M. S.

An Ardent Churchgoer.

"The attendance at the churches on Sunday showed a diminution by reason of the week-end departure of strangers from the locality. The visitor was, however, noticeable at all the places of public worship."—*Ohan Times*.
This must be a record. We wonder how he got round.

"Lost."

THRUSH (Hen), partly moulted, last week; 2s. 6d. reward; owner attached to bird."
Portsmouth Evening News.

With the assistance of this clue, the police should easily trace the bird.

"At Yarmouth, amid the holiday traffic, a man fell beneath the front wheel of a four-horsed brake laden with passengers. The wheel passed over him, and he owed his life to the fact that he was wearing sandwich boards, on which appeared only the word 'Kismet.' No bones were broken."—*Manchester Evening News*.
We always wear them, and have found them quite effective even without the magic word "Kismet."

"'One thing more,' said Mary. 'What about my poor old nose? You know it is dreadfully red.'
'Not dreadfully, Mary, but sufficiently so to be objectionable, so we must take it in hand without delay.'—*Home Notes*.
Nip it, in fact, in the bud.

THE LIMPET.

I THINK it was last Christmas or some time that I related to Pamela how I dived off Brighton pier with a high sea running and rescued a society lady whose identity I could not reveal.

Of course I invented the whole story, but I was courting her at the time, and you must tell the girl something.

As a matter of fact my aquatic performances have hitherto been confined to the artificial lake in the Bath Club—at the shallow end.

I had no idea at the time that her father would go and take a house for the summer months with bathing facilities at the very doorstep. It is just the silly sort of thing he would do.

I put off going to stay there as long as possible, but eventually my repertoire of excuses gave out, and I went down for the week-end.

I bought a book called *The Art of Natation* to read in the train. I had been careful to forget my bathing things, but I thought it would be as well to read up the subject a bit.

Fortunately I had a carriage to myself, and was able to practise the various attitudes depicted in the diagrams.

I threw the book out of the window before the train reached my destination.

Pamela was on the platform.

"I hope you've not forgotten your bathing things?" she said.

I slapped my leg.

"Great Scott! Why didn't you remind me before?"

I... really I don't know who's to blame for this. What a pity! I was looking forward to the bathing all the way down."

"Oh, that's all right," said Pamela. "There's a shop in the village where you can buy a lovely costume. We'll go round after tea."

We took tea on the shore. I did not care about the scenery at all. It was a sort of rocky bay where the sea gets deep at once, which is extremely dangerous.

After we had had enough tea, we went round to the village shop where they kept bathing costumes.

They laid one out on the counter. It was a sadly comic creation in red and blue stripes.

I looked at it sadly.

"Oh, no," I said, "that won't do at all. It's horrid."

"I don't think so," said Pamela.

"I think it's rather sweet."

"If my tailor saw me in that," I pursued, "he'd never speak to me again."

"Well, he won't see you. You aren't going to wear it down Bond Street, are you?"

It is a well-known fact that it is hopeless to argue with a woman, and, Pamela being undoubtedly a woman, I gave up and bought the thing.

But if it was idle to talk to Pamela there was Pamela's father.

I decided I would have a few words with him when a suitable occasion offered.

Over our cigars, I spoke to him.

where should we be? I must confess that I have very grave doubts myself whether it is quite—shall I say orthodox?"

Pamela's father, I regret to say, treated the matter with deplorable levity. He laughed and guffawed, dug me in the waistcoat and told me I was a wag. It was impossible to make him take a serious view of the subject.

"Half-past seven, darling," said Pamela, leaning over the stairs on her way to bed.

"Yes, yes," I said. "I hope I shall wake up. Sometimes I oversleep myself."

"You won't to-morrow," she said. "I'll come and call you myself."

And she did, bringing with her a kind of opera-cloak made of bath-towel.

I got up, dressed in the comic costume and the opera-cloak, lit a cigarette and went to the window to look at the weather.

Pamela, similarly attired, was doing skirt dances in the front drive.

"Come on, you sleepy old thing."

"My costume doesn't fit," I said.

"Oh, what does it matter? Do hurry up! We'll be late for breakfast."

"Yes, I'm afraid we shall," I said. "I'm very glad you thought of that. We'd better give it up this morning. I don't want to be late for breakfast. So rude."

"There's plenty of time if you come now."

I withdrew my head from the window and went to the

bath-room, where I got the thermometer, tied a long piece of string to it, and joined Pamela in the garden.

"What in the world do you want with that?" she exclaimed.

"I want to take the temperature before I go in. This is a scientific instrument designed for the purpose."

"I'll race you to the buoy and back," said Pamela, pointing far out to the horizon. "They've never let me go out far before because of the current, but I shall be safe with you."

"If you stay with me," I replied, "you will be absolutely safe."

We stood on a large rock and I let the thermometer down into the limpid depths. Then I hauled it up and looked at it.

I shook my head.

"Ah, I was afraid so," I said.

"What a pity!"



Captain (to umpire, who has received a severe blow). "JOVE! IT'S A NASTY SMACK; BUT CHEER UP, IT'S ALL PART OF THE GAME."
Heroic Umpire. "YES, SIR; AND THE CRICKET WAS GETTING A BIT SLOW, WASN'T IT?"

"You have heard, no doubt," I said, "that your daughter and I propose to bathe together to-morrow morning before breakfast?"

He assented.

"I don't know, Sir, what your views may be," I continued. "There are many people, you know, who disapprove of mixed bathing very strongly indeed, and I want you to say quite frankly if you or her mother are at all unhappy about it. Pamela and I would give it up at once."

"My dear boy," he exclaimed cordially, "we have not the slightest objection. Considering that you two young people are engaged to be married, it would be very unreasonable if we had."

"That is true," I said, "in a sense. But you never know. The engagement might be broken off and then

"Why?"

"The sea's too warm."

"Rot."

Pamela slipped off her bathing-cloak.

"I'll give you two minutes' start," I said.

"All right."

She dived in and swam away.

I sat down on the rock to think it all out. The girl would almost certainly be drowned and I should feel very much to blame.

Then suddenly an idea occurred to me, and I called to her to come back.

She turned her head.

"Yes?"

"Come back."

"Why?"

"Come back."

She turned round and swam back to the rock and caught hold of the edge of it.

"What . . . is it . . . now?" she cried.

I shook my head and, gathering the tails of my cloak about my feet, glared down at her with an expression of fearful solemnity.

"It's Sunday," I said.

Pamela threw up her arms, uttered a faint cry of despair, and sank to the bottom.

SPAWING AT HARROGATE:

An Ode to the Sulphur Water.

HATEFUL malodorous potion

Brewed on the banks of the Styx,

Drawn from the sulphurous ocean

Hard by the halls that are Nick's;

You that were bred in such places,

Why do you quit them to come

Forth from those regions where he and his legions

Gloat o'er a victim gout-ridden and glum,

Gulping you down with forbidding grimaces

Into his tum?

Foul your aroma and rotten,

Frankly suggestive of eggs

Laid in the past and forgotten,

Left to embitter the dregs!

Merely a whiff of the mixture

Fills me with longing to send

Straight to perdition both fiend and physician

(Leagued to exploit this unspeakable blend),

Therein to languish, a permanent fixture,

Unto the end!

Glass number one that I swallow

Amplly annihilates thirst,

Yet there's another to follow

Hard on the heels of the first!



EXCEEDING THE LIMIT.

Mabel. "HOW OLD ARE YOU, CAPTAIN WETHERALL?"

Captain. "I'M SEVENTY-FIVE, MY DEAR."

Mabel (cheerfully). "OH! THEN YOU'LL DIE SOON."

How the last lingering ounces

Waken a horrible doubt

Whether I'll masterimpending disaster,

Whether I wouldn't be better without

Waters my poor little Mary pronounces

Worse than the gout!

Give me the throbbing sensations,

Joints that are swollen and pink,

Rather than further potations

Of your iniquitous drink!

Here our acquaintance we sever,

Strangers henceforth to remain;

So, nothing loath, I will stick to my tophi.

Though they be many and girdled with pain;

Not for the ransom of kings will I ever Face you again!

The coming yesteryear.

"To-morrow the oldest member of the House, the Earl of Wimys, will enter upon his ninety-fifth year, three-quarters of which have been spent as a legislator."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Two London Roman Catholic priests . . . are making a holiday cruise in a converted lifeboat."—*The Daily Mirror*.

We should much like to know if our Protestant ministers are also doing good work amongst the heathen lifeboats.

"COMFORTABLE HOME, 1 or 2 Men; 4s.; washing, darning; bath 5 minutes from town."

The above, from a Liverpool evening paper, is a sufficient answer to the pessimists who ask, "Is England falling behind other nations in the art of tubbing as in other manly sports?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

BACK TO THE LAND.

Buttercup Farm, Wilts.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—What do you think of your own Blanche as a farmer? One's heard so much lately of the decline of farming in England that I felt it was the duty of some of us to step into the breach. So I got Josiah to buy this place and stock it with *creatures*—and here I am, farming! And I find, my dearest, that a little nameless yearning I've had for *ages* was really just the sub-conscious need of *farm-life*! Quite several people have followed my example already. Beryl Clarges has got a farm, in *direct* rivalry with mine, a few miles off; and Babs St. Austin is growing turnips about half-an-hour's drive away. (Turnips, you know, are the *new food*.)

But about me: I've some cows—a darling Jersey called "Blossom" is my special pet—and some pigs, and the sweetest little dairy. In the morning I milk "Blossom," wearing the dearest little milking-dress. I've not been able to get any milk *yet*, because "Blossom" won't stand still, though all the men and boys on the farm hold her tight whenever I come near her. Then I go to my dairy, wearing a simply delicious dairy dress of butter-coloured embroidered linen with teeny-weeny churns for buttons, and my dairymaid shows me how to make butter. I don't know whether you've seen *People Who Matter* for this week? There's a double-page headed, "Society Leaders on their Farms," with a photo of me milking Blossom, another photo of me making butter, a most *unfortunate* one of Babs hoeing turnips, and a *fearfully* flattered one of Beryl Clarges standing near a plough and team and trying to look as if she knew all about rotation of crops and all that kind of thing!

After the dairying I change again to a dear little *paysanne* walking frock and take a look round and grumble about the weather as if I'd been a farmer for years! Later in the day I write a little. I'm contributing a series of articles on "Practical Farming" to *The Peeress*. So you see what a busy little woman I am! You *must* come and stay here. It would just suit your practical well-informed mind. I remember, ages ago, you used to know how many things made a ton, and which way the wind was blowing, and all those out-of-the-way things girls don't generally know.

I'm immensely sorry about poor old Popsy, Lady Ramsgate. But I'm not to blame. She *would* come. She wrote and said she'd the *farm* feeling, and might she come and learn all about

my farm before getting one of her own? And so she came. And the very next morning, when I was milking Blossom, Popsy appeared on the scene to help me, got up *en paysanne, point-devise*, with a milkmaid's complexion (not at all badly done!), and a milking-stool and pail complete. Directly Blossom caught sight of her she wrenched herself away from the men and boys who were holding her and went for Popsy! The poor old dear flung away her milking-stool and pail and ran *faster*, my dear, than anyone could *imagine* at her age and with such heels! Later we had to have Sir William Kiddem down. He said, Yes, Lady Ramsgate had certainly done too much running, and he should positively forbid her ever to run so fast again; her knees had undoubtedly been greatly overworked, and he should advise electric massage, and, when her constitution had partially recovered its equilibrium, a course of treatment at *Krankenbad*. So there's an end of *her* farming.

Joyce Vavasour, Norty's cousin, was married the other day at Little Higglebury, not far from here. It was the very last word in the *country* weddings that are so much done now. We're all just a little bit rather astonished at Joyce taking Billy Mainwaring after all. But the true inwardness of the affair is that she had *ideas* for a country wedding and she simply *had* to carry them out. (*Entre nous, m'amie*, that's the explanation of many marriages that aren't otherwise to be accounted for:—the girl has *ideas* for a wedding, and the man is merely part of the *mise-en-scène*!) Joyce went to what old-fashioned people call the altar in a flowered chintz and a big rustic hat with wide strings. Instead of a bouquet she carried a basket of butter and eggs, and so did each of the ten bridesmaids.

Joyce, of course, had to put her basket down while the knot was being tied, and it was kicked over, and the eggs all got broken. Norty says he came out of church with his boots *covered* with yolk of egg, and that if he'd known what sort of things happen at *country weddings* he'd have come in bright yellow boots! Billy and his best man wore smock-frocks and carried pitchforks, and they made it complete by using *dialect*—including the parson, Billy's cousin, who said, "Wull ee hev this wumman?"—and so on, and Billy said, "Ees, oi wull." (Norty says it wasn't proper Wiltshire dialect, and that, by shoving "Ees" into the service, Billy's made the marriage illegal.)

All we guests played up to them. Beryl Clarges brought a milk-pail and left it in the porch, but I bested her

there, my dear, I'm thankful to say, for I arrived at the church with a *yoke and two pails*! Instead of a dance afterwards, we had a hay party. It would have been a *scream* if the weather hadn't been so absolutely brutal. In one of our games half of us buried ourselves in the hay (it was a bit damp and sodden, but we put on mackintoshes), with only our feet sticking out, and the others had to guess whose feet they were. I think it's a lovely game. Beryl called it stupid (she takes 5's!).

Talking of weddings, Jack Willoughby was married last week. She's fancied as the next woman amateur-golf-champion, you know, and—*isn't* it delicious, dearest?—she's actually married the amateur-spillikins-champion, Teddy Treherne! We're all wondering what they'll chat to each other about during the brief intervals when Jack is at home! People are telling quite a good little story about one of Jack's presents. She only lives for golf, as you may imagine (she came straight off the links to be married, left her clubs at the church door, and went back directly afterwards to finish a match), and is *utterly* an outdoor girl. Her great-aunt Eastshire, however, whose ideas are a good deal overgrown with ivy, gave her a gold thimble for a wedding gift. "Oh, what a *quaint* little thing, Aunt Eastshire!" said Jack, with a shout of laughter, as she took it out of its case. "*Whatever is it for?*"

I'm already planning my harvest-home. I mean it to be the biggest thing of the kind ever done in these parts. Come and be a farmer, my Daphne, and be happy!

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

P.S.—A message from Babs: all her turnips were stolen last night!

Second P.S.—I've told Josiah this place must be sold at once and all the creatures on it. Blossom has tried to toss me; the pigs have strayed away and are all lost; the hay has the moth in it, or whatever it is that happens to hay, and the corn is so damp that it's no good for bread, and, I suppose, will have to be made into puddings; worst of all, *that* Beryl Clarges has enticed away my dairymaid, and I'm left with twenty pounds of stuff on my hands that has left off being milk and will never be butter! Don't ever *ever* turn your attention to farming, Daphne! Of all occupations it is the most loathly!

A Miracle Manqué.

"The fire brigade rendered valuable aid in preventing the flood doing more damage than possible."—*Glasgow Herald*.

ON DELIA—GOING TO BATHE.

["Madam can now go down for her bathe dressed as follows, her outfit costing £12 14s. 6d., without ordering any especially expensive toilette."—*Daily Paper*.

"As follows" includes the articles mentioned below.]

WHEN the sun is warm and high,
When no zephyr blows
Rudely from a tumbled sky,
And my lady Delia goes
Down to brave the limpid sea,
Passing fair, I ween, is she.

You shall find her slender shape
Pleasingly displayed
In a garb of costly crêpe—
Finest cloth and latest shade—
With, perchance, the happy grace
Of some ancient Irish lace.

Over this a chiffon wrap
Flows in various curves;
While upon her head a cap
(Nothing less than satin) serves
To protect her from the day
And the too-insistent spray.

Thus, in part, is Delia clad,
Yet not thus alone;
Corsets for her figure add
Something that remains their own;
What it is one may not tell,
But they seem to do it well.

Yes, but these were not enow.
Pardon if I beg
That, for once, you would allow
Mention of a maiden's leg.
("Legs" were better—she has two—
But, in verses, one will do)

What, then, is my Delia's whim
With regard to these?
Silken stockings, neat and trim,
Rich and radiant—never limb
Looked so vivid and so slim—

Muse, be steady, if you please;
Coldly let us add, my Muse,
Reference to her satin shoes.

Thus equipped in every sort,
When the weather's fine,
Forth my Delia goes to sport
By the gay and sparkling brine.

* * * * *
At the least approach of rain
In my Delia goes again.

DUM-DUM.

NATURE NOTES, AUGUST, 1912.

THIS is the season of the year when, as was sung by a poet who remains anonymous, perhaps wisely—

"The flaming embers of July
Sink to the August glow."

The early hours of morning are exquisite just now. To-day, at seven o'clock, the air was so still that the placid surface of my tennis-lawn was unbroken by so much as a single ripple.



Fisherman. "HERE COMES ANOTHER DEAD FISH, PAT; THE RIVER'S FULL OF THEM. WHAT'S THE MEANING OF IT?"

Pat. "SURE, I CANNOT TELL AT ALL AT ALL, SORR, ONLESS IT'S THIS TERRIBLE FUT AND MOUTH DISEASE."

Diving for strawberries being now out of season, a new country pastime has taken its place. Several of my neighbours have instituted mixed bathing in their rose-gardens, a roped-in pergola forming an ideal course for timid or inexperienced swimmers.

River-side bungalows are said to be in great demand this season. I have a friend who has searched for his in vain for the last month, in spite of careful soundings in all the most likely spots. So keen is the local feeling that a punt-pierrot, endeavouring to work off a usually harmless wheeze about "Would you rather have the river at the bottom of your garden, or your garden at the bottom of the river," was only rescued with the greatest difficulty from an infuriated mob.

Capital sport is reported by fishermen

in different parts of the country. From Little Deepborough-in-Hollow, a correspondent writes that, casting from the bank (London and County) with an ordinary rod and gut, he secured a fine bag of sovereigns scaling fifteen pounds. He adds that this special water is now strictly preserved.

The action of another sportsman in replacing his wife's mother, netted from a bedroom window by inadvertence when he was after groceries, is one that, while it may give rise to controversy, certainly upholds a fine tradition.

"SALE, or exchange for poultry, 14 volumes Encyclopædia, by Mackenzie, good laying strain, cost £8 4s.; to value £4; Minorca or white Leghorn preferred."—*Feathered World*.
We are prepared to back our own Buff Britannicas to give the Mackenzie lot two eggs a week and a beating.



THE HOLIDAY.

He. "WHAT ARE YOU A-GRUMBLIN' ABOUT FOR? 'AINT YOU GOT EVERYTHINK TO MAKE YER 'APPY?"

PAGAN FANCIES.

Blow, Father Triton, blow your wreathéd horn
Cheerly, as is your wont, and let the blast
Circle our island on the breezes born;
Blow, while the shining hours go swiftly past.
Rise, Proteus, from the cool depths rise, and be
A friend to them that breast your ancient sea.

I shall be there to greet you, for I tire
Of the dull meadows and the crawling stream.
Now with a heart uplifted and a-fire
I come to greet you and to catch the gleam
Of jocund Nereids tossing in the air
The sportive tresses of their amber hair.

High on a swelling upland I shall stand
Stung by the buffets of the wind-borne spray;
Or join the troops that sport upon the sand,
With shouts and laughter wearing out the
day;
Or pace apart and listen to the roar
Of the great waves that beat the crumbling shore.

Then, when the children all are lapped in sleep
The pretty Nymphlets of the sea shall rise,
And we shall know them as they flit and creep
And peep and glance and murmur lullabies;
While the pale moon comes up beyond the hill,
And Proteus rests and Triton's horn is still.

R. C. L.

A CALL TO ARMS.

(After Q. H. F., *Lib. I., Car. XXXII.*)

Poscimus. If in vacant wise as yet
We've noisily indulged in warlike prattle,
The time has really come, and we must get,
Thomas, to battle;

Having been first tuned up to such a pitch
By BONAR, who, although by nature quiet,
Yet yearns to occupy a final ditch
And lead a riot.

Oh, after fierce polemics in the House,
That turned the Government to deadly pallor,
Come, let us go up North and slaughter grouse,
Venting our valour!

"In some instances the thieves have taken a fancy to shrubs in a garden, but the offence most prevalent is the theft of wood and coal. On Sunday morning a resident got up rather early and was terribly surprised to find several sacks laying near his coal-box, some half-full, others empty. He now is a firm believer in the old adage, 'The early bird, etc.'"—*Manawatu Morning Times.*
The sack-bird that lays near a coal-box is new to us.

"Lord Normanby, who has just been presented with an heir, who will be sixty-six next month, is a man of remarkable personality."
Manchester Courier.
If Lord NORMANBY is like us he should be very pleased.
When we are asked what we should like for a presentation
we always choose an antique.



“WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?”

MR. BONAR LAW. “HOW MUCH LONGER IS HE GOING TO BE, I WONDER. HE CAN'T REALLY BE ENJOYING HIMSELF.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



The Master of Elibank. "I don't want to make your flesh creep, Mum, but I'm leaving to better myself."

House of Commons, Monday, August 5.—Bank holiday. Striking example of unselfish fidelity to public interest. Whilst all the world is making holiday at Hampstead, Greenwich and other sylvan resorts, Members repair to Westminster, not only set about the nation's work as if it were not holiday-time, but peg away far into the night. Successive divisions mark a muster exceeding 350; quite an average record.

Dr. FELL much to the fore, braving undefined but boldly asserted tendency to incur inexplicable personal dislike. His night's rest disturbed by apprehension of another Government being in power next year and, anxious to maintain Sugar Convention in its integrity, finding that their country is irrevocably cut adrift. PREMIER full of sympathy; points out that withdrawal from the Convention does not take effect until September in next year. Accordingly in event of contingency foreseen by Dr. FELL, should another and a better Government be in power, the agreement may remain undisturbed.

On motion to read Appropriation Bill a third time, Dr. FELL went off on

another tack. Raised question of payment of Members. Lamented the fact that Government, not satisfied with bringing credit of country to lowest point reached in eighty years, has personally discredited Members in eyes of the country.

"The newspapers," he said, brushing away a tear, "no longer speak of us as they did two years ago."

Everyone dying to know what becomes of Dr. FELL's salary. Too polite to ask question. Indeed, there was odd disinclination on both sides of House to discuss topic. When Dr. FELL sat down, still pocketing his secret, debate, after fashion permissible during stages of Appropriation Bill, went adrift in all directions.

At half-past nine showed signs of drooping. On eve of division BYLES OF BRADFORD uplifted his voice in final protest against expenditure on bloated armaments.

"Why," he asked, surveying the Treasury Bench, on which sat a few guilty Ministers, "should a Government drive their supporters—their best



TRYING TO FIT THE CAP.
(Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT.)

supporters," he added, turning round to include WEDGWOOD in his paternal glance, "their strongest supporters," here his eye fell on DON'T KEIR HARDIE, "into the lobby against them on a question of armaments?"

Reply was a division in which Government majority ran down to twenty-nine.

"The sooner we wind up business and get off to the moors the better," said the MASTER OF ELIBANK, mopping his anguished brow.

ELIBANK, by the way, to inconsolable regret of all sections of parties, is, like the Home Rule Bill, "going to the House of Lords" in the Autumn Session.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time. House sat well into morning in Committee on Finance Bill.

Tuesday.—"The best way to avoid this sort of thing is not to ask Supplemental Questions."

'Twas the Voice of the SPEAKER. Quite time he complained. Hearty cheer from both sides welcomed interposition. *Mieux vaut tard que jamais.* Supplemental Questions have, without exception that occurs to the mind, been directly responsible for every scene which through Session has interrupted public business and inflamed Party passion. The practice is opposed alike to the letter and the spirit of Standing Order. It is grossly unfair to Members who have obeyed reasonable injunction to give notice of a question and await their turn to submit it. In scores of cases daily occurring their reward has been that before their opportunity comes the limit of time allotted to Questions has been reached, the interval having been largely appropriated for Supplemental Questions and consequent conversational outbreak.

Happily that is now a thing of the past. The SPEAKER, marvellously long-suffering, has at last put his foot down. The day of the Supplemental Questioner is over.

"This sort of thing" alluded to by the SPEAKER was a threatened duel between HENRY CRAIK and RAMSAY MACDONALD over placid body of JOHN REES, KT. Avoided by SPEAKER's unaccustomed suppression of Supplemental Questions.

Ten minutes later MACCALLUM SCOTT, unrebuked from the Chair, was on his feet firing as if from a mitrailleuse Supplemental Questions aimed at hapless SECRETARY FOR INDIA! At length the SPEAKER interposed. Called upon him to put next Question on paper, which also stood in his name. Not a bit of it. SPEAKER had dropped remark about MACCALLUM'S

readiness to fit on particular cap not meant for his head. What did the right hon. gentleman mean?

After some wrangling, MACCALLUM, under threat of suspension, resumed his seat. Questions over, he was up again sternly inquisitive. The cap was, so to speak, rankling in his bosom. SPEAKER rose to order. MACCALLUM, insistent upon knowing all about the cap, declined to sit down. Angry cries of "Order!" added to condition of disorder. SPEAKER directed recalcitrant Member to withdraw. Not a step till full explanation of the cap was forthcoming.

In vain Members entreated him to obey injunction from Chair. He sat down; till SPEAKER made clean breast about the cap he would not budge. At length SPEAKER "named" him, PREMIER moved his suspension, and, lest a worse thing befell, he went forth shaking his head and murmuring something about a cap that did not fit.

Business done.—Trades Unions Bill passed Second Reading by 232 votes against 132. Round majority of a hundred boisterously cheered from Ministerial Benches where it has of late been unfamiliar.

Wednesday.—Budget Bill passed final stage. Both Houses adjourn till Monday, October 7.

Vexatious Disobedience.

"On account of animals failing to comply with the regulations as to calving and foaling a few changes have taken place in the official prize-list of the Highland Show at Inverness in 1911."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Widow (38), with little girl at school, wishes quiet situation as housekeeper to business gentleman or tradesman, Christian or Church of England home preferred."

Edinburgh Evening News.

Isn't this distinction just the least little bit invidious, even in Scotland?

"On the whole, despite its artificiality, the best Newdigate poem is probably Oscar Wilde's *Ravenna*, while incomparably the finest line the competition has ever produced is Dean Burgon's description of Petra as—
'A ros

Anyone should be able to die happily if he had written a line like that."—*Madras Times.*
Far better live and finish the line.

"No. 55 train collided against the buffet of the Danianhour station in which one passenger was slightly wounded."—*Egyptian Mail.*
The sandwiches, however, escaped unhurt.

"WANTED, girl as GENERAL, for Sheerness; double bar, B.S.A. fittings throughout."
Chatham Standard and Rochester Journal.

A girl with an internal anatomy as strong as that ought to get all her Insurance Stamps for nothing.

ALL THE WINNERS.

LEANING out of the carriage window at Reading I called for a *Sportsman* and a *Sporting Life*.

The little man opposite waited until I had read them—I was looking at the cricket and nothing else—and then remarked that I seemed to be interested in racing.

"And why not?" he added, before I could deny it. "It's a noble sport. The sport of kings. His Majesty, I am pleased to say, not only owns horses but has many opportunities of seeing them win."

"And lose," I suggested.

"Yes, and lose, of course," he agreed. "No horse can always win. But," he said, "I am the inventor or discoverer of a system of following horses which should enormously increase a betting man's profits. All gamblers talk about systems; and new systems at Monte Carlo are continually being tested. They never succeed. Why? Because the element of chance is so powerful against them. My system, being based on equine nature—as steady a factor as human nature—is more sound. Not infallible, I admit, but reasonable. Perhaps you as a racing man would like to hear about it."

I said I would, although I had a book and would far rather have been reading. But life is like that . . .

"Do you ride?" he asked.

I replied that I did as often as I could.

"And you have noticed," he said, "that your horse goes better on his return journey than on his outward journey?"

I said I had.

"Immediately you turn you notice it?" he asked.

"Immediately," I replied.

"And why," he asked—"why does he go better on the return journey?"

"I have always supposed," I said, "that it is because his head is then pointed towards his stable."

He leaned forward and tapped my knees. "Exactly," he said. "There you have the essence of my discovery. A horse goes better—runs faster—when his head is pointed towards his stable. Why? Because he has the homing instinct; he intuitively knows the direction. Very well, then, what should a racing man deduce from that? This: that the horses to follow are the horses whose heads are pointed in the direction of their stable."

He stopped and looked at me with an expression in which cunning and triumph were equally blended.

"You see?" he added.

I said that it sounded plausible,

FANCY AND FACT.

(Tomkins takes a grouse shooting. In the agreement the limit is fixed at 500 brace.)



LUNCH-TIME ON THE 12TH AS FANCY PAINTED IT.



AS IT ACTUALLY TURNED OUT.

given a certain quality for speed in the horse—but how was one to do it?

"This," he said, "is where my system comes in. It requires accurate knowledge of the position of every horse's stable—that is to say, training stable, or home, not temporary stable—and the lie of the last straight stretch of every race-course. In order to get this one must study the one-foot ordnance map of England; but it is worth the trouble. Take Goodwood, for example. I have not got a map with me, but let us say that the last stretch up to the winning-post runs to the North-East; get that into your head and then look at the runners. There are, say, seven, of which two are trained at Wantage, two at Newmarket, one at Lambourne, one at Alfriston, and one at Epsom. Your map and your compass combined tell you that Epsom is almost in a straight line (it may not be, but we are merely using illustrations) with the Goodwood finish, and consequently, knowing of this wonderful homing instinct on the horse's part and its knowledge of directions, you put your money on the Epsom-trained animal and most probably win a packet. And so on all over the country. Do you see?"

"Then you are very rich?" I enquired.

"No, not yet," he said. "But I hope to be. As a matter of fact, I have only quite recently hit upon this theory, and I have not yet mastered the geography of training stables and the orientation of courses; but I am quite confident that I shall do so and that the scheme will repay me."

"And what will you back when the course points to nothing?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "I am not a gambler. I am a scientific man."

"And suppose the course were to wind so that the first half favoured the favourite's homing instinct, and the second half only an outsider's, what then?"

"Then I should probably back the favourite, thinking that his homing instinct during the first half would give him an unbeatable advantage."

"I see. And where, say, all the horses were running practically straight home, as must often happen at Newmarket, what then?"

"Then I should either support the favourite or abstain."

"Well," I said, "I wish you well. But I still believe that to write the names of horses on slips of paper, put them in a hat, and ask a pretty woman to draw one, is the best way."

"Why a pretty woman?" he asked.

"Because I have noticed that their advice is always the best," I replied, and left him pondering it.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS.

A POWERFULLY supported movement is on foot to secure Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of PORTLAND, and convert it into a training establishment for the British team who will take part in the Olympic Games at Berlin at 1916. According to the scheme the athletes will be strictly secluded from all external influences and conduct their preparation for the next contest under the supervision of a Director and a specially selected staff of trainers and professors, to be chosen by a *plébiscite* of the readers of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Terror*. The present state of the poll points clearly to the election of Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS as Director. Other appointments likely to be made are as follows:—

Lecturer on Longwindedness: Sir HENRY HOWORTH.

Scientific Chewing: Professor Hiram Chump.

Will Culture: Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.

Rational Tubbing: Dr. QUINE, of Manchester.

Synthetic Rubbing: Professor Attila Tonks.

Confidence Specialist: Mr. P. A. VAILE.

Patriotic Optimism Promoter: Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

Flag-waving: Professor Offley Bangs.

The Science of Splurge: Professor Hector P. Sloser.

Spell-binding: Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Creation-licking: Professor VICTOR ALWYN.

During their residence at the institution it is proposed that the British representatives should be trained during alternate weeks on a vegetarian and meat diet. Mr. EUSTACE MILES will supervise the former, and Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE, the great champion of chops, the latter. Similarly, it is proposed to alternate teetotalism with an indulgence in alcohol as follows:

1st week, gin; 2nd week, gin and gingerbeer; 3rd week, gingerbeer; 4th week, brandy; 5th week, brandy and soda; 6th week, soda, and so on.

In regard to finance, it is proposed that the Director should have a salary of £5,000 a year, and each professor £1,500. Fortunately, the promoters of the scheme have secured the co-operation of a powerful group of land-taxers, including Mr. HEMMERDE, K.C., M.P., Mr. URE, M.P., and other stalwarts, who have undertaken to introduce a Short Bill providing for the expropriation of the Duke of PORTLAND at a

price not exceeding £100, and the raising of a sum of £250,000 by the imposition of an extra super-tax on the incomes of such peers as may be selected by a commission consisting of Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, Baron de FOREST, and the Rev. C. SYLVESTER HORNE.

The prospect of the speedy passage of the Bill has been greatly improved by a manifesto issued by the Bishop of Patagonia, who threatens to resign his see unless the £250,000 is forthcoming by November 1st. An even more powerful inducement is that held out by Messrs. A. KIPLING COMMON, LAND-FEAR LUCAS and LOWTHER BRIDGER, who have intimated to the editors of the leading journals that they will cease contributing to their correspondence columns if the Bill is not passed in the first fortnight of the Autumn Session. In this context we may mention a well-authenticated rumour that Mr. J. L. GARVIN has declared his unalterable resolve to retire from the journalistic arena if Great Britain fails to assert her supremacy at the Olympic Games of 1916. There is also a sinister report, to which, however, too much importance need not be attached, that Mr. HALL CAINE will never quit the Isle of Man again if a three-legged race is not included in the programme at Berlin.

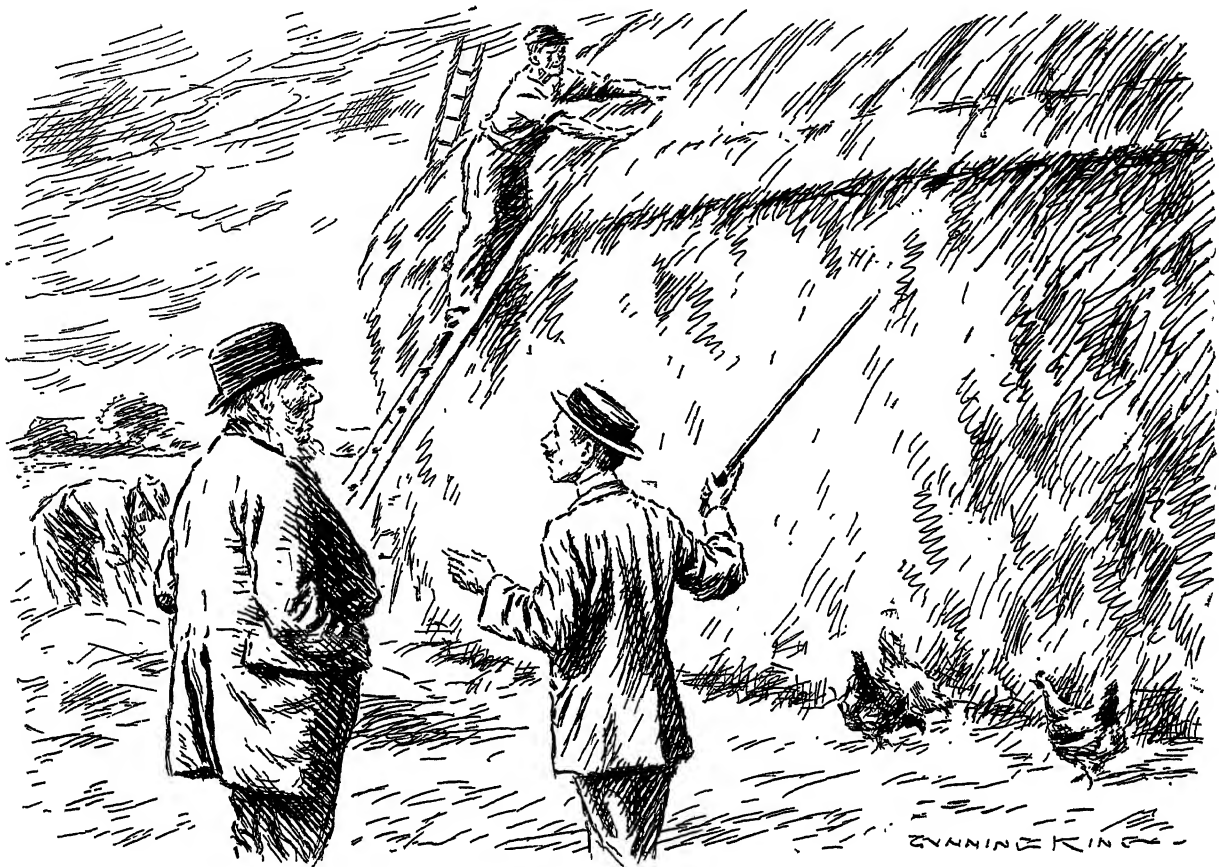
A certain amount of apprehension prevails as to whether peers or peers' sons will be allowed to compete. The view of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., probably forecasts accurately enough the decision that will be arrived at by the special sub-committee appointed to consider this problem, and consisting of the Countess of WARWICK, Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., the Editor of *The Nation*, and the Bishop of OXFORD. Mr. WEDGWOOD writes:—"In my opinion the answer should be in the affirmative only in the case of new Liberal creations, as it is essential to maintain democratic principles in the selection of our representatives."

"On a ringworm by a blue checker racing pigeon which has fallen in the garden of Mr. Sutter, of Sussex-square, Haywards Heath, is the inscription:—'N.U.H.P. 12 K.K. 719.'"

Exeter Express and Echo.

N.U.H.P. must hurry up and claim his worm before the pigeon gets at it.

Under the heading, "'Twelfth' Prospects" *The Daily Mail* says: "On the Berwickshire moors pheasants have not nested well." This often happens in districts where pheasants are shot as early as the 12th of August, and is attributed to the unrest created by the prospect of premature decease.



THE GREAT UNQUENCHABLE.

Cockney. "FINE HAY-STACK YOU 'VE GOT THERE. COST MUCH TO BUILD?"

Farmer. "FIFTY GALLONS OF THE BEST, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAME to the reading of *Between Two Thieves* (HEINEMANN) without the advantage of having read the author's previous work, *The Dop Doctor*, but with all the weight of a general verdict of approval of that highly praised book to prejudice me in its favour. The story deals mainly with the England and France of Crimean days. The "two thieves" are NAPOLEON LE PETIT, and a sort of super-contractor, standing for all the drab rogues who did so infamously by their country in that sorry time. The hero is one *Hector Dunoisse*, a chivalrous young French officer of infantry, who, early in his career, meets and falls in love with a rather too severe but beautiful lady, who is none other than the "Lady of the Lamp." Before these two meet again in the hospital service in Scutari there has intervened for the young officer a time of moral storm and stress, during which his proud flag has been lowered. Atonement is the key of his after-life, and the treatment of it is marked by a deep religious feeling. *Dunoisse's* love is returned, but is rewarded by no more than a yearly letter and a final message after his lady's death, explaining her renunciation and bringing peace to a dying man.

A dozen other stories of adventure, also of knavery and intrigue, are interwoven. A bitter contempt for the THIRD NAPOLEON distorts the writer's vision. A fierce and reasonable hatred of the scoundrelism of the contractors finds vent in the caustic trouncing of some very squalid departed ghosts. Throughout, a vivid imagination, together with a remarkable power of visualising things imagined, is not

balanced by the faculty of self-criticism necessary to redeem a book on so heroic a scale from a thousand absurdities and disproportions. Frankly it is not so redeemed, but, with all its obvious faults, an astonishing vigour and conviction behind it arrest attention. There is also evidence of a very careful study of contemporary documents, illuminating the narrative at all points. Altogether a strange, intriguing book.

The House of Fortune (EVELEIGH NASH)

Exhibits large upon its cover
A Spanish maid with eyes that flash
Soul-yearnings for an absent lover;
And you may thence predict the drift
Of Mr. PEMBERTON's narration,
And that with no uncommon gift
For subtle ratiocination.

Nor, guessing thus, need you suppose
His hand has lost its wonted cunning:
The tale goes racing to its close,
The ancient thrills are there, still running;
But on the plot, that never slacks,
The silken dalliance, so to phrase it,
Is thicker laid than Mr. Max
(No mooncalf) usually lays it.

An author who writes a sequel to a sequel takes risks. He is in the position of the singer of one of those musical-comedy songs which need never end at all unless the singer dies suddenly. He gives an encore. The audience

applauds. Will they stand another verse? That is the question. Mr. EDEN PHILLIPOTS made a success with *The Human Boy*. Encouraged, he came back and gave us *The Human Boy Again*. Apparently stage-manager JOHN MURRAY, listening attentively in the wings, found the applause hearty enough to justify another verse, and the result is *From the Angle of Seventeen*. I hope the audience will applaud once more, but I doubt if their enthusiasm will be overwhelming. Repetition has a little dulled the catchiness of the tune; the humour has become a little mechanical. The present volume deals with the *Human Boy's* first year in the City, and is, I am bound to say, quite entertaining when once one has resigned oneself to the fact that there is no plot and that nothing of any importance whatsoever is going to happen. It is a sort of "Diary of a Young Nobody." Master Corkey lays bare his hopes and fears in much the same fashion as did the hero of that other diary. His literary style is rather reminiscent of Mr. Baboo Jabberjee, B.A., but that I trace to the influence of *Doctor Dumsone*. If you spend ten years in the care of the sort of man who tells you that "your general average of intellectual attainment must be all that the world of business—the great industrial centres of finance—have a right to demand from their neophytes," you naturally fall into the habit of referring to race-horses as "these famous quadrupeds" and to a casual acquaintance as "this great man, inspired by nothing but pure good-will."

The difficulty of *The Long Engagement* (MILLS AND BOON) is one, I fancy, which crops up at least as often in life as those other sex problems of which we read so much. Miss E. S. STEVENS has propounded it with great discernment and no little humour. She has solved it, however, in the particular case of *Melody Waller* on lines inconsistent with the ordinary run of human luck. The god emerges from the machine with a precision and convenient punctuality not to be relied upon by all young ladies who, tiring of one set of nuptials unduly postponed, get so far involved in another. Never really off with the old love, *Melody* lets her second man get as far as the altar steps before. . . . But there! it would be a pity to spoil the reader's excitement in a good tale just to quibble about such minor matters as human probabilities. There is another engagement in the book and a semi-improper affair between a (real) lady typewriter and her employer, this latter following a somewhat hackneyed course to conclude on a note abruptly surprising and delightfully fresh. Those who enjoy the book will enjoy it very much; moreover, they will be many, though they be fair readers for the most part.

As modern novels go, *The Child of His Adoption* (HERBERT AND DANIEL) is so formidable a volume, four hundred

and thirty-five closely printed pages, no less, that simply the magnitude of Mr. GEORGE EVANS' attempt would incline me to look gently upon the shortcomings of his achievement. But even so I cannot call it wholly satisfactory. The fact would seem to be that Mr. EVANS has attempted to cram more plot into his tale than it can hold without confusion and weariness for the reader. There is here the material for at least two novels, one dealing with *Glory Bellairs* the elder, and the other with her daughter. Naturally therefore I can give you no proper idea of their history in a paragraph; I can only suggest to you the kind of book that it makes. One perhaps not for all markets; for GEORGE EVANS writes not always with the surest taste; and his way of dwelling rather too insistently upon the unpleasant leads me to suspect his sex. There is, as I have indicated, a heroine named *Glory*, who is a dancer and exquisitely lovely, and dies at the end of Part I., leaving a daughter of the same name to carry on the business. Then there is a hero, *Dickie*, with fair curls and passionate blue eyes and a general capacity

for taking to himself all the undeserved blame and misunderstandings that are the perquisites of his position. In addition to these there is a deep dark villain, who rejoices in the sinister name of *McKenna* ("No party-feeling, I beg!") and behaves throughout in a manner fully up to the worst traditions. Having told you this much, I leave it to your individual liking to decide whether the four hundred and odd pages seem worth while, or not. For myself, I say nothing.

Arms and the Woman.

The authorities of the Louvre should at once be informed that somebody claims to have discovered the missing arms of the Venus di Milo. In an announcement of Miss ANNETTE KELLERMANN's performance at the Palace Theatre a table of comparison is drawn up between her own measurements and those of the goddess. The latter's forearm is given as 9.5 (presumably its circumference in inches), and her wrist as 5.9. We are at one with the tabulator in his modest assertion that these measurements "almost surpass belief."

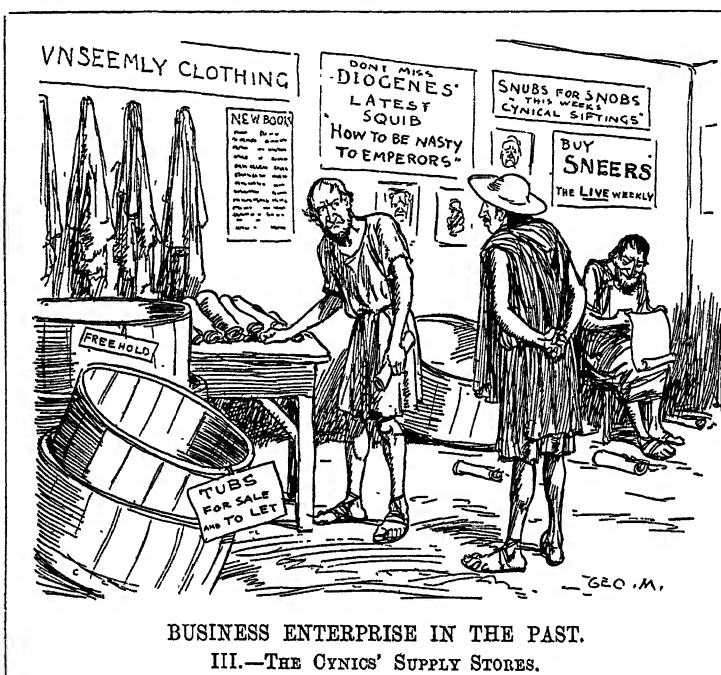
"Hazlitt, after sending down two maiden overs, yielded a single to either batsman, and was beautifully caught for a couple by Hobbs, who in the next over smashed that bowler to the sight-screen."

Liverpool Echo.

We think that HOBBS should have been satisfied with catching the bowler (a most unusual feat) and not have followed this up with a gratuitous act of personal violence.

"Bank Clerk, weary of the snobbishness and petty spite associated with his present position, seeks fresh Situation, any capacity, where merit is recognised and where grovelling obeisance is not expected; strictly confidential."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We never notice any grovelling obeisance when we go to cash our cheques. :



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.
III.—THE CYNICS' SUPPLY STORES.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Higher Powers are, after all, not taking sides in the war between Italy and Turkey. While it is true that there has been an earthquake in the vicinity of Constantinople, it is also a fact that the volcano Stromboli is now in violent eruption.

A Suffragette has made an attempt to damage CORREGGIO'S "Head of an Angel" in the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery. Our Head of a Cabinet is said to welcome this distraction.

A secret message from the Lord Mayor of LONDON for the MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH is being taken to Inverness by Assistant Scoutmaster HARRISON of the Poplar Boy Scouts. It is rumoured that the message is an earnest appeal to the M. of M., who is in his element this summer, to be unselfish enough to use all his influence to stop the rain.

On the suggestion of the Admiralty all the men employed in the London County Council parks were invited to serve in the new class of Naval Reserve, but only two volunteered to join. Yet one would have said that the model shipping on our park ponds should have inspired them with the right nautical instinct.

A soldier charged at Kingston with being an absentee from his regiment had a flight of twelve birds tattooed on his chest. The facility with which he may be identified whenever he deserts is very discouraging to an illustrated soldier.

It is the fashion to run down the Territorials, but when motor-cars take to doing it it is time that the practice was stopped.

The enormous number of speaking parts in the forthcoming production of *Drake* is, we suppose, symbolic of the modern spirit. In *DRAKE*'S own time we were content with deeds.

At the Moscow Art Theatre, we learn from a descriptive article, the audiences are begged not to applaud. We, alas, have got no nearer to this ideal than to abolish the last of our paid *claqueurs*.

A thief in Philadelphia, *The Express* tells us, after filling his pockets with jewellery, stole a suit of clothes which he put on, and then forgot to transfer

his booty from the old suit before departing. And misfortunes never come singly. The poor fellow is said to have been arrested shortly afterwards for using foul language.

"An escaped bull near London, Ontario, recently charged a freight train, and the engine and eight cars were thrown from the track." The Americanisation of Canada evidently proceeds apace.

"During a thunderstorm at Binghamton, New York," a contemporary tells us, "lightning struck the ground near which a woman was standing, rendering her unconscious. When she recovered she found that her chronic rheumatism had entirely vanished." This prescription for rheumatic subjects



POCKET WIRELESS TELEGRAPH RECEIVERS ARE NOW IN USE; BUT AS YET IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO SEND A REPLY.

GENTLEMAN, ON WALKING-TOUR AMONG THE WELSH HILLS, RECEIVING CONTINUATION OF A POLITICAL ARGUMENT FROM A FRIEND IN THE CITY.

who are standing near the ground should be used with caution, for it is apt to cure life as well as rheumatism.

Last week at Treviscoe, a village near St. Austell, fifty-seven persons were poisoned by flies. We had a feeling that the "Kill that Fly" campaign would call forth retaliation.

Harnessed to a tradesman's trap a smart little zebra is to be seen nearly every morning making the round of a South London suburb. Horses who meet the novelty betray little excitement, the unintelligent creatures imagining it to be merely one of their own number in bathing costume.

Statistics just published show that twins born in Ireland last year numbered 2,532, which was 276 more than in 1910, but there were only 30 triplets as compared with 89 in 1910. Children are evidently beginning to realise that two is company and three is none.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have on many an occasion given evidence of a warm corner in your heart for the children, and so we venture to approach you on behalf of the little victims of the recent Dock Strike in the East End.

Only last month you brought them very substantial help by your cartoon, 250 copies of which you had printed off for use on the collecting boxes of the Children's White Cross League, founded a few weeks ago to organise a street collection on behalf of the 300,000 starving women and children of Dockland, and more than once the contemptuous retort, "Let them starve," was turned to pity and practical sympathy on reference to your words to Charity, "Come, Madam: you will not ask where the blame lies; you will only ask how best you can help."

Now that the strike is over, the disastrous effects of ten weeks' privation are evident on the waxen faces of the children, and we are working hard to send as many as possible from the slums of Dockland into the country homes near London, where willing hearts and hands are ready to nurse them back again to health by a brief period of happiness under decent conditions of life.

Nearly 1,000 children have already got away, and many have returned with all the benefits of fresh air and good food obvious on their shining faces.

Five shillings will keep one child for one week in the paradise that the generous public has made possible so far for a few of the many thousands in urgent need of a change.

Will you help them, Mr. Punch?

We are, Yours very truly,
JANE COBDEN UNWIN, *Hon. Treas.*
BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, *Hon. Sec.*
Children's White Cross League,
15, Adam Street, Strand.

Our Remarkable Summer.

Two cuttings from *The Daily Mail*:—

1. *The unbiased official report*: "CHELTENHAM.—The weather at this charming spa continues cold but fine vithal, and outdoor pursuits are not impeded in any way."

2. *The prejudiced cricket-reporter's version*: "Less than an hour's cricket was possible yesterday in the first match of the Cheltenham Festival against Kent."

Commercial Candour.

"A man who starves his horse to save the price of provender is foolish; a man who starves his business to save the price of advertising is the reverse."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

THE HEIR.

III.—HE CHOOSES A NAME.

THE afternoon being wet we gathered round the billiard-room fire and went into committee.

"The question before the House," said Archie, "is what shall the baby be called, and why. Dahlia and I have practically decided on his names, but it would amuse us to hear your inferior suggestions and point out how ridiculous they are."

Godfather Simpson looked across in amazement at Godfather Thomas.

"Really, you are taking a good deal upon yourself, Archie," he said coldly. "It is entirely a matter for my colleague and myself to decide whether the ground is fit for—to decide, I should say, what the child is to be called. Unless this is quite understood we shall hand in our resignations."

"We've been giving a lot of thought to it," said Thomas, opening his eyes for a moment. "And our time is valuable." He arranged the cushions at his back and closed his eyes again.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the competition isn't quite closed," said Archie. "Entries can still be received."

"We haven't really decided at all," put in Dahlia gently. "It is so difficult."

"In that case," said Samuel, "Thomas and I will continue to act. It is my pleasant duty to inform you that we had a long consultation yesterday, and finally agreed to call him—er—Samuel Thomas."

"Thomas Samuel," said Thomas sleepily.

"How did you think of those names?" I asked. "It must have taken you a tremendous time."

"With a name like Samuel Thomas Mannering," went on Simpson ["Thomas Samuel Mannering," murmured Thomas], "your child might achieve almost anything. In private life you would probably call him Sam."

"Tom," said a tired voice.

"Or, more familiarly, Sammy."

"Tommy," came in a whisper from the sofa.

"What do you think of it?" asked Dahlia.

"I mustn't say," said Archie; "they're my guests. But I'll tell you privately some time."

There was silence for a little and then a thought occurred to me.

"You know, Archie," I said, "limited as their ideas are, you're rather in their power. Because I was looking through the service in church on Sunday and there comes a point when the clergyman says to the godfathers, 'Name this child.' Well, there you

are, you know. They've got you. You may have fixed on Montmorency Plantagenet, but they've only to say 'Bert' and the thing is done."

"You all forget," said Myra, coming over to sit on the arm of my chair, "that there's a godmother too. I shall forbid the berts."

"Well, that makes it worse. You'll have Myra saying 'Montmorency Plantagenet,' and Samuel saying 'Samuel Thomas,' and Thomas saying 'Thomas Samuel.'"

"It will sound rather well," said Archie, singing it over to himself. "Thomas, you take the tenor part of course: 'Thomas Samuel, Thomas Samuel, Thom-as Sam-u-el.' We must have a rehearsal."

For five minutes Myra, Thomas and Simpson chanted in harmony, being assisted after the first minute by Archie, who took the alto part of "Solomon Joel." He explained that as this was what he and his wife really wanted the child christened ("Montmorency Plantagenet" being only an invention of the godmother's) it would probably be necessary for him to join in too.

"Stop!" cried Dahlia, when she could bear it no longer; "you'll wake baby."

There was an immediate hush.

"Samuel," said Archie in a whisper, "if you wake the baby I'll kill you."

The question of his name was still not quite settled, and once more we gave ourselves up to thought.

"Seeing that he's the very newest little Rabbit," said Myra, "I do think he might be called after some very great cricketer."

"That was the idea in christening him 'Samuel,'" said Archie.

"Gaukrödger Carkeek Butt Bajana Mannering," I suggested—"something like that?"

"Silly; I meant 'Charles,' after Fry."

"Schofield," after Haigh," murmured Thomas.

"Warren," after Bardsley would be more appropriate to a Rabbit," said Simpson, beaming round at us. There was, however, no laughter. We had all just thought of it ourselves.

"The important thing in christening a future first-class cricketer," said Simpson, "is to get the initials right. What could be better than 'W. G.' as a nickname for Grace? But if 'W. G.'s' initials had been 'Z. Z.', where would you have been?"

"Here," said Archie.

The shock of this reply so upset Simpson that his glasses fell off. He picked them out of the fender and resumed his theme.

"Now, if the baby were christened 'Samuel Thomas' his initials would

be 'S. T.' which are perfect. And the same as COLERIDGE's."

"Is that COLERIDGE the wicket-keeper, or the fast bowler?"

Simpson opened his mouth to explain, and then, just in time, decided not to.

"I forgot to say," said Archie, "that anyhow he's going to be called Blair after his mamma."

"If his name's Blair Mannering," I said at once, "he'll have to write a book. You can't waste a name like that. *The Crimson Spot*, by Blair Mannering. Mr. Blair Mannering, the well-known author of *The Gash*. Our new serial, *The Stair on the Bath Mat*, has been specially written for us by Mr. and Mrs. Blair Mannering. It's simply asking for it."

"Don't talk about his wife yet, please," smiled Dahlia. "Let me have him a little while."

"Well, he can be a writer and a cricketer. Why not? There are others. I need only mention my friend, S. Simpson."

"But the darling still wants another name," said Myra. "Let's call him John to-day, and William to-morrow, and Henry the next day, and so on until we find out what suits him best."

"Let's all go upstairs now and call him Samuel," said Samuel.

"Thomas," said Thomas.

We looked at Dahlia. She got up and moved to the door. In single file we followed her on tip-toe to the nursery. The baby was fast asleep.

"Thomas," we all said in a whisper, "Thomas, Thomas."

There was no reply.

"Samuel!"

Dead silence.

"I think," said Dahlia, "we'll call him Peter."

A. A. M.

TO ANTHEA,

WHO MAY (STILL) COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

ONCE, in a fit of cruel mirth,

You thus summed up my case:

"I quite approve your solid worth,
But cannot stand your face."

From time to time your bitter sneers
Have shown how you despise
My brows and forehead, cheeks and
ears,

My chin, my nose, my eyes.

And it were painful to recall
The taunts which you have flung
In my poor teeth . . . still, after all,
There yet remains my tongue.

To serve my lady this is quick

And, what is better, damp.

Bid me to lick and I will lick

Your Health Insurance Stamp.



THE TRIANGULAR FARCE.

SCENE—A blasted pitch.

CHORUS. "WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING OR IN RAIN?"





"WE'RE BACK AGAIN, COUNT; WE'VE HAD A SPLENDID DAY; WE'VE BEEN UP THE MOUNTAIN, YOU KNOW."

"AH, YOU ENGLISH MOTHERS, YOU ARE ALWAYS AS YOUNG AS YOUR DAUGHTERS."

"YOU FLATTER ME, COUNT; IT WAS ONLY MY GIRLS WHO CLIMBED. I WENT UP IN THE VERNACULAR."

THAT TIRED FEELING.

[The young people of a certain small commune have been accustomed to meet for the purpose of dancing and merry-making. It has been officially declared that "the noise they make frightens the cocks and hens of the village," and dancing has been prohibited "during the hours in which the domestic animals take their repose."]

LADS and lasses, you that nightly
Gather to the nimble flute,
There to trip it, not too lightly,
On the broad, fantastic boot;
Couples who with clumsy frolic
Well-nigh shake the groaning floor,
While the noise of your bucolic
Laughter stays the local snore;

Hushed is now that simple pleasure;
Nevermore, when hours are dark,
Shall you tread the artless measure
Or indulge the rural lark;
Not to man it greatly mattered,
But the weary cocks and hens
Found their constitutions shattered
By your large-sized 8's and 10's.

Chanticleer the early morning
Once proclaimed with clarion bray,
Giving all the village warning
Of the coming work-a-day;

Then the hours he kept were early;
Now awake till prime of dawn
He feels far too slack and surly
To do anything but yawn.

Dorcas, too, the mothers' model,
Once upraised a piercing screech
When she saw her small ones toddle
For one moment out of reach;
Now she lets them roam neglected,
Careless though the worst may hap,
While she gives an unaffected
Stretch and takes a mid-day nap.

Now, again, the ready layers
Wander dull and heavy-eyed,
And, from being one-a-dayers,
Calmly let the whole thing slide;
While the sitter grows so jumpy
That she leaps, all wings and legs,
At a whisper from her lumpy
Seat of chilled and ruined eggs.

So do all forsake their uses.
Pullets, thin as any ghost,
Find their dried and sapless juices
Quite unfit them for the roast;
And, in short, where all was cheerful,
Loud with honest cluck and crow,
Dark Insomnia stalks with fearful
Gait and lays the worker low.

Wherefore, be your rustic dances
All suspended through the night;
In the given circumstances,
Best, perhaps, suspend them quite.
If temptations come, resist 'em;
Knowing this, ye soulless boors,
Poultry have a nervous system
Far more delicate than yours.
DUM-DUM.

Commercial Candour.

From a Dutch Bulb Catalogue:—

"Tulips in pans or boxes you plant 12 or more of one variety, which then is a very fine room decoration if they flower."

From the Local Rules of the Rhyl Golf Club:—

"A player may ground his club in any hazard except sand, provided he does not improve his life by so doing."

But inasmuch as it will improve his language it will improve his life, and is therefore illegal.

"Good old Mulay!" said an admirer familiarly to the new Sultan of Morocco.

"Mulay Youssef!" retorted the indignant monarch.

THE PERFECT AIRMAN.

(Special for "The Daily Moil," by the Miracle-worker.)

Who is the perfect airman? What is he? So the great poet WORDSWORTH might have asked had he lived to this wonderful day. Let me answer his questions.

He should be able to fly.

He should be acquainted with journalistic "highbrows."

He should be brave.

He should have airman's hands.

He should understand machinery.

He should have nerve but no nerves.

He should advertise.

He should be still living.

But better than this list of requirements it would be well to take an actual perfect airman and describe him, and by a fortunate chance there is one in existence who, moreover, by a coincidence happens to have done some flying for *The Daily Moil*.

Onry Salmay is a perfect airman. He is also a born airman, although he was born before flying was possible. But that makes no difference; he is a born airman. Even in the cradle his little arms made the movement of wings; his little eyes continually looked upwards at the sky, or, since he is French, had I not better say *ciel*? He followed the flight of *oiseaux* (birds) with passionate interest. The neighbours clustered about him. "*Voilà l'aviateur!*" they would say, and little Onry would crow his delight. Well, they were good prophets, these neighbours; and Onry is now the finest aviator of the bunch, holding the proudest position possible to an aviator—airman to *The Daily Moil*.

You have heard of *tutoying*? For the benefit of those who have not heard of it, let me say that *tutoying* is saying "thee" and "thou," like Quakers. The French are very good at it; but no one was ever so good as *le bon papa* of Onry Salmay. Old Salmay was a commercial traveller, or bagman (*homme de culotte*), and he placed his son in a racing stable. "Go thou," said he, "to be a 'lad.' Such is thy immediate destiny. Good fortune be with thee!" Onry went, and it was well, for there is an affinity between horses and aeroplanes. Both are

ridden; both want guiding; both race; both cost money; both are unknown quantities. Onry's interest in horses still continues; often he stops and looks at one and cries, "What a beauty! Regard then how he steps! Ah, to possess a horse like that one there!" This speech, or rather cry, which he makes so often, I have reported verbatim. He speaks English like a Frenchman, you observe. And why not? All perfect airmen do. He and I are inseparable, you must understand.

with them, kisses the babies and becomes a famous bagman (*homme de culotte*).

He buys a motor-bicycle and, behold, it does not go fast enough. He makes it go faster, but he is unsatisfied, and then he remembers for what purpose he was born. To fly! He tells his *bon papa* of this ambition, and for once the old man forgets to *tutoyer* him. "You are mad," he says, such is his emotion.

But—and here the past mood sets in again—Onry persevered. His wonder-

ful commonsense was his good friend. "If I am to be an airman," he said to himself (in French), "I must learn to fly; and if I am to fly with a machine, which seems to be the only way, I must understand machinery." This sagacious decision was the beginning of the end. He became a mechanic, then took flying lessons, and began to fly.

To-day he has fulfilled the highest desire that can animate and stimulate any airman—he flies for *The Daily Moil*. He is wonderful. He can fly even in the rain. He despises umbrellas. "Regard then," he often cries to me as the drops fall—"regard then the humidity? But do I mind? Am I downcast? No. Up, up, Onry Salmay, to your proper sphere, the sky (*ciel*)!" So this brave perfect Frenchman talks, and I am proud of our intimacy and proud thus to pat on the back a colleague of the staff of *The Daily Moil*.



"'ULLO, BILLY! WHERE YOU GOIN'!"

"I AIN'T GOIN'. I'M JEST SEEIN' ORF MY COLLEGE CHUM 'ERE."

Now let us pass into the historic present, it is so much more vivid. On leaving the stable, young Onry decides to become, like his *bon papa*, a bagman (*homme de culotte*). "Thou hast chosen well," says *le bon papa*. "Do thy level best. Good luck to thee!"

But Onry is not successful. And why? He dresses too well. His *bon papa's* shrewd eyes detect the error. "Thou art too dressy," he tells his disconcerted son. "Thou suggestest swank. See that thy clothes are more like those of thy customers, and orders will overwhelm thee." Wise *bon papa*! He knows (*sait*). Onry takes his advice, dresses like the peasants, jokes

says that, with a bit of luck, I shall scrape through. Deputations from Chapel Liberals who object to Home Rule, from Church Liberals who object to Disestablishment, and from worldly Liberals who object to the Ninepenny Millennium. Rumours of Labour Candidature. Agent says we need a good cry, and suggests Land Taxes. Good! After all,

"Why should we be beggars with the ballot in our hands?"

GEORGE gave the land to the people."

Wire to Liberal Whip, "What are the Land Taxes? Reply urgent."

Tuesday.—Liberal Whip replies, "Land-Tax Committee sitting next

A LAND-TAXER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Very awkward being Liberal candidate for a constituency with only 4,000 majority. But agent

week. Keep to Land Song at present." Very awkward. Still, agent has ten Land Song gramophones going and is arranging for it to be put on the piano-organs. That Labour candidate has turned up. Must the forces of progress and righteousness be divided? Mass meeting passed off very well. Insurance questions kept till very end, when grand Land Song chorus drowned them. Things a bit more hopeful.

Wednesday.—Labour candidate—a corrupt individual—is making a point of Free Breakfast Table. That is *our* policy. We've promised it for twenty years. Issue new bill: "A Penny Tax on Land Values will remove all Taxes from Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Cocoa, and Dried Fruits." That beats him by the dried fruits. Unfortunately Liberal Chairman proves to be landowner and threatens to support Tory candidate. Explain to him (in confidence) that the Land Tax would only apply to future owners, and that the election must be won somehow.

Thursday.—Tory candidate—a reckless Jingo—is making a point of eight more *Dreadnoughts*, and the cry seems to be popular. Issue new bill at once: "Vote for a Twopenny Land Tax and you get Twenty new *Dreadnoughts* every Year." That has taken the wind out of the Jingo's sails, I fancy. Deputation of Peace Liberals objects to new programme of twenty *Dreadnoughts* and points out that the money would be better spent in bringing the entire adult German population over here and entertaining them. Explain to the deputation (in confidence) that, the yield of the Land Taxes being problematic, the *Dreadnoughts* would also be problematic, and that the election must be won somehow.

Friday.—The Tory candidate—an unscrupulous briber who ought to be hounded out of decent society—has announced that Tariff Reform will enable the Beer Taxes to be reduced. A gross appeal to the thirsty masses. Issue new bill at once: "A Threepenny Land Tax will abolish all Taxes on Wine, Beer, Spirits and Tobacco and in addition pay your Insurance Contribution." Deputation from Temperance Party, objecting to reduction in Drink Taxes. Explain to the deputation (in confidence) that the reductions can't be made till the Land Taxes are in operation, and that the election must be won somehow.

Saturday.—That Labour candidate—a blatant Socialist—has issued a most immoral appeal to the lower classes: "Vote for Bludge and a Twenty-Shilling Tax on Land Values. Free Meals for Everybody." Bit difficult to beat this. Try new move.



Driver (approaching Hyde Park Corner and pointing out the sights to country visitors). "ON THE LEFT'S THE STATUTE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT DOOK O' WELLINGTON, AND THAT 'ERE ON THE RIGHT'S A STATUTE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE PORE OLE 'OSS-BUSES WOT'S BIN RUN OFF THE STREET BY THEM STINKIN' MOTORS."

Some of the workmen own cottages and allotments, so issue new bill: "Vote for Biggin and Reasonable Taxation, but no Confiscation. We Must be HONEST."

Sunday.—Church in the morning. Vicar read with undue emphasis the commandment about coveting neighbour's house or land—prostituting his pulpit to help a political party. Gave address in Baptist Chapel in the afternoon. Subject: "Liberal Ethics." Very impressive when Land Song was sung after prayer. Think I stand a chance.

Monday—polling-day.—We are going strong. Nothing but Land Song to be heard anywhere. The thirty extra gamophones are doing fine work.

Later.—They are counting the votes. A bit afraid lest the wrong beggars should have "got the ballot in their hands."

The Mayor is coming out. . . . By his bold and unscrupulous promises the Tory has got to the top of the poll. . . . My supporters are gathering round me and singing the Land Song. Sick of the Land Song.

"He has accomplished some amazing performances, wickets falling to his prowess as thick as thieves in Vallambrosa."

Daily Express.

You want to keep your coat buttoned up in Vallambrosa (or Vallombrosa, as the natives call it), else they're on to your watch at once.

SEASIDE SPORTS AND PASTIMES

FOR

LITTLE ONES AND GROWN-UPS.

I.—MAINLY FOR LITTLE ONES.

BUILDING CASTLES.

THIS pastime is popular with all little ones who have constructive or artistic proclivities. (See my little book, "Bumps, and All about Them, or, The Home Phrenologist.") If you are a seriously-minded child and have read Mr. WELLS' articles on Labour Unrest, you will probably prefer to build comfortable Workmen's Dwellings. In that case the procedure is the same, but, instead of proclaiming that you are the King of the Castle, you will sing, "I am the Freeholder of this Attractive Workman's Dwelling."

II.—FOR LITTLE ONES AND GROWN-UPS.

WINKLING.

Great skill is required to bag a wrinkle. The best method of catching this sporting little crustacean is as follows:—Bait an ordinary pin with a sand-hopper (which may readily be caught with a large butterfly net) and hold it outside any cleft in the rocks that looks a likely place for a wrinkle's form. (None of the best wrinklers say "nest.") If our friend is at home, he will pounce upon the hopper, and impale himself upon the pin. You can then deal him a sharp blow upon the nape of the neck, which will render him insensible, when he may be safely transferred to your creel.

CRABBING.

This requires more courage and endurance than skill. Advance boldly upon the crab and, as it charges, present the fore-, or index, finger of the right hand to it, when the fierce creature will promptly fasten upon it. All that then remains to be done is to wait until the crab dies.

LOBSTERING.

The method of catching the lobster is the same, but more painful. You may die first.

LURING THE LIMPET.

For this sport some seccotine, a hammer (or mallet) and a geologist's chisel are necessary. Having sighted the limpet, stalk it cautiously from the rear. If you see it preparing to spring, the only thing to do is to retreat and try it on with another limpet. If, however, you succeed in getting to close quarters without awakening the fiery mollusc, seccotine it instantly to the rock, when it will be powerless to

attack you. The rest is simple. Take your hammer (or mallet) and chisel, and break off the portion of the rock on which the limpet is perched.

Alternative Method.

Blast it off with dynamite.

Note to Mothers.

No child under ten years of age should be trusted with this dangerous explosive.

SNARING THE SHRIMP.

It is considered unsporting to use a net in the chase of the shrimp. All the best shrimpers now employ a running noose, which should be dangled in a pool. When a shrimp enters the noose, strike sharply. A landing net or gaff is generally unnecessary. All shrimps under 3 dwts. in weight should be returned.

N.B. Thick leather gauntlets should be worn, as the sting of the shrimp has been known to be fatal.

POTTING THE PRAWN.

Proceed as above, but with a larger noose. The prawn needs more careful playing than the shrimp, from which it may be distinguished by its more sonorous cry when agitated.

Close Season: October 1st to June 31st.

OGLING THE OCTOPUS.

The octopus is not, fortunately, a common object of the sea-shore, at least not north of Clacton-on-Sea. If, however, you should espy on the sand a trail like that of eight wrinkles running round in a circle, you may be pretty sure you are hot on the slot of this denizen of the deep. When you have tracked it down, look it boldly and steadily in the eye. In its anxiety to avoid your gaze, it will retreat into itself, until it has turned itself completely inside out. It is then perfectly harmless, and may be readily handcuffed and presented to the Zoo.

BOOT SHOP.

THE Complete Sportsman has many things to learn beyond the mere handling of his gun and the successful pursuit of his quarry. He must try to remember what powder he is using, and why, so that he can answer questions on the subject without furtively looking at one of his cartridges. He is also very apt to be asked if he believes in Number 6 shot for grouse—and that is rather a trap in its way, because the larger the number the smaller the shot. And he must not mistake a young grey hen for a wild duck, or he will find himself unpopular. But above all he

must be able to talk about his boots. He will find that his companions by common consent reserve the "best hour of the day"—after lunch—for this one absorbing topic. And so eager do they become that they can with difficulty restrain themselves to listen to the breeziest anecdotes about other people's boots.

"... I have had this pair for seven years and they have been worn *hard*. Of course, I never let 'em put any blacking on them; but it's an absolute fact that they will take me through a field of wet swedes now without letting in a single drop. I got them from Pucklington's."

"... Well, these of mine were made by a chap in Dumfries, in a little shop in a back street. They cost me twenty-seven bob two years ago, and they are every bit as good as new. Pucklington charges you forty-five, and in my experience they nearly always crack."

"... I got this pair in Norway"—(sensation). "They are real ski boots—built for snow—and the only fault of 'em is that they are a bit hard. But I can stick my foot in a bog any time and be none the worse."

"... I wonder if it is a good plan having the seams outside like that?"

"... I always walk in shoes. Can't stand boots in hot weather. I've had these—let me see—"

"... Have you seen that new dubbin that Blake is advertising?"

"... Of course, if you wear gaiters with 'em—"

"... After all, you look at the boots these keepers wear. They are about as heavy—"

"... Not a bit of use having the nails—"

It is at about this point that I come in. I always say that mine were made by the village blacksmith, that I keep them under water when not in use, that they are thirteen years old, and cost three-and-nine.

But I believe I have discovered the reason of it. You have had a heavy morning, let us say, and you are lunching (late) in a gully on the moor. You are pretty certain to be sitting on a game bag with your back to a bank, and you have your cap over your eyes to shade you from the sun (I am speaking of ordinary years). After you have lunched (well), topped up with cherry whisky and lit your pipe, you slip down a bit till you are practically lying flat, with your vision restricted by the brim of your hat. You are feeling much too contented to move, and yet you want to talk, and the only thing you can see is your boots. Of course you have to talk about them.

INSULT TO INJURY.

O LITTLE blind god with your bow
And hovering feet, that now so long
Have fluttered o'er my fireside, no,
It shall not be—this latest wrong!

For she, whose laughing long-lost face
From fire-lit memories may not die,
Brought you—a birthday gift—to grace
That little flat in days gone by.

"I was bad enough when Mary Ann
Chipped off those curls of golden hair,
And worse when I, a clumsy man,
Smashed one wing almost past repair.

But, now I've let my house and go
Seaward awhile, what do I read?—
"One china Cupid, faulty"—so
The inventory goes. Indeed!

"Faulty!"—the Philistine has missed
Your flawless charm. It shall not be!
I cross you off his drivelling list;
Dear little god, you go with me!

MR. PUNCH'S SILLY SEASON
CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY DO MEN MARRY?

SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS.

WHEN a man marries, is it, as is commonly believed by the person most intimately concerned, due to her great beauty, coupled with exceptional intellectual attainments? If not, what is the reason? The following letters would seem to throw some light on this most interesting of problems:—

DEAR SIR,—For years and years I had been giving wedding presents, but no one had ever given me one.

DEAR SIR,—It was like this with me. I never intended getting married. I was sitting out with a rather nice girl at a dance. We seemed to have come to an end of the topics which were mutually interesting, so, *merely to make conversation*, I proposed: . . . It was very thoughtless of me.

DEAR SIR,—I married because I wanted someone to share my fortune with the CHANCELLOR.

DEAR SIR,—I married my wife because I disliked the woman so much. When I was young she jilted me. Then the other fellow jilted her. Years afterwards, when I was a crusty old bachelor with fixed selfish habits, she was still a spinster, so I married her. A pretty revenge, I fancy you will agree.

DEAR SIR,—I married as an example to my children.

DEAR SIR,—I married for peace. I am exceptionally handsome, many persons holding that I am remarkably like the late Apollo. I did it, hoping it would put an end to the unwelcome

attentions with which I was pestered by my lady friends. Unfortunately it has not done so, and I may have to grow a beard.

DEAR SIR,—Being penniless, I married because I loved her money. She married because she loved me. My love has proved to be more durable than hers, and I apologise for being compelled to send this letter to you unstamped.

DEAR SIR,—I married her because I loathe being sued for breach of promise.

DEAR SIR,—My marriage was due to a lack of frankness on my part. I got engaged to the lady at the seaside, and she did not understand that it was only for the Silly Season, nor did her great hulking brute of a father.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just done it, and I have done it to spite LLOYD GEORGE. He thought he was going to get threepence a week from me, and threepence a week from the poor soul who does for me, so I have just married her—to LLOYD GEORGE's rage, consternation, and surprise.

DEAR SIR,—I married because I did not like the idea of my name (Jones) dying out.

DEAR SIR,—Why did I marry? Frankly, you have me. I have been wondering for over thirty years, and I am dashed if I know.

"Lord Valletort was among those who yesterday morning had the honour of dining with their Majesties."—*Western Morning News*. An unusual honour, but we breakfast too heavily to grudge it him.



"I WANT A BATHING-COSTUME. I DON'T MIND WHAT COLOUR, BUT, PLEASE—(shudder)—LET IT BE A WARM ONE."



The Nut. "HADN'T WE BETTER LOOK AFTER YOUR AUNT A BIT?"
The Flapper. "OH! AUNT'S QUITE GOOD AT AMUSING HERSELF."

A TALE OF TWO SISTERS.

MILDRED and Jane were sisters, but Mildred alone had style;
 Both of them were good-looking, but Jane, who was void of guile,
 Was a doormat as well as a saint, and her taste in dress was vile.

Jane from the first accepted the rôle of her sister's slave,
 Cheerfully fetched and carried, cheerfully also gave
 Out of her pocket-money whatever she managed to save.

Thirty summers have passed since I first encountered the pair,
 And Mildred, who must be forty, is slim as well as fair;
 While Jane, the virtuous drudge, looks rather the worse for wear.

For Mildred married a magnate who made his pile in mines,
 And is widely famed for his motors, his *chef* and his priceless wines—
 There seldom passes a week but a peer at his table dines.

Her entertainments figure (p. 4) in *The Daily Mail*;
 The sheen of her ruby tiara turns most of her rivals pale;
 Her life is one long carnival of endless cakes and ale.

Jane married a struggling parson, who hadn't a single son,
 And, like the famous old woman we read of who lived in a shoe,
 She has so many children that she doesn't know what to do.

But, unlike the same old woman, whose methods were harsh and crude,
 Jane sacrifices her comfort to that of her graceless brood,
 Who treat her, I grieve to say it, with gross ingratitude.

Mildred's daughters are pretty, but they simply haven't a chance,
 For their mother dances divinely and never misses a dance.
 The local milliner makes their frocks; for hers she goes to France.
 Yet Mildred's daughters, I know, of their selfish mother are proud,
 While Jane's despised by her children as a thorough-going dowl,
 Who could only be expected "to pass with a push in a crowd."

The moral of this sad story I add in a brief P.S.:
 O saints of the family circle, pray study the art of dress;
 For a saint who is also a slattern will never achieve success.

Human nature is snobbish, and boys and girls in the lump
 On the most unselfish parents are most inclined to jump,
 Preferring a well-dressed tyrant to a tender-hearted frump.

The Things that Matter.

"Mr. James Bryce, our Ambassador to the United States who is on a visit to Australia just now, tells a story of a lady who called on a photographer."—*Cumberland Evening News*.

The rush to Australia to hear it might have been avoided if our contemporary had only gone on to give us the story.

"He was dressed scrupulously in black with a little white face showing at the wrists and neck."—*"Daily Mail" Novel*.

We shouldn't so much mind the one showing at the neck, but the other two seem quite uncalled for.



ISTHMIAN GAMES.

EVENT No. 1.—EXTENDING THE COLD ELBOW.

THE REWARD OF SIMPLICITY.

I AM sick of the pride of the warders
Of Government goods in the town ;
Miss Smith does not serve postal orders,
And tells you as much with a frown :
Miss Thomson is tiring her hair at the
borders
And drives you away to Miss Brown.

They are pitiless adamant beauties !
Untouched by humanity's spark,
They are puffed by the pomp of their
duties,
But lo ! I have found me an Ark ;
I have fled to a land where the sun-
mellowed fruit is,
And Phyllis is post-office clerk.

Her rank has not spoilt her nor taken
One whit from her passion to please ;
Officialdom's glories awaken
No longing to snub nor to freeze ;
She also sells biscuits and butter and
bacon
And baccy and candles and cheese.

She is tender and kindly and willing,
She never compels me to wait ;
All telegrams strike her as thrilling,
Her eyes, as they read 'em, dilate ;
She is charmed when I squander as
much as a shilling
On the maw of a ravenous State.

At a time when so few things are sunny,
Such virtue shall find its reward ;
If I have to keep parting with money
To pile up the Treasury's hoard,
I will spend it down here, in this
hamlet of honey
And roses and peaceful accord.

Far away from the town and its orgies,
And the noise and the dust and the
lamps,
And those girls with their delicate
gorges
Who treat all enquirers as tramps,
I shall purchase a dozen of Mr. LLOYD
GEORGE'S
Preposterous sixpenny stamps.
EVOE.

A WEEK OF WINSTON.

Monday.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL addresses a three-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE, rebuking Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE for advocating wholesale indulgence in chops. Such a frantic dietetic policy, he maintains, must inevitably tend to disintegrate the bases of the British character.

Tuesday.—Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE replies in a short letter to *The Times*, observing that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a good judge of chops and changes.

Wednesday.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL rejoins in a four-column letter to



PAST MASTERS.

Farmer's Son. "WOTEVER BE SHE DOING, FEYTHER !"
Farmer. "SHE BE COPYING, LIKE. YE SEE, SOME O' THESE 'ERE OLD MARSTER PICTERS BE VERY OLD, SO COORSE THEY 'AS TO REPLACE 'EM EVERY NOW AN' AGAIN, SAME AS WALL PAPER."

Sir JAMES RITCHIE, denouncing Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE for his resort to vile verbal quibbles, which are notoriously the last refuge of intellectual destitution and spiritual atrophy. Simultaneously *The Dundee Advertiser* publishes a statement to the effect that the Government is keeping a close watch on Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE and other advocates of dietetic anti-nomianism.

Thursday.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL in a five-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE denounces the Meteorological Office for its ineffectual control of the Gulf Stream, whose unbridled vagaries, he asserts, threaten to exert a fissi-

parous influence on the solid fibre of our island race.

Friday.—Sir HENRY HOWORTH takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Meteorological Office in an entire special supplement of *The Times*.

Saturday.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL rejoins in a six-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE, attacking Sir HENRY HOWORTH for his unparalleled verbosity. *The Dundee Advertiser* issues a statement in leaded type to the effect that the Law Officers of the Crown have advised the Government to prosecute Sir HENRY HOWORTH for tautology.

Sunday.—Sir JAMES RITCHIE retires to a rest cure.

THE SEASIDE.

(Communicated by a Seaside.)

THIS time Mum couldn't come with us because she has had to go to America to see her mother, and she took Rosie with her to help her to bear up against the Atlantic. I'm afraid Rosie will want all her own help for herself, because she was sure she wasn't going to be a good sailor. The Solent finished her last year, and the Solent's nothing to the Atlantic.

There were six of us—Dad, myself, Peggy, John, John's nurse Julia, and Soo-Ti, the Pekinese dog; and Dad was in charge. He said he was determined to show that men were not the useless and ornamental creatures they were generally supposed to be, but that they could beat women on their own ground, and really do things if it was necessary. He said he knew well enough it was a difficult game to look after a family party on a journey, and to keep house in seaside lodgings, and then to bring them all back again, but he wasn't going to show the white feather, and he thought he could pull through. If kindness was useless with us he said he was quite prepared to employ sterner methods. He took a box of chocolates in his pocket in order to be prepared for everything, and he gave a big chocolate to John so as to get on good terms with him, because he said John was the one he was most afraid of. If he could manage John he thought he could bring the whole thing off successfully. Dad's always been pretty good at buying newspapers at stations and getting angry with guards and porters, but this time he had to do everything, and I must say he wasn't nearly so bad at it as we thought he was going to be.

The first thing that happened was that when we got to our own station, Soo-Ti wasn't there. Everybody thought everybody else had got him, and the consequence was he had been left behind with Dad's waterproof and the Thermos flask which had got all our hot tea in it. Luckily our house is quite near the station, and there was lots of time, so Henry, the footman, rushed home. He found everything, and got back five minutes before the train started. He had had to chase Soo-Ti twice round the garden because Soo-Ti doesn't like footmen, but he had wrapped him up in the waterproof and brought him like that. It made Soo-Ti furious, and he didn't recover the whole of that day. Besides, he hates his harness and his lead, and when they're put on he stands with his head down looking just like a bison; you have to drag him all over the place.

We had had lunch before we started. Last year we lunched in the train, and John swallowed a bit of pear the wrong way and got very red in the face. Rosie made a poem about it, but I can only remember one verse, which was this:—

"We took some lunch for the baby boy
Who finds in eating his chiefest joy.
We gave him a pear; he began to choke,
And choked all the way to Basingstoke."

This year our cousin Sylvia joined us at Basingstoke. If you can think of pink roses mixed up with strawberries and cream, and all smiling, that's what she looks like. Dad was glad to see her because he said the load was getting too heavy for him, and we were all jolly glad to see her too. We changed at that station, and Dad and all the guards and porters ran up and down the platform looking for an empty carriage for us. Dad said afterwards he had been quite surprised to find how near he was to his old form; but it was all no good. We had to get into a carriage where there was one old gentleman with a beard, and he didn't look at all pleased when he saw us all piling

in. He sniffed a good deal, and Dad and he glared at one another without saying anything. Then we had our tea, and of course there was a lot of paper and crumbs on the floor of the carriage, and some of the milk got spilt. Milk always does get spilt somehow, and when you try to rub it away with your foot there's always a white stain left and you can't disguise it. It really was very unlucky for the old gentleman, but I must say he bore it very well.

It was here that John distinguished himself and showed what good manners little boys can have when they try. He had been looking at the old gentleman when we were having our tea, and at last he got very pink in the face and leant across to Dad and said, "Daddy, you haven't given this gentleman any tea." At first Dad looked puzzled, but then he pulled himself together and said, "There's plenty of tea left, Sir; won't you have a cup?" and the old gentlemen said, "Upon my word, as you are so polite, I think I will. Thank you very much;" and then he said John was a Good Samaritan, and Dad and he got talking together and found they both knew somebody whom they hadn't met for years. So it all ended in a very pleasant way, and we didn't have any more adventures, and in the end we arrived safe and sound at our lodgings.

Next morning we went out and bought two spades and buckets, three shrimping nets and three pairs of sand-shoes, and then we got to work on the sands. In fact, everything's as jolly as possible, except the weather, and Dad says he's proud to be able to give himself an excellent report.

DEAD LETTERS.

I FEEL another man. Improved in temper
As the direct result of duty done
(A most unusual thing—*O si sic semper!*),
I'll back my morals now with any one.

I feel my cabin'd spirit burst its fetters,
I feel it soar aloft like billy-O,
Because I've polished off a load of letters—
Answered a dozen at a single go.

Unanswered letters are a constant menace,
I find they worry me an awful lot;
They simply spoil my back-hand drive at tennis,
And utterly upset my mashie shot.

Lucky it is my Conscience never wallows
In idle ease, but keeps severely spry,
Urging on me the manly course, as follows,
Which other people might do well to try.

When letters have been left six months or longer
Crammed in the rack, I answer them—cry quits
With Conscience, make my moral fibre stronger—
By simply tearing up the things to bits.

The Apt Phrase.

"All hands went ashore to stretch their legs."—*Morning Post.*

"Lady Gomme, lecturing at Startford-on-Avon games, said that these traditional games VI of Scotland and I. of England. The cradle, museum. It is a beautiful piece of workman-douctions of almost every known portrait of the Devonshire. It is signed 'P. Oudry,' who is painted the picture."—*Manchester Evening News.*

"A few moments silver in a dainty Webb's fancy showroopent in Mappin and select the exact phom will enable you to whether in sterling sito frame required, coloured leather."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

We have put the writers of the above two passages in correspondence with each other.



OUR MOTOR EMPORIUMS.

NO, YOU'RE WRONG. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE BUYER, TRYING TO STRIKE THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF HUMILITY BEFORE THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN OF THE SHOP.

A SEASIDE SESTINA.

I've been down here a week—or, let me see—
Is it a week, or only half-an-hour?
Well, anyhow, it seems at *least* a week
That I've been sitting on this beastly shore;
I can't imagine now what made me come,
But this I know—I'll never come again!

Why do I say I'll never come again?
The reason's surely plain enough to see;
Could anyone who wants a rest—now, come—
Really enjoy himself from hour to hour
In pottering about a crowded shore?
Could *anybody* stand it for a week?

No doubt *some* people stand it for a week—
The Pierrots, for example, and again
The niggers who monopolize the shore
(Their humour I confess I never see,
Though crowds applaud their sallies by the hour.)—
But then these people for a purpose come.

If I remained I'm certain I'd become
A raving lunatic within a week.
I've watched that couple there for half-an-hour;
There—look at that! he's doing it again,
He's writing with his walking-stick, d'you see,
"I love you, Arabella," on the shore.

People declared this was a lovely shore,
"So bracing," and I really ought to come,
And so I came this morning, just to see
If 'twas a decent place to spend a week.
There's an express, thank goodness, in an hour,
And I shall soon be back in town again.

Here comes that ancient mariner again!
I wonder what he does when he's ashore;
"The Ship," I guess, accounts for many an hour
Of his spare time; a nose like that can't come
All of a sudden—no, nor in a week;
That's taken years to colour, I can see!

* * * * *
I'll never-see thee, Ancient One, again;
I hope next week to find a quieter shore
Where *you* won't come to bore me by the hour!

"It was christened the Somass Queen, by Mrs. Stevens, who broke a bottle of wine over the stem, and slid gracefully down the ways into the water."—*Victoria Daily Colonist*.

In similar functions in England this last picturesque feature is unfortunately lacking.

"Tent pegging: Major Wilson, brought the sports to an abrupt conclusion caused great inconvenience and also did a good deal of damage to the tents."—*Bedfordshire Standard*.

The gallant Major seems to have lost his head rather, and to have mistaken the nature of the contest.

AT THE PLAY.

"READY MONEY."

I LEARN from one of our Photographic Weeklies that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is being played in Tokio, and I judge from the appearance of *Mrs. Quickly* and *Mistress Page* that certain features of SHAKSPEARE'S original design must have been lost in transmission. Something of this same kind seems to have happened with Mr. MONTGOMERY'S *Ready Money*, as made in America. In crossing the water and being translated into English it has sacrificed nearly all the essentials of local colour. Its geography is still American, but its native idiom and its native slang (I assume that they were there in the original) are gone, and the native accent with them. And if its commercial sentiments remain imperishably Transatlantic—if, for example, the passionate admiration kindled by the flashing of a bunch of thousand-dollar notes is clearly indigenous to the Western Hemisphere—the expression of these exotic emotions by British lips in British phraseology sounds strange even to the verge of incredibility.

Fortunately, however, the sea-change does not seem to have materially damaged the play. After all, a detective melodrama appeals to a class of mind not easily susceptible to the subtler pangs of outraged congruity. And the main idea—the exhibition of forged notes as a mere bluff to indicate a sudden access of solvency—was so fresh, the intrigue so arresting, the movement so smooth and rapid, that it would be ungracious to cavil at trifling improbabilities.

There was a pleasant novelty in the arrangement by which the villain and the virtuous hero were made to work together like brothers, hand in hand. So closely were their fates interwoven that we were almost indistinguishably glad at the escape of both, our blunted sense of moral justice being more than satisfied by the combined triumph of innocence and guilt over the New York Secret Service.

The villain, too, is an artist, and that counts for much. Not merely an artist in crime, but a connoisseur of decorative engraving. The forged notes which he hands to the hero to tide him over a financial crisis (never actually "passed" by the latter, for our tolerance could not have gone that length) are works of art; he prides himself on their superiority to the Government article; and when, after careful inspection by the detectives, they are taken for genuine notes, it is in the true spirit of affronted Art that he

destroys them, indignant that their finer quality should have escaped recognition.

The attraction of the play lay in its admirable blending of fun with serious melodrama. It was not the kind of humour which makes a burlesque of melodrama; nor was it introduced by way of relief to the tension; the changes from gay to grave and back again were of the very essence of the design.

Mr KENNETH DOUGLAS as the hero was extraordinarily good. His remarkable performance in *Dad* had prepared us for the almost total disappearance of his old air of indifferent detachment.



THE "DECORATOR."

Potter (alias Ives, alias Walker)

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

Quiet and restrained, he was still always alert at moments when the slightest hesitancy would have ruined the situation. As the villain who incidentally found himself a philanthropist (taking 50 per cent. of the profits) Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH was thoroughly at home in his new house. The decorative dignity of the part suited him well. Never have I seen so many glossy silk hats on a stage, and his was the curliest of them all. The minor male characters were satisfactory, Mr. BENEDICT being particularly mobile, and Mr. HARRY CANE recalling pleasantly the manner of the late Mr. BLAKELEY.

There were a few *fiancées* scattered from time to time about the stage, with or without Miss MAY WHITTY to chaperon them; but they served no very useful purpose. They were supposed to act as incentives to the financial acquisitiveness of their young

men. But being Americans (as alleged) these young men could easily have done without any encouragement.

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH has been bold in starting his first managerial adventure in the very heart of the off-season, and most cordially I wish him the success that his sporting courage and the excellence of his production alike deserve.

O. S.

ODE TO THE O. U. O. T. C.

[Composed by a member of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, who, having neglected his drills while reading for Greats and been excused from Camp on account of his Viva, has been unfeelingly fined £2 "for not making himself efficient."]

Gods benign, I know, bestow you
On our Universitees
As a privilege; and so you
Get my loyal service free:
Thus we're quits on what I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.

Having lately to forego you,
Drills and Camp (an awful spree),
I exclaimed, "I'm loth to throw you
Over for my Greats degree;
Oh, to do the drills I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.!"

Now (to deal a nasty blow) you
Send a bill in, dubbing me
"Inefficient"; well, although you
Make demands for £ s. d.,
I won't pay you what I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.

Our alleged Decadence.

"Tossing sheep over cross-bar: 1, E. Proctor, Low Firth (with the record height of 22ft.)."
Ulverston News.

He ought to have this event absolutely stiff at the next Olympic Games; and he might easily train on into a champion at "Flicking hippopotamus between parallel-bars," hitherto held by America. There's nothing much the matter with England after all.

"The painters and decorators are in possession of Christ Church, Palatine-road, West Didsbury, and when finished will present a very attractive appearance."

Stretford Advertiser.

Very nice for the painters and decorators, but what about the church?

The Apt Phrase again.

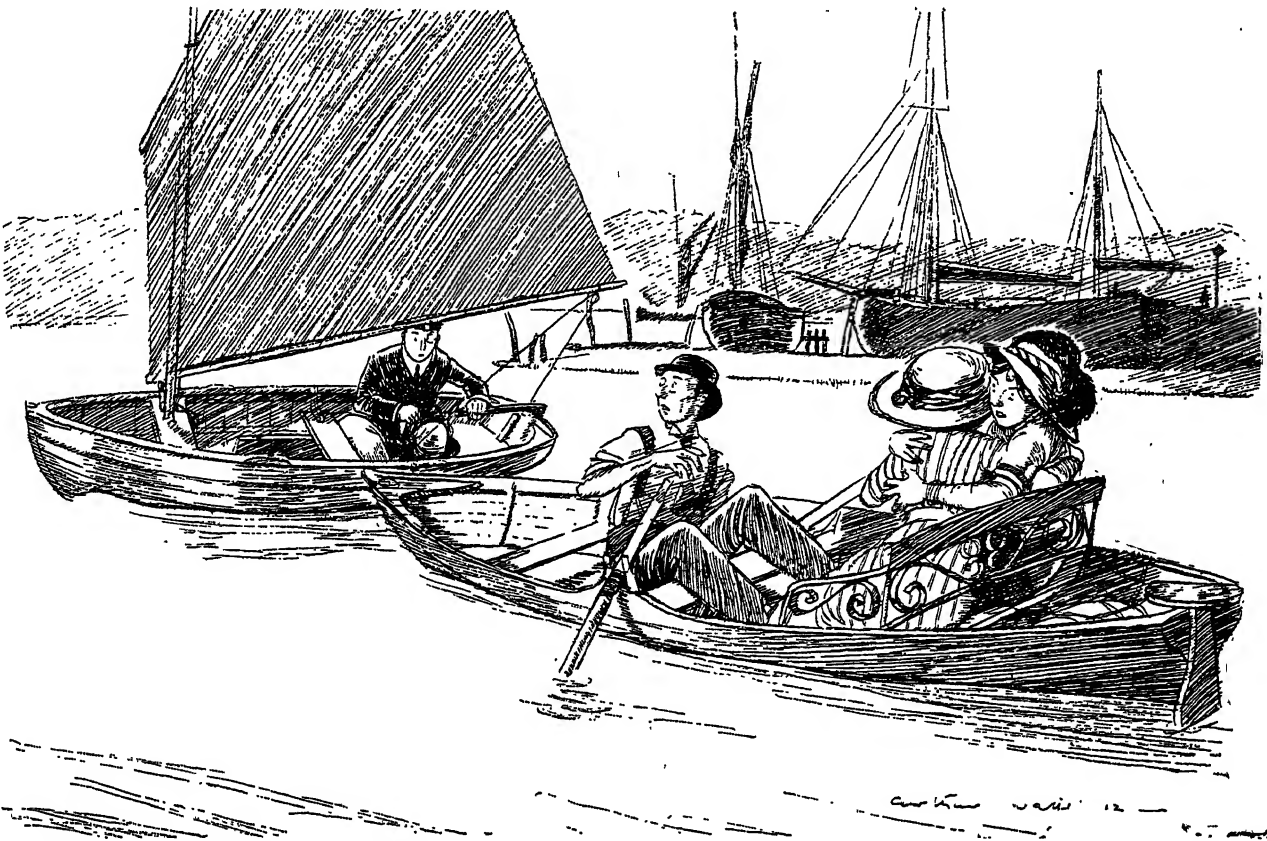
"The augmentation of the Chagford water supply is still hanging fire."

Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"PROTEST OF SOMERSET HOUSE
CHARWOMEN.
SWEEPING DEMAND."

Daily Express.

But why should anyone object to their sweeping? What are they for?



Cockney Oarsman (to yachtsman who is tacking in sailing dinghy). "ERE! W'Y CAN'T YER SAIL STRAIGHT INSTEAD O' ZIG-ZAGGING ABOUT THE RIVER LIKE THAT? YOU'LL RUN INTO US SOON, THEN YOU'LL BE 'APPY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD holds a monopoly of a certain line in uncanniness. *Pan's Garden* (MACMILLAN) is a collection of shorter and longer sketches in which mainly some mystical and quasi-personal activity of the wood, the sea, the desert, the hills, the snows, is suggested with a singular skill, a subtly ingenious symbolism and a welcome distinction of phrasing. Perhaps "The Glamour of the Snow," a story in which some maleficent spirit in the form of a mysterious and coldly beautiful grey lady on skis lures a susceptible literary alpinist to danger and all but death, is the best in this kind; while "The Attic," in a different mood, is a finely drawn study in shadows. Mr. BLACKWOOD's work stimulates one to an exacting standard of criticism; to a protest against the little shirt-sleeve phrases showing through the purple patches, against such mere fountain-pen pictures as "the moonlight falling in a shower of silver spears upon the slates and wires and steeples" (italics ours); against a drawing-out of the agony of mystification which is sometimes, it has to be confessed, a little wearisome. But I have the half of a horrible suspicion that a jaded, city-ridden critic hasn't the real entry to *Pan's Garden*; he can, however, heartily (and with a touch of envy), commend it to those more fortunate who have. Among Mr. GRAHAM-ROBERTSON's drawings the beauty and directness of his illustration of "The Attic" seem worth any three or four of the more ambitious others.

WE all want to distinguish ourselves outside our own peculiar spheres, and Mrs. LEVERSON, like so many other natural humorists, is anxious to be taken seriously. And

I did so take her in *The Limit*; but in her new book, *Tenterhooks* (GRANT RICHARDS), which also deals with a love intrigue *manqué*, she is not quite so successful with her imported gravity. I was never really persuaded to believe in the vagaries of the husband, though the unconscious humour of this futile egoist was always acceptable. It is no matter for surprise that Mrs. LEVERSON knows more of a woman's mind than of a man's, and more of a man's attitude to women than to his own sex. Clearly—and I cannot blame her for this—she has never assisted at the confidences which men impart to one another at their clubs. She seems, indeed, to be less happy with the things that she invents than with those that she observes, and is at her best in those light and frivolous touches with which she seizes superficial eccentricities when she can find a subject to draw from life. The conversational gifts of *Captain Willis*, for instance, are realised in the very briefest sitting: "Do you know, what I always say is—live and let live, and let it go at that; what? But people won't, you know, they won't—and there it is." Her children, too, are most delectable. There is *Archie*, who declines to give direct expression to his revolt against the birth of a baby sister, but conveys it through a figurative medium: "'I had such a lovely dream last night, mother!' 'Did you, pet? How sweet of you! What was it?' 'Oh, nothing much. . . . I dreamt I was in heaven.' 'Really! How delightful. Who was there?' This is always a woman's first question. 'Oh! you were there, of course; and father. . . . Such a nice place.' 'Was Dilly there?' 'Dilly? Er—no—no—she wasn't. She was in the night nursery, with Satan.'" I could wish for more of this gay cynicism, which is Mrs. LEVERSON's particular possession; but there is enough of it to repay

the reader of *Tenterhooks*, though it may not be the best thing she has yet done.

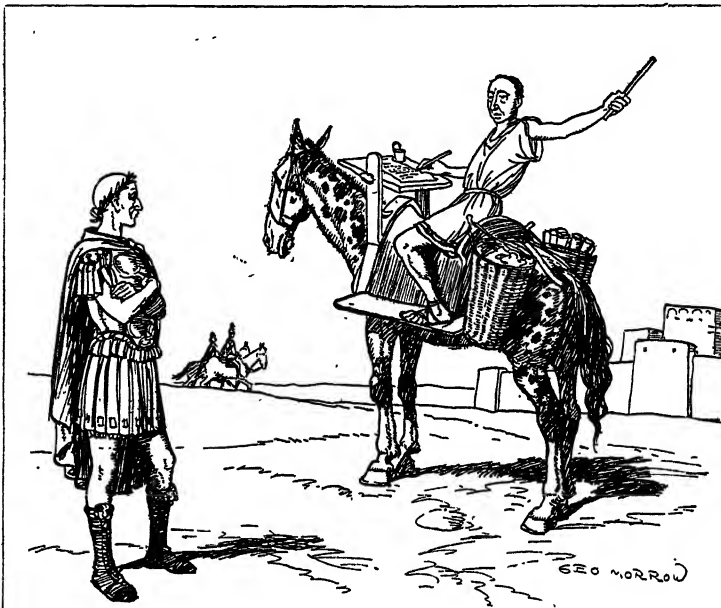
I am beginning sadly to think that I am more ambitious for Mr. PERCY WHITE than he is for himself. Each time I begin a novel from his fluent pen I say, "This is going to be it," and at the end I have to resign myself to another period of waiting. In *To-Day* (CONSTABLE) he proves once more that no point in the great (or little) social game can escape his eye or his irony, but it is, I hope, permissible to remind him that even the popular sport of snob-baiting may in time become a little tedious. Here he chooses a militant suffragette for his heroine, and decks her with bewitching beauty and charm. It may be argued that *Dulcie Ellice's* opinions were so very up-to-date that she required all the graces her creator could find for her, but all the same I should have respected Mr. WHITE more (even if I loved *Dulcie* less) had he handicapped her with a slight squint or a provincial accent. The way, in fact, is made too easy for her. It is, however, *Dulcie's* influence upon the life of her father and not of her fatherland that gives Mr. WHITE an opportunity to show his admirable sense of comedy. *Randal Ellice* was a pompous M.P., and the struggle between his self-importance and his love for *Dulcie* is told with a wit which has grown mellow and kindlier in the course of years. *To-Day* deals so vividly with topical questions that it is sure to be one of the successes of the season, and if Mr. WHITE is content with that perhaps I ought to be.

Those who lumber and had the good fortune to read that excellent yarn about lumber-jacks, *The Blazed Trail*, with its extraordinarily detailed working up of local colour, will expect in *The Cabin* (NELSON), which is a record of Mr. STEWART EDWARD WHITE's camping methods and musings in a Californian forest, the knowledge, sympathy and skill necessary to make a delightful book of outdoor jollineries. And they won't be disappointed. Mr. WHITE writes charmingly of his friends, man, mule and tree, fanned things and feathered, in an unaustere but, for the most part, authentic English, varied only occasionally by such explosions as "He snapped shut the book." The philosophy of old *California John the Ranger* alone makes the book notable. Of such simple things as an impatient intellectual, engaged in sawing through a log, he has profoundly wise things to say—the kind of thing that strikes you in a flash as significantly true. I should like to quote, but you'll find it in the chapter "On the Conduct of Life." As from all books written by folk who really know their ground, so here one takes not entertainment merely, but knowledge, knowledge specifically of the kind of work involved in that new task of forest conservation in America about which there has been so much controversy.

A confessedly "comic" novel is ticklish handling for the reviewer. To treat it severely is to expose oneself to suspicion of the gravest of all crimes—lack of humour. That is why I approached *The Barmecide's Feast* (LANE) with caution. It is also why I hasten to add about it that I did laugh several times. But not quite so often as the prefatory poem and the wholly delightful pictures had led me to expect. One might perhaps say of Mr. JOHN GORE's book that it apparently represents the savings of a lifetime. I picture the author, whenever he heard or invented a joke, rushing with it to his notes, and saying to himself, "Soon I must make a story that shall hold them all." What the story is that resulted it would be futile for me to attempt to repeat; irresponsibility and the art of talking nonsense, sometimes clever, often medium, and occasionally silly, have here been carried to their limit. It is humorous and original—but the two qualities do not always coincide. Thus to speak of a person who was hanged as having "fallen from a platform while in conversation with a clergyman" is very obviously jesting of a superior vintage to "I accept your views en Belloc," or "rich beyond reams of averages." But I am growing analytical, an attitude manifestly unfair. Read the book for yourself, laugh as you may, and be thankful. To Mr. ARTHUR PENN at least, who has illustrated it, you will owe unmixed gratitude.

Prophecy is so often a thankless and disappointing job that it has been a great pleasure to me, who foretold a future for Miss E. H. YOUNG on the appearance of her first novel, to find the promise of this fully sustained by its successor, *Yonder* (HEINEMANN). As a

story, it is at once simpler and more kindly. The two families who between them contain almost all its characters are drawn with a most attractive sympathy. The household in the hills, especially, where *Clara Rutherford*, the mother-woman, tends and loves her two men-folk, weak husband and unforgiving son—this is something that I feel the earlier Miss YOUNG could not have created. The town home also, in which *Edward Webb* strives with circumstance to bring up his little daughters, is hardly less successful. There is certainly some quality of distinction in this author's work which everyone must feel, but probably most readers would find it difficult to define. The gift of phrase she has—I had got no further than page 3 when "the fierce steel fingers of the rain," in a mountain landscape, found my imagination, and stayed there. Character-drawing, too; though the chief personages of *Yonder* are hardly (I think) those of every-day life. One finds them over-sensitive, too given to emotional analysis, for that, though none the less interesting. Searching for impressions, I decide that the book has affected me much as a poem might have done; I can hardly describe its spirit of austere romance in any other way.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

IV.—AN AGENT TRYING TO INDUCE JULIUS CESAR TO INVEST IN A PATENT COMBINED DESK AND SADDLE FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS WITH A TASTE FOR LITERARY COMPOSITION.



Lady (coming from the sea). "OH! EXCUSE ME—YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW, AS YOU'VE ONLY JUST ARRIVED—BUT, ACCORDING TO THE REGULATIONS OF THIS SILLY PLACE, YOU MUSTN'T WALK ACROSS THE BEACH WITHOUT A GARMENT THAT COVERS YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BEN TILLET now advises the working classes to cultivate a taste for champagne. Our own counsel to them is to rest content with the port of London.

The old oak frigate *Southampton* is being broken up at Blythe, and her timbers are to be utilised for the making of furniture. Very suitable for arm-chair critics who like sitting on the Navy.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER is to open his Shakspearean season with *A Winter's Tale* in September. He might, as far as the weathergoes, have started in August.

The regulations for the forthcoming Army manoeuvres mention that there are many acres of small fruit farms through which the troops may not pass, and these will therefore be regarded as "impassable swamps." At the moment of writing it looks as if no great demands will be made on the men's imaginations in this respect.

"The Yarmouth Board of Guardians," a contemporary tells us, "have entered into an agreement with the

corporation to clean up all dirty prisoners at the workhouse at a charge of five shillings a head." But why stop at the head? The difficulty, we presume, is a financial one.

An old newsboy has written a book entitled, "Paper, Sir?" and *The Daily Chronicle* has interviewed him. Among his hobbies, it seems, is stamp-collecting, and he mentioned that a friend of his once bought for a penny a stamp worth two pounds. "But for my part," said the old newsboy, "I have never considered it a right thing to take advantage of people's ignorance regarding the value of things." We should say that this must have handicapped him greatly in his old profession.

Signs that the campaign against the flies is not to be a one-sided affair are accumulating. Millions of flies were reported last week to have suddenly appeared in the Woodford district of Essex. This looks remarkably like a test mobilisation.

Is the confetti custom gradually dying out? We extract the following sentence from a description in a local paper of a recent wedding in the country:—"As they left the church

someone threw a confettum at the happy couple."

After witnessing a music-hall *revue* at Marseilles, MULAI HAFID, pressed for an opinion, stated that he thought it would be a great deal better in the case of many of the ladies if they veiled themselves after the Moroccan custom. We do not like to question the gallantry of a man who must have had so much practice, but it looks as if he were a little lacking in that quality.

A will in rhyme has just been admitted to probate. The news has created the wildest excitement among our minor poets; and solicitors, it is said, have been inundated with applications from songsters clamorous for commissions.

We may heave a sigh of relief. The QUEEN and PRINCESS MARY are back from Germany, and have not been arrested as spies.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S preliminary report for 1911 shows that there were fewer births but more deaths than in 1910. We must extract what satisfaction we can from the fact that there has not been a slump in both directions.

IN MEMORIAM William Booth,

FOUNDER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY.
BORN, 1829. DIED, AUGUST 20, 1912.

As theirs, the warrior knights of Christian fame,
Who for the Faith led on the battle line,
Who stormed the breach and swept through blood
and flame
Under the Cross for sign,

Such was his life's crusade; and, as their death
Inspired in men a purpose pure of taint—
In some great cause to give their latest breath—
So died this soldier-saint.

Nay, his the nobler warfare, since his hands
Set free the thralls of misery and her brood—
Hunger and haunting shame and sin that brands—
And gave them hope renewed.

Bruised souls, and bodies broken by despair,
He healed their heartache and their wounds he
dressed,
And drew them, so redeemed, his task to share,
Sworn to the same high quest.

Armed with the Spirit's wisdom for his sword,
His feet with tidings of salvation shod,
He knew no foes save only such as warred
Against the peace of God.

Scorned or acclaimed, he kept his harness bright,
Still, through the darkest hour, untaught to yield,
And at the last, his face toward the light,
Fell on the victor's field.

No laurelled blazon rests above his bier,
Yet a great people bows its stricken head
Where he who fought without reproach or fear,
Soldier of Christ, lies dead.

O. S.

A FREE SHAVE.

He was walking up and down the empty shop when I came in. An absent-minded barber, I thought, for when I said, "Shave, please!" as I settled into the chair, he was some moments in showing the alacrity usual in the profession. But his "Certainly, Sir!" when it came, had the right ring of enthusiasm about it, and he bustled in search of a towel as one aroused to some purpose.

"Hot or cold, Sir?" he enquired, as he rammed voluminous folds into the back of my collar. "Cold is said to stimulate the growth of the beard; I will therefore assume that you prefer hot. There are authorities for the other, but the literature of barbering is painfully scanty. SHAVE—I am a Shavian of course. . . ."

I groaned.

"Too hot, Sir?" he asked sympathetically. "I think not—but, if so, the temperature will soon fall by evaporation. A little patience—to the philosophic mind. . . ."

"Look here," I expostulated, "can't you fall back upon the weather or something? Your method is too original for this hour of the morning."

"Ah, I feared as much," he said. "My grandmother always would have it that I was original. Fatal, ineradicable gift!"

I looked askance at him; he had found a razor and was moodily stropping it. I checked a craven impulse to snatch

the towel from my neck, wipe off the lather and fly; and the next moment he had begun again.

"The art of conversation," he said, "is one in which, contrary to popular opinion, barbers seldom excel. I begin to perceive that I am no exception to the rule. (Head well back, if you please—I intend to begin at the throat. . . . Nay, do not shrink; my intentions are strictly humane.) I am necessarily unacquainted with your cast of mind; your politics, your entire view of life are unknown to me. (Do you mind if I hold you by the nose? It gives me a certain sense of purchase. Thank you.) All kinds of subtle correspondences might have been possible between us (your beard is a trifle stiffer than mine, I notice); cast away, let us say, upon a desert island, we might achieve the most marvellous interchanges, such as only a HENRY JAMES could do justice to. But, as we are—(No, on second thoughts I think I will adopt a sideways stroke for your upper lip; the nose must be left intact at all costs—a fine feature, Sir, if I may say so)—as we are, I say, with our opportunities of communication so unavoidably restricted, we can barely touch the surface of things. It is very sad. One might almost as well be a dentist. (Keep the mouth closed, if you will be so good)."

He was shaving me with extreme care, but not very expertly, retaining a firm grasp upon my nose, which he used as a convenient lever when he wanted to turn my head from one side to the other.

"I can't if you don't let go of by dose," I said. "Wud bust breathe."

"True. I will hold it higher up. All theories of method must be modified in face of the stern primal necessities of Life. We begin to touch fundamentals after all—but, alas, only when the moment of our parting is near. There—I have finished—and, I am gratified to find, without a single gash. I will not tempt Providence by going over you again; I am sure you will find that short enough for the present fashion. It only remains. . . ."

He was squirting at my face with the spray.

"Here," I said, "you haven't washed off the soap yet."

"Believe me," he rejoined, "it is better thus." He kept the spray going till rivulets of bay-rum and soap were trickling freely into the towel about my neck. "There," he said, "I am sure you will agree with me that that is a method at once more generous and more hygienic. I always prefer to dry my own face; your feeling, no doubt, is the same. Here is a dry towel."

I responded mechanically. My mind refused to deal adequately with this person. I got up in silence and felt in my pocket for pennies.

"No, Sir," he said. "Not on any account. It has been an interesting experience for me—I hope, indeed, for us both—and I could not dream of taking any remuneration. Think of me sometimes—that is all I ask of you."

At this moment a fresh arrival entered. "Beg pardon, gen'lemen," he said, "I must have missed hearing the bell; I was jest getting my dinner. Now, which of you gen'lemen is first?"

"My honour, I think," said the late operator, as he settled himself into the chair I had vacated.

"Shan't be above two minutes, Sir," said the barber, as I reached out for my hat.

"Thanks," I said, "I will forgo the pleasure."

"At time of wiring the Artillery are back in camp, and I am informed that they did better to-day than yesterday. They fired two series of sixty rounds at a Battery of six guns and at an Infantry supposed to have been in a well."—*Ceylon Independent*.

The day before, the infantry had been supposed to be in a balloon, and the results were not so deadly.



A BALKAN DIVERSION.

BULGARIA (to Turkey). "I CHALLENGE YOU TO MORTAL COMBAT!"

TURKEY. "CERTAINLY." (To Italy.) "I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME DISCOURTEOUS IF I CANNOT CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION."



Sympathetic Passenger (towards end of rough cross-Channel passage). "YOU MUST FIND YOUR DUTIES VERY UNPLEASANT AND MONOTONOUS?"
Stewardess. "OH, NO, MISS, NOT AT ALL. I LOVE MY WORK."

WHAT OFFERS?

[To be let or sold, a magnificent London opera house; present owner having no further use for it and gone abroad. Suitable for the production of opera melodrama, and for music-hall performances, political meetings or cinematoscope shows. Unrivalled opportunities for getting rid of capital. Immediate possession offered. Apply, HAMAR ANVILSTEIN, New York.]

Some such advertisement as this may shortly be expected, and what will be the response?

DEAR HAMAR,—To a kindred spirit—one who has given Londoners something that was far too good for them and has suffered in consequence—you will, I am sure, give special rates for a tenancy of your commodious theatre. As I have a number of masterpieces in my desk and some real geniuses waiting to perform them, kindly reply at once.

Yours, HERBERT TRENCH.

DEAR SIR,—With a few structural alterations we see our way to convert your opera-house into an excellent motor-garage. Please quote lowest price.

Yours faithfully,
 SUPERFLUOUS TAXI-CAB CO.

DEAR MR. ANVILSTEIN,—Convinced as I am that there are occasions on which the written word needs to be reinforced and driven home by the supplementary magic of oral magnetism, I am thinking of giving a series of daily lectures on the Amazing Developments of *Weltpolitik*, and should be glad to know your terms for a three-months' lease of your opera-house. I should be glad also to come to some arrangement for the employment of your orchestra, as I think the emotional appeal of my lectures would be not a little enhanced by an *obligato* accompaniment of, say, sixteen trumpets, four pairs of cymbals and at least two sets of kettledrums.

Faithfully yours, J. L. GARVIN.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to ascertain whether, on the basis of a year's tenancy, you would be prepared to convert the stage of your opera-house into a tank for the purpose of exhibiting the new model of a battleship which he has recently designed.

Mr. CHURCHILL desires me to add that, at the determination of his

tenancy, he would be very glad to dispose of the model, which, with a few trifling alterations, would serve admirably as *Vanderdecken's* ship in an up-to-date version of the *Flying Dutchman*.

Faithfully yours, E. HOWARD MARSH.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the Dress and Diet Inquiry Committee, an unofficial body formed under Government auspices whose aim is to ascertain the exact amount spent on food and clothes by the Upper Ten, I write to know on what terms you would be prepared to grant a lease of your opera-house as the head-quarters of the Committee. The President is Mr. Paul Prior, M.P., and other members are Mr. Uriah Ferritt, Dr. Leonidas Pincher, and Mrs. Bandon-Chadd.

Yours faithfully, G. F. THURSTON.

DEAR MR. ANVILSTEIN,—Having still the profoundest belief in the merits of *The Children of Don*, which was not rightly appreciated, I should like to take a year's lease of your opera house in order that I may re-mount my little trifle and give the public a real treat.

Yours, HOWARD DE WALDEN.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Among the brown trout that frequent Shy Corner, few are better known and more respected than Viscount Howietoun and William Smith (one of the Haslemere Smiths). This evening they were lying at the bottom of the chalk stream among the reeds, idly gossiping. It was their custom to meet here most nights of the week and dine together.

To the left of them lay a large flat stone, and the Viscount called his friend's attention to a fat fresh-water shrimp on the top of it. "Help yourself," said he.

"Your shrimp, old man," said William courteously.

"Not for me, thanks. I never take *hors d'œuvres*. . . And now shall we feed? I am feeling peckish." And the two moved slowly up towards the surface.

"Poor cousin Hilda," said William, as he poked his fastidious nose out of the water and absorbed a Blue Winged Olive, "we've seen the last of her."

"Not really?" said the Viscount, as he too helped himself. "I am deeply distressed to hear that. She was a great favourite of mine. How sad! (There is a Pale Watery Dun to your right, if you care for them.) A victim, I suppose, of the eternal feminine curiosity?"

"Yes, poor girl. Anything new and garish attracted her. To me it was always a wonder that she remained with us for so long. I was talking to James, a great pal of hers, an hour or so ago. He was naturally very upset; said she rose to an obvious Wickham, at which he himself had been shrieking with laughter a few minutes before. It was quite unnerving, I'm told, to see the dear girl's shame and annoyance as she rushed past Lady Mary and all her set with the gawdy thing sticking in her mouth."

"Girls will be girls," said the Viscount, "but really the credulity of the young is astounding. . . Have you been pestered with any of the new Halford patterns? See! There's one dropping above you. They get these things up very well nowadays. I could almost imagine a fool of a young fish mistaking that for a real spinner, if he hadn't been about much."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Look at the palpable cart-rope attached to it. Trout who are taken in by that sort of

thing deserve all they get. I have no sympathy with the young idiots."

For a while they continued feeding and even lay on a little after the meal was done. But at last there arrived almost on the very nose of William such a mass of fuzz and feather as was an insult to any experienced and intelligent fish. Genial and lazily pleasant about most things, there was one thing that these two old cronies could not tolerate, and that was any reflection upon the wariness of which they proudly boasted.

"This," said William, "is beyond a joke. It is an affront."

"More," replied the Viscount, "it is

comatose silence; "why don't we come here oftener?"

William let his friend talk on.

"There is a pleasant something about the water that appeals to me. Is it not a movement, a curious sort of ripple? Do you notice it?"

William shook his tail in a lazy negative.

"I am indeed in a mood to imagine pleasant things" (the Viscount was getting garrulous, in a happy and sleepy sort of way), "but I don't think that I am imagining this. The water does indeed vibrate around one, in a manner which is both refreshing and soothing. Surely you must feel it?"

But William did not answer, being almost asleep. The two were now lying in Indian file, William a yard or two in front of his friend. Asleep or not, it was too much bother to turn round. But the genial effect of having dined prevented the Viscount either from being offended or from ceasing his soliloquy. "Delicious," he murmured, "gradually increasing and quite delicious. We must certainly come here again. Assuredly, my dear fellow, you must observe it now. It is too distinct to be mistakable. A current, I have no doubt. How it flutters round one! One might almost imagine that one was being . . ."

There was a sudden disturbance of the water and then silence. . . .

William awoke with a jerk; very nearly, but not quite, sufficiently startled to look round and see what on earth his friend was doing. Had he looked round, he would have seen that his friend was no longer there.

"I wish you wouldn't make such a noise about settling down to sleep," said he, almost irritably. "I was just going off, and you woke me up. . . By Jove, though, I'm not so sure that I wouldn't just as rather be awake. . . Now I come to think of it, I do notice a pleasant something about this water. . . This is distinctly good. . . The sensation is much as you describe it. . . A delicious tremor of the stream, which seems to be increasing very gradually, to be coming, as it were, nearer one. . . I am enjoying myself enormously. One could, as you were saying, almost imagine that one was being very gently and carefully and tactfully . . . how shall I say? . . . tickled. . ."



TRAINED PUTTEE DOGS.

JUST THE THING FOR GENTLEMEN WHO STOOP WITH DIFFICULTY.

disgusting impertinence. As if such old campaigners as ourselves would mistake *that* for a fly! . . . Let us leave the place." So the two dropped back to a spot under the low shelving bank, where the branches of an overhanging tree protected them from being molested by such abominations.

They had much to talk about, these two—the lucky and hair-breadth escapes of their first youth, the innumerable instances of the skill and superiority of their more mature years. The longer the conversation continued the more personal it became: the more personal, the more self-satisfied. There was only one fly that could hope for their attention, they agreed, and that was a fly which was born and not made.

"This is a very pleasant spot," said the Viscount, after a little while of

THE CONQUERING TOUCH.

WHEN I became engaged to Fred
I realized he was a nut,
His hair lay plastered on his head,
His coats were of the latest cut,
His socks were silk, his footwear
(brogued)
Paid tribute to the best of blacking,
Yet our engagement I prorogued,
For still there seemed a something
lacking.

I had no quarrel with his eyes,
His finger-nails were well preserved,
Alluring was his taste in ties,
His figure slim, yet nicely curved;
His wit, I'm glad to say, was tame
(I shy at brains when over-rapid),
Yet it annoyed me all the same
That Frederick's face should be so
vapid.

Until he spent a week at Ryde,
And how, on his return, I thrilled!
The blank expression I decried
Had, in the interim, been filled;
One inch of auburn whisker lay
On either cheek in chaste equation,—
I lifted mine and named the day
Without the smallest hesitation.

A HINT FOR PUBLISHERS.

UNDER the heading "Corsican Shooting Mystery," *The Daily Chronicle*, after giving the details of a mysterious attempt to murder the British Vice-consul at Bonifacio, continues: "The district in which the affair took place is that in which the scene of H. Seton Merriman's Corsican vendetta story, 'The Isle of Unrest,' is laid."

This geographical method of advertising works of fiction suggests developments which we have endeavoured to forecast in the following announcements:—

"While assisting at a water carnival at Biarritz, Lord FitzBuddle, one of the recent Liberal creations, was upset in his motor-catamaran and rescued with some difficulty by a gallant Basque mariner named Pierre Arozte-guy Arrozagaray, of Zugarramurdy."

What lends peculiar interest to the incident is the fact that one of the scenes in Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's new novel, *The Purple Cumberbund*, is laid at Bayonne, which is only a few miles from the scene of the disaster."

"Sir Albert Blond, while recently stalking capercaillie on his deer forest in the isle of Skye, was suddenly assaulted by a peat-hag of the most truculent demeanour, and, had it not been for the prompt intervention of his head-gillie, Donald MacSlazenger, might have suffered serious injuries. As



(Vicar, having exhausted himself in the effort to interest London gutter-snipes in country scenes, suggests a game of cricket.)

Chorus. "WHY, MISTER, YOU AIN'T GOT NO BLOOMING LAMP-POST."

it was, though somewhat shaken, Sir Albert had so far recovered on Sunday last as to partake of a little caviare beaten up in *crème de menthe*.

It has been a great source of consolation to the illustrious invalid to learn that the scene of his accident is immortalised in Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING's new novel, *The Skye Pilot*."

"While fishing for tarpon off the coast of Florida, Lord Southbluff was enveloped last week in a water-spout, and narrowly escaped drowning. Fortunately the wings of his pluvioscute held him up until he was taken off by an American battleship.

By a strange coincidence Florida, off the coast of which Lord Southbluff met with this alarming experience, is the scene of Mr. Bax Emberton's forthcoming romance, *The Orangemen of the New World*.

The New Mission.

"Kindly recommend a sincere Christian Gardener: Couple of Jersey Cows kept."

Church Times.

A magistrate has remarked that anyone objecting to a law should alter it by constitutional means, or emigrate.

"If he were a man of substance it did not much matter where he went, whether to the Far East or to islands occupied by anthropophagi."

All the same, we should advise men of substance to keep away from these anthropophagi. Thin men may please themselves.

"He had fourteen hunters, one game cock, a motor-car, three four-wheeled buggies, and a sulky, all painted yellow."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.
There is a sameness about his treatment of the fourteen hunters which does not indicate the inspired artist.

THE HEIR.

IV.—HE IS CHRISTENED.

ON the morning of the christening, as I was on my way to the bathroom, I met Simpson coming out of it. There are people who have never seen Simpson in his dressing gown; people also who have never waited for the sun to rise in glory above the snowcapped peaks of the Alps; who have never stood on Waterloo Bridge and watched St. Paul's come through the mist of an October morning. Well, well, one cannot see everything.

"Hallo, old chap!" he said. "I was just coming to talk to you. I want your advice."

"A glass of hot water the last thing at night," I said, "no sugar or milk, a Turkish bath once a week and plenty of exercise. You'll get it down in no time."

"Don't be an ass. I mean about the christening. I've been to a wedding, of course, but that isn't quite the same thing."

"A moment, while I turn on the tap." I turned it on and came back to him. "Now then, I'm at your service."

"Well, what's the—er—usual costume for a christening?"

"Leave that to the mother," I said. "She'll see that the baby's dressed properly."

"I mean for a godfather."

Dahlia has conveniently placed a sofa outside the bathroom door. I dropped into it and surveyed the dressing-gown thoughtfully.

"Go like that," I said at last.

"What I want to know is whether it's a top-hat affair or not?"

"Have you brought a top-hat?"

"Of course."

"Then you must certainly—I say! Come out of it, Myra!"

I jumped up from the sofa, but it was too late. She had stolen my bath.

"Well, of all the cheek—"

The door opened and Myra's head appeared round the corner.

"Hush! you'll wake the baby," she said. "Oh, Samuel, what a dream! Why haven't I seen it before?"

"You have, Myra. I've often dressed up in it."

"Then I suppose it looks different with a sponge. Because—"

"Really!" I said as I took hold of Simpson and led him firmly away; "if the baby knew that you carried on like this of a morning he'd be shocked."

Thomas is always late for breakfast. Simpson on this occasion was delayed by his elaborate toilet. They came in last together, by opposite doors, and stood staring at each other. Simpson

wore a frock-coat, dashing double-breasted waistcoat, perfectly creased trousers and a magnificent cravat; Thomas had on flannels and an old blazer.

"By Jove," said Archie, seeing Simpson first, "you are a ——" and then he caught sight of Thomas. "Hul-lo!" His eyes went from one to the other, and at last settled on the toast. He went on with his breakfast. "The two noble godfathers," he murmured.

Meanwhile the two godfathers continued to gaze at each other as if fascinated. At last Simpson spoke.

"We can't both be right," he said slowly to himself.

Thomas woke up.

"Is it the christening to-day? I quite forgot."

"It is, Thomas. The boat-race is to-morrow."

"Well, I can change afterwards. You don't expect me to wear anything like that?" he said, pointing to Simpson.

"Don't change," said Archie. "Both go as you are. Mick and Mack, the Comedy Duo. Simpson does the talking while Thomas falls over the pews."

Simpson collected his breakfast and sat down next to Myra.

"Am I all right?" he asked her doubtfully.

"Your tie's up at the back of your neck," I said.

"Because if Dahlia would prefer it," he went on, ignoring me, "I could easily wear a plain dark tweed?"

"You're beautiful, Samuel," said Myra. "I hope you'll look as nice at my wedding."

"You don't think I shall be mistaken for the father?" he asked anxiously.

"By Peter? Well, that is just possible. Perhaps if —"

"I think you're right," said Simpson, and after breakfast he changed into the plain dark tweed.

As the hour approached we began to collect in the hall, Simpson reading the service to himself for the twentieth time.

"Do we have to say anything?" asked Thomas, as he lit his third pipe.

Simpson looked at him in horror.

"Say anything? Of course we do! Haven't you studied it? Here, you'll just have time to read it through."

"Too late now. Better leave it to the inspiration of the moment," I suggested. "Does anybody know if there's a collection, because if so I shall have to go and get some money."

"There will be a collection for the baby afterwards," said Archie. "I hope you've all been saving up."

"Here he comes!" said Simpson,

and Peter Blair Mannering came down the stairs with Dahlia and Myra.

"Good morning, everybody," said Dahlia.

"Good morning. Say 'Good morning,' Baby."

"He's rather nervous," said Myra. "He says he's never been christened before, and what's it like?"

"I expect he'll be all right with two such handsome godfathers," said Dahlia.

"Isn't Mr. Simpson looking well?" said Myra in a society voice. "And do you know, dear, that's the *third* suit I've seen him in to-day."

"Well, are we all ready?"

"You're quite sure about his name?" said Archie to his wife. "This is your last chance, you know. Say the word to Thomas before it's too late."

"I think Peter is rather silly," I said.

"Why Blair?" said Myra. "I ask you."

Dahlia smiled sweetly at us and led the way with P. B. Mannering to the car. We followed . . . and Simpson on the seat next the driver read the service to himself for the last time.

* * * * *

"I feel very proud," said Archie as we came out of the church. "I'm not only a father, but my son has a name. And now I needn't call him 'er' or 'I say' any more."

"He *was* a good boy, wasn't he?" said Myra.

"Thomas, say at once that your godson was a good boy."

But Thomas was quiet. He looked years older.

"I've never read the service before," he said. "I didn't quite know what we were in for. It seems that Simpson and I have undertaken a heavy responsibility; we are practically answerable for the child's education. We are supposed to examine him every few years and find out if he is being taught properly."

"You can bowl to him later on if you like," said Archie.

"No, no. It means more than that." He turned to Dahlia. "I think," he said, "Simpson and I will walk home. We must begin at once to discuss the lines on which we shall educate our child."

A. A. M.

"A school nurse, says a London County Council report, has a collection of wire nails which boys used instead of trousers."

Yorkshire Evening News.

After reading this we tried all the usual tests, but there seemed to be nothing the matter with us. We print it, however, entirely without prejudice and cannot be held responsible for its doctrine.



A RED-CROSS DEMONSTRATION.

Boy-Scout (acting realistically as one of the injured). "GIVE MY LOVE TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN AND SAY MY LAST THOUGHTS WERE OF THEM."

A FLORAL TRIBUTE.

(Culled from an authentic paean by a Swiss Hotel Proprietor.)

THE village of St. Pierre is situated at a height of 1675 m. above sea. It is gently exposed to the full sun on a little hill flank, in the middle of fat and nice smelling meadows, surrounded with dark forests of fir and lark-trees with balsamic scent.

It is the railway station of S. . . which makes the service for the valley of A. . . From S. . . a carriage lets in three hours to V. . . ; from there you go to St. Pierre through savage and also charming, but always profoundly excitable sites. From V. . . a path for mule, cranking in the hill, lets to St. Pierre in a little hour, until we get the funiculaire. On that day which is not very far off, the Hotel shall have to widen her winks, and open her doors very large.

Nothing is more pleasant in its shape of pure soil than the defaced cottages of St. Pierre made brown by the sun and the sunburnt mountain, perched on their thick wooden base like cocks

on their spurs, and from the top of their belvidere seeming to throw over the valley their astonished looks.

St. Pierre has conserved its vulgar old bake-house of the common, where the eighty families of the place have their bread baked on each turn, two families for every twenty-four hours and three times a year.

As for the watering of their meadows, in a place where rain is rare, the Pierrons were obliged to have recourse to the establishment of artificial lakes which are no less than little marvels of primif art, realised with the courage, the strength and the audaciousness.

The surroundings of St. Pierre offer ravishing walks: first of all the Pierre des Sauvages, ten minutes above the village, immense erratic block of a hundred metre cubes volume, holed by a quantity of druidic bowls of a real historic interest.

The Mills on the way to the Weiss-horn in a idyl little valley, where the torrent of St. Pierre snorts in its stony bed, along of old tumbling down cottages. Their venerable sawyer, Joseph Zufferey, happier than the miller of

sans-soucis, ended peacefully his old days, in 1910, 86 years old, no mortal having never thought of troubling his little solitude. O happy mortal!

* * * * *
But there we are already very far from St. Pierre, our centre of radiation, where we shall return through the way of the Thalweg. The beautiful terrace of the Hotel appears behind its row of service trees, fresh and folded, whose coral berries wave softly under a lukewarm scented evening zephyr.

We have arrived at our point of departure, happy return to the port of salvation, where, after the emotions of the day, we feel so comfortably to taste the true native hospitality.

"They ran a neck and neck race home, Fleming winning by 25 yards."

Manchester Courier.

FLEMING must be a bit of a giraffe.

"John Calvin Browne of America discussed Mr. Hammerstein's failure to fill the London Opera House with an *Evening News* representative."—*Evening News*.

Unfortunately Mr. CHESTERTON was not available for the experiment.



Brown. "NOT SO COLD AS IT WAS THIS MORNING."

Jones. "No; IT WAS THIS MORNING, THOUGH!"

MR. PUNCH'S SILLY SEASON CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY DO WOMEN MARRY?

DEAR SIR,—I married him because he said he would commit suicide if I did not oblige him in this matter. Judge of my annoyance on discovering, with further knowledge of him, that he would not have had the courage to do it.

DEAR SIR,—I married my dear husband because I thought it so sweet of him to ask me.

DEAR SIR,—I married because one cannot get divorced without being married. I may add that I am a popular actress.

DEAR SIR,—I married him because, if I had not done so, a certain odious girl friend of mine would have.

DEAR SIR,—I did it when that horrid Mr. ASQUITH and his men were going about the country holding the Lords up to contempt. I was having a great success in *The Bun-Shop Girl* at the time, and one of them proposed to me. Well, I have a large heart (ask the other boys), and the poor pariah pleaded so earnestly that I resolved to forget the difference in our positions.

DEAR SIR,—My marriage was, in a way, a sort of accident. My sisters and I drew lots for the Curate, and I got him.

DEAR SIR,—Mine was a May and December wedding, and I am sorry to say that December is not playing the game, but is proving astonishingly long-lived. This is the sort of thing that makes Suffragettes of us.

LINER LYRICS.

I.—THE CAPTAIN.

A HERO, built of stalwart stuff
Beneath the gilt and braid,
At times immoderately bluff,
At times supremely staid,
A martinet who's feared by all
Who serve him on the seas,
He lets the little children play
About his spacious knees.

At meals, blue-garbed, he never quails,
Although he knows by rote
The hyper-nauseating tales
That Anglo-Indians quote;
Though bored with all we have to say,
He never tries to stem
Our talk of precedence or pay,
Of leave or *sub pro tem*.

The flying fish, the sharks and dhows
We sight with eager zest
No longer have the power to rouse
Emotions in his breast;
Porpoise and phosphorus shall cloy
And never a view shall please
Till winches creak again for joy
At sight of homeland quays.

His brow reflects the storms of years,
His eyes the nights of watch,
His speech may grate on Southern ears
That are not schooled to Scotch;
Relic of days when hearts were stout
And 'prentices were keen,
He holds depressing views about
The Mercantile Marine.

He seeks not wealth, for stock and share
Must seem the merest dross
To one who knows exactly where
To find the Southern Cross;
Our card-room gains, the daily stakes
We hold upon the run,
What *can* they mean to one who takes
His bearings by the sun?

No worldly wisdom mars his mind,
No passions rend his heart,
Trained in a school of wave and wind
He lives aloof, apart;
A Celt, prepared at need to fend
For ship or faith or clan,
Whom close acquaintance proves a
friend
And tragedy a man. J. M. S.

"A helmet believed to have belonged to a member of Cromwell's forces during the Civil War has been unearthed near Shepperton-on-Thames. It has a dent in the right-hand side about 3in. long, which has the appearance of having been caused by a pike."—*Daily Mail*.
Really, these Thames fish are very voracious.



MUTUAL SYMPATHY.

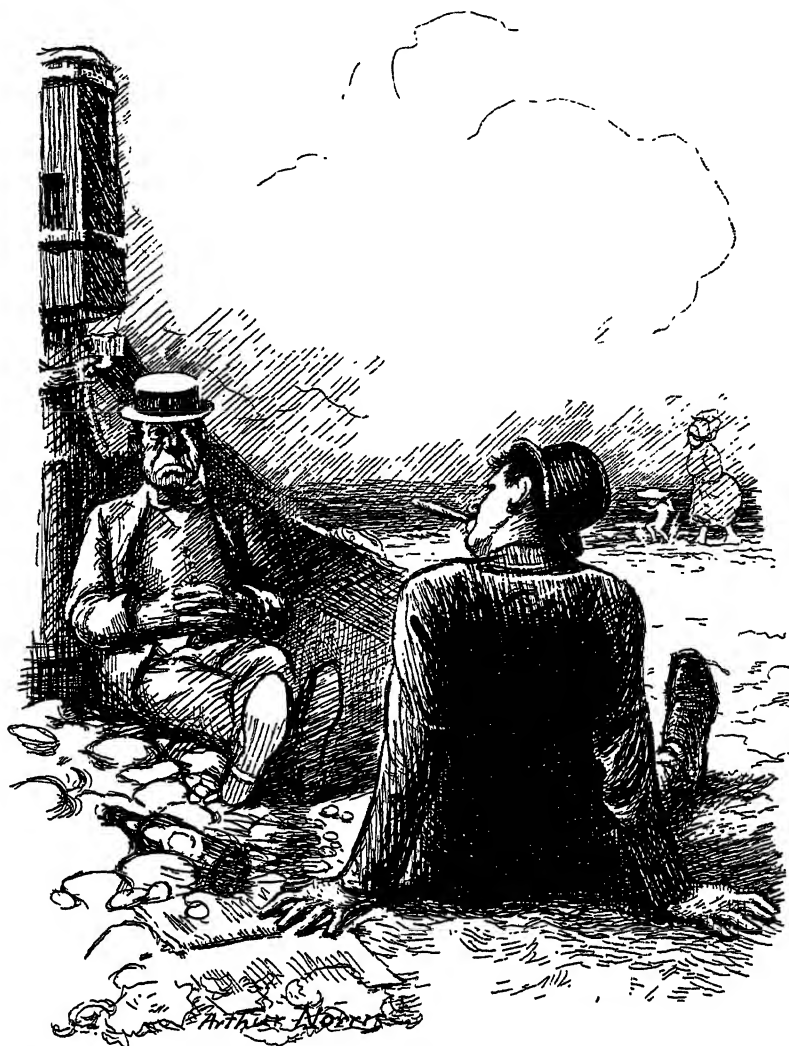
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "BAD WEATHER FOR THE LAND; I'M AFRAID."
BRITISH FARMER. "YES; YOU'D BETTER TRY TAXING WATER-VALUES."

THE HISTORIC DRAMA.

ANTICIPATIONS of the success of the new historical play at a West End theatre which are being allowed to steal into the Press so unassumingly have sent many of our managers and dramatists to history in search of similarly promising material, with a few results that can already be announced.

Under the title of *The White Ship* Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER is placing on the stage of the St. James's a realistic version of the tragedy of the ill-fated Young Prince WILLIAM who, it will be recollected, went down in a vessel of that name. The Second Act will witness the shipwreck, and the ship will be an exact copy of the *White Heather* lent for the purpose by Mr. MYLES KENNEDY. This touch, it is thought, will extend the interest of the play by capturing the sympathies of yachtsmen, who are not at present the most assiduous of playgoers. The Third Act will illustrate HENRY I.'s inability to smile again after the calamity, and in order to emphasise the uncompromising nature of his grief a number of our funniest comedians have been engaged to fire jokes at the bereaved monarch. Thus we shall have the spectacle of a house and stage in roars of laughter with the exception of one impassive royal figure. The final tragedy of the King's death from a surfeit of lampreys is expected to be one of the most striking gastronomic scenes ever placed upon the stage. Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has no part in the play himself, but he will keep in the closest touch with the theatre during the run and, if necessary, take another house for a play in which he has scope for all his varied gifts.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, it is said, will return to London management with an exciting drama entitled simply *Clarence*, the hero of which is the luckless prince who met his death by drowning in a butt of malmsey. Special attention to historical detail is promised, and those who remember the bathing scene in *Kismet* will not need to be reminded of Mr. ASCHE's thoroughness. The butt is to be immense—a great tun of Heidelberg in short—and real malmsey, procured at an enormous cost, will fill it, electrically heated so that the actor who takes *Clarence's* part may not catch cold. Into this butt nightly (and at matinées) will the Duke fall. By a happy thought, natural to Mr. ASCHE, Mrs. KENNERLEY RUMFORD has been engaged to sing a descriptive solo after each fall of the curtain, as was done in *Kismet* with such acceptance; while during the catastrophe she will sing all the time. Mr. ASCHE will have no part in the



First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto). "YOU 'AS GOT A HUGLY FACE, 'ASN'T YOU, MATE?"
Second Tripper. "CORN'T DO NUFFIN' ABAHT IT."
First Tripper. "YOU MIGHT 'AVE STOPPED AT 'OME, TROUGH."

play himself, but he intends to keep his eye closely on the theatre and, if needful, to take another in which to delight London audiences with a sight of his own robust talents.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is rapidly completing his plans for a musical comedy written around the life and times of KING JOHN, which is due at the Gaiety before long. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH is, of course, the author, while the part of *King John* falls to Mr. EDMUND PAYNE. The first scene is the island of Runnymede. Here much play will be made with the Barons, who are to be impersonated by some of the smartest younger sons of London (most of whom have failed as motor-car salesmen). In the interest of Gaiety stallites an equal number of Baronesses has been added to the scene, and the signing of Magna Charta promises to go with a bang. The Second Act will be even funnier, for it will deal with KING

JOHN's loss of all his clothes in the Wash. The Baronesses here become laundry maids, chief of whom is Miss CONNIE EDISS, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE's drollery with them can easily be conceived.

Mr. BOURCHIER's next appearance as a manager will be with a sensational drama on the subject of ALFRED THE GREAT. Here his author has found scope for much entertainment and variety, and no money will be spared in the mounting. The cakes burned by the absent-minded King will, for example, be supplied fresh every evening by a famous firm not a hundred miles from Berkeley Square, while a company of genuine Danes from Copenhagen, among whom will be found the inimitable GENÉE as a *vivandière*, are to take part in the battle of Ethandun. There is unfortunately no part for Mr. BOURCHIER, since KING ALFRED is shown as a clean-shaven man, in accordance with

the very latest theories on that point as evolved at Oxford (the University of which this popular and vigorous actor-manager is an M.A.), but he intends to keep in close touch with the theatre during the run and, if needful, take another house in which to figure in a rôle of strong bearded interest, probably *The Oyster Bed*, by a native author of promise.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, to whose prescience we are indebted for the introduction of *Buntz* to the London stage, is already contemplating the production of a successor to that enormously popular specimen of Scots domestic drama. The subject, which is being manipulated by Messrs. GRAHAM MOFFAT and HARRY LAUDER in collaboration, deals with the famous historical episode of BRUCE and the Spider, and no expense will be spared to secure entomological verisimilitude in its presentation. Magnificent specimens of the *Tegenaria domestica* have been secured and are being carefully trained under the most favourable conditions, the ultimate selection depending on a competition in web-spinning, to be carried out under the supervision of a committee of arachnologists. Although there is no part in the drama for Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, who unfortunately has a great dislike of spiders, the famous actor-manager is resolved to keep a vigilant eye on its preparation and, if necessary, take another theatre in which he will appear in a piece of a less predominantly zoological interest.

FURTHER MEDITATIONS IN A BUTT.

[* Denotes the shots of the speaker; † those of the other guns.]

WELL, here we are. 'S far as I remember it's a pretty long wait. Time for half a pipe, I expect. (*He deposits his impedimenta on the edge of the butt and sits down on the heather with his back to it.*) Fine view down the line from here. Must say I like an end butt. Bar the chance of plugging a flanker it leaves you free to follow 'em through on one side any way. Let's see who's next to me. Archie, by Jove. Don't altogether care about having a schoolboy in the next butt: reckless young devils, as a rule. If he follows his birds through me he'll hear about it. Pretty conspicuous up here. It won't do to give myself away. Hullo, was that some one whistling? (*Starts up as a fine covey of grouse passes within six feet of his head.*) Confound it, caught napping that time! (*Tumbles hastily into his place and seizes his gun.*) Does make one look a fool; that sort of thing. I expect they'll rub it into me at lunch. (*Lays out cartridges on his*

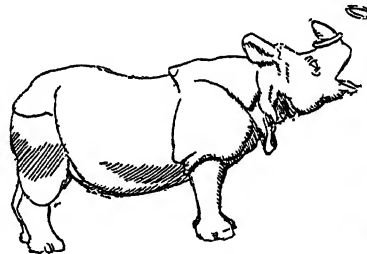
"fortification" and pulls his cap over his eyes: a pause of fully twenty minutes.) Needn't have been in quite such a hurry to knock out my pipe after all. † † † † Hullo, there's something on the move at last. Wind's all wrong for this butt to-day. Don't suppose I shall get a single shot. † † † † There they go, swinging down the line. Just my luck! † † † They turn off every time. That's the worst of the end butt. You never get much shooting. I hate an end butt. † † † † It's particularly sickening really, because I know I'm in form. Dead certain of it. I feel it in my bones. Surely this time? No, there they go again. † † Archie's not doing so badly for a kid. † † † I am out of the game. I wonder why in the world they put me in this butt. Rotten bad management I call it. That keeper never did manage this drive well. And I know I can hit 'em. This is one of my good days. I'm deadly. I'm sure I'm deadly. Only give me a chance. † † † † Steady! Here they are. Rippers: miles high: coming straight over. Steady! (*Rapidly.*) Don't get behind 'em. Keep well in front: well in front: yards in front. * * There! Didn't I tell you? Magnificent! Here they come again. Higher than ever. (*Sets his teeth.*) Keep in fr— * * By Jove that was a thundering bird! Hope those fellers down the line saw that. (*Exultantly.*) One of my best. Absolutely one of my very best. † † What a glorious game it is! Always said there was no finer sport in the world than grouse-driving. Come on, you beggars, I'm ready for you. The more the merrier. This is one of the days when I simply don't miss. (*Pause.*) What a topping moor it is! Jolly cheap at the rent he pays for it. (*Pause.*) Nailing cartridges these are. I must write for another thousand. (*Pause.*) Must say that keeper understands his job. They are coming splendidly over the guns. † † † † Here we are: skimming low: straight at me. (*Rapidly and feverishly.*) What was it Bowker was saying in the smoking-room last night? That the way to kill this sort was to aim at their feet, to keep under 'em, under 'em, under 'em, un— * * Never touched a feather! Here's another lot. Steady. Keep well un— * * † † Why, what was wrong? Most extraordinary. Certain I was well under 'em that time. I wonder if Bowker knows anything about it? Perhaps he was pulling my leg. † † † † † † † † Wish to Goodness that lot had swung a bit higher up. After all I only have a brace down so far. Ha, here's a nice, crossing shot. A fair sitter. But don't be over confident:

don't be over c— * * How on earth? † † Archie wipes my eye does he? I'll teach him to grin at me. * * Botched 'em again. This is awful. This is incredible. I wonder what the other men are thinking of me. I do hate shooting with these first-class shots. Always make a fool of myself: stamp myself. Here's another chance. * * Confound it! I'm blowed if I understand that. And here comes the big pack. Must make sure of a brace this time. Steady, now, steady! † † † † * * † † (*Uses violent language.*) † † * * (*Loads feverishly.*) † † * * (*Uses disgraceful language.*) I suppose it must be these vile cartridges. I'll have no more of 'em. But this is awful—too absolutely awful! (*The mist begins to descend.*) How filthy cold it is! It's so horribly exposed on this rotten moor. (*Rain begins to fall.*) And I've left my cape in the motor. (*Stamps about to keep warm.*) Here's a high lot again. I'm all right on that sort any way. * * Miles behind 'em again, I suppose. (*Despair enters into his heart.*) What a rotten vile game grouse-driving is! The only form of shooting that ever bores me—cooped up in a beastly sodden butt, in an easterly blizzard, with frozen hands and rheumatism hatching in your left shoulder, on the off-chance of getting a few hopelessly wild birds driven at you. (*Wearily.*) Here they come again. * That bird looked about the size of a calf through the mist. And still I couldn't hit it. (*The rain gets heavier.*) † † † † (*Blowing on his fingers.*) Here's another lot. * * No earthly use! (*In deepening gloom.*) Wish to goodness I was out of this. * * (*He sinks to the final depth of despair.*) I hope no more of the — things will come my way. (*Angrily.*) I can't hit 'em, and I'm sick of missing 'em, and I don't want 'em. Surely that was some one whistling? Don't come this way, you beasts. Go down the line. I don't want you. † † † † † † Will this rotten drive never be over? (*Pause: the rain stops and the mist suddenly rises: the beaters appear within two hundred yards: some of the Guns are already preparing to leave the butts: he stretches himself drearily.*) Well, it's over any way. (*He is about to leave his butt when an old black-cock comes up the line, very high with the wind behind him.*) Go away, you brute! No, he's coming on. I suppose I shall have to fire at him, with the whole crowd looking on. After all there's always an off-chance that he may get a stray pellet in the eye. * (*The bird falls.*) Thank Heaven! (*Fervently.*) That's some relief! (*He leaves his butt in a mood of temperate gratitude.*)

TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ZOO.



GIANT TORTOISE RACES FOR THE OLD PEOPLE.



"RINGING THE RHINO." A GAME FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

LEAPING THE LEAP FOR THE MASSES.



Arthur Watts 12 -

ALLIGATOR RIDES FOR FAMILY PARTIES.

ROBIN, THE SEA-BOY.

Ho, ruddy-cheeked boys and curly maids,
Who deftly ply your pails and spades,
All you who sturdily take your stand
On your pebble-buttressed forts of sand,
And thence defy

With a fearless eye

And a burst of rollicking high-pitched laughter
The stealthy trickling waves that lap you
And the crested breakers that tumble after
To souse and batter you, sting and sap you—
All you roll-about rackety little folk,
Down-again, up-again, not-a-bit brittle folk,

Attend, attend,

And let each girl and boy

Join in a loud "Ahoy!"

For, lo, he comes, your tricky little friend,
From the clear caverns of his crystal home
Beyond the tossing ridges of the foam:
Planner of sandy romps and wet delights,
Robin the Sea-boy, prince of ocean-sprites,
Is come, is come to lead you in your play
And fill your hearts with mirth and jocund sport to-day!

What! Can't you see him? There he stands
On a sheer rock and lifts his hands,
A little lad not three feet high,

With dancing mischief in his eye.

His body gleams against the light,

A clear-cut shape of dazzling white

Set off and topped by golden hair

That streams and tosses in the air.

A moment poised, he dares the leap

And cuts the wind and cleaves the deep,

Down through the emerald vaults self-hurled

That roof the sea-god's awful world.

Another moment sees him rise

And beat the salt spray from his eyes.

He breasts the waves, he spurns their blows;

Then, like a rocket, up he goes,

Up, up to where the gusty wind

With all its wrath is left behind;

Still up he soars and high and high,

A speck of light that dots the sky.

Then watch him as he slowly droops

Where the great sea-birds wheel their troops.

Three broad-winged gulls, himself their lord,

He hitches to a silken cord,

Bits them and bridles them with skill

And bids them draw him where he will.

Above the tumult of the shores

He floats, he stoops, he darts, he soars;

From near and far he calls the rest

And waves them forward for a quest;

Then straight, without a check, he speeds

Across the azure tracts and leads

With apt reproof and cheering words

As on a chase his cry of birds.

And when he has finished his airy fun
And all his flights and his swoops are done
He will drop to the shore and lend a hand
In building a castle of weed and sand.
He will cover with flints its frowning face
To keep the tide in its proper place,
And the waves shall employ their utmost damp art
In vain to abolish your moated rampart.
And nobody's nurse shall make a fuss,
As is far too often the case with us;

Instead of the usual how-de-do

She will give us praise when we get wet through;

In fact she will smile and think it better

When we get as wet as we like and wetter.

As for eating too much, you can safely risk it

With chocolate, lollipop, cake, and biscuit,

And your mother will revel with high delight

In the state of her own one's appetite.

Great shells there shall be of a rainbow hue

To be found and gathered by me and you;

Wonderful nets for the joy of making 'em,

And scores of shrimps for the trouble of taking 'em;

In fact it isn't half bad—now is it?—

When Robin the Sea-boy pays his visit.

And perhaps he will tire of his shape and habit

And change and turn to a frisky rabbit,

A plump young gadabout cheerful fellow

With a twitching nose and a coat of yellow,

And never the smallest trace of fear

From his flashing scut to his flattened ear.

But, lo, there's a hint of coming rain,

So, presto, Robin is back again.

He lifts his head and he cocks his eye

And waves his hand and prepares to fly—

"Good-bye, Robin, good-bye, good-bye!"

R. C. L.

THE STAMP.

It is a very difficult case.

What should a perfectly nice, respectable person do with an insurance stamp stuck to the roof of his mouth? I may, perhaps, mention (since it will anyhow transpire later on) that I am the person. Should I join an approved society and throw the duty of cancelling it on to them?

* * * * *
"Richard," said Muriel's mother (I am engaged to Muriel), "please stick this stamp on here!"

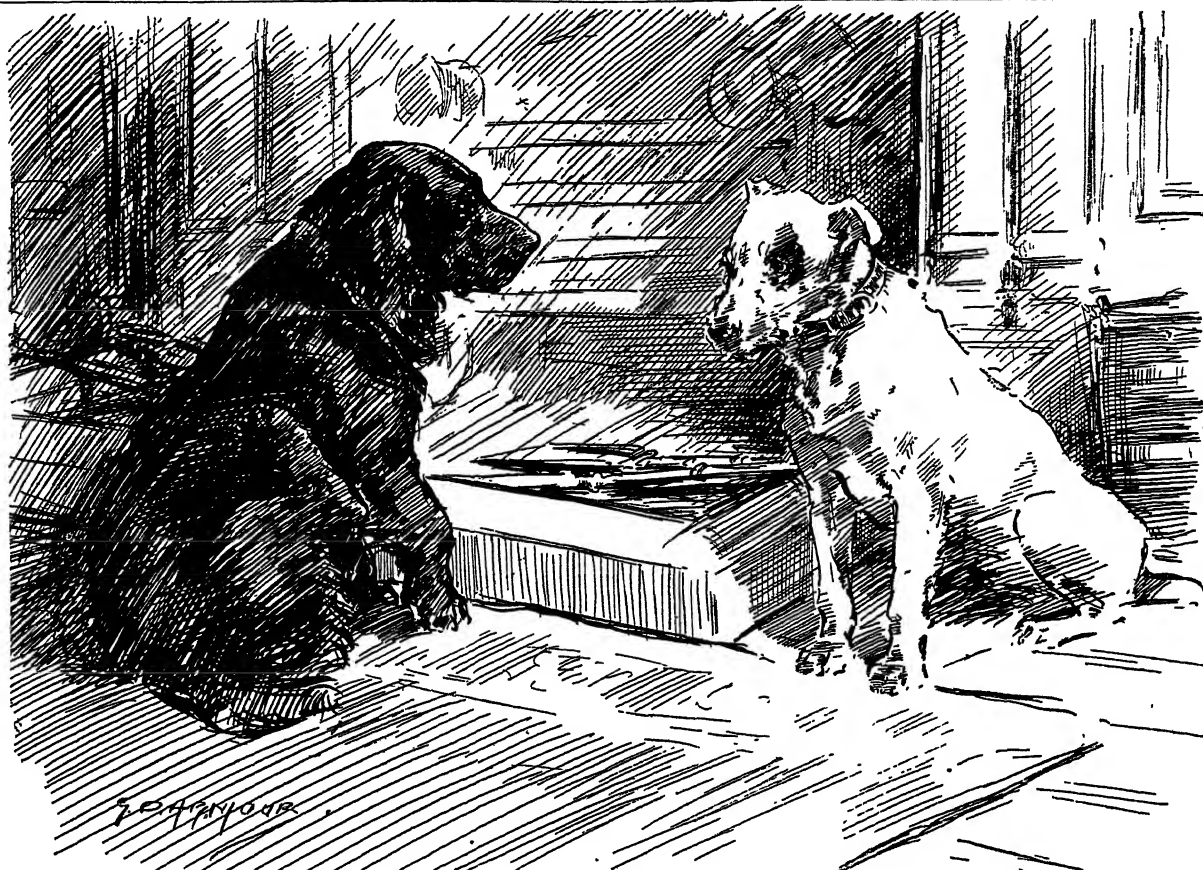
Now, I am one who habitually rushes into perilous enterprises with a recklessness that amounts almost to criminal levity. I took the stamp lightly between the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, holding the card in my left. I then assumed a detached air, and carelessly placed the stamp upon my tongue.

Muriel at that moment entered the room, the early morning dew (as the saying is) still upon her. I rushed forward to shake hands with her—I am engaged to Muriel. As we stood hand in hand, it dawned upon me that I still had my tongue out and that the stamp was still on it. It is curious how quickly one's mind works in a crisis like this. At once I realised that this was hardly the manner in which to greet Muriel (to whom, I think I said, I am engaged). Like a flash I drew my tongue back into my mouth.

It must have been almost twelve minutes afterwards when I remembered the stamp. The reason for the delay is obvious, for I *know* I told you I am engaged to Muriel. A further two minutes passed, and then I found myself sitting down with my head well back, Muriel holding a looking-glass and a lighted candle, and her mother trying to separate the stamp from its last resting place with the point of a hat-pin. You see, I had, purely by misadventure, placed the stamp on my tongue upside down. My own efforts were confined to the suggestion that a well-worn crochet hook might not have quite so penetrating a point.

The same evening I wrote to the Insurance Commissioners. A fortnight later I received their reply—a leaflet giving minute directions about what to do when your card is full, under a ten-pound penalty.

It's all very, very difficult.



Black Sam. "HULLO, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU DON'T LOOK YOURSELF."

Jack. "GOT NOTHING TO DO. THEY WASHED ME YESTERDAY WITH THAT BEASTLY INSECT-KILLER."

AIDS TO HUSBAND-KEEPING.

WE have so often been asked to give a few simple culinary hints for inexperienced wives, that we have at last consulted our Mr. Gordon Blew, who has sent us the following, for which we accept no responsibility:—

A dainty little *chevaux de frise* is an appetising dish for a husband after a hard day, and should win a pleasant smile from him. Though possessing a French name, its origin is probably German. For it is in the Fatherland that the sausage has reached its perihelion, and there it is held that a well-cooked *chevaux de frise* is the last word in gastronomy. The method of preparing it—or rather, them—is really quite simple, and need not deter a real trier. The "little horses"—as they used to be called at the Continental casinos, where they were at one time a standing dish—should be baked in clay in the same way that gipsies prepare hedgehogs for the table. When the clay is quite hard, it should be broken, and the spikes will be found to have adhered to it. Serve hot with a little melted butter.

M. ESCOFFIER, in the intervals of teaching French to his illustrious pupil

in Paris, has been writing what might be termed a monolith on Cookery in the Stone Age, and is said to have come across some delightful recipes among the archives in the library of the Arsenal.

Were it not that the antediluvian is too elusive nowadays to figure in the menu on washing days, *côtelettes de mégathérium*—according to M. ESCOFFIER—would be a capital Monday dish for the young housewife to grapple with. In the old days, when the monsters were to be had without the asking, a sun-scorched rock and a paper-bag were all that were necessary, and one might almost say that dear old "Meg" did the rest. Also there were no complaints, and the rude forefathers of the hamlet—or "lads of the village," as they are now called—usually slept soundly—oh! so soundly—after the meal.

But cheer up, little wife, the crustaceans are still with us, the steak pie, the sausage roll and the apple dumpling. Edwin's teeth are young (perhaps even unpaid for) and love will sharpen them. So make pastry and fear not. After all, what is this making of pastry? A mere matter of flour, water and a roller. Whether the outer casing is to

contain steak, sausage or apple, the same kind of armour-plate, cold rolled, does for the lot. Steak pie has to be cooked in a dish—of course, you guessed that—and a fancy edging of the paste is usually moulded on round the top of the dish, but if you should forget it before insertion in the oven it can be baked by itself and riveted on afterwards.

"Mr. Minnett's slow one again claimed a victim, Woolley being out leg before."

Mr. Laurence Woodhouse in "The Daily Mail."

"Minnett, however, had him lbw. to a fast one."

Mr. A. C. Maclaren in "The Daily Mail."

Which shows the advantage of having two descriptive correspondents at a Test Match.

"Despatches from Dukkale, in Morocco, state that the district is said to be again becoming serious."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The Gloomy Dean of Dukkale 'had frequently pointed out the distressing levity of the age.

"Hungerford v. Kintbury: At Hungerford on Wednesday in last week. Both sides were short, as some rain was expected next day."

Newbury Weekly News.

Fortunately this custom did not obtain at the Oval last week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CLEARLY Mr. CHARLES GLEIG must be numbered with the iconoclasts. In my humble inexperience I had always supposed that to woo and win a lady from the lighter musical stage was an affair of some dash and gallantry, not to say romance. Mr. GLEIG has changed all that, however, with *A Woman in the Limelight* (METHUEN). With laborious and detailed realism he has drawn a portrait of the musical comedy actress that is about as unattractive a thing as can well be imagined. Not only has he set himself to strip the gilt off this gingerbread, but (if I may follow the metaphor) to show us how it is made: the cheap butter, dubious eggs, and pernicious colouring-matter that go to its composition. Naturally the result is not too exhilarating. One can hardly dwell of intention upon the sordid for three hundred pages and escape depression. Nor am I by any means certain that the example by which he sets out to prove his case is a fair one.

The caddishness of *Jessie Anglehart*, convincing enough in itself, depends more upon the fact that she was by nature a mercenary and repellent character than that she sang in the chorus. I admit that *Noel's* courting of her and the phases of his gradual disillusionment are very skilfully told. The *Anglehart* family and the slovenly slug-a-bed home in West Kensington is quite a little triumph of depressing realism. But I have also the feeling that it is all hardly worth while. The other two figures in a very small cast are somewhat shadowy: *Wilmot*, the friend of *Noel*, and the girl, high-born but equally frail, from whom, like the hero, he turns contemptuously in the last chapter. Almost one suspects Mr. GLEIG of being a misogynist.



THE ABOVE GENTLEMAN, WITH POETIC ASPIRATIONS AND NO CAPITAL, HAVING READ SOMEWHERE THAT A RUNNING STREAM WAS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION, GETS PERMISSION FROM HIS LANDLADY TO SIT BESIDE THE SINK FOR A FEW HOURS EVERY MORNING.

With Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE it's not
The story, but the point of view;
Not what his people do, but what
They could, might, would or ought to do.

Thus, in *The Narrow*—that's the name—
Escape of Lady Hardwell, he
Contrives of simple facts to frame
A tale of deep complexity.

The man's engaged; the lady wed;
They love each other (which is wrong);
They talk it over, head to head,
But never seem to push along.

The pace is leisurely, and yet
The thing's so well, so deftly done
That MOORE and CONSTABLE should get
Between them quite a decent run.

Nobody likes adventure stories better than I, and nobody writes pleasanter ones than Mr. H. B. MARIOTT WATSON.

The meeting between *The Big Fish* (METHUEN) and myself should have been historic. Unfortunately, the Fish did not rise to the occasion. I am hard to please now, for I remember Mr. WATSON's other books — *The Golden Precipice*; *Hurricane Island*; best of all, *The Adventurers*. His latest story has not quite the same charm, though it deals, as all good stories should, with buried treasure. There was an island in *The Golden Precipice*; perhaps it was the island that I missed. There was no love interest in *The Adventurers*; more likely it was the love interest that I regretted. It is a legitimate grievance of women that there is really no room for them in treasure-hunts; as STEVENSON knew. Too often they are allowed in from politeness only; the author's soul is not in the love business. There is a heroine provided for *The Big Fish*, and Mr. WATSON tries hard to pretend that she was there, but one reader at least he cannot persuade to believe in her. I am all for *Coop*, the little Cockney villain. I take *Coop* to my heart, and sternly wave *Mercédès Varley* back.

Mr. BARRY PAIN's *Stories Without Tears* (MILLS AND BOON), although marked by the imaginative power to be found in all his works, do not, to my mind, show him at his best. If they are "without tears," like the reading-primer of our youth, they are also not particularly mirth-provoking. I can read any one of them without holding my sides. But after all it is hardly fair to Mr. PAIN to expect him always to be funny. And most of them have either a touch of quaint fancy or a delicately satirical point of view, or both. On private school education, courtship, marriage, jerry-building, the jury system, card-playing and other topics of everyday life, he looks with the eye of a man who is quietly amused by

the weakness and inconsistency of human nature. He is not out for blood or sensational effects. He invents no thrilling scenes of passion or romance, and you neither love nor hate any of his characters. But he never offends you by incredible positions or bad workmanship. He sticks to the plane of the true and the commonplace, but at the same time he lifts his stories above it, and in getting at the heart of things is much more artistic than most short-story writers of the day.

"In 1829, during BUCKINGHAM's war with France, Port Royal was captured by the English, as was also Quebec itself—a fact which is not often remembered."—*Times*.

But a misprint in a *Times* leader generally is.

"Found, White Fox Terrier Dog. Apply, with name on collar, 51, Park-road, Regent's Park."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*
It is an unusual method of introduction, but it will save us taking our card-case.

"What is life? What is the vital element which keeps us alive and all living beings as well? This is the underlying problem of the science called piology."—*South Wales Daily News*.
People we have never met. I. A. Piologist.



IT IS HEARTBREAKING,
AFTER SUCCESSFULLY DODGING TAXIS



AND MOTOR-BUSES ALL DAY,



TO BE RUN DOWN BY A SMALL BOY ON
ONE ROLLER-SKATE.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in a letter to *The Daily Mail* tells of a robin which used to come into his kitchen and feast on dripping, but has now disappeared. The bird has found, of course, that it can get all the dripping it wants out-doors.

On Sunday week a thoughtless newspaper drew attention to the fact that this year's August had not yet beaten the record for moisture. We did not have to wait long to see the result of putting the weather on its mettle. Headlines describing the following Monday's retort:—

"600 TONS OF RAIN
TO THE ACRE."

Answer to a Correspondent:—Unless the weather improves we really think you would do better to stay in Town and warm your hands at the railway company's pretty poster of the sunny seaside resort to which you refer.

It is the custom nowadays to say hard things about Parliament. In reviewing Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new book, *The Observer* remarks, "Parliament receives full credit for its powers as an enchanter. It seems to hold men like a vice."

"May I tell you a story?" is the title of a book just published by Miss HELEN MAR. We would respectfully draw Mr. URE's attention to the fact that this lady first asks whether she may.

There were, we are told, 91,162 fewer pigs in Ireland last year than in 1910.

The gentleman who pays the rent, like every other solid person, evidently has his views about Home Rule.

The erection of a large mirror at the junction of four roads at Beckenham affords fresh evidence of the growth of female influence on our public bodies.

Mr. THOMAS PARKER, the South Derbyshire grocer, received instructions for being sworn in as a J.P. As they were intended for a namesake, he has now returned the papers. We understand, however, that he proposes to place the initials J.P. after his name over his shop just to signify that he is a Jam Purveyor.

The Manager of the Albert Hall writes to say, in answer to recent criticisms, that the Hall can be cleared in five minutes. It is, we suppose, only a question of turning on the right sort of singer.

While a ball was in progress at Alstaetten, near St. Gall, Switzerland, a police dog rushed in and arrested a man who confessed to homicide. The interruption created such an unpleasant impression that it is proposed locally that murderers shall not in future be admitted to the dances.

At Gratz, in Austria, another police dog arrested a burglar dog in a butcher's shop. We can picture the representative of law and order confiscating the delinquent's loot.

A contemporary publishes an article drawing attention to the backward

state of the game of golf in Germany. In that country, it seems, more attention is devoted to irksome soldiering than to the great game which has made our England what it is.

A chapel in Stamford Street is about to become a cinema theatre. The secularisation of Nonconformist places of worship progresses rapidly since the introduction of politics into their pulpits.

"Why are they called 'Picture Palaces'?" asked the small boy. "I suppose to distinguish them from the National Gallery," answered Papa, who was an architect.

A man, the other day, walked into a gunshop in Budapest, asked to see some revolvers, and, having selected one and loaded it, pointed it at the proprietor, and backed out of the shop without paying. Frankly, we like the fellow.

"I bleach sparrows with oxide and sell them as canaries," explained a prisoner charged with vagrancy. As for the poor little birds themselves they do not so much mind the bleaching, we understand, but they do object to being thrashed by purchasers for their rotten voices.

"One does not habitually carry about with them a pair of scales. Even were this possible the necessity does not exist since . . . a sack of coals weighs 112 lbs.; a load of coals, 1 ton."

Teachers' Aid.

We are glad to know this, for even when we have a pair of scales on us we often leave our ton weight at home.

TO SEPTEMBER.

(A Prayer for Fine Weather.)

WHEN the March-hare had had his fill
 (Daft at the best, but never dafter)
 Of bulging dyke and bursting dam,
 I spoke to April, saying, "Ma'am,
 Enough of tears—they make me ill;
 Please to confine yourself to laughter!"

So (roughly) I addressed my friend
 In language plain but inoffensive;
 And straight a dimpled smile (the duck!)
 Spread halfway round her face and stuck
 For nearly thirty days on end,
 Steadily growing more extensive.

In similarly sodden circles
 I fan the spluttering spark, or ember,
 That melted April's chilly breast,
 Putting my doggerel to the test
 To see how that same metre works
 Upon the feelings of September.

For August—well, my temperate rhyme
 Recoils from diction over-heated,
 But, when I pass in close review
 The Summers I have slithered through,
 I trace a lot of loathly slime
 But nothing, *nothing*, quite so fetid.

Myself, who feed on inward joys,
 I am content, or else dissemble;
 But what the tripper says about
 This weary spell of waterspout—
 What loose expletives he employs
 I dare not think—it makes me tremble.

Regard him shivering by the main,
 In scenes where he proposed to swelter;
 Think you he dips his clammy hide
 Beneath the grey repellent tide
 For joy? Not so; it is the rain
 Drives him to this unnatural shelter.

Mark, too, the wheat (there may be worse
 Records than this; I've never known 'em)
 Up to its ears in ooze and slush
 And farmers faintly murmuring, "Hush!
 August, thank Heaven, is in his hearse;
De mortuis nil nisi bonum!"

Hark, then, September; hear my prayer,
 And, like the rosy-fingered plumber
 Whose art retrieves in drain and pipe
 The havoc due to Winter's gripe,
 Come and with kindly touch repair
 The hideous ruin wrought by Summer.

Much of your bounty have we heard.
 You bring the partridge (little treasure);
 Oh let him not be forced to cower
 From tempests in his turnip-bower,
 But take the open like a bird
 And share our simple manly pleasure.

Month of the mellowed fruits of earth,
 I trust the gifts within your lap 'll
 Surpass the others' poor supply—
 Summer too wet and Spring too dry—
 And Autumn, crowned with russet mirth,
 Add to her foison Beauty's Apple. O. S.

BY THE SILVER SEA.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Telegraph.")

BRIGHTON.

A VERY peculiar incident was witnessed here the other day which might easily have become a tragedy. While inspecting the wicket at the local county cricket ground one of the umpires fell in. Fortunately the other one happened to be near and brought his colleague safely to land.

G. Westlake, North Street. All coals at fancy prices. Only a few tons left.

EASTBOURNE.

Never before have the boarding-houses been so full as at the present time; indeed, some proprietors find a difficulty in getting their visitors to stir out of the houses at all.

A large number of visitors turned out yesterday to welcome Mr. Gustav Camel, the celebrated airman, who had promised to fly from Folkestone. The crowd, however, waited in vain, and we hear this morning that the young aviator, not being accustomed to the new water chart, was unable to locate the town, and so was obliged to return to Folkestone without descending.

Arena Hotel. 200 new billiard rooms just added.

FOLKESTONE.

The barometer here is rising rapidly, but the rain is still falling.

Members of the local Tennis Club have been advised that the next Water Polo Tournament will take place at the Belgrave Road Courts, weather permitting.

Donegal Pte. Htl. Uneq. pos., fac. prom., min. sta., tar. mod.

HASTINGS.

Visitors to Hastings are much appreciating the various attractions devised for their benefit by the Corporation. The very latest include a special diving board affixed to the bandstand, and free rafts for use on the promenade.

The "Perfect" Launch leaves the High Street for Battle Abbey at 2 P.M. each day.

"Ideal" Stoves are the best. As used in Wood's Bathing Machines.

MARGATE.

Changeable weather prevails. Trains back to town now run every fifteen minutes, and further escape is being provided by the various steamboat companies.

Harry Bold's Smart Set Entertainers, who perform on the sands daily, are having a very successful season, and this is no doubt due to their decision to include all boatmen's charges in their prices of seats.

We are informed that a representative of *Spicy Bits* will pay a visit to the sands on Saturday next, when he will present a hot potato to all those carrying a copy of the periodical.

There was a remarkable increase in the numbers of church-goers last Sunday, no fewer than ten churches having to announce "Standing Room only."

Station Hotel. Why go into the town at all? Put up here until you go home next day.

"Although the Prince will not take part in any sports that may involve risk of serious personal injury, it is understood that he will not altogether withhold from what is, after all, a characteristic feature of Oxford life, but will take up rowing."—*The Star*.

We had long suspected that something of the sort went on at the University, and we are glad to have this confirmation from a reliable source.

"It became practically impossible for an individual rider who was not in the swim to score off his own bat."—*Irish Cyclist*.
 We readily accept this statement.



A MERE MATTER OF HONOUR.

PRESIDENT TAFT. "HERE, SWALLOW THIS!"

AMERICA. "THANKS, I'M AN EAGLE; I'M NOT A VULTURE."



Steward. "YOU CAN'T BE SICK HERE, SIR!"

Distressed Passenger. "CAN'T I?" (Is.)

LINER LYRICS.

II.—THE CHIEF STEWARD.

AWEAIRY of service in drab inns,
In restaurants dingy and drear,
You left it, comptroller of cabins,
For a wider and happier sphere,
For a nobler and ampler position
Where a kindlier destiny smirks
Through a vista of tip and commission
And (a purser's prerogative) "perks."

Five years have I spent in the jungle
In a joyless and primitive nook,
Where life was a strenuous bungle,
Which was chiefly the fault of the
cook;

Mid my punkahs and purdahs and
dhurries,
For a lustre I've yearned to be free
From the thrall of chilli and curries,
From the bondage of garlic and ghee.

Then you burst on my jaded horizon
With a menu that hinted relief
From the beef that was tougher than
bison,

From the fowls that were worse than
the beef;

You came, and your genius banished
The woes that my exile had willed,
And the chagrin of chutney has vanished
In the joy of a mackerel (grilled).

Small wonder you're proud of your
duty,

Of your rank and that palace of rime
Where lie, like the Somnolent Beauty,
Ignoring the ravage of time,
Lamb, partridges, pheasants and gam-
mon,

And dainties of every type,
From the nobler, like oysters and sal-
mon,

To the lowlier—haggis and tripe.

And because of the grouse and the
graylings

You hale from these Boreal vaults,
I forgive you your obvious failings,
I am blind to your manifold faults;
The pantry may hate you, yon diner
May gird at the itch of your palms,
But myself—oh! mine host of the liner,
I give you a hundred salaams!

J. M. S.

"The Continental trains from Birmingham
and the north for Harwich were not allowed to
proceed further than March."—*Morning Post*.
Neither, apparently, was the weather.

"As the vessel moved from the ways Lady
Henderson broke a bottle of wine on her bow.
... The vessel entered the water without a
pitch."—*Daily Telegraph*.

It must have been a very mild Austra-
lian wine.

FROM THE MOORS.

OUR reports continue to indicate
that grouse in almost every part of
Scotland are wet on the wing.

On the famous moor of Inverstrath-
bittock, in Argyllshire, sportsmen were
early astir on Saturday, but did not
venture out of the house.

The new covered butts on the
Strathbogie moor will be used for the
first time on Monday, when it is
expected that the roofed corridor from
the keeper's cottage will be completed.

Reports from the markets show that
the price for young birds "guaranteed
dry-packed" has now advanced to two
guineas a brace.

An event of peculiar interest to
naturalists has occurred in Banffshire.
Several web-footed grouse have been
shot on the Wee Wheen Saft Moors.

A large house-party is being enter-
tained by the Macintosh of Macintosh.

"Turkish towelling has been employed for
blouses, cut in the sailor style with collars and
cuffs, but it gives a hard, heavy look to the
figure. For bedroom slippers, however, treated
in the same way, it proves a great success."

Queen.

Unfortunately we find that cuffs on our
bedroom slippers get dirty so soon.

ANGELA'S ELOPEMENT.

I HAVE informed Angela, as the result of the following experience, that I can no longer be expected to sympathise, as I have rashly done in the past, with the vagaries of what she is pleased to term her exceptional temperament. I am doubly sorry to have been forced to this decision, as I know what James, who is a dear old friend of mine, will have to suffer. He, poor fellow, is no more fitted to undertake the entire responsibility of Angela (his wife) than I am. Temperament, according to her, means that you must go to the opera at least once a week or have a nervous breakdown. James certainly fails to appreciate this view, but emphatically denies the allegation that he entertains a sneaking regard for Picture Palaces.

It began with a telegram from Angela asking me to call at Kensington without delay. I was immediately on my guard, and did not turn up until nearly an hour later, when I got rather a shock to find that Angela was out and had left a note for me in her room. I first strolled into the smoking-room on the off-chance of seeing James, but he was not visible. There was, I noticed, an unpleasant sense of emptiness about the house which tended to confirm my suspicions that something nearly approaching a domestic crisis had recently taken place.

The letter was five pages in length and the handwriting was Angela at her worst. I gathered, after much difficulty, that she had left James for good. There were sundry vague references on every other page to one Jack Barton, whose name I remembered in connection with Angela in the palmy days before her marriage with James. Details followed to the effect that she had written twenty pages of explanation to James and pinned the envelope to his pillow-case, and that my part in the business was to await James's return, to be by him when he read the letter, to soothe him in his agony, and, above all, to be sure to see that he attempted nothing desperate. I strolled out on the landing, cautiously opened James's bedroom door and switched on the electric light. There on the pillow-case lay a fat pink envelope with "James" inscribed upon it in bold lettering.

Then the telephone rang violently, and I rushed back to Angela's room. I am not very good at telephones and it took me some time to establish communication.

"That you?" came Angela's voice.

"I'm speaking from Charing Cross. Why didn't you come before?" That started an argument which I was in a fair way to win, but she stopped me abruptly.

"Listen!" she said. "I want you to do something for me at once; it's very important."

I assured her that I was at her service. There was a pause.

"I've only got two twopences left," she gasped suddenly. Then—click!—we were cut off.

"Is James in yet?" she enquired breathlessly as we got on again.

she explained, "that I—I forgot to bring the address with me. You must get it at once. It's in the——"

Click!

Only two-pennyworth more. I began wondering what sort of a figure I should cut in the Divorce Court and subsequently in the halfpenny illustrated papers. Also my heart ached badly for James.

"We must be quick," gasped Angela feverishly as we started on the last lap.

"All right. I'm ready."

"Listen; the card is in the escritoire, to your right—in the secret drawer."

"Which is the secret drawer?"

"I can't remember well enough to describe it. I know you have to press something."

I lifted the telephone bodily, crossed over to the escritoire and fumbled wildly about for something to press.

"Are you there?" she shrieked.

"Yes—hulloa."

"No; I mean are you by the escritoire?"

"Oh—yes."

"Well, do make haste and find the drawer."

"I am making haste," I said; "I'll be with you directly. Mind you wait for me."

I never was my best at tricks, and I went on searching quite fruitlessly. Meanwhile Angela kept plying me with useless and incoherent directions. I could hear her jumping up and down on the spring-board of the telephone-box. In desperation I seized hold of the escritoire and shook it violently. I also struck it several resounding blows with my clenched fist. But the secret drawer remained a closed mystery.

Suddenly Angela's voice came again: "I remember exactly where it is. It's at the back of the——"

Click!

I make a very poor sleuth, and I had had enough. I dashed into James's bedroom, seized and destroyed the pink missive, and hurried to Charing Cross to fetch the prodigal home.

* * * * *

Next day, casually introducing the topic of opera, I persuaded James to share a box with me for the second cycle of the *Ring*. A week later, as I sat there between them in an atmosphere of subdued harmony, Angela entranced, James looking resigned but opulent, I shuddered to think that their domestic relations had been within twopence of an irrevocable tragedy. Twopence! The price of the very cheapest kind of shave!



Bather (viewing garments left in exchange by tramp).
"REALLY! MOST EXTRAORDINARY. ALWAYS THOUGHT SUCH THINGS ONLY HAPPENED IN THE COMIC PAPERS."

Upon my reassuring her a deep sigh of relief occupied a lot of the telephone's time, and after that she began telling me all over again exactly what she had written in the letter. Women have no sense of time.

"You see," she finished up, after a long spell, "Jack only returned from Australia yesterday. We went to *Lohengrin* together and . . ."

What followed was somewhat scrappy and not very audible. There was a deal about *Lohengrin* and the higher life. It was also clear that Angela had been in an exalted frame of mind and had left the opera with nothing more definite than Barton's visiting card with his new address hastily scribbled thereon.

"And to-night I was in such a hurry,"

THINGS ONE LEARNS ON A HOLIDAY.

I.—AT HOME.



THAT THE FINE BRACING EAST-COAST AIR DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE ONE FEEL LIKE THIS.



IT FREQUENTLY HAS QUITE A CONTRARY EFFECT.



THAT THE SKETCHING-CLASS WHICH AN ARTIST FRIEND BRINGS DOWN



DOES NOT ALWAYS GIVE ONE OPPORTUNITIES FOR INNOCENT DALLIANCE.



AND THAT THE STALWART NATIVE WHOM ONE HAS IMAGINED AS THE MAKING OF NEXT YEAR'S R.A. PICTURE



IS PROBABLY ENGAGED WITH THE BOATS, THE AVAILABLE MATERIAL BEING LESS ATTRACTIVE.

THE HEIR.

V.—HE SEES LIFE.

THERE was no one in sight. If 'twere done well, 'twere well done quickly. I gripped the perambulator, took a last look round, and then suddenly rushed it across the drive and down a side path, not stopping until we were well concealed from the house. Panting, I dropped into a seat, having knocked several seconds off the quarter-mile record for babies under one.

"Hallo!" said Myra.

"Dash it, are there people everywhere to-day? I can't get a moment to myself. 'O solitude, where——'"

"What are you going to do with Baby?"

"Peter and I are going for a walk." My eyes rested on her for more than a moment. She was looking at me over an armful of flowers . . . and—well—"You can come too if you like," I said.

"I've got an awful lot to do," she smiled doubtfully.

"Oh, if you'd rather count the washing."

She sat down next to me.

"Where's Dahlia?"

"I don't know. We meant to have left a note for her, but we came away in rather a hurry. 'Back at twelve. Peter.'"

"I am quite happy. Pursuit is useless," suggested Myra. "Poor Dahlia, she'll be frightened when she sees the perambulator gone."

"My dear, what *could* happen to it? Is this Russia?"

"Oh, what happens to perambulators in Russia?" asked Myra eagerly.

"They spell them differently," I said, after a little thought. "Anyhow Dahlia's all right."

"Well, I'll just take these flowers in and then I'll come back. If you and Peter will have me?"

"I think so," I said.

Myra went in and left me to my reflections, which were mainly that Peter had the prettiest aunt in England, and that the world was very good. But my pleased and fatuous smile over these thoughts was disturbed by her announcement on her return.

"Dahlia says," she began, "that we may have Peter for an hour, but he must come in at once if he cries."

I got up in disgust.

"You've spoilt my morning," I said.

"Oh, no!"

"I had a little secret from Dahlia, or rather Peter and I had a little secret together; at least, you and I and Peter had a secret. Anyhow it was a secret. And I was feeling very wicked and happy—Peter and I both were; and we were going to let you feel wicked

too. And now Dahlia knows all about the desperate deed we were planning, and, to make it worse, all she says is, 'Certainly! By all means! Only don't get his feet wet.' Peter," I said, as I bent over the sleeping innocent, "we are betrayed."

"Miss Mannering will now relate her experiences," said Myra. "I went into the hall to put down the flowers, and just as I was coming out I saw Dahlia in the corner with a book. And she said, 'Tell your young man——'"

"How vulgar!" I interrupted.

"'To be careful with my baby.' And I said in great surprise, 'What-baby?' And she said, 'He was very kindly running him up and down the drive just now. Peter loves it, but don't let them go on too long or there may be an accident.' And then she gave a few more instructions, and—here we are."

"Peter," I said to the somnolent one, "you can't deceive a woman. Also men are pigs. Wake up and we will apologise to your aunt for doubting her. Sorry, Myra."

Myra pinned a flower in my coat and forgave me, and we walked off together with the perambulator.

"Peter is seeing a bit of life this morning," I said. "What shall we show him now?"

"Thomas and Samuel are playing golf," said Myra casually.

I looked at her doubtfully.

"Is that quite suitable?"

"I think if we didn't let him stay too long it would be all right. Dahlia wouldn't like him to be over-excited."

"Well, he can't be introduced to the game too early. Come on, Peter." And we pushed into more open country.

The 9-hole course which Simpson planned a year ago is not yet used for the Open Championship, though it is certainly better than it was last summer. But it is short and narrow and dog-legged, and, particularly when Simpson is playing on it, dangerous.

"We are now in the zone of fire," I said. "Samuel's repainted ninepenny may whizz past us at any moment. Perhaps I had better go first." I tied my handkerchief to Myra's sunshade and led the way with the white flag.

A ball came over the barn and rolled towards us, just reaching one of the wheels. I gave a yell.

"Hallo!" bellowed Simpson from behind the barn.

"You're firing on the ambulance," I shouted.

He hurried up, followed leisurely by Thomas.

"I say," he said excitedly, "have I hurt him?"

"You have not even waked him. He has the special gift of—was it

WELLINGTON or NAPOLEON?—that of being able to sleep through the heaviest battle."

"Hallo," said Thomas. "Good old boy! What's he been learning to-day?" he added with godfatherly interest.

"We're showing him life to-day. He has come to see Simpson play golf."

"Doesn't he ever sit up?" asked Simpson, looking at him with interest. "I don't see how he's going to see anything if he's always on his back. Unless it were something in the air."

"Don't you ever get the ball in the air?" said Myra innocently.

"What will his uncle Samuel show him if he does sit up?" I asked. "Let's decide first if it's going to be anything worth watching. Which hole are you for? The third?"

"The eighth. My last shot had a bit of a slice."

"A slice! It had about the whole joint. I doubt," I said to Myra, "if we shall do much good here; let's push on."

But Myra had put down the hood and taken some of the clothes off Peter. Peter stirred slightly. He seemed to know that something was going on. Then suddenly he woke up, just in time to see Simpson miss the ball completely. Instantly he gave a cry.

"Now you've done it," said Myra. "He's got to go in. And I'm afraid he'll go away with quite a wrong idea of the game."

But I was not thinking of the baby. Although I am to be his uncle by marriage I had forgotten him.

"If that's about Simpson's form to-day," I said to Myra, "you and I could still take them on and beat them."

Myra looked up eagerly.

"What about Peter?" she asked; but she didn't ask it very firmly.

"We promised Dahlia to take him in directly he cried," I said. "She'd be very upset if she thought she couldn't trust us. And we've got to go in for our clubs anyway," I added.

Peter was sleeping peacefully again, but a promise is a promise. After all, we had done a good deal for his education that morning. We had shown him human nature at work, and the position of golf in the universe.

"We'll meet you on the first tee," said Myra to Thomas. A. A. M.

"As Dr. Walford Davies is unable to complete his new work, 'Song of Offering,' in time for this Festival, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor will be substituted for it."

Programme of Hereford Musical Festival.

SCHUBERT, too, seems to have failed to complete his work in time for the Festival.



Adjutant of Imperial Yeomanry (to sentry). "WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU CHALLENGE?"
Raw Recruit (who has been warned of a possible surprise visit). "AW—AW KENNED YE WUS COMIN'."

THE GIFT OF SPEECH.

(Overheard at the Oval.)

I.

THE SEAT.

[A man who has been sitting on one of the free seats on the edge of the turf gets up and leaves. Another man standing prepares to take the vacant place.]

Standing Man (to the occupant of the next seat to the vacant one). May I ask if you are keeping that seat?

Other Man. No.

S. M. Then I may take it?

O. M. Certainly.

S. M. Thank you. [He steps over and takes it.] It's a rest to sit down after standing.

O. M. Yes; standing's very tiring after a while.

S. M. Funny thing, but this is the only unoccupied seat I've found ever since I've been here. Lucky I was just here when your friend went.

O. M. It is pretty crowded to-day, isn't it?

S. M. I've been standing quite two hours. Had about enough of it.

O. M. I was here at the beginning.

S. M. Ah, that's the way to get a seat. You're all right, then.

O. M. Yes, I'm quite comfortable. Cricket's more pleasant to watch when you're sitting down.

S. M. It is, isn't it? Standing's so tiring. I never thought I should get a seat, such heaps of people here. A bit of luck, finding this one.

O. M. You'll find it quite comfortable. No back, of course.

S. M. A back makes a difference, doesn't it? Still, anything's better than standing.

O. M. Yes, that's so; standing's very tiring.

II.

THE HOLIDAY.

First Man. Hullo, how are you?

Second Man. I'm all right. Are you all right?

F. M. Yes, I'm pretty fit. I never thought I should see you here.

S. M. Oh, I often look in for a little while. How have you been?

F. M. Very well, thanks; nothing to complain of. And you?

S. M. I've been all right.

F. M. Been away for a holiday, yet?

S. M. Yes; I went to Norfolk.

F. M. Good time?

S. M. Very. Golf and fishing. You been away?

F. M. Not yet; I'm thinking of going next week.

S. M. Where are you going?

F. M. Normandy, I think. Do you know Normandy?

S. M. Can't say I do. I've been to the Channel Islands, though.

F. M. Have you been away yet this year?

S. M. Yes, to Norfolk.

F. M. Norfolk: that sounds all right. Been pretty well this summer?

S. M. Yes, all right, thanks; quite fit. Where did you say you spent your holiday?

F. M. I haven't been away yet. I'm going next week. Normandy, I think. I wonder if you could tell me anything about a place called Granville.

S. M. No, I don't know Normandy. Wish I did.

F. M. Jolly, if you could come over.

S. M. Sorry, I can't; but I've had my holiday.

F. M. Have you? Where did you go?

S. M. I went to Norfolk.

F. M. Did you? Well, I'm going to Normandy, I believe.



THE OPTIMIST.

Hodge. "CHEER UP, MAISTER. WHEN THINGS BE AS BAD AS THEY CAN BE THEY BE BOUND TO MEND OR ELSE GET WORSE."

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

WE are a bright and intelligent set in our village on the Thames, and we move along about six months ahead of the times. Possibly the world calls us a clique, even a suburban clique, but as long as it continues to provide us with professions and occupations in the City during the week, the world may go hang. In our leisure we are sufficient to ourselves. What is more, we have brains and are not afraid to use them out of business hours. It is our claim that our forefathers invented the games of "Up Jenkins!" and Clumps; certainly we ourselves invented Old-maid Bridge and Snap-roulette.

"We have done nothing original for a long time," said Miss Chapman, our acknowledged leader, "and I am pleased to be able to announce that I have an idea. It is called The Surprise Party. Gather round."

She spoke these words in the Golf Club House, and as many of us as were there or thereabouts gathered

round, leaving Mitchell to discuss his Memorable Mashie with the Steward.

"What have we to do?" we asked.

"Merely turn up," said Miss Chapman.

"When, where and how equipped?"

We don't waste time discussing preliminary details already settled in the master mind.

"At nine o'clock next Wednesday, each with his own food and little mug."

"In the name of my colleagues and myself," said I, "I thank you for this generous invitation."

"I have not invited you," said she.

"Then who has?"

"Nobody," she said. "The point is that we turn up without being invited. That is where the surprise comes in—for the person who hasn't invited us."

It only remained to fix upon the lucky surprisees. Everything pointed, we agreed, to the Macfarlanes. They had lots of money and a big room, capable, on an emergency, of being used for a dance or two. We had long been of opinion that these things would be better employed for social

entertainment than for the organization of charities; or, if they must be used for charity, let the charity be of that sort which begins at home with a merry evening and not that which ends in the Fiji Isles with a woollen comforter and a tract. But our main reason in deciding on the Macfarlanes was that there happened to be no Macfarlanes present to shew cause why not.

"But suppose," said I, "that they have chosen that evening to be out, or worse still, for the conducting of a domestic quarrel?"

"It is the risks which make life attractive," said Miss Chapman.

"Or suppose again . . ."

"And the people who 'suppose' who make it impossible."

"The matter is irrevocably appointed," chorused the others.

Things went off with much more of a splash than we had ever thought possible, right from the very start. Not only did the Macfarlanes more than welcome us conspirators, but there seemed to be many present who



A SOFT THING.

TORY GILLIE. "YON'S A FINE BEAST, I'M THENKIN', BUT THE NEAR ONE'S A GR-R-AN' TAR-R-GET WHATEVER."



THE SPREAD OF THE SEX-WAR.

The Vicar (announcing "outing" for mothers' meeting). "WE SHALL ASSEMBLE AT HALF-PAST NINE, AND—ER—YOU MAY BRING YOUR HUSBANDS."
Chorus of Mothers. "OH, BUT WE WANT TO ENJOY OURSELVES."

had never conspired. Moreover, the enterprise was graced by the presence of the Church, and before we knew where we were (even before Miss Chapman knew where she was) we were all in the big room, sitting on rows of chairs and facing a platform.

"My dear friends," said the Vicar from this eminence, "it is with very genuine feelings of gratitude that I see so many of you gathered here to-night. There are those missing, I am sorry to say, whom I had invited to be present, but on the other hand there are many gathered here to-night to whom no direct invitation was addressed. That, I think, shews that our mission has a greater popularity and fame than we dared to suspect, and cannot, I feel, help but affect the amount of the collection (silver) to which all those gathered here to-night will be asked, and, I am sure, gladly persuaded, to contribute. Before I make way for my reverend brother from the Fiji Isles, I should like to announce that, at the termination of his address, all present are asked to partake of a light supper, provided at the last moment (I am vaguely informed) by an anonymous donor, of whose identity some of us may, I think, have our suspicions."

And as he sat down he looked with a knowing smile at Mrs. Macfarlane!

Besides the collection there was a hymn or two, and it took us two hours to get to supper time; even then few of us got enough, our personal contributions being shared with the outsiders who hadn't brought a particle of food with them.

For which reasons Miss Chapman has, very properly, been deposed from her leadership, and the rest of us have determined to devote our energies to that safer but less original pastime, "*Coon Can*."

TAKEN AS READ.

[A weekly paper points out that proposals are getting out of date. The lover's intentions become apparent, the girl perceives them, and the couple drift into an engagement without any formal declaration being made.]

I ALWAYS have fostered a passion
 For living abreast of the times;
 A garment or deed of an obsolete
 fashion

To me is the crudest of crimes;
 And so, while intent on disclosing
 To Mary my loving regard,
 I strove to be modern—all thoughts of
 proposing

Were banned by the bard.

No nutty attractions has Cyril;

A wholly conventional clown,
 He boasts not a headgear that smacks
 of the Tyrol,

His socks are a commonplace brown;
 If he were in love with my girl, he
 (Thought I) would be sure to engage
 In a formal proposal as done in the
 Early

Victorian Age.

To Mary last night I confided
 My thoughts on how Cyril would act,
 His old-fashioned notions I gaily
 derided

(Was deuced diverting, in fact);
 I cried, "Can't you picture him
 kneeling,

A timid and blushing young man?"
 And, grimly his ring on her finger
 revealing,

She answered, "I can."

Commercial Candour.

Seen on a Liverpool sandwich board:

"CHURCH STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

"J—the Jeweller has removed to Lord
 Street."

"The principle of the Evangelist—if the
 electors do not come to the speaker, the speaker
 must go to the electors."—*Morning Post*.

Which Evangelist?

DEMOSTHENES REDIVIVUS.

[“This fiery, emotional Welshman—the Demosthenes of Welsh Nonconformity. . . . Although he speaks quietly, even hesitatingly, in the English language, he rises to heights of thrilling eloquence in his native tongue. . . . During the recent campaign electors frequently walked five or six miles in the rain to hear him. . . . To some enthusiasts he is ‘The Wizard of Wales’ and ‘The Poet of the People.’ A brother Nonconformist minister, the Rev. Rhys J. Huws, said of him: ‘The advent to Parliament of a man of the character and convictions of Mr. Towyn Jones cannot but send a thrill of health through so materialistic an institution.’ There is little real comparison between the new Member and minister M.P.’s like Dr. Leach and Mr. Silvester Horne. . . . He is probably the best known man in Wales to-day.”—*Daily Chronicle*, August 24, 1912.]

DON'T talk to me of DEMOSTHENES,
OF CICERO, DEMOSTHENES,
Or how the voice of GLADSTONE stirred
the marrow in your bones;
Such eulogy's a scandal,
For they couldn't hold a candle
To the elemental passion of the
Reverend T. JONES.

Like a furious mountain torrent,
Of all obstacles abhorrent,
Like the concentrated essence of ten
terrible cyclones;
Like NAPOLEON at Elba,
With the voice of Madame MELBA,
And the courage of COLUMBUS is the
Reverend T. JONES.

At the gates of Empire knocking
He sets all Europe rocking,
Till the Kaisers feel uneasy on their
titubating thrones;
While the House of feudal rotters
To its base in terror totters.
At the onset of the righteous and the
Reverend T. JONES.

To hear this Cambrian wizard,
This wild incarnate blizzard,
Revivifies the energies of centenarian
crones;
While the bonnie bairns of Bala
Greet his coming with a gala,
Singing, “Tira-lira, trála,” to the
Reverend T. JONES.

There's a lot of snap in Sandy,
And the land of Handy Andy
Is emotionally vocal with “alannas”
and “ochones”;
But for sheer dynamic fervour
He Who Edits *The Observer*.
Is the only living Briton who ap-
proaches TOWYN JONES.

There are wondrous things in legions
In the frozen Arctic regions;
The gorilla lends a glamour to the
torrid tropic zones;
But there's surely nothing greater
From the Poles to the Equator
Than our latest legislator—the volcanic
TOWYN JONES.

There are wonders of invention
Claiming honourable mention,
Such as motor-cars and jigsaws,
hobble-skirts and gramophones;
But Wales has less reliance
On the miracles of science
Than on the lurid larynx of the
Reverend T. JONES.

It is true the Liberal party,
So superbly sane and hearty,
Other Members who are Reverend as
well as stalwart owns;
But HORNE (the Rev. SILVESTER)
Is a mere suburban jester
By the side of the amazing and apoca-
lyptic JONES.

Though the miserable Saxon—
Vulgar Brown or Smith or Jackson—
Has more command of English and
its unmelodious tones;
When Parliament is sitting
They'll pass an Act permitting
The use of his vernacular to Mr.
TOWYN JONES.

For it needs a thorough mystic,
Does this House materialistic,
To scarify its cynics and to stimulate
its drones;
But the man is shortly coming
Who will set St. Stephen's humming,
And his Christian name is TOWYN and
his surname it is JONES.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST.

THE gifted CLEAR (CLAUDIUS) of *The British Weekly*, discussing this matter, comes to various conclusions. We take the liberty of extending his entertaining lucubrations.

Journalism is every day a more difficult profession to adorn; and every day more journalists attempt to adorn it. Now and then one drops out, as when Lord SALISBURY took to statesmanship; but for the most part once a journalist always a journalist.

In order to see how to become a journalist let us first ask: What is the best education for a journalist? The reply to this question depends upon the kind of journalism that you propose to follow. A leader-writer on *The Poultry Watchdog*, for example, requires a different training from the chief reporter on *Auto Sparklets*. The old idea that there was no training to compare with Balliol is now exploded. The Jowler, it is true, bred a few hefty pens, but the tradition no longer holds. Nor do we recommend Keble. No, if you wish to write with acceptance, if not authority, for the readers of *The Poultry Watchdog* you must have had a period at the Dorking High School, followed by two terms at least at the Orpington Select Academy.

A religious paper again requires a different training from a sporting paper. A religious journalist, to be complete, must know not only all about religion, but he must be acquainted with the new books and the forthcoming books; he must know what this feuilletonist gets “per thou,” and where that short-story-writer is spending his holiday, and why Cardinal NEWMAN did not marry CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A sporting journalist, on the other hand, needs less preparation. All that he requires is a hat in which to place the names of to-morrow's race-horses before picking out the one which he recommends his readers to back. It is thus easier to be a sporting than a religious journalist.

But, curiously enough, a cricket journalist needs more of an equipment. He ought to know the Christian names of the professionals and the pet names of the amateurs; he ought to have a profound contempt for the English captain, increasing with every victory scored by the English team, together with very decided views as to why the Test Selection Committee ought to include eleven totally different men from those chosen, with reasons for his belief. This wants some doing, but he must be able to do it if he is to succeed in his high calling.

The second question is, How is the profession of journalism best entered? Here the answer is simple. By way of the Temple. Pretend to be a barrister and journalism is at your feet. Another way, but less certain, is to send admirable articles to editors and get them accepted. But choose the editor with skill. You will not, for example, send a pink joke to *The Church Times*, or a panegyric on the Insurance Act to *The Saturday Review*, or an appreciation of WINSTON to *The Morning Post*. Nor (for a very different reason) will you offer a “Thing that matters” to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, or a “Literary Letter,” no matter how good, to *The Sphere*, or a joke from a back number of *Punch* to *The Tatler*.

Thirdly: What are the prospects of the journalist in the present day? Well, if he is on *The Daily Mail* and is over twenty-five and cannot write about the need for compulsory golf, his prospects are rotten. But, if he is on *The Daily Telegraph* and can supply information about Sir HERBERT TREE's forthcoming productions, he ought to be sure of his post for ever and ever. So now you know.

“One can imagine an old public-schoolboy going down to his school, and visiting the playing-fields where he bathed.”—*The Daily Telegraph*.
So these floods are nothing very new, after all.



Willum (indicating Stop Press News column in evening paper). "WOTEVER FUR BE EMPTY SPACE, JARGE!"
Jarge. "FUR THEY FOLK AS CANNOT READ."

LINES TO A MUDLARK.

THRICE happy fay, ah would that men could model
 Their lives on thine, most beautiful, most calm,
 Melodious songster! List, how, while we swaddle
 Our limbs in mackintoshes, thy clear psalm
 Rises untroubled. Lo! how thou dost waddle
 About in filthy pools and find them balm,
 Insatiate of beastliness and muck,
 Blithe spirit of our summer, hail, O duck!

There is no gleam of comfort in the heavens,
 Now, while we sit with suppliant hands and groan,
 Pavilion-bound the impotent elevens,
 The farmer cursing at the tempest's moan,
 But thou, O duck, O duck of Mrs. Evans,
 For ever singest in mellifluous tone,
 The deluge pouring from thy rain-proof back,
 Loud orisons of praise. Thou goest, "Quack,"

And once more, "Quack," well knowing to recover
 The first fine careless sound, egregious brute,
 Out in the orchard yonder, where some lover
 Maybe has wandered with goloshless boot
 In other years, and plucked from boughs above her
 (Matching his lady's cheek) the ripened fruit:
 But now in vain they vaunt their crimson front,
 One cannot pick them, not without a punt.

Ah, yes, thou singest on, thy voice assuages
 (Or ought to) human complaints about the corn,
 Perhaps the self-same voice that in past ages
 Cheered the sick heart of HAM some early morn,
 As he leaned out and cried, "The flood still rages,
 The Ark is tossing in a sea forlorn,
 But some live thing is happy; don't condemn
 Our Eastern climate, JAPHET! Cheer up, SHAM!"

But I, when I observe no sunshine dapple
 The leaden pall above, the rayless gloom,
 And hear thee singing 'neath the pendant apple,
 Although I praise thee, duck, I also fume,
 I ask for vengeance, for the gods who grapple
 With too much fortune, for the hand of doom;
 I like to think that thou must end thy joys,
 And stop that silly sort of rootling noise.

I lift my nose to catch the wafted savour
 Of incense stealing from the onion-bed,
 The perfume of the sage-leaf. O thou laver
 In filthiness and slush, I want thee dead—
 No more to gloat upon our grief, nor favour
 The air with that wild music, but instead
 With vermeil fruit, like those on yonder trees,
 Garnished in dissolution. Also peas. EVON.

One Candle Power.

From an article on Norwich by *The Westminster Gazette's* special correspondent—

"One of the corridors of the Hotel in which I am staying (and, of course, it is both the largest and the finest hotel in the city)—[*We pause here a moment to murmur 'Swank!'*]—is lit by a candle stuck in a whisky bottle.

That, to me, throws the strongest possible light upon the situation here."

We should never have thought it.

"Wanted, Two Good Setters for Red Shale Plastic Facing Bricks. Apply Furness Brick and Tile Works."

Advt. in "Northern Daily Telegraph."

This appears between an advertisement of a Bull Terrier and one of an Airedale puppy, under the heading "Dogs." We shall not therefore labour the point further.

THE INTERRUPTIONS.

I AM not prepared to guarantee the accuracy of any single one of the nautical terms used in the following report of an interview which I was privileged to have with a sailor-man. All I say is that I have done my best to keep close to the original, and to create a briny sea-going impression in the minds of my readers. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of them won't know the difference. The thousandth will growl and put me down as a landlubber, which, as a matter of fact, I am. His pardon I beg at once, and ask him to consider the necessities of a working journalist and not to bear too hardly on my faults.

This happened in August. The usual shower of rain was pouring down, and, being on the sea-shore, I had taken refuge in a sort of shed, a tumble-down wooden affair, the approach to which was littered with nets, lobster-pots, oars and spars. In the shed was a man in a dark blue guernsey, a thick pair of blue trousers, no boots and a blue cap. He was doing something to a net with a knife, a piece of wood and a length of string, and he greeted me as I entered:—

"Step aboard, messmate," he said.

I murmured something about the beastly weather and the disgusting month.

"Lor' love you," he answered, "I've seen many a worse Augusty month nor this. This is a cloud o' dust to some I've been through. Wet? I believe you. Why, ten year ago—no, it warn't ten; it were eleven. I remember it by our youngest bein' born the follerin' month. We was beatin' round Cape Horn as it might be to-day, spare sails all set and the main-top-gallant braced to the lee scuppers for to catch the trade winds. The old *Susan Mary* was doin' her fourteen knots comfortable, and if it hadn't been for the cook's black cat goin' for a voyage by hisself through clawin' up the mainmast and gettin' tossed orf of it when we got the Gulf Stream abeam we should all have bin as happy as a nest of cherubs with the mother-cherub settin' on 'em to keep 'em warm. But you know, Sir, what sailor-men thinks of a cat, and this was a very peculiar sort with his chest and his belly all laid out in white stripes, which is a sign of riches to them as don't mind bein' scratched by 'im. But we couldn't spend much time sorrowin' after poor old Sultan, for the wind was blowin' half a gale from the Sou'-West, and the rain was comin' down just as if all the sky taps had got loose. It was five bells, and I was look-out-man in the bows. Sudden the rain lifted like and there ahead of us, a point or two on the starboard bow—" Here he stopped suddenly, for two of the big guns in the Cliff fort had been fired. When we recovered from the effect of the double explosion he continued:—

"Them two guns reminds me of the waterspout we met once in the China Seas. I was a deck hand on the *Bride of the Ocean*, and we'd picked up a pretty cargo of silks, and spices and 'eathen gods, the ugly fat sort, more'n half naked, with red eyes and 'orns to their 'eads and all full o' mischief. 'Owever that didn't worry us, 'cos we'd got 'em all packed tight in boxes, fifty or so to a box, and stowed away under hatches with the rats to play round 'em and take orf their curses when they was in the mind to let 'em out. We'd got to think o' the ship, and the weather had kept us pretty close to our work hauling on the tackles and gettin' the foreyards snug. There was a long thin man out o' Plymouth town in my watch, a lantern-jawed fellow with a turn for good talk; 'Preachin' Moses' we called 'im, 'is name bein' Solomon. 'Im and me was standin' by the galley watchin' the waves when the boat-

swain come along. 'Now, look 'ere,' says the boatswain—'e was chewin' a quid o' terbacker, and we could see by the colour of 'is nose that something 'ad run acrorst 'is bows and spoilt 'is temper, so we made to sheer orf and give 'im a wide berth—'look 'ere,' 'e says—" But what the boatswain said must for ever remain a mystery, for a drenched lady at this point suddenly appeared at the doorway of the shed, gave a startled look round, said, "I beg your pardon, I thought—" and as suddenly vanished away again."

"You've no call to leave us, mum," shouted my friend. "We're poor, but we're honest. There's room in 'ere for all. Ah well, she's gone. If you wanted to see my sister Sally, without really seein' 'er in a manner of speakin', why that there lady's the dead spit of 'er, 'air, eyes, nose, everythink. It's like seein' a ghost. And that puts me in mind o' the *Duchess of Devonshire*, five-master she was, and a well-found ship from stem to stern and back again. We'd 'ad a fair doin' in the Indian Ocean, and we'd 'ad to rig a jury rudder owin' to a couple of seas we'd shipped in a typhoon. It was a Sunday night, and the mate 'ad just given the word to tumble up quick, when—" Why lor' love me, Sir, if you ain't settin' on a patch o' tar. 'Ow ever could I come to let you stay there so long. It's nasty stuff on trousers, too."

This being so, and the rain having ceased, I said good-bye and went away.

No, he never mentioned that he was dry, or that the weather was thirsty, though wet, or that he hadn't seen the colour of a shilling for weeks on account of the bad season. But I still wonder what it feels like to try to spin three separate yarns and not to finish one of them.

THE HOME MARKET.

In days when gilt-edged stocks have lost their glitter
And public confidence is shaken rudely,
When City swells grow sour and bankers bitter
Because the slings of DAVID hit them shrewdly;

In times when Socialists are out for plunder
And Capital must cringe and cower to Labour,
When war-clouds loom and arm-chair critics wonder
What chance we have against our North-Sea neighbour;

Imagine my complacent pride each morning
When I receive a most obsequious letter
From moneyed gents who, petty safeguards scorning,
Beseech me to become, post-haste, their debtor.

They sympathise with my domestic sorrow;
They yearn to find me food and rent and raiment;
Unlimited the cash that I may borrow
Without security for its repayment.

With consols flat and railway stock dejected,
And British credit crashing to perdition,
'Tis joy to see my note-of-hand selected
As one investment quite above suspicion.

A correspondent writes:—

"I have an aunt who took one of those sea-sick remedies. Absolutely certain to prevent it and all the rest of it. She did exactly what the bottle said—took it two hours before embarking. She was going to the Channel Islands, and the boat left Southampton at 9, so she took a dose at Waterloo at 7. And what do you think? She was frightfully sick just this side of Winchester!"



Farmer Brown (to curate who has been appointed long-stop). "OI 'OPES AS 'OW YER WON'T LET ANY BALLS SLIP PAST YER ON TO T' OLD BULL, 'COS YER NEVER KNOWS 'OW 'E'LL TAKE IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MESSRS. METHUEN could not have chosen a better moment for the publication of Mrs. PERRIN's latest novel. At a time when even the seasoned Londoner is beginning to notice that the weather is a little depressing it is impossible not to sympathise with the *Fleetwoods*, dumped into England after a lifetime in shiny India. The main thread of *The Anglo-Indians* has to do with the love-story of *Fay Fleetwood* and *Clive Somerton*, but it is the vividness with which the author sets forth the tragedy of "the guillotine of completed service" which makes the book so absorbing. They are a race apart, these Anglo-Indians who have come home on a pension. The climate does not suit them (it killed *Mr. Fleetwood*), they miss their friends, their work, their servants—everything that has made life worth living; they are at a loose end, with the added disadvantage of being short of money. To quote one of the characters in the story, they "subside into a suburb" and "have a loathsome time." Woven into the fortunes of the *Fleetwood* family are those of a delightful young native prince; and here again the pathos of the contrast between East and West is made plain. You may anglicize your Rajah if you catch him young, but not his women-folk. Mrs. PERRIN has done nothing better than the passages dealing with the domestic affairs of the *Rajah of Rotah*, drifting every day further out of sympathy with his half-imbecile child-wife. I admire particularly the skill with which she renders clear the points of view of her various characters, and still more her quiet and unaggressive method of imparting information. She has taught me a great deal about India without once

making me feel ashamed of that extraordinary ignorance which I share with so many of our legislators who interest themselves in Indian affairs.

I am afraid that if Miss MAISIE BENNETT were a motorist instead of an author she would be heavily fined for exceeding the statutory speed limit. For the chief thing that strikes me about her *Golden Vanity* (MILLS AND BOON) is that she is a young woman in a most uncommon hurry. In one chapter her red-haired heroine, aged about fifteen and brought up in an orphanage, is earning four shillings a week as a useful help in a Balham household. In the next, after two years' interval, at the beginning of which, in spite of her total ignorance of the stage, she secures an engagement in a travelling provincial company, she has blossomed into the principal girl in the chief London pantomime, and by the following season has become the musical-comedy idol of the town, with her red head on all the hoardings, an extravagantly furnished flat, a motor-car and a well-filled jewel-case and, what is still more surprising, a cultivated literary taste and a genius for painting. Comparatively speaking, the playmate of her youth who wins her love on the last page is a bit of a slow-coach, though even he managed to write the novel of the year in the course of a few months, for the greater part of which he was chained to an office-stool and could only do his writing by night. Miss BENNETT's book is in fact rather an amateur production in spite of her apparently intimate knowledge of professional life behind the scenes. But with *festina lente* for her motto it is, I think, quite worth her while to try again.

Olivia Mary, by Madame ALBANESI (METHUEN), is one

of those amiable books for which there is evidently a large class of readers and which disarm serious criticism by their unpretentiousness and general wholesomeness. *Olivia Mary*, a beautiful, timid soul, has married rich Squire *Anthony Cheston*, now dead. Their reputed son, *John*, devoted to his mother in a masterful sort of way, is really the illegitimate fruit of an earlier excusable adventure which *Cheston* had discerningly and generously condoned by adopting *John*. The widowed mother lives under the shadow of the possible discovery of her secret. The blow falls on the eve of *John's* marriage. *John* pities himself, reproaches, storms, turns against his mother, behaves in fact as badly as possible. But the girl, *Isabel Matheson*, and her father take more kindly and reasonable views, and the marriage proceeds, as we dare to prophesy, to the lifelong regret of *Isabel*. Loosely interwoven, too loosely, to tell truth, is another thread of narrative which introduces some fairly drawn minor characters and less than minor incidents. *Helen Ambrose*, the American wife of a shadowy literary man, is carefully done.

If *Olivia Mary*, who was meant for a nice thing, had kept a stiffer back, had abandoned the habit of gazing into the fire or into the eyes of pictures and telling them how tired she was; if she had yearned less and had schooled herself to forget altogether the error of her youth, she would have escaped being something of a bore. As for her son *John* I could have wished the author or any one of her characters had shown an adequate (*Sir John* has a faint) sense of the iniquity of that preposterous prig. How such monstrous egotism and uncharity (surely much more flagrantly immoral than any conduct of *Olivia Mary's*) could be capable of attracting the devotion of *Isabel*, the approval of that decent old boy, *Sir John*, or the tolerance of *John's* brother officers, is never explained.

Mightier than the Sword (FISHER UNWIN) by Mr.

ALPHONSE COURLANDER, is Fleet Street incarnate, and the lesson to be learned from it is that if you wish to be a successful member of the staff of a great daily paper there will be no room in your life for love or pity. *Humphrey Quain* joined the staff of *The Day* when he was a mere boy, and at once fell under the influence of *Ferrol* (not a stimulating tonic, with iron in it, as you might think, but the man who directed the paper). *Ferrol*, a strange mixture of humanity and brutality, is drawn with an almost uncanny skill. He is just human enough to make me wish that he had more heart and less brains. Taking an especial interest in *Quain* he literally assumes possession of the boy, and crushes in him all aspirations except the one desire to become a brilliant journalist. To emphasize his point Mr. COURLANDER in turn makes *Quain* fall in love with two very different women, and in each case *Ferrol's* influence comes between. It is true that

Quain makes a feeble resistance against this capture of himself, but he never gets anywhere near to calling his soul his own. After reading *Mightier than the Sword* I am convinced that, when a journalist does marry, his wife must be more in need of sympathy than even a golfer's.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain." That seems to me to express the general tendency of Mr. RICHARD CURLE's *Shadows out of the Crowd* (SWIFT) better than any of the quotations from DOSTOEVSKY, TURGENEV, IBSEN, TOLSTOY, and other psychological writers which preface his book and each of its twelve short stories. For nearly all of them end in nothingness. Four are accounts of morbid suicides, one of a sudden death by fire (oddly contrasted with a supper at the Cecil or the Savoy), and two others drift off directly they begin

into twilight memories of the past, leaving the actuality of the present untouched. For the most part I read them, as the farmer drank the claret at the tenants' dinner, with an uncomfortable feeling that we don't get no forrarder. They dodge about this world, from London to Scotland, from the West Indies to South Africa, and at the end leave a very hazy impression on my mind of what they are all about. And yet they suggest an irritating sense of power, irritating because I feel that Mr. CURLE is wasting his abilities in his pursuit of vagueness. The entertainment known as a shadow-show is good in its way, provided that it is comic, though even then the grotesquely distorted shadows cast by the lamp on the sheet are apt to be flat and baffling presentments of the real people behind. And that is just how I am affected by Mr. CURLE's clever but indefinite studies of the morbid side of life.



GEO. M.

Native. "I AX PARDON, SOB, BUT IF 'TIS A GERMAN SPY YE ARE I MAY AS WELL TELL YE THAT THE OULD CASTLE THERE HAS BEEN OUT O' USE FOR SOME TIME BACK."

The Teesdale Mercury on the occasion of Princess BARCLAY DE TOLLY OTTINO's visit to Bowes Park museum:—

"There was no hesitation or concealment of approbation on the part of the Princess, for, approaching the Museum by the back entrance, she was immediately struck with the colossal character of the building, and her admiration was intensified on viewing the facade. 'A copy of the *Hôtel de Ville*,' suggested Mr. Robson. 'Surely it is,' replied the distinguished Russian aristocrat.

"Her attention was instantly arrested, in the next room, at the sight of an eikon. The courteous Curator unlocked the case and took out the object of her intense admiration. The word is essentially Greek, and signifies a likeness. . . . To our visitor this eikon was an emblem of much solemnity—affaire du cœur.

"At the conclusion of the afternoon's enjoyable programme the Princess expressed a desire to see the Bandmaster, and, Mr. Frayling promptly attending, saluted the Princess, who thanked the talented musician most gratefully. . . . Bandmaster Frayling, like a true soldier, bowed his acknowledgments in admirable taste.

If a foreign princess would visit the neighbourhood every week we would at once become an annual subscriber to *The Teesdale Mercury*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is possible to carry an idea too far. Frankly we consider the proposal that, in view of the floods in Norfolk, all our trains should be compelled to carry boats savours of panic.

Reading that a cruiser launched the other day was christened *H.M.S. Sydney* (presumably after Mr. Buxton), a correspondent expresses the hope that the idea will not spread, as such titles as *H.M.S. Herbert*, *H.M.S. Reginald*, and so forth, are scarcely calculated to strike terror into the heart of an enemy.

Our newest battleship, it is said, is to be furnished with "armoured umbrellas." These are intended to be a protection against bombs dropped from aeroplanes, and are not a reply to the recent weather.

The Chilean Admiralty is inviting tenders in Britain for an immense battle practice target over 100 ft. in length. There is little doubt, we suppose, that, if targets were made bigger, hits would be more frequent.

It is some satisfaction to know that, although the birth-rate is falling, the babies that are being born are of such excellent quality and look so fat that, as they take up more room in the world, one scarcely notices that there are fewer of them.

At a recent entertainment at which the Duke of CONNAUGHT was present, after dinner a bear was brought into the drawing-room. His Royal Highness, the Central News tells us, remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen a bear in a drawing-room. His Royal Highness has been peculiarly fortunate.

"Mr. William Dennis," we read, "is known as 'the Potato King,' being the largest grower of potatoes in the kingdom." The explanation must be much more satisfactory to Mr. DENNIS than if the title had been ascribed to a fancied resemblance to the vegetable.

A forgetful tourist has left £1,284 in a Swiss hotel and has not returned to claim it. It is thought locally that he is not a German.

At Nice, the other day, a young woman rang the bell at an architect's

house, and, when the architect appeared, fired at him five times, all the bullets taking effect. "Then," the account goes on to say, "she surrendered to the police." We think this was very honourable of her.

Petty larceny would seem to be on the increase in Siam. During the last twelve months twenty-three local elephants have been stolen.

The American Bureau of Agricultural Intelligence, as the result of experi-

It is thought that, as a result of the burglary at the Hippodrome, Mlle. AURORA's trained animals, which include a fierce African lion, will be allowed a little more freedom at night-time.

With reference to the statement that at Stoneham Parva in Suffolk there are twenty-eight persons whose ages aggregate 2,121 years, a resident of Gotham writes to tell us that he knows of a place where there are almost twice as many persons whose ages, added together, reach the same figure.



Teacher. "NOW, I WANT YOU ALL TO WALK IN PAIRS TO THE STATION."

Urchin. "PLEASE, TEACHER, CAN 'LIZA GO IN THE FIRST PAIR 'COS OF 'ER 'AT'?"

ments, has come to the conclusion that fish cannot hear. So disappointed anglers need not be so careful about their language in future.

The *Daily Chronicle* thinks we are on the eve of a boom in British films for cinematograph theatres. The influence of the moving picture craze was felt, it will be remembered, even in the miniature-room of the Royal Academy.

The Centenary of Trousers, which takes place shortly, is, we hear, to be the occasion of a gigantic effort on the part of a certain Missionary Society to thrust every male native of Africa into a pair of these garments.

PEARLS OUT OF PLACE.

["Love at first sight of the right kind is a physiological epoch corresponding with the installation of new circuits in the brain."—*Sir James Crichton-Browne* in his Presidential address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association.]

"THE effect of the sensations aroused by a masterpiece of painting or by a beautiful piece of music is to provide the edifice of the *pericranium* with additional floors."—*Sir Victor Horsley* at the Institute of Plumbers.

"Without posing as an advocate of free love, one may well deplore, from the point of view of cerebral development, the obstacles placed by civilised convention in the path of those seeking for a soul-mate."—*Sir Alnroth Wright* in his Presidential address to the National Charwomen's Association.

"To reach the innermost shrine of the *sensorium* poetry requires to be born of high endeavour and nursed on high beliefs."—*Sir William Crookes* to the Society of British Billposters.

"You will never produce the perfect type of man, fitted with the perfect equipment of brain-circuits, unless you empower the State to exclude from your midst all that is unbeautiful and therefore destructive, whether in the animate or in the inanimate world."—*Sir Oliver Lodge* at the annual meeting of the Washerwomen's League.

"Allowing, therefore, for the staleness of the register and abstentions, which will be chiefly on the Liberal side, the gross poll probably will not exceed 80 per cent., or, in round figures, 14,239. How are these 14,239 votes likely to be distributed?"—*Morning Post*.

It is certainly easier to deal with round figures only, and to ignore the way in which the odd fraction of an elector will vote. But is it quite scientific?

THE HEIR.

VI.—HE SLEEPS.

"It's sad to think that to-morrow we shall be in London," said Simpson with a sigh.

"Rotten," agreed Thomas, and took another peach.

There was a moment's silence.

"We shall miss you," I said, after careful thought. I waited in vain for Dahlia to say something and then added, "You must both come again next year."

"Thank you very much."

"Not at all. I hate these awkward pauses. If my host or hostess doesn't do anything to smooth them over, I always dash in. It's been delightful to have you," I went on. "Are you sure you can't stay till Wednesday?"

"I'm so sorry," said Dahlia, "but you took me by surprise. I had simply no idea. Are you really going?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Are you really staying?" said Archie to me. "Help!"

"What about Peter?" asked Myra. "Isn't he too young to be taken from his godfathers?"

"We've been talking that over," said Simpson, "and I think it will be all right. We've mapped his future out very carefully and we shall unfold it to you when the coffee comes."

"Thomas is doing it with peaches," I said. "Have another, and make him a sailor, Thomas," and I passed the plate.

"Sailor, indeed," said Dahlia. "He's going to be a soldier."

"It's too late. Thomas has begun another one. Well, he'll have to swallow the stone."

"A trifle hard on the Admiralty," said Archie. "It loses both Thomas and Peter at one gulp. My country, what of thee?"

However, when Thomas had peeled the peach, I cleverly solved the difficulty by taking it on to my plate while he was looking round for the sugar.

"No, no sugar, thanks," I said, and waved it away.

With the coffee and cigars Simpson unfolded his scheme of education for Peter.

"In the first place," he said, "it is important that even as a child he should always be addressed in rational English and not in that ridiculous baby-talk so common with young mothers."

"Oh dear," said Dahlia.

"My good Samuel," I broke in, "this comes well from you. Why, only yesterday I heard you talking to him. I think you called him his nunkie's ickle petsy wetsy lambkin."

"You misunderstood me," said Simpson quickly. "I was talking to you."

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback. "Well—well, I'm not." I lit a cigar. "And I shall be annoyed if you call me so again."

"At the age of four," Simpson went on, "he shall receive his first lesson in cricket. Thomas will bowl to him—"

"I suppose that means that Thomas will have to be asked down here again," said Archie. "Bother. Still, it's not for four years."

"Thomas will bowl to him, Archie will keep wicket, and I shall field."

"And where do I come in?" I asked.

"You come in after Peter. Unless you would rather have your lesson first."

"That's the second time I've been sat on," I said to Myra. "Why is Simpson so unkind to me to-night?"

"I suppose he's jealous because you're staying on another week."

"Probably; still I don't like it. Could you turn your back on him, do you think, to indicate our heavy displeasure?"

Myra moved her chair round and rested her elbow on the table.

"Go on, Samuel," said Dahlia. "You're lovely to-night. I suppose these are Thomas's ideas as well as your own?"

"His signature is duly appended to them."

"I didn't read 'em all," said Thomas.

"That's very rash of you," said Archie. "You don't know what you mightn't let yourself in for. You may have promised to pay the child three-pence a week pocket-money."

"No, there's nothing like that," said Simpson, to Archie's evident disappointment. "Well, then, at the age of ten he goes to a preparatory school."

"Has he learnt to read yet?" asked Dahlia. "I didn't hear anything about it."

"He can read at six. I forgot to say that I am giving him a book which I shall expect him to read aloud to Thomas and me on his sixth birthday."

"Thomas has got another invitation," said Archie. "Dash it."

"At fourteen he goes to a public school. The final decision as to which public school he goes to will be left to you, but, of course, we shall expect to be consulted on the subject."

"I'll write and tell you what we decide on," said Archie hastily; "there'll be no need for you to come down and be told aloud."

"So far we have not arranged anything for him beyond the age of fourteen. I now propose to read out a few general rules about his upbringing which we must insist on being observed."

"The great question whether Simpson is kicked out of the house to-night, or leaves unobtrusively by the milk train to-morrow morning, is about to be settled," I murmured.

"RULE ONE.—'He must be brought up to be ambidexterous.' It will be very useful," explained Simpson, "when he fields cover for England."

"Or when he wants to shake hands with two people at once," said Archie.

"RULE TWO.—'He must be taught from the first to speak French and German fluently.' He'll thank you for that later on when he goes abroad."

"Or when he goes to the National Liberal Club," said Archie.

"RULE THREE.—'He should be surrounded as far as possible with beautiful things.' Beautiful toys, beautiful wallpaper, beautiful scenery—"

"Beautiful godfathers?" I asked doubtfully.

Simpson ignored me and went on hurriedly with the rest of his rules.

"Well," said Archie, at the end of them, "they're all fairly futile, but if you like to write them out neatly and frame them in gold I don't mind hanging them up in the bath-room. Has anybody else got anything fatuous to say before the ladies leave us?"

I filled my glass.

"I've really got a lot to say," I began, "because I consider that I've been rather left out of things. If you come to think of it, I'm the only person here who isn't anything important, all the rest of you being godfathers, or godmothers, or mothers, or fathers, or something. However, I won't dwell on that now. But there's one thing I must say, and here it is." I raised my glass. "Peter Blair Mannering, and may he grow up to be a better man than any of us!"

Upstairs, in happy innocence of the tremendous task in front of him, the child slept. Poor baby!

We drank solemnly, but without much hope.

A. A. M.

The Elixir of Life.

"It was only yesterday that I asked of our family doctor, who was for some years surgeon at a large prison, 'How long will forcible feeding, the food used being necessarily liquid, keep a patient alive?' He answered, 'For ever.'"

Letter in "The Standard."

"An attempt was made to extinguish the fire with fans, but the brigade ultimately had to use water, and the firemen at length were successful."

Sunday Independent.

Water was rather a bright idea of somebody's, but they should have tried petrol first.

Sir SIDNEY LEE's latest *mot* on the Great BACON-SHAKEPEARE Controversy: "Even a Lawrence will Durn."



TIBET GO BRAGH!

MR. REDMOND (*to the Grand Lama of Tibet*). "AS ONE OPPRESSED NATION TO ANOTHER, IRELAND'S HEART GOES OUT TO YOU IN YOUR PASSIONATE LOYALTY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF HOME RULE!"



TWO OF A KIND.

"OH! LOOK, MOTHER—'SNAP'!"

ODE TO AN ANCIENT HAT.

A HAT? . . . Ah, there you are, my faithful fellow!
My dissolute, disconsolate old felt!
Fallen into the sere, the almost yellow,
Whose leaf was once a wondrous green to melt
My eyes that saw you hanging at the hatter's,
Soiled not of sun that rusts nor storm that batters,
But boasting such a tint as vernal trees,
As jade, as emeralds, as soup, as seas
Never attempt:—the perfect Tyrolese.

I bought you. You remember how we swaggered
With envious zephyrs wafting us ahead,
And met some men, and they went wan and haggard,
Fleeing before the radiance you shed?
Him who disliked your tint I told to lump it;
You blessed the bardic brow, caressed his crumpet
(Size 6 $\frac{7}{8}$); you were my chief
Adornment, and I felt I would as lief
As fifty fancy vests hold you in fief.

You know, there was a girl I might have married
Last year at Southsea—oh, she told me so;
Yet to our mutual grief the thing miscarried.
I introduced her to you once, you know
(You were not present at our fonder meetings);
And that sufficed. For all my fervent bleatings
She bade me settle which did I prefer—
Her or my hat? Well, loving though we were,
I really couldn't throw you up for her.

Your tint was talismanic, almost mystic;
I grieved to watch it slowly going off.
My love was not completely altruistic;
You used to help me splendidly at golf.
Together we have set stout scratch men swearing,
Made even Irishmen blaspheme the wearing
Of (after divers attributes) the green,
Blinking at fozzled puts. It might have been
The turf . . . but no! 'twas *you* they used to mean!

That was long since. The suns of Time have slain you,
Have booked you for the man of rag and bone.
Sadly the Fates had fashioned you, for *they* knew
How surely you would wilt—yes, they alone;
While I—I somehow dreamed you could not perish.
Now there you hang, the hat I used to cherish;
Nor would I care to venture out in you
Nowadays. You have seen your seasons through. . .
Yes, Thomas, certainly.—Will this one do?

Mr. H. H. HILTON on his grip:—

"I do not touch the left hand with the fingers of the right hand, but on the other hand my fingers do in a sense overlap."
However many hands has Mr. HILTON got?

"Owing to the floods, consequent upon the recent rains, the Sleighs Water Carnival, which was to have been held on Tuesday night, was indefinitely postponed."—*Malton Gazette*.
Well, well, we did think that *this* would be all right.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

THE choice lay between Arabella and Phyllis. In the course of an unusually painful scene with myself touching the respective merits of each as rivals for my hand, I happened to come to a halt before the solemn portals of Somerset House.

Now it is not one of your ordinary houses, let at so much a week, the landlord paying rates and taxes, and I feel I ought to give you some proper idea of it. For this purpose I can do no better than quote the following excellent pen-picture of it from a recent Handbook, "Stone Throes of London": "This Palladian pile lying in one of

London's busiest thoroughfares may be readily found by enquiring for the Gaiety Theatre. It is just opposite. Built of black stone, strongly cemented together, it was originally entailed upon the Dukes of SOMERSET. But, as it was needed by the then reigning Monarch to present to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in grateful recognition of their faithful services to the privy purse, the entail was barred by the ingenious process of decapitating the youthful tenant-for-life. It is now the ancestral seat of the Commissioners.

Here they sit and tot up their profits and from time to time send in their sums to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for him to see whether the prospects are sufficiently rosy to allow of his embarking on further legislation. No charge is made for admission."

Accordingly, needing rest and calm, I went in. As I was standing in the porch idly turning the leaves of the Handbook, an exceptionally fine passage on page 216 suggested a happy solution of the Phyllarabellie difficulty. Dealing chiefly with procedure, it runs as follows: "You enter the first doorway on the left, give the attendant your cigarette-end to hold, and wipe your feet on the mat in the usual way. You are now in the Births, Marriages and Deaths Department, in which those three unfortunate events in the life of the majority of Englishmen are faithfully recorded. Having filled in the

proper form with the lady's name, the year of her birth and other discreet personal allusions, as required, hand it in at the corresponding booking-office, together with your shilling, mindful of the general rule never to wake a clerk unless an answer is urgently required. When he has tested your shilling and entered the name in a ledger kept for the purpose, you are free to search. The sum of one shilling covers a period extending over any five years. Do not be disheartened if the lady's name does not appear in the period you have selected. A further sum of one shilling will enable you to carry your researches back another lustrum."

Now my idea was this. On Saturday

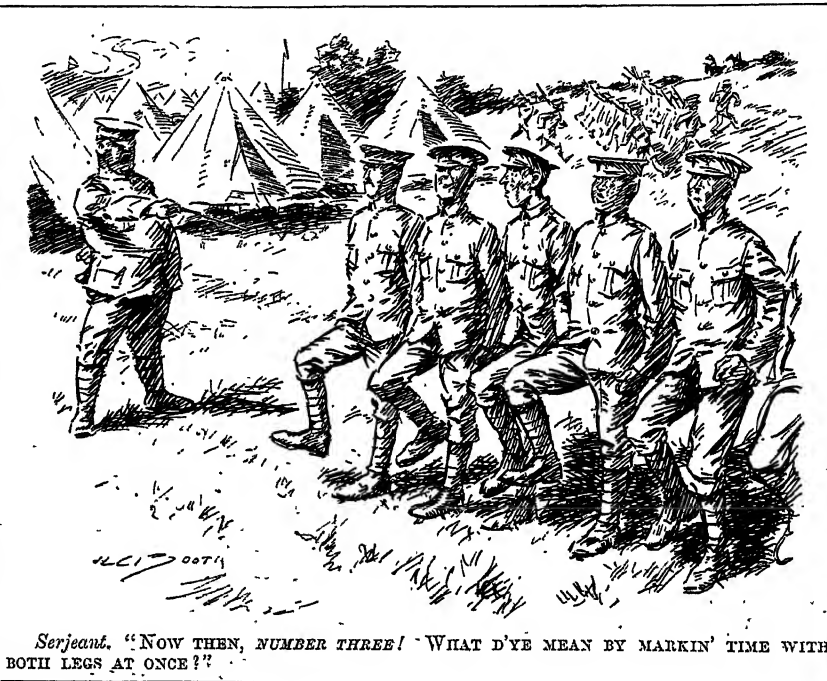
many happy returns of the day. (Signed) From a WELL-WISHER." I should then call upon each with a small ostentatious tribute and ask to see the collection of presents. To the one who showed most gratitude to the anonymous giver I would suddenly say, "I am the man," or words to that effect, and award my palm; and the romantic wedding would take place quietly a few days later. Wasn't it bright of me?

Well, with the cautious air of one accustomed to doing good by stealth I entered the fateful department . . . I will not dwell upon the fruits of my researches. Suffice it to say that Arabella has basely deceived me. The

wedding is off. I will give her a parting pair of mittens and say good-bye forever. For Arabella, I found, has been established considerably upwards of a third of a century.

For Phyllis there may be some excuse, inasmuch as her mother had had the matter in hand and one or two little anniversaries might have slipped by while she was rather worried about something else. The odds on Phyllis were steadily mounting. Yet Arabella was very attractive.

I shut my eyes firmly and swooped down upon page 218 of the Handbook. I



Sergeant. "NOW THEN, NUMBER THREE! 'WHAT D'YE MEAN BY MARKIN' TIME WITH BOTH LEGS AT ONCE?"

fortnight it would be the pretty widow Arabella's birthday, an occasion marked by the distinction of having survived twenty-four years. She had told me so herself. Phyllis, on the other hand, upon the authority of no less credible an eye-witness than her mother, was rapidly approaching the completed cycle of twenty-three springs. In these circumstances, I ask you, what more natural than to present each with a copy of her birth certificate handsomely framed in light oak?

It would be a pleasant little surprise for both of them. You can almost picture them artfully leading their friends on about their ages, and then with a mysterious smile taking them into the dining-room, dramatically pointing to the wall and enjoying their discomfiture. Well, I proposed to send the gifts simultaneously with a short note, saying quite simply, "With

give you the passage as a striking instance of prophetic relevance. It describes the Matrimonial Department, and runs thus: "Pause, gentle reader, ere you take the downward plunge into the brimming cup of fancied happiness. Choose rather a widow, for that is matrimony with one eye open. Nor yet marry a widow until you have inspected her late husband's last testament in the Wills Department, fee one shilling. It is worth it."

Very well, then. I would give Arabella one more chance. So, stepping out into the great quadrangle and passing quickly by a door bearing the simple legend, "Income Tax," I pushed open the swing door worn thin with the treatment of generations of disgusted relatives. Word by word I went through the will of Arabella's first. Reading between the lines I detected an atmosphere of diffidence, a lack of



First Guest. "WHY IS HE HAVIN' THESE DRAGONS ALL OVER THE PLACE?"

Second Guest. "OH, HE CLAIMS THAT ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS ONCE KILLED A DRAGON."

First Guest. "RAN OVER IT ON HIS 'BUS, I SUPPOSE."

that complete confidence which a man reposes in a perfect wife. For there was this curious provision: that her life income should cease on re-marriage. . . .

So now the choice lies between Phyllis and Josephine.

A LITERARY LETTER.

By OUR ONLY CLEMENT.

I WELCOME as an instalment of the official recognition due to men of letters the decision of the Government to name a number of new ships of war after characters in the plays of SHAKSPERE and the novels of SCOTT. But the inadequacy of the treatment is deplorable. Why, to begin with, should living authors be excluded from the scheme, and why should the honour be conferred on representatives of England and Scotland alone? I readily admit that SHAKSPERE—(observe how I spell him: I make a point of this)—was a leading and brainy dramatist and SCOTT a considerable romancer. But it is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that this mode of commemorating their talent should be contrived to aggravate the discontent of Wales and Ireland at the present juncture. I am not a Welshman or an Irishman myself, but some of my dearest friends are and were, and I resent the slight put upon

their nationality as keenly as if I had been born in Tipperary or Criccieth.

If ever there was a man who ought to have a battleship named after him it was GEORGE MEREDITH, a photograph of whose second best toast-rack appeared in this page only a fortnight ago. But I should not be surprised to learn that MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose ignorance of Burford Bridge and Box Hill is abysmal, had never heard of him or it.

Then there is EDWARD FITZGERALD, whose immortal poem *Omar Khayyam*, every edition of which is on my shelves, would make a splendid name for a cruiser, to say nothing of the fact that FITZGERALD was himself an expert mariner. Have I not myself cracked jokes with his boatman *Posh* when on a visit to that prince of bookmen and most charming writer, MR. EDWARD CLODD?

Even more remarkable and culpable is the omission of CHARLOTTE BRONTË. The cause of Feminism, of which I am a convinced adherent, would be enormously assisted by the bestowal of her name or that of *Jane Eyre* on a torpedo-boat or destroyer. BRONTË is, of course, the Greek for thunder; what could be more appropriate for an ironclad equipped with 13 in. guns than to be named *Brontë*, especially when we remember it was one of the

titles of the great NELSON? Personally I am a strong believer in arbitration and the reduction of armaments, but in a case of this sort I am content to waive my pacifist scruples and champion the claims of a sister book-woman to whose genius, by the way, some of my closest friends give more attention than I think fair. After all, a preserve is a preserve.

But the case of living writers is just as hard as those of their neglected predecessors. If I were a blue-jacket nothing would give me greater pleasure than to serve in a ship called the *Robertson-Nicoll* or the *Theodore Watts-Dunton*. Such names, at once sumptuous and sonorous, are alone worth a squadron of *Dreadnoughts*. Indeed I cannot help thinking that they might effectually put a stop to German competition. The mere knowledge that we should lay down one *Arnold Bennett* for every two *Mollies* or *Bismarcks* would bring home to them in irresistible fashion the truth that the pen is mightier than the sword, the bookman greater than the buccaneer.

"Give a thorough watering to any shrubs that show signs of drooping through the drought."—*Amateur Gardening*.

We warn our contemporary that we are in a dangerous mood and must not be trifled with.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE —?"

I SUPPOSE I had not seen my old preparatory school for a matter of five-and-twenty years. As I reflected on the interval that morning in the train, it had seemed centuries. Now that I was actually there it seemed more like three weeks. How well I recalled a little series of exactly such functions as this sports prize-giving! Nothing was changed; even the proverbial shrinkage for which I had been prepared was hardly noticeable, perhaps because my own inches have never developed to any imposing extent. There were exactly the same pink and cherubic competitors, in the same state of excited shyness; the head master did not seem to have altered by so much as a single hair out of the half-dozen that I remembered; the visitors were precisely the stodgy-looking and spectacled crowd, at whom I had myself mocked secretly a score of times.

It was at this point that I observed one of the latter regarding me curiously across the space of lawn that separated us. Adjusting my glasses, I stared back at him; and as I did so there grew up gradually a vague consciousness of familiarity. Somewhere certainly I had seen that hawk-like nose and the prehensile mouth now shaded by a drooping sand-coloured moustache. It was evident that the man shared my feeling. Working his way round the throng, he was presently at my side.

"Another of the old gang," he cried heartily, in a voice that was just as elusively reminiscent as his face; "I declare this makes me quite young again!"

As however it produced no obvious change in his appearance (though I watched closely) I was obliged to be content with grasping his proffered hand and hoping for future enlightenment.

"Queer coincidence," he went on, "but I assure you I was thinking of you only the other day. Wonder what's become of old Partington, I said to myself, before ever I knew I was coming down here. And here you are! Place looks just the same, doesn't it?"

"Just," I agreed. (Who on earth was the fellow?)

"Bless me, yes! Meeting you like this, I wouldn't be surprised to see any of them come up for their prizes. Little Sidgwick, you remember, who ran a dead-heat in the quarter——"

"With Crab Thompson!" I cried suddenly. "Of course!" This was better; I felt that I was placing him and that identification could not be long delayed.

"What times those were! And there's the old Head jawing still the same old gags about it not being only those that win the races that score by 'em; you know!" he chuckled. "Remember Johnnie Lyons?" he asked suddenly. "He was always about with us. A judge now, they tell me, in East Africa. Must have quieted down a bit since our time, eh?"

I laughed pleasantly. "Then there was Bruiser Deighton," I said; "what's happened to him?"

"I dunno," answered the stranger, with less interest; "and to tell you the truth, Partington, I don't very much care. He was a stuck-up little prig at the best."

"Oh, but surely not," I protested, moved by some impulse to the defence of the only contemporary whom I remembered well. "Anyhow, he has one good deed to his credit. You can't have forgotten the licking that he gave that confounded bully Ottershaw!"

The moment I had spoken I saw the truth. My companion had stiffened visibly. "My dear Partington," he cried, though even then more in sorrow than in anger, "surely from you of all people I need not have expected this! To forget your old chum. I am Ottershaw!"

It was a nasty moment; fortunately, however, fate had provided me with a repartee.

"After all," I said hastily, "you can't wonder at it. I'm not Partington!"

A PUBLISHER AMONG THE OYSTERS.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that the following letter, recently printed in *The Daily Sketch*, has created the liveliest excitement in publishing circles:—

"Sir,—Will you permit me to correct a statement made the other day as to the record for oyster eating?"

The record was created some years ago by the late Charles H. Clarke, publisher, of Paternoster Row, who, after consuming his usual steak at Prosser's, then in Fleet Street, backed himself for a sovereign to eat twelve dozen oysters in twelve minutes, and won his bet with a minute to spare. I may add that he offered to back himself for a 'fiver' to eat six dozen more, but there were no takers.

PAUL HERMYNG.

Publishers of whatever complexion cannot but feel a deep interest, one way or the other, in the circumstance that such a record is held by a member of their profession. In order both to ascertain their feelings in the matter and also to elicit, if possible, particulars of other feats of skill, strength or endurance, *Mr. Punch* has been making inquiries among the fraternity, with

results which he hopes will be found at once valuable and entertaining.

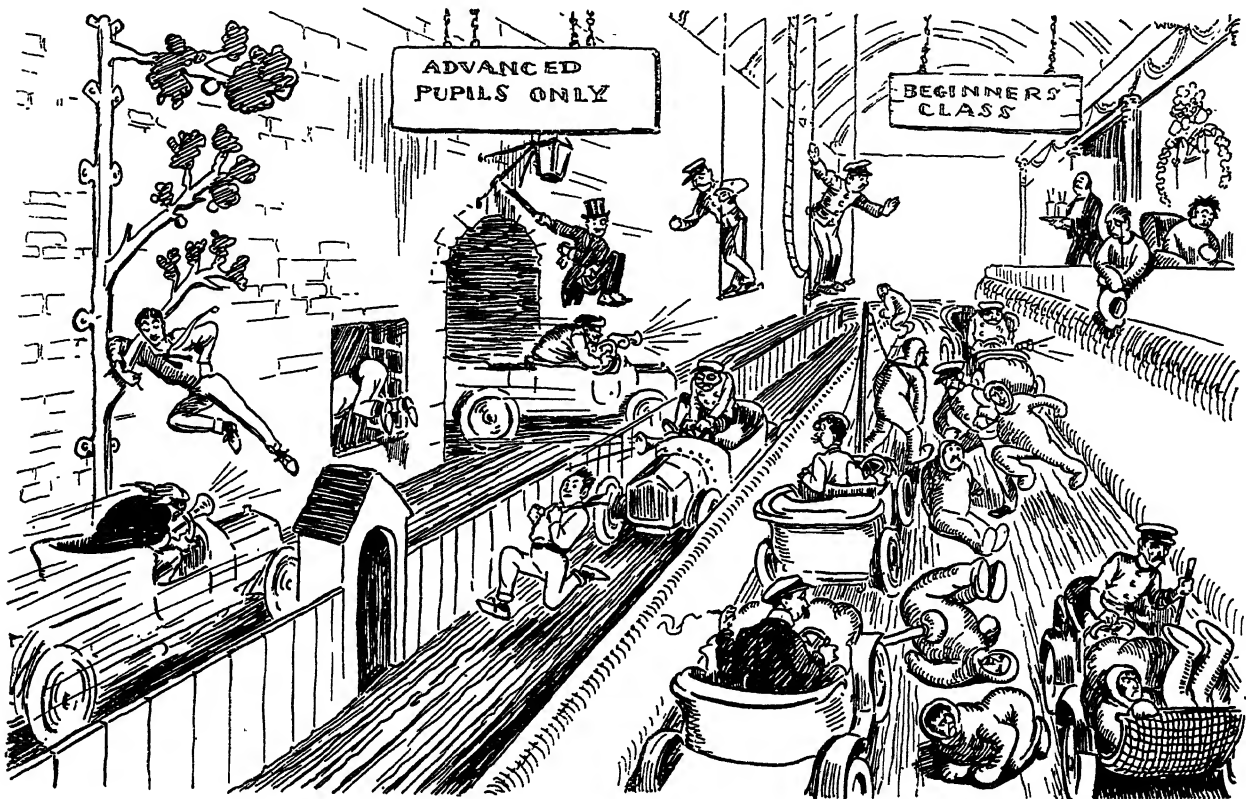
Mr. JOHN MURRAY, interviewed in his austere parlour in historic Albemarle Street, was deeply moved by the story of his late colleague's capacity. "It is not what we are famous for, it is not what we are famous for," he murmured brokenly more than once. "That is what pleases and touches me. The great public think of us as thin-blooded mercenary men of business with small appetites—nothing else: a false idea fostered not a little by the intuitive hostility of authors. But here is a charming proof that it is not true. Here is a publisher so far approximating to the heroic standard that he can perform this Gargantuan task and risk good red gold on his prowess. It does my heart good, it does indeed."

Asked if he had any gastronomical triumphs of his own to record, Mr. MURRAY sighed wistfully. No, he had not. He once had two helpings of the Cheshire Cheese pudding, but that was an accident. He had thought that the second was fruit tart. No, he had nothing to pit against Mr. CLARKE.

Mr. JOHN LANE was envious. "A few years ago, yes," he said, "I might have taken up CLARKE's bet. But to-day I am older. Eight dozen, perhaps nine, I could manage, but not the whole gross. But let me tell you a secret. It was thought that I set up the Bodley Head in Vigo Street to be near the Albany. Not a bit of it. It was because just across Regent Street, in Glasshouse Street, there is a famous oyster bar."

After waiting for some time in the company of other suppliants for a few minutes' interview with the autocrat of Waterloo Place, Mr. *Punch's* representative was at last conducted to the presence of Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C.

In response to the question as to how he considered the late Mr. CLARKE's accomplishment bore upon the prestige of the publishing profession, Mr. SMITH shook his head. "No," he said, "I confess that I cannot feel that we are elevated thereby. Indeed, I go farther and say that I winced when I read the letter. Not that an oyster *per se* is vulgar, or that to consume a few now and then, at seasonable times, when the month has an R in it, is not agreeable. But for a publisher, one who puts forth books, which are in their turn the product (more or less) of brains—for a publisher to eat oyster after oyster for a wager (and *after* a steak, too, instead of before it!), why, that is, I think, not only a debasement of the gustatory sense but a smirch on a noble calling. Good morning!"



THE MOTORISTS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY HAVE, AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE, IT IS SAID, STARTED A SCHOOL FOR PEDESTRIANS TO TEACH THEM HOW TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.

"But one moment," our representative found courage to reply. "You have, Sir, confessed to a partiality for oysters yourself. Will you kindly tell me your highest score at one eating?"

But Mr. SMITH declined. "A publisher," he said, "above all men must be able to keep a secret. If he blabs, so much the less oyster he."

"Still," said our admirably efficient and plucky messenger, "you will be betraying no confidence if you let the waiting world know whether you prefer them with or without beards?"

"No," said Mr. SMITH, ringing the bell that summoned the footman, "no, that would be betraying no confidence. I like them like myself—clean shaved."

Mr. HEINEMANN thought that the publishing profession was distinctly elevated by the performance of Mr. CLARKE, and he was glad that the record had been brought into such prominence. The odd thing to him was that the most picturesque part of the undertaking had been omitted, because it was impossible to believe that any publisher would eat twelve dozen oysters without finding a few pearls. Why was there no mention of Mr. CLARKE's success with pearls? Until that question was answered he must decline to say anything more.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL,

speaking on behalf of Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, said that a cordial feeling of goodwill towards the late Mr. CLARKE for his genial industry animated that firm. How could it be otherwise when the name of STOUGHTON was, if the truth were known, originally spelt Stout'un (with reference to that beverage which most suitably accompanies the juicy bivalve on its otherwise lonely journey to the oesophagus), but was changed to its present form out of consideration for the feelings of the Nonconformist conscience?

LINER LYRICS.

III.—THE GRASS-WIDOW.

You lie at ease in a long deck-chair,
As a woman may who has never a care
And never a thought to rankle,
With happiness writ from head to heels
And a linen kirtle that oft reveals
A delicate hint of ankle.

And every day 'tis a gladsome sight
To watch you sit on the captain's right
Nibbling the various victuals,
Or to follow the line of that sinuous neck
As you bend your head on the lower deck
Learning the laws of skittles.

Shall the dream of a husband left behind
Spoil your appetite, cloud your mind,
When the power to charm and coax ill

Ensure you sympathy (staunch and male)

Whether you lean on a crowded rail
Or stroll on a lonelier fo'c's'le?

In your thirst for knowledge I've seen
you stand

With a puzzled look and a dainty hand
Pointing to gulls and gannets,
Asking the name of rock or ridge,
Wheeling a man from his auction bridge
To a homily on the planets.

To every sailor you're passing dear,
Be he captain, mate or engineer,
Or merely a bathroom steward;
For you've learned the terms of the
fore and aft,

Picked up phrases—abeam, abaft—
And the hang of a word like "lee-ward."

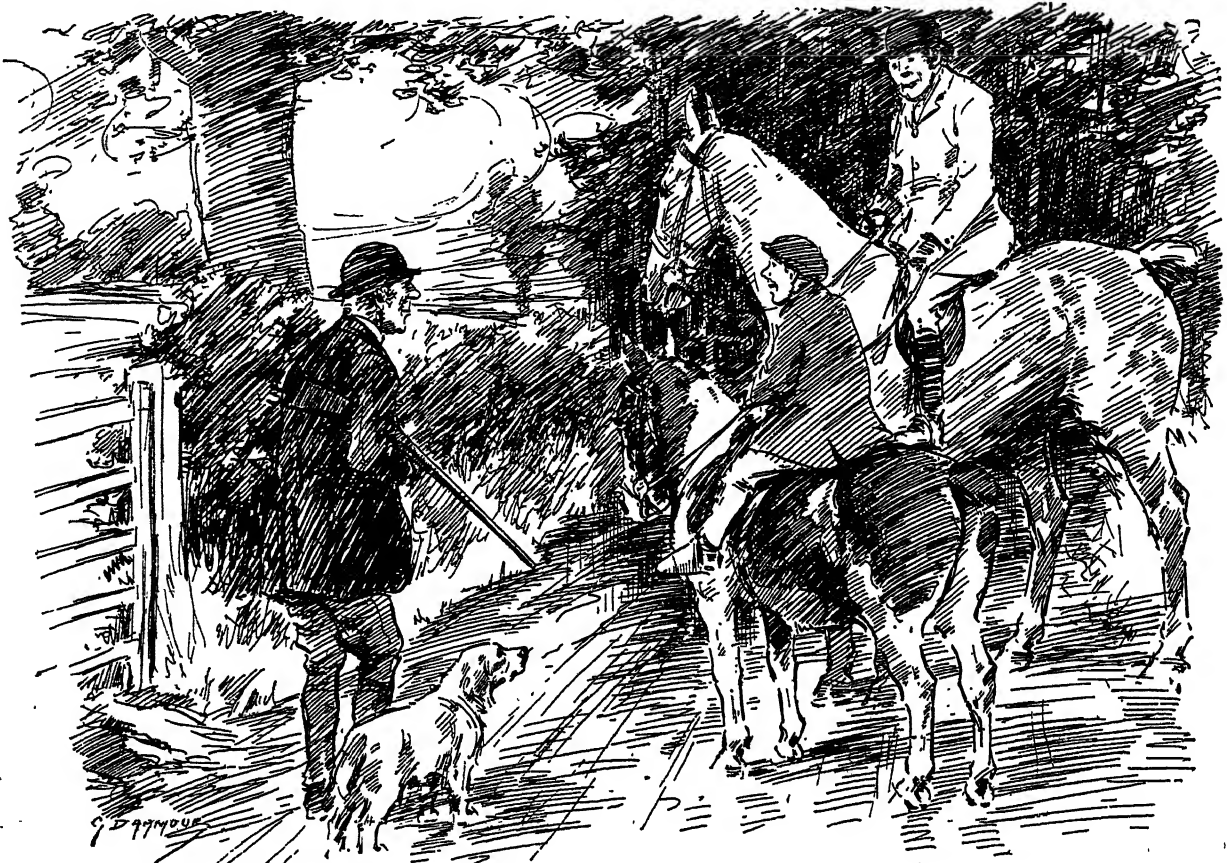
There may be hermits (whose lives are
cast

In a sterner mould) to deem you fast,
There may be women to flout you;
But take it as gospel truth from me,
A month on the main would tend to be
Unthinkably dull without you.

J. M. S.

"Bell-ringers of the adjoining parishes came to blows over the respective merits of their crimes."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

We are always glad to umpire in a dispute of this kind.



Keeper. "WELL, MASTER CHARLES, LEARNIN' TO RIDE THAT PONY OF YOURS?"

Charles. "OH, YES, RATHER! I'VE LEARNED TO BUMP HIM NOW, 'STEAD OF HIM BUMPING ME."

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

He murmured something about a Mrs. Hunt who, he said, had probably mentioned him to me.

"Mrs. Hunt of Westly Square—you may remember."

"It is quite possible," I admitted, "that I may, but at present I don't."

He was puzzled at my having forgotten a lady who, he had understood, was an intimate friend. But he concluded that there must have been some mistake and that he would have to introduce himself.

As a matter of fact it was quite unnecessary. We had met before and I remembered him perfectly. His air of having thrown himself upon my generosity, of being about to lay bare his soul to me, was unforgettable, and, although it was two years since our previous interview, I had no doubt as to his identity.

He hesitated for a moment and then, gulping down his pride, decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

It seemed that he found himself in an extremely painful and humiliating position. He looked at me appealingly.

I said, "Indeed."

He mutely thanked me for my encouragement and, making it clear that my womanly sympathy had helped him out wonderfully, plunged into his story.

He had an ingratiating and confidential manner and I felt that I ought to be open with him and tell him of the doubt that had suddenly sprung into my mind. There was something I wanted to ask him, something about himself, but I couldn't bring myself to speak of it. You see, I *rather* thought he was Tea, but then again he *might* have been Sewing Machines.

It appeared that he had once occupied a very good position, but a sudden breakdown in his health had ruined his promising though vague career. He had since found it impossible to obtain a post worthy of his ability; but was he to let his wife and children starve for the sake of his paltry pride?

I said in a non-committal way that it was a nice point.

I could see he was hurt by my attitude, but his was one of those generous natures that are always ready to forgive and, particularly, to forget.

No, he had thrown ambition to the winds and had applied for the position of agent to a firm in the City. They were going to engage him, he told me joyfully, if within a certain period he were able to sell twenty pounds of their excellent tea. He paused and, feeling sure he could trust me with a secret, admitted that so far he had only sold seventeen pounds, and if he wasn't able—but there, he didn't like to think about it.

It was then that I interrupted him. It was I, I explained, who found myself in a painful position—a position compared with which the embarrassments of his own were negligible. Asking him to believe that I was acting in his own interests, I begged him, for the sake of his wife and children, the wife and children for whom he had already sacrificed so much—this for emphasis, not for identification—to give it up.

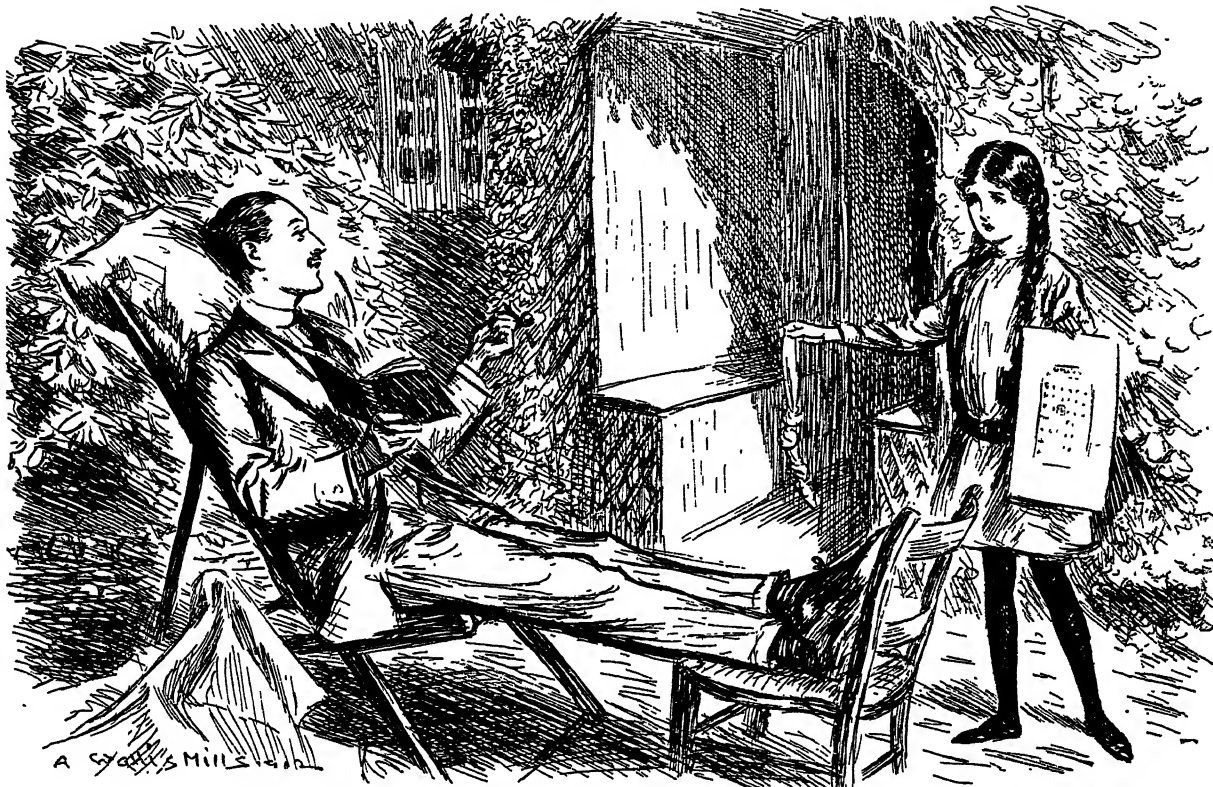
"I realise," I said, "how easy it is to mistake one's vocation, but surely you cannot be blind to the fact that your natural aptitudes do not lie in the direction of Tea Travelling. Seeing that in the last two years you have not secured a single order, that with



A VERY-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

MR. PUNCH (to "The Times"). "GOING AS STRONG AS EVER! HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS."
THE TIMES. "MANY THANKS; AND IN RETURN LET ME OFFER YOU MY SINCEREST
SUPPLEMENTS."

[On September 10th *The Times* published a special number to commemorate the occasion of its forty-thousandth issue.]



Mabel. "DADDY DEAR! WHAT AM I DOING SPECIALLY ON THE 14TH? I'VE PUT RED INK ROUND IT ON THE CALENDAR, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER."

Daddy. "WON'T THE KNOTS IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF HELP YOU?"

Mabel. "OH! I TIED THOSE TO REMEMBER I'D MARKED THE CALENDAR."

three pounds yet to be sold you are in precisely the same position as you occupied when we first met, wouldn't it be advisable to look for other employment?"

He failed to understand me, but left me without having sought an explanation.

I am sorry for the man, but at the same time I feel that he could not be in kinder hands, for something seems to tell me that the firm will weigh his dogged perseverance against his unbusinesslike qualities and at least grant him an extension of their very generous time limit.

If ever I meet Mrs. Hunt I must remember to enquire.

"THE NEW TASTE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HINDLE WAKES.'

There is no doubt about the present taste in good plays."

Mr. Stanley Houghton in "The Daily Mail."

But there is considerable doubt as to the good taste of the author of one of them in writing so much stuff on the subject.

"Instinct with artistic merit is the cockroach or beetle over dress. It takes the form of the back of these insects."—*Advt. in "The Tatler."*

We hope that conveys it to you.

THE WEATHER NUISANCE.

WHEN hints of Spring are in the air
I never know what clothes to wear,
For if I put my thickest frieze on
The sun comes blazing out of season;
And if I wear a flannel suit
He never shows himself, the brute!
Then usually in the Spring
It blows and rains like anything,
Except when I decide to don
A coat for it to rain upon.

Some like their Summer scorching hot,
And others (such as I) do not.
I suffer from the dust and glare,
And wasps pursue me everywhere;
And if I seek a patch of shade
With rugs and books and lemonade
The midges gather, swarm on swarm,
To browse on my recumbent form.
No words could represent to you
The damage that a midge can do;
In fact, throughout this season (which
Amounts to one incessant itch),
I scratch continually and pray
For one cool, midgeless Winter day.

Although it isn't quite so torrid
I find the Autumn pretty horrid.
What bard is there but inly grieves
To watch the falling of the leaves?
Then the anxiety of dressing
(As in the Spring) is most distressing.

Whatever Autumn clothes you buy
You're sure to heave a heavy sigh
And wonder why on earth you've
bought 'em—

Oh, it's a shocking time, is Autumn!

Whenas the days are drawing in
And strenuous pursuits begin
I raise a loud, a bitter cry—
"Why must there be a Winter?
Why?"

This is the worst of all the seasons
For many most unpleasant reasons:
The burden of a scarlet nose
Which daily more suggestive grows;
The clamminess of Winter golf;
The other fellow's caddie's cough;
The way it's always sure to snow
But somehow never does, you know;
And, oh! the miserable cold,
When I would barter wealth untold
For that inestimable treat,
One day of Summer's genial heat.

* * * * *
The truth is this, that altogether
I do not care for any weather.

From a notice in a village post-office:

"Lost a Cameo ring. Finder, if bringing same to Laburnum Cottage, will be (if not rewarded) heartily thanked."

It's nice to think that at the worst he won't be punished.

AT THE PLAY.

"DRAKE."

MR. LOUIS PARKER has triumphantly proved that the pageant play can still hold its own with the cinema. For one thing, it has colour, though it will not keep this advantage long. On the other hand, the cinema has the golden gift of silence, a great boon to the imagination, and a source of incalculable profit in cases where every well-



A PLYMOUTH SISTER.

Dame Sydenham ... Miss St. Audrie.

trained school-child knows what the words ought to be.

Nobody imagines that the author of *Drake* is to be judged by the ordinary standards of drama, though one reviewer solemnly reminds me, that "as a play it does not observe the unities of time and place, for the scene skips from one quarter of the globe to another in following Drake's adventures." Mr. PARKER would be the last to suppose that his play could have stood on its merits if it had dealt with the career of an unknown hero of just any nationality. He has simply undertaken to give us pictorial selections from the hallowed history of a notorious British sea-dog; relying—and his confidence has been more than justified—on a common instinct for the pleasure of recognition and on a popular prejudice in favour of home-grown filibusters.

As for Mr. PARKER's motives and those of Sir HERBERT TREE, I have before me, taken from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, an illuminating interview with them both, in which the lofty ideals of the one are contrasted with the devastating candour of the other—as shown in the following passage:—

"It is all going to make a very strong appeal to our patriotism?" I suggested. "What do you say, Mr. PARKER?"

"All I will say on that point," Mr. PARKER replied, "is that I hope, at least, it will have the effect of bringing people to the theatre."

"Sir HERBERT, however, left no room for doubt. He made it quite clear that there was a definite patriotic purpose in the production of the play."

"And you really hope it will have an influence on the nation?"

"Of course I do," he replied, adding significantly, "I don't stand out of a play for nothing."

If Sir HERBERT is rightly reported as uttering this ambiguous phrase, I compliment him on the best *mot* he has ever made at his own expense.

In my own case I confess that the desired effect was mitigated by a feeling that none of his intelligent admirers except *Queen Elizabeth* seemed to make distinction between *Drake* the pirate and *Drake* the patriot; and by a suspicion that his remarks—noble, if lacking in modesty—as to the future that lay before England on the sea (thanks to the initiative of self and friends) were directed at me rather than at the stage-crowd.

Far the best of many good scenes was that which included the episode of the trial of *Thomas Doughty* and the death sentence pronounced by his old friend *Drake*. Here, in their last embrace, was a touch of sincere pathos. Mr. LYN HARDING showed a fine dignity, and Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE was an extraordinarily picturesque figure. For a brief spasm, after *Doughty* had begged to "be allowed to die like a gentleman,"



A DEVIL OF A DON.

I thought that the cup presented to him contained hemlock. But a moment's reflection showed me that the Socratic method was improbable in the middle of the Spanish Main, and that the stuff was just ship's rum. I was particularly sorry for the traitor, because among the charges against him was one of high treason in that he had accused the *Queen* of having speculated in *Drake's* Chartered Company, and I think he must have been right; for I had previously gathered from her own lips that



ONE OF DRAKE'S HEROES

in full parade dress.

Her Majesty was under the impression that she had got in on the ground floor.

Miss NEILSON-TERRY's *Queen* made a very glorious and graceful picture. There never was such an *Elizabeth*; certainly not in history. I felt that *Drake* did not properly appreciate her. Among the various Visits of *Elizabeth* (if Mrs. ELINOR GLYN will permit the phrase) there was one occasion when she paid him a call on the *Golden Hind* at Deptford. Here it seemed to me that *Drake*, who had been home five weeks, might well have made his crew a bit smarter for so august a parade. They looked as if they had come straight off a three-months' shipwreck.

If there was anything tedious in the performance, it was the love-business. It had a moment's piquancy in the First Scene, but the rest was mostly conventional. This however did not prevent Miss AMY BRANDON-THOMAS from looking very sweet as the other *Elizabeth*.

The humorous relief was slight and rather obvious, but the tars who were chiefly responsible for it were of the right Devon stuff.

Among the most attractive figures—and the men had a great advantage

in the matter of costumes—was that of *Don Bernardino de Mendoza* (Mr. DIGBY STROUS), who bore himself very well; and Mr. HERBERT WARING's sinister part as *John Doughty* found him as dapper as ever.

I have only one criticism to pass on the admirable scenic effects. The curtain had just gone down on Plymouth Sound, with the Armada reported as somewhere round the corner. When it rose again there were great splashes of flame all round the horizon. It was not quite clear that these were the beacon-fires which *Drake* had ordered; and for the moment I thought our fire-ships must have got among the Spaniards.

I am confident that all the accessories were correct and that even the powder used in the fight with the Armada was of the period. Certainly its fumes were of the most noxious and penetrated as far as the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. This last scene, by the way, seemed to me a little cramped as a spectacle, and one felt the lack of some crowning episode. I could have wished that *Elizabeth* might have seen her way to make *Drake* a Baronet, but this would have been to anticipate the creative art of a subsequent Monarch.

Out of a cast of forty-eight speaking characters there must remain some that I have carelessly overlooked or even failed to identify. But I offer them all my best thanks in gross for a very spirited entertainment. O. S.

"LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN."

We have had Scotch plays and Irish plays; now we have a Welsh play. Well, it was Wales's turn, but it is a pity that we should only get to Wales by way of France. *Little Miss Llewelyn* is described as "founded on *Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans*." There is no harm in founding a Welsh plot on a French plot, but it becomes dangerous when this demands the founding of Welsh character on French character. In the play at the Vaudeville *Miss Llewelyn* accepts with great calmness the engagement to *Thomas Griffiths* arranged for her by her parents, and her horror when his real character is discovered by her depends much less upon the fact that he has a mistress than that he has a child. All this is very much in accordance with the French view, but I doubt if it is how the Welsh look at things. The pity is that there was really no need for this Franco-Welsh point of view. Without any loss to the play the plot could have been so altered as to owe nothing for its atmosphere to the country from which it came.

For, make no mistake, Mr. EDMUND GWENN had the real Welsh accent, and



Unprotected Bachelor Householder (who has heard that the Government have officially stated that Insurance stamps must be affixed by the mistress of the house). "CAN YOU INFORM ME, PLEASE, IF I AM LIABLE TO BE FINED TEN POUNDS A WEEK IF I DON'T MARRY?"

the humours of the play were, I am prepared to believe, the simple Welsh humours. Some of the latter were a little too simple; but Mr. GWENN was always so entirely in the picture and Miss TREVELYAN was always so sweet that one could not but be pleased. And there was a surprise in the Third Act, for a genuinely humorous scene was sprung upon us here: a committee meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association in the Ship Inn. I seemed to see the hand of the producer, Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, very plainly in this—a perfect little picture.

In some of his parts lately Mr. GWENN has been inclined to press, but he was at his very best as *Enos Llewelyn*, and the way he kept his accent was

wonderful. *Miss Llewelyn* managed to hide her enchanting *Wendy* voice sufficiently to seem Welsh, but she could not prevent me falling in love with her again. It was *Walter Barrington*, however, who won her in the end, and he was so nicely played by Mr. RONALD SQUIRE that I forgave him. To the players of all the minor characters I hand out praise lavishly, but my special thanks are due to Mr. D. H. MUNRO, who was the most heavenly chairman of a licensed victuallers' committee meeting that I have ever seen. A monumental performance this. M.

"The bride was attended by six bridegrooms."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

Greedy.

A DRY CONCLUSION.

PERHAPS it was because I had no umbrella with me, but depended solely on a tall silk hat to keep my head protected from the elements. Perhaps it was due to reasons entirely unconnected with myself. Anyhow it rained.

I hurried forward. There were doorways on either hand—but they were crowded to the overflowing point. I do not enjoy walking in the rain, but I much prefer so doing to standing beneath the overflowing point.

I hailed nineteen taxi-cabs. Eighteen were already occupied and splashed me with mud. The nineteenth possessed a defective chauffeur who could neither see nor hear—and it also splashed me with mud.

Then a notice caught my eye—

"Second-hand umbrellas eightpence."

"Good afternoon," I said, more from force of habit than from any possible relevancy in the remark. "I want an umbrella, please."

I placed my hat upon the counter. It was not badly damaged, but just enough spotted to show that I was in no way unreasonable in my request.

The young lady displayed no particular interest. With one motion of the hand she selected a gold-mounted silk umbrella from a shelf, unfurled it, opened it and placed it in my hand.

I examined the umbrella with suspicious interest. It purported to be manufactured by one Jones, of Camberwell. The most minute survey failed to reveal the slightest sign of wear or tear.

"I will take this one," I said hastily. I was possessed of a feeling that I might wake up before I had completed the purchase. I laid a sixpence and two coppers on the counter and picked up my hat.

For the first time since my arrival the young lady evinced some show of interest in the proceedings. "Eighteen-and-sixpence," she remarked severely.

I dropped the umbrella hurriedly on to the counter. "But——"

"Oh, we have them at eightpence," she replied with a promptitude which indicated long practice.

"Then give me an eightpenny one," I demanded firmly.

With an air of contemptuous indifference the young lady produced a bulgy, moth-eaten, greeny-black "gamp," with two fractured ribs, a curved spine, and the remains of a handle. "Sold out of eightpenny," she said. "This one's tenpence. It was a shilling, but it's been knocked down."

"They ought to have taken it to a hospital," I remarked sternly. "I wouldn't be seen working a helpless cripple like that."

"We've a bargain here at one-eleven-three——"

"One minute," I interrupted. "What I require is not so much a bargain as something which will protect me against the rain and at the same time not make me appear over-dressed in my present clothes."

The young lady unbent. "Something about four-and-six?" she inquired, embracing a bundle of loose umbrellas, faggotwise. "These are all four-and-six. Wonderful value. Be half-a-guinea new. You can choose whichever you like. Here's a nice one. Looks almost new."

To my untutored eye it appeared quite new. Its maker was one Jones, of Camberwell.

"Or this one?" she handed me another. "You can't see much wrong with that."

I admitted that any defects in it were marvellously concealed. I had not previously heard of Mr. Jones of Camberwell. But I was gradually learning his name and residence by heart.

She eyed me with a suspicious glance and handed me a third one from the pile. "That's a cheap one," she volunteered.

"Yes—that looks a cheap one," I agreed enthusiastically. "How much is that one?"

"Four-and-sixpence," she replied icily. "They're all four-and-sixpence."

I felt disappointed in Mr. Jones. This specimen of his art seemed unworthy of his previous standard. I held out my hand for the next.

"How do you come by these?" I enquired.

"Buy them at Scotland Yard sales," she replied. "Left in 'buses and taxis and things—and not called for by their owners."

"I can understand that," I murmured.

"What?" she asked sharply.

"How you get them, of course. Do you pick out all the best ones?"

"No," she replied. "We buy them in lots of a thousand, and take them just as they come. Here's a good one. Only used once or twice, I should think. How people can be so careless beats me. Fancy losing an umbrella like this and never going to get it back!"

The rain stopped before I had quite finished my examination of the fifth bundle. I took up my hat and brushed it gently on my sleeve.

"Fancy this one for four-and-six," said the young lady desperately. "Only four-and-six for that!"

"Tell me," I ventured, "who is Mr. Jones of Camberwell?"

"Jones!" she gushed. "Is that one

of Jones's you've got! That ought to have been in the half-guinea shelf. We don't let his umbrellas go at four-and-six! However, you've looked through a lot of umbrellas, so we'll say four shillings for that one. You will find it a really useful article."

"Excuse me," I replied courteously, "but I shall not, because it is no longer raining, and I have an umbrella of my own at the office."

"But——" she began.

"If I had found a single umbrella in these bundles that showed the slightest sign of wear—if I had found one that was not made by Jones of Camberwell, I would have bought it."

"I tell you they are genuine second-hand bargains," she snapped.

"Exactly," I replied. "But is it not strange that not one single person who possessed the work of Brown, the handicraft of Smith, or a creation by Robinson, left it unclaimed at Scotland Yard? Here," and I waved my hand round the shop, "is the referendum—here is the public opinion of the umbrellas by Jones of Camberwell."

I did not wait for the reply. I doubt whether she had one.

HOPE.

Not mine the service none can hope to take

With anything like certainty; not mine

To strike the bounding sphere and therewith break

At any stated spot the whitened line.

It is not mine by smashing to rebuke
The lobster when he lobs a shade too short,

Nor yet, excepting *sorte* (by a fluke),
To volley fast and low across the court.

For me no cheers, no clapping hands acclaim,

But, when I lift one, a derisive shout
(Borrowed, I fancy, from a sister game)
Implores me stridently to "run it out."

Yet it may be, when tennis days are past,

When age and gout have tapped my primal strength,

My tales of prowess it shall be that last

Till listeners murmur, "He can keep a length!"

The Chief Constable takes action.

"The police theory was due to a kick."

Birmingham Gazette.

Accompanied, no doubt, by the words
"Buck up and think of something."

THINGS ONE LEARNS ON A HOLIDAY.

II.—ABROAD.



THAT THE BEACH DURING THE BATHING HOUR IS NOT ALWAYS AS WE HAVE PICTURED,



BUT MORE FREQUENTLY PRESENTS THIS APPEARANCE.



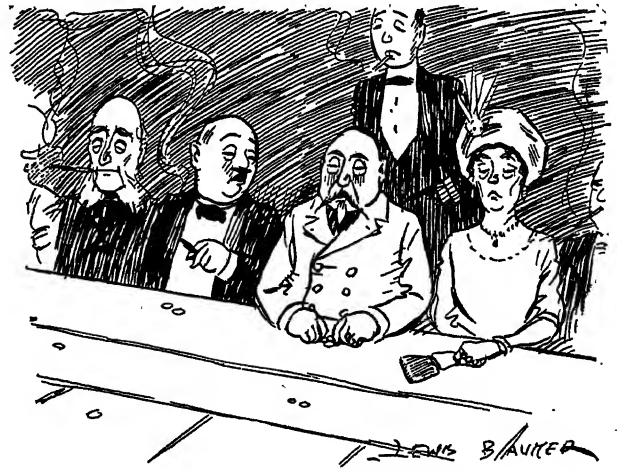
THAT THE NATIVE COUNT OR MARQUIS WHOM ONE MEETS AT THE HOTEL MAY BE LIKE THIS,



BUT IS PROBABLY AS ABOVE.



AND THAT THE WILD AND WICKED EXCITEMENT OF THE SALLE DE JEU



FREQUENTLY TAKES THIS MODIFIED FORM.

THE VISIT.

(Communicated by a Visitor.)

WE are now on a visit at Aunt Mary's and we are enjoying it enormously, Peggy and Dad and I. It is really almost like staying at home, but it's a new home, with different rooms and chairs and tables, and a different garden and different photographs to look at and ask about, and the dogs are different, too. Of course we left Duke, the Great Dane, and Soo-Ti, the Pekinese, at home, and very sad they looked when we drove off, though we had given them each a bone (Soo-Ti's was a little cutlet-bone and he growled awfully over it) and we had told them we were coming back on Friday and they must be good dogs and obey the servants while we were away. The dogs here are Chin and Bobby. Chin is a Chinese Chow dog, a great furry dark-red fellow with very sharp ears and a sorrowful face. There's only one person in the world whom he loves, and that's our cousin Sylvia. Whenever he sees her and she speaks to him he lays back his ears and smiles and wags his curly tail like mad; but when we speak to him he pays no attention at all—just walks away and looks very scornful. Dad says it's like trying to make friends with the gardener roller, or being insulted by an arm-chair which you thought was a very comfortable one till you tried to sit down in it and found it was full of tin-tacks. However, Chin went for a walk with us this morning and seemed rather pleased, so we hope he'll take to us before we go home. Bob is a fox-terrier, and he loves being petted, so he gets lots of it. He's Uncle George's favourite, not because he is beautiful (he isn't), but because of his amiable nature and his courage in fighting cats. When he was quite a young dog he was badly scratched by a cat with whose kitten he was trying to play, and since then he has never forgiven cats, but has always attacked them.

There's another thing which makes visits different from being at home, but it's rather difficult to describe it. It's something like this. When we're at home Dad encourages Peggy because she amuses him, and she talks and laughs a good deal and says what she thinks; but before we came away Dad told her and me we must be quiet and well-behaved and not offer our opinions when grown-ups were engaged in conversation. He said he wanted to be proud of his little girls; and how could he be if Peggy would insist on giving her views on the German peril, or if I talked about Socialism and the position of women to Uncle George! So we began by keeping very quiet; but Uncle George and Aunt Mary always help us by talking about things we know and getting us to talk too, so we don't mind a bit. We've been very punctual at all meals, but Dad was a lot late for breakfast this morning. He said he couldn't find his ties, but we heard him go to his bath very late, and we both gave him a look when he came down and began to excuse himself; but we didn't give him away. When families are on a visit they must stick to one another and back one another up through thick and thin—at least that's what Uncle Fred, our soldier uncle, once said when he was staying with us and Aunt Laura had her breakfast in bed because of a sudden head-ache. He said he was bound to say it was a head-ache because she had told him so, and no officer ever contradicted a lady even if she wasn't his wife. Afterwards he told us as a secret that Aunt Laura was sometimes lazy in the morning, and so was he himself, but that he always put it down to not being able to find his boots or being locked out of the bathroom; so when he was late the next day Peggy whispered "Boots," and I whispered "Bathroom," and he said we'd got him on toast.

Anyhow, it's very jolly being on a visit, and I've stayed up for dinner every night, and we've both played cricket every morning with Archie. Our family is a rowing family, but Aunt Mary's is a cricketing family, and we've learnt a great deal since we've been here about the Australians and the South Africans and what blobs mean and googlies and cuts and straight bats and playing a sound game. We also went one afternoon to Earl's Court and walked all over the *Revenge*. A sailor in a helmet and armour took us round. He let Peggy touch his breast-plate. He said he'd been afloat himself for many years, but he hadn't been in any wars since he fought the Spaniards a matter of more than three hundred years ago. But you never know your luck, he said, and if he was wanted he'd be there, if his age wasn't counted against him. He was quite a joky sailor, and when Dad gave him a shilling he didn't mind taking it a bit. He said it reminded him of the old days when he always had a hundred doubloons in his pocket. We also saw the circus, which was splendid, especially a clown-dog with the legs of a dachshund and the rest of him like a Great Dane; and we rode on the Alpine railway; but Aunt Mary said she thought she wouldn't, so Dad had to come. He said he didn't object if he were allowed to scream whenever we rushed down-hill. He did scream, and so did we and everybody else. It was very good fun.

FIN DE SAISON.

A FAREWELL TO CRICKET.

LET me go out in splendour. As a chieftain
Of olden days who, just about to die,
Smote, while his armour rattled like a beef tin,
And banded his foeman squarely in the eye,
Then, falling with a crash,
Expired; so let me make one final splash.

That, surely, is my due. Through all this summer
I've had to suffer simply putrid luck:
My scores have made my face grow weekly glummer,
2, 0, 1, 1, 0, 3, 0, 1, 0, 0.

Immense is sorrow's weight
To one whose average is just '8.

And it would lift that crushing load of sorrow
If in the Snafflehampton match which ends
Our local season (2 P.M. to-morrow:

3d., but free to members and their friends)—
If in that closing game
I could achieve a century—and fame.

Or, if that be impossible, then, dash it,
Let me make *some* sensation. Let me bound
Jessopwise, wallop at the ball, and smash it
Soaring, a perfect sixer, from the ground.

Nay, why prune down the glory?
Let it go plumb through Binks' conservatory.

Or, just to cause a stir, let my dismissal
Bring up some very knotty point of law;
Or let me, smiting, make my *Demon* whistle,
And smack the stumper right across the jaw;
Or even let me close
By getting l. b. w. with my nose.

Vain dreams! I feel a sense of gloom impending,
A harassing presentiment of woe.
There will be, I foresee, no happy ending,
But probably the scoring book will show
A dull, tame, dismal, flat,
Inglorious finish—"Miffkins, did not bat."



WEATHER-BEATEN.

Visitor. "WELL, WHAT IS THE WEATHER GOING TO DO TO-DAY?"

Perplexed Boatman (with great emphasis). "WELL, MISS, YOU MIGHT AS WELL ASK YOURSELF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. A. E. W. MASON has a pleasant habit of getting the most charming copy out of his many travels in strange places, and now we have, in *The Turnstile* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), the anticipated fruits of his late exploration, by way of Coventry, into the interior of the House of Commons. I, for one, must believe him capable of making a very good book out of this sole theme, so admirable is his reproduction of the atmosphere of the People's Chamber, so entertaining are his sketches of certain of its figures, notably Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. But Mr. MASON's known modesty shrank from the task, and he has resorted, for his purposes as a story-teller, to a great deal of extraneous colouring matter. Thus the tale opens with an excellent earthquake at Valparaiso and some exciting scenes on an Argentine estancia. *Cynthia*, the heroine, is rescued by her villainous father from the earthquake; is posted anonymously through a turnstile into a foundlings' home; is adopted by a rich childless couple; is traced by her father; is spirited away to England from his menaces; lives in terror of rediscovery—groundless, for he dies without her hearing of it till years afterwards; and eventually marries the strong man of the book (whom she does not love), partly for the sake of protection against the timorousness which has become part of her nature. Surely a very inadequate motive for the introduction of all this exotic interest.

Then, too, the author must needs provide diversion by many arbitrary touches of melodrama, in which one seems

to recognise the working of the detective bacillus caught in the neighbourhood of the *Villa Rose*. Such are the dead-of-night episodes (1) of the tapestry, (2) of the key that was drowned in the Serpentine. Such, too, is the quite unreasonable secrecy about *Cynthia's* marriage. More sincere, even if he does not altogether impose his views upon the reader, is his effort to analyse the change of *Cynthia's* attitude towards her husband, *Captain Rames*. At first she cherishes high ideals for his career, frankly despising the purely vulgar and selfish character of his political ambition, but her growing personal sympathy with the man makes her decline to his own standard, and the beginning of love is shown in the very process of this decline. But in dealing with *Captain Rames* the author's sincerity fails him. With a very cynical candour *Rames* himself confessed that his brilliant expedition to the Antarctic had been meant as a mere advertisement to give him a send-off on some other career totally unnautical. Yet when that career is at its height of promise and he sees Cabinet rank within his grasp, the author represents him as seized with an unquenchable torment of the soul to throw it all up and make a fresh attempt on the South Pole. Frankly, the thing is unbelievable. But when all faults are found and noted there remains both in the matter and in the manner of this book an arresting charm; and to say that so good a romance does not show Mr. MASON at his best—as in *The Four Feathers* or *The Broken Road*—is to pay him the best compliment at my command.

The Street called Straight (METHUEN), by the authoress of *The Inner Shrine*, etc., was the way *Henry Guion* might

have gone, but didn't. Instead, he elected to pursue the higher culture in Waverton, Boston, U.S.A., and did himself extremely well out of the widows and orphans whose trustee he was. He had a beautiful high-browed daughter *Olivia*, engaged to a superb British colonel, "*Lucky Ashley*," of the Sussex Rifles. "It was he who in South Africa brought the M'popos to order without shedding a drop of blood; it was he who in Eastern Sudan—" etc., etc. So that it had become "something like a habit at the Colonial Office or the War Office or the Foreign-Office, as the case might be, whenever there was trouble on one of the Empire's vague outer frontiers, to ask, 'Where's Ashley?'" None of this could you guess from the figure he cuts in this queer street called Straight. He also was a V.C., and "when he said 'Oh!'" which he did very often, "he softened the vowel . . . in a way so droll to the American ear . . . so that the exclamation became A-ow!" Possibly it was that which so impressed the M'popos. A rich and awkward young American, *Peter Davenant*, who had once vainly dared to ask the very stiff and proud *Olivia* to marry him, has the timely notion that his money is turning him into a slacker, and suggests lending or giving all of it

to *Guion* so that his affairs may be set in order and the scandal avoided. No one, of course, believes in the single-mindedness of the young man, least of all *Colonel Rupert Ashley*, who through it all plays the bouncer with the high hand, more than once explicitly referring to the higher standard of conduct and feeling which he has, "as an officer and a gentleman and a V.C. man," by comparison with mere Americans. But *Peter*

and *Olivia* persist in thinking of the *Colonel* as the brightest and best in British Bayards. In the event, however, this Boston pair make a match of it, leaving the indispensable *Ashley* free to indulge the curious habit of the War, Foreign and Colonial Offices. A naïve performance. Complacent English folk who have swallowed the impossible Americans of certain of our home-grown novels might suitably make pilgrimage under New England guidance through *The Street called Straight* by way of penance.

A clever person once observed in my presence that the recipe for much modern prose and poetry appeared to be this—whenever you want to say "smell," say "stink." Well, I apologise for repeating it, but really this does seem to me a criticism not wholly impertinent to the latest work of Mr. A. NEIL LYONS. He is a writer whom before now I have admired very greatly, and indeed no one can fail to recognise his rare qualities of sincerity and sympathy and his fine gift for impressionist character-drawing. But in *Clara* (JOHN LANE) I cannot help feeling that these good and graceful attributes have been wilfully subordinated to the almost childish determination to shock me at all costs. The worst of it is, that to object to this, even with the most charitable intentions, is a terribly risky business. No one likes to be classed, however unjustly, among the shadowy disciples of Mrs. Grundy. Yet I hold to my

point that the value of these East-end studies, their grimness, their pathos, and the undertone of happy humanity that makes them bearable, would have been nothing impaired by the omission of such passages as—several that I certainly do not intend to quote. Now, then, Mr. LYONS may do his worst, and call me all the narrow-minded epithets in the dictionary. I shall give him nothing but coals of fire in retaliation, for I gladly admit that there are scenes in his new volume, and characters—*Clara* herself, for example in certain moods, and always the optimistic pavement-artist, *Mr. Beeny*—that are fully worthy of the author of *Arthur's*, and could only have been made by him. But, as I say—however I fortunately needn't say it again; and in any case you would no doubt prefer to judge for yourself.

Myself, I never met a dog that could distinguish between heroes and villains at sight, but when *Barri*, the usually standoffish St. Bernard of *Röslein*, was instantly affable to *Dr. Helme*, I knew what that meant. He was the hero and *Röslein* was going to marry him, and when *Luigi*, the taciturn guide, got snapped at (as usual) by the dog, I knew

he was the villain, doomed to disappointment. I expected him to be there, or thereabouts, when *Helme* met with a nasty accident, which would have been quite fatal to anyone but a hero; and, sure enough, the two of them went off climbing the Alps together. But Mr. JOHN OXENHAM is too old a hand to put all his goods in his shop window, and there is lots more to *The Quest of the Golden Rose* (METHUEN) than that. It is a very good six-

shilling's worth, pressed down and running over, in which there is but one fault. That a young barrister should get lots of briefs but fail to resist temptation is of course legitimate; barristers always succeed in fiction and often yield to temptation in life. But, seeing that Mr. OXENHAM's is a mean fellow of the baser sort, it is at least a pity that he should have been called *Pollak*, a name which, differently spelt but similarly pronounced, is much worn and peculiarly honoured in the four Inns.

From Whip to Jester.

"The Master of Elibank's acceptance of a business position is confirmed. He will probably be raised to the Jeerage."

Eastern Province Herald.

A Substitute for Pigskin.

"It looks as if she had saddled herself with a veritable white elephant."—*Irish Times.*

"The Comet—a little wooden boat of 25 tons burden and 4 horse power—was, as Mr. McKinnon Wood said last night in his address at the luncheon in the Glasgow City Chambers, the 'small beginning of great things.'"—*Scotsman.*

So, it seems, was The Sardine with which this unduly prolonged luncheon started.

"Thousands of rodents have found refuge in the high branches of trees, and people shoot at them from under launches."—*Daily Mail.* Personally we disdain to take cover when we go rat shooting.



TOURISTS IN SCOTLAND LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF MULL.



BEFORE ASKING FRIENDS TO POSE IN THE GROUP TO BE TAKEN AFTER THE CEREMONY, IT WOULD BE AS WELL TO MAKE KNOWN THE EXACT SCOPE OF THE CAMERA. THE DOTTED LINES SHOW THE AMOUNT OF THE GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE PRESENT CASE.

A LAUNDRY PROBLEM.

O LAUNDRESS—though a cold machine
Of bloodless I.H.P.,*
You still are, as you long have been,
All woman unto me—

I greet you, not with empty cheer
Or words of hollow praise,
But seeking, after many a year,
The purpose of your ways.

I ask not why you always fall
On everything that's new
And damage it beyond recall;
For, though of course you do,

It is an old and classic wrong;
And howsoever they weep,
Men learn to suffer and be strong
And buy their linen cheap.

Nor is it that you love to ram
The starch in every part
That should be softer than a lamb,
Not harder than your heart;

Nor why the names we deftly mark
Should rouse a fearful hate
That seems to make the whole world
dark,
Till you obliterate.

These mysteries, and many more,
Though maddening, are trite;
The world has sought them oft before,
Yet never found the light.

But there is one thing still more
strange,
A graver, deeper care
That thrills my soul, whene'er I
"change,"
With ever-new despair.

* Indicated Horse Power.

On this I muse, O silent one,
Till I am nigh to drop :—
When all your dreadful task is done,
Why do you go and button every-
thing up to the very top?
DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumours of impending further
attacks on land are being taken seri-
ously. A forest in Wales has started
moving. * *

A Park Lane correspondent writes
to draw attention to the constantly
increasing price of necessities. The
price of caviare, he points out, is now
to be increased 30 per cent. * *

The Pleasure Grounds Committee of
Dover Corporation has refused per-
mission for Sunday cricket and lawn
tennis and golf. To show, however,
that the authorities are not kill-joys,
Sunday drinking is still to be allowed. * *

The Local Government Board has
ordered the deletion of a clause in the
bathing by-laws drafted by the Brighton
Town Council prohibiting persons stand-
ing within thirty yards of the ladies'
stations. We understand that this is
the result of a petition from a number
of ladies, who drew the attention of the
Board to the expense they had been at
in the matter of their costumes. * *

Our wintry summer! Last week a
visitor landed an enormous half-pair of
skates at Penzance. * *

According to *Men's Wear*, neckties

made of cork are to be the latest form
of adornment for men. Will the ladies,
we wonder, take to wearing life-belts
in order to be in the picture? * *

Because, in his opinion, work would
spoil his clothes, a tramp refused to
perform his task at the Marlborough
Workhouse. The magistrates before
whom he was brought humoured the
fellow. They gave him fourteen days'
hard labour, but the Government
supplied him with a special suit for
the purpose. * *

"CHEAP MOTORS: A START."

The Express.

That, of course, is the difficulty—to
get them to start. * *

Professor F. KEEBLE says that it is
possible to make flowers drunk. We
have noticed this ourselves. We have
often come across flowers unable to
stand up straight without assistance. * *

And whales, we are told, have
moustaches, which they use for finding
food. In this respect they approach
near to human beings. Watch a man
with a handsome moustache finding
thick soup. * *

A section of the road at Rocky Ford,
Colorado, has been successfully paved
with beet sugar syrup. Biting the
dust at Rocky Ford is not nearly so
bad as it sounds.

The demands of the Suffragists in-
crease. A lady was heard asking the
other day for two seats for *Everywoman*.

THE CHRISTENING.

I AM going to marry a person called Gloria; not immediately, of course; just some time or other.

I can't think how I came to be engaged to a person with that sort of name. When I asked Gloria, she said it was a very good name, just as if she had chosen it herself; and anyhow that didn't answer my question.

The fact is, I fear that Gloria, even with unfettered liberty of choice, has no true feeling for names.

This you will see plainly when I tell you about the cottage, or more accurately speaking (or writing) The Cottage.

We don't know yet whether it's built or not; but it's somewhere on a moor by a sea; standing in its own grounds of five rods, poles or perches; lit throughout by candles, and thatched to a depth of about three feet—hot in summer, cold in winter—or it may be the opposite, I never was much of a thermodynamic. It is four miles from the nearest house, and ten from a fire-station; but we have a telephone in case the candles set the thatch ablaze.

When Gloria had finished the cottage, and put in the telephone, she said,

"What shall we call it?"

It didn't seem to me to matter much; but I felt it was time for me to show some independence, so I took a strong line, and said,

"Anything except 'The Laburnums.'"

"Ah!" said Gloria, "that's the very name I was thinking of. Never mind, though. What about 'The Lawn'?"

"That's the same as 'The Laburnums,'" I said hastily, "and so is 'The Cedars,' and 'Fairholme,' and 'Mont Repos,' and 'Hill View.' I really believe, Gloria, for two two's you'd call it 'The Ingle.'"

"But there *will* be a lawn," said Gloria.

"I'm glad of that," I said; "I always felt that a lawn would be most genteel. But you see if we had a lawn any fool could see what it was; and if we hadn't they'd either think us liars or come nosing round into the back-yard to look for it. Why, they'd be knocking us up at all hours to ask about it. We'd never get any sleep."

Gloria considered.

"Well," she said, "what would you call it?"

"I think," I said, "I should call it '1.' You've got to consider the postman. Numbers are so much easier for the poor man."

"Don't be absurd," said Gloria.

"It would be much *more* absurd," I said, "if we called it 273 A."

"But I want a *name*," said Gloria; "it won't have any individuality without a name."

"Suppose," I suggested brilliantly, "we call it 'The Submerged Tenth'?" You see, income £500, rent £50—

"If you imagine," interrupted Gloria, "we're going to pay £50 a year for a cottage, you'd better start looking for one with a gold roof and Venetian glass windows."

"There aren't many going," I said dubiously. "So few Americans have taken English shootings these last few seasons we can't expect a moor cottage to have *every* modern convenience. Still, I'll ring up Harrod's and ask."

"No, you won't," said Gloria; "we're going to call it 'The Cottage.'"

"Look here, Gloria," I said seriously, "you don't appear to realise for a moment what's in a name. When you name a house you're supposed to be instructing and edifying the traveller, not telling him what he could have seen with his eyes shut. When I see a red-brick semi-detached called 'The Oaks,' it suggests things. I immediately look for an oak fence, or peer through the pantry window to see if they've got oak butter-tweezers."

"Rubbish," said Gloria; "they don't tweeze butter, anyhow."

"Not now," I said, "but it used to be the thing to do with butter. My grandfather was once champion boy butter-tweezer of Northumberland."

"At all events," said Gloria, "I'm going to have a straightforward name; and 'The Cottage' is good enough for me."

"Well," I said, after reflection, "you may call it 'The Cottage' if you add something to make it plain to the public that the title does not claim either to amuse or to instruct—is, in fact, a mere label. Otherwise we'd simply be wasting its time."

"There won't be any public," said Gloria; "but you can do what you like so long as you call it 'The Cottage.'"

"Very well," I said finally; "it shall be called 'The Cottage, As It Obviously Is.'"

So that is where we are; and now, if you ever chance to strike a building of that name, you'll know how it happened; and we'll be delighted to give you a cup of tea on the lawn.

Cock Robin.

Who killed Midlothian?

"I," said the Master,

"With my Brown plaster,
I killed Midlothian."

A TELELULLABY.

["Mrs. — was at a whist drive at Steubenville, Ohio, when she received a telephone message from her nurse that the baby had been crying for an hour. . . . Soon afterwards the guests were surprised to hear Mrs. — singing a lullaby into the transmitter. Telephone lullabies are now becoming quite common at this resort."] *Daily Express.*

Oh, hush thee, my babe, from thy wailing desist,
Thy mother is busy whist-driving, so whist!

But, if thou must still raise a piteous moan,
She'll sing thee a lullaby over the 'phone.

Secure in thy cradle, what hast thou to fear?

Just keep the receiver pressed close to thy ear,

And when thou art waffled to Hushaby Land

Then mother can go and continue the hand.

Small cause for thy tears or thy infantile dumps,

For mother is holding a fistful of trumps;

Her score is colossal, and, sweet—art thou there?—

Of all that she wins she will give thee a share.

Nay, try to forget there's a pain in thy tum,

And hark to the wires, how they buzz and they hum;

For thee are they making that music—hello!—

And baby shall have it wherever I go.

Sweet slumber attend thee, with visions of bliss;

In token I send thee this telephone kiss.

Weep not, then, my angel, but smother that cough;

They're calling for momma; so, baby, ring off.

"Passengers on the Wemyss Bay, Millport, and Rothesay runs experienced the full force of the gale, and reports from most of the coast resorts indicated the unpleasant nature of many of the voyagers."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Probably they would improve on a second acquaintance. One is never at one's best when not feeling well.

"Five beautiful coloured plates, from water-colours of 1817-1818, Turner's lost period." *Evening Standard.*

When asked about these years TURNER used to say casually that he supposed they were somewhere in his studio, but privately he always regretted his carelessness in mislaying them.



THE CREATION OF ENTHUSIASM.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "I THINK PROFESSOR SCHÄFER MUST HAVE BEEN MIS-INFORMED. I SEE NO SIGNS OF LIFE."



MORE FREEDOM!

WE HAVE BEFORE US A TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION PAMPHLET WHICH THREATENS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, "TO PLACE A CHILD IN AN ATMOSPHERE WHERE THERE ARE NO RESTRAINTS, WHERE HE CAN MOVE FREELY ABOUT IN THE SCHOOLROOM, WHERE THE TEACHER IS ESSENTIALLY A PASSIVE AGENT AND WHERE THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT."

OUR HYBRID HISTRIONS.

["Not many know, by the way, that Mr. Granville Barker has Italian, Scottish, and Portuguese blood in his veins. His grandfather was the distinguished Italian physician, Bozzi—and thereby hangs a tale."]

So runs a notable paragraph in last week's *Observer*, and the comment is all too true. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and we forget in our exclusiveness that some of our bravest and best citizens derive from races less markedly septentrional in their habitats. Thus CHIRGWIN openly boasts of his descent from the Bantu race, and Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, in a memorable letter to *The Undertakers' Gazette*, has traced his passion for *pompes funèbres* to the fact that his ancestors hailed from Halicarnassus, where the famous monument to MAUSOLUS originally stood.

Again it is not generally known that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has a strong dash of Macedonian blood in his veins, being, as his name implies, a collateral descendant of the famous monarch and conqueror. In spite of the lapse of so many centuries some of the most prominent characteristics of the great actor recall those of his illustrious ancestor. Thus we read in PLUTARCH

of the "liquid and melting" expression of his eyes and the leonine way in which his hair stood up on his forehead. But the most remarkable resemblance between the two heroes is in the fact that the warrior, like the histrian, shaved clean. Thereby hangs a tale. For it is recorded that CALLISTHENES the philosopher, who accompanied ALEXANDER THE GREAT on his campaigns, was put to death for saying that a man without a beard was seldom greatly feared. It is pleasant to think that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER would never resent criticism in this arbitrary fashion.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, few journalists are aware, traces his descent from no fewer than fourteen different nationalities, the most important being the Pelasgian, the Patagonian, the Swiss and the Basque. Sir HERBERT is proudest of the Swiss strain in his blood, nor is that to be wondered at in view of the fact that it was his ancestor, Tell Lulliety, the famous yodler, in whose orchard was grown the apple as history erroneously has it (it was in reality a pear) which WILLIAM TELL shot from off the head of his son! This fruit, which curiously resembles a jar-gonelle, is one of Sir HERBERT's choicest

treasures, and it is needless to say that he is absolutely unconvinced by the comparative mythologists who have sought to discredit the TELL legend and to throw doubts on that hero's existence.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY, on the other hand, derives from nearer home, each component of Great Britain having a share in his corpuscles. Of Irish blood, however, he is careful to point out at all times, both in conversation and in letters to the Press, he has not a drop, nor does he care in any way to be associated with things Irish, even if they are works of genius.

"Ilkley will shortly be provided with a winter garden. . . . The contractors are under agreement to have the place finished by May 1."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Just in time for the five months' cold snap.

"The resonants M and N are formed by sending the current of air through the nose, the lips being closed in the case of M, and applied to the palate to pronounce N."

Hygiene for Teachers.

We want very much to be able to pronounce N, but so far have failed to apply the lips to the palate, and feel rather hopeless.

SYLVIA'S PRESENT.

I NOTICED when we strolled into the café that Sylvia's eyes had an unusual sparkle, and I mentioned the fact to Edward as we secured our customary table. Edward told me not to talk rot: which is characteristic of the man.

No sooner were we seated than Sylvia came up in her winsome way and handed me a menu together with a ravishing smile. I studied them both very carefully while she and Edward exchanged greetings.

"Chop for me, please," I said. "Edward will have a steak, of course. He's no originality, Sylvia."

I glanced at her again and felt certain she was looking a little unusual.

"You're exceptionally nice to-day, Sylvia; what is it?" I asked.

She blushed. I looked at Edward triumphantly.

"Engaged," he said.

Sylvia smiled (and Sylvia smiling is a sight for the gods).

"Good guess. I'm going to be married very soon."

I clutched at a piece of bread; Edward knocked his knee against the table leg.

"When?" we asked.

"Next week if I may, please."

"I cancel the chop," I said very firmly. "I refuse to eat."

Sylvia laughed adorably and went to place our orders.

"Jove!" exclaimed Edward, "what an idea!"

"Not at all," I said; "people get married every day, and Sylvia's an exceptionally attractive girl."

Edward looked annoyed.

"I mean I've got an idea," he explained — "you needn't laugh." He paused impressively. "We must give Sylvia a present."

"Not so loud," I whispered.

"You know," he continued, "Sylvia's waited on us jolly well for two years; and she's wonderfully pretty."

"She's pretty," I agreed, "and of course I've nothing serious against the girl; but there was that episode of the tough steaks, you may remember."

"That wasn't Sylvia's fault."

"Possibly not; but I had fearful indigestion for days afterwards."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"I don't suggest——" I began, when Sylvia appeared, preceded by a chop. "Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," I said.

Edward looked surprised; he is no diplomat.

"I don't suggest anything," I repeated when Sylvia was out of hearing. "I leave that to you."

"What do you think of knives and forks and things?"

"Absurd—so tactless. Why, it's thrusting the poor girl's profession down her throat."

Sylvia made a timely approach with the steak.

She inspected us closely.

"You both look quite serious," she remarked.

"Sylvia," I said, "who is this person you're going to tie yourself to?"

Sylvia put an extra sparkle into her eyes.

"I shan't tell you just yet," she said.

A bell rang rather angrily close by and she hurried away.

"Now," said Edward, "you think of something. It must be something useful, you know. She's probably

of us again. I waved it aside and got up quickly from the table.

"No sweets," I said; "after your announcement I couldn't look at them. Henceforth, Edward and I eat for the sole purpose of keeping alive. Farewell."

I hurried out of the café and led the way to the establishment of one Smith an ironmonger.

"We must get the things at once," I said; "I have it direct from the market that door-mats are on the boom. We can make the presentation on Monday. Come along."

We had a heavy afternoon.

On the Monday morning, with the aid of a taxi, we arrived at the café well in advance of the general public.

Our entrance was magnificent. Edward led the way, and his mat accounted for a couple of glasses and a plate. I followed with the scraper; it came into collision with more than one chair, and by the time we reached our table the beastly thing was completely out of hand. I sat on it. Sylvia came up.

She gazed at the door-mat with obvious astonishment.

"Good gracious," she cried, "what have you got there?"

Edward looked at me; it had been arranged that I should deliver a little address suitable to the occasion.

I spread the notes of my speech on the table and cleared my throat.

Sylvia didn't appear to catch the meaning of it all until I came to the last recital: "And whereas a marriage is shortly intended to be solemnised between the said Sylvia and the said A. B——"

"Oh," she cried, "how perfectly sweet of you both! I'm sure Lancelot will be delighted with the presents." For no apparent reason she laughed gently.

Edward looked mystified. He told me afterwards that he thought Lancelot was an unusual name for a joiner.

"Lancelot. Who is the man?" he inquired; "what does he do?"

Sylvia laughed again. "I'm afraid he doesn't do anything."

"It's no laughing matter," I groaned.

"Sylvia, you're not going to marry one of the unemployed. You're far too nice. Besides, he'd be sure to forget to use the scraper."

"Or the mat," Edward added hastily.

"Has he any money, or are you going to support the rotter?"

"He's plenty of money," she gurgled gently. "And he doesn't do anything because he's an—an Earl."

* * * * *

As Edward afterwards remarked, we might have managed a Knight or even a Baronet; but an Earl!



*The Optimist (stung by a wasp, through his tears).
"WELL, IT'S A TOUCH OF SUMMER, AT LAST."*

marrying a respectable joiner, and they won't be well off."

There was a dead silence for five minutes. Suddenly the idea came to me.

"You want something respectable for a useful joiner. Very well, then, what better than a boot-scraper? No dirty carpets, no mud-stained mantelpieces; the chair-cover a dead-letter."

"Not enough," he said; "hadn't we better include a door-mat?"

"We might; but she's sure to get several door-mats. Anyone can think of a door-mat. But a scraper, Edward, a scraper; at least it's original."

"A scraper and a door-mat or nothing," he insisted.

I hate arguing, it always gives me a pain in the head, and Sylvia was coming back just then, so I conceded the door-mat.

Sylvia flourished the menu in front



MOMENTS OF FAILURE IN OTHERWISE BRILLIANT CAREERS.

THE CHOICEST EFFORTS OF THE GREAT COMEDIAN FALL FLAT.

THE PRINCE OF FINANCE GETS THE WORST OF A BUSINESS DEAL.

DEDUCTIVE EVIDENCE.

The Daily Mail's Paris correspondent reports as follows:—

"An aged parrot put to flight yesterday three burglars who broke into a house in the Rue de Suez. As they entered the house they were startled by a voice saying, 'Who goes there?' Immediately they took to their heels and fled. When the owner of the house returned he found the parrot still proudly repeating, 'Who goes there?'"

Some equally well-attested marvels have come to our knowledge:—

ASTOUNDING INTELLIGENCE OF A FIRE-BUCKET.

Dooley's Theatre narrowly escaped destruction by fire last night. Nothing would have been known of the prevented calamity but for the discovery this morning of the fact that a fire-bucket in the vestibule had wrenched out the fastening that held it to the wall and had overturned with all its contents on to the Turkey carpet. It is thus clear that some careless person had thrown down a half-spent match in the vestibule, and that the watchful vigilance of the fire-bucket had averted a serious catastrophe.

AMAZING ALTRUISM OF A BLACK-BEETLE.

On the 16th inst. a young man, in an advanced state of alcoholic delirium, rushed down the stairs of his lodgings, with the intention of hurling himself into the Thames. But in the entrance hall,

a black-beetle, perceiving no other way of frustrating the rash youth's wicked design, deliberately got under his foot, causing him to slip and fall. All night he lay with his head comfortably pillowed on the doormat, and, awakening in chastened mood, went forthwith and signed the pledge. The facts of the case are beyond dispute, because the remnants of the heroic beetle were found on the hall linoleum. They have been gathered together and conveyed to the South Kensington Museum.

LINER LYRICS.

IV.—THE QUARTER-MASTER.

TATTOOED and tanned, you reek of tar
And suck an ancient pipe;
All scarred and gnarled and seamed,
you are
The proper pirate type;
And whensoe'er you come on deck
The children love to linger
And scan the dragons on your neck,
The amputated finger.

You should have been a buccaneer,
A man of ribald mirth,
A hint of gold about your ear,
Of pistols at your girth,
Marooned mid isles of shale and shells,

Where time is told by notches—
But, as it is, you ring the bells
And keep a deal of watches.

Maybe you think that life is stale,

That modern times are dull,
That privateers no longer sail
Beneath the bones and skull,
That nowadays no smugglers brag
Of beaches nice and handy,
Whereon a crew may run their swag
Of dutiable brandy.

But you are wrong, my friend; you take
A pessimistic view;
For still ferocious blackguards slake
Their thirst for derring-do;
Braver than once, your smuggler rows
His kegs o'er sunlit reaches,
While pirates have the cheek to pose
On panoramic beaches.

Then why should Fortune clip the wings
Of one whose instinct soars
Above the world of trivial things
His pirate soul abhors?
Nay, quarter-master, snap your thumb
At one who mocks you, dupe her,
Give up the Service and become
A bioscopic "super." J.M.S.

"Mr. George Renwick, late member for Newcastle, had a car running from Hartlepool to Morpeth, a local doctor from Morpeth to Berwick, and Mr. Naylor Leyland from Berwick to Edinburgh."—*Standard*.

We picture to ourselves Mr. NAYLOR LEYLAND in running shorts touching his hat and saying to Mr. RENWICK, "Anything for Edinburgh this morning, Sir?"

THE NEW TOY.

"WHAT'S that you're carrying?" said Francesca suspiciously.

"It looks," I said, "like a parcel done up in brown paper and tied with cord. It's something hard—a box, I think. Yes, I'm sure it's a box."

"A box? What's in it?"

"I haven't looked yet. It might be bulbs or chocolates."

"And it might be eggs or cabbages."

"Yes," I murmured doubtfully, "it *might*, of course, be eggs or cabbages."

"Is it addressed to me?" said Francesca sternly. She is often quite stern about trivial things.

"No, I think not. At least, it didn't seem to be a minute ago. But perhaps it has altered itself. It *ought* to have been addressed to you; but there—you can look at the label yourself—it isn't. Most inconsiderate, I call it. I shall certainly write to the people and complain. They ought—"

"But is it something for me?"

"How can I tell until I've looked inside it? I'm hoping all the time it's going to be for you, but people do sometimes make mistakes and send me things—trousers, you know, and braces, and shooting-boots, and collars and things of that kind. I've struggled against it, but it's quite useless."

"It," said Francesca, "it's something you've bought for yourself—it's certain to be a piece of ridiculous extravagance."

"You'll be sorry for that, Francesca."

"I'll take my chance of that. Anyhow, let's undo the absurd thing."

"Hush, Francesca. This may be something very sensitive. Do not use rash and wounding words even about unknown objects. I knew a man once—"

"So did I, and he was six foot six high and broad in proportion, and he had a red beard, and his eyes were green, and when he looked at you you wanted to fall down and worship him."

"Oh, but that's not the man I knew. Mine was only five feet five and pigeon-breasted and clean-shaved, and his eyes were grey, and when he looked at you you generally kicked him. A most peculiar man. His name was—"

"Give me the pen-knife," said Francesca.

She cut the cord and rapidly undid the paper.

"There," I said, "I told you it was a box, and it is a box. What do you say now?"

"You get more wonderful every day. Let's see what's inside it."

"Fatal curiosity! That's how ministers of police always get blown up. Pause, Francesca. Well, if you won't it's not my fault."

I pressed up two catches and lifted the box off its base.

"Why, you dear stupid old thing," said Francesca, "it's a typewriter! And at your age, too!"

"Come, Francesca, it's not my fault. I didn't ask you to open it. You brought this on yourself, you know."

"But you'll never, never be able to learn it. Your fingers are much too stiff."

"My fingers will have to submit. Do you think I'm going to let a little thing like a finger stand in my way? Besides, I've tried it at the shop. I've written the whole alphabet in quotation marks, and all the punctuation marks, and I know where to find the thumb-pawl."

"The *what*?" said Francesca.

"The thumb-pawl. That shiny thing, sticking up. And I've made friends with the spacer and the platen and the knurl and the swinging bail. Let me show you"—I inserted a sheet of paper and rolled it into position—"There,

now it's ready. Just think, Francesca, of all the wonders in that machine. There's a novel, a problem-play, a book of essays, a volume of poems—"

"All typed with the thumb-pawl."

"A defence of revealed religion, a pamphlet on Free Trade, notes for a speech on foreign policy. With this, Francesca, we can rule the world."

"Let's write a sentence first," said Francesca, preparing to seat herself in front of the machine.

"No, you don't, Francesca," I said. "Nothing of the sort," and with a deft movement I inserted myself in the chair. "Some day," I continued, "you shall be allowed to play with it, but not now. You can watch me while I click it—or, stay, you can dictate to me out of that book—any page will do—and then you shall see what you shall see. Are you ready?"

Francesca knows when the moment for submission has come. She took up the book and began to read:—

"My poor son-in-law has suffered so much in health," she read. I looked for the letter "M" carefully. It had vanished.

"What are you waiting for?" said Francesca.

"Francesca," I said, "I will not deceive you. Your words have made me think. We have no sons-in-law now, but some day we may have three. Of what sort will they be? Will they respect us and shall we like them, or will they talk of us casually as 'my in-laws'? Will they help to minister to our old age, or will they—?" At this moment I found the "M" and pressed it hastily. It made a beautiful click. "If you will look at the paper, Francesca," I said proudly, "you will find that I have made a good beginning."

"You've made nothing of the sort," she said. "You've made a small 'm' instead of a capital."

"I did it," I said, "to prove you, and you have come nobly out of the test. We will now make a space and begin again."

Everything now went swimmingly. In five minutes I had managed to get to the end of the word "son."

"Francesca, dear," I said, "this is weary work for you."

"Oh, no," she said, "not weary. Tedious, perhaps, but not weary. Come, make the hyphen between 'son' and 'in.'"

"The hyphen?" I said. "Is it right, do you think, to make hyphens?"

"It's printed here with hyphens, and I insist on having them."

"Well, have it your own way. The hyphen is— Ah, here's the little beggar underneath the letter 'G' on the same disc," and down it went.

At last I struck the "h" at the end of "health," and paused. "We will now," I said, "pull the paper out and see what we've accomplished. See how easily it is released. Now let us—no, I don't think it would be fair to you. It is too well done; you will be discouraged. I will preserve this in my pocket-book."

But Francesca was too quick for me. She seized the paper and looked at it. Then she smiled grimly. It had come out like this:—

"m My porsonginglaw hassuffedss muchin dealth."

"It was a bad sentence to start-with," I urged. "These intimate details of family misfortune unman the boldest typists. Now leave me to myself so that I may practise."

"A gentleman who is famed for his hospitality, particularly to sportsmen who follow the craft of Sir Isaac Newton."

Cork Examiner.

After a good day's apple-watching, sportsmen are very ready for hospitality.



NO, HE IS NOT A CELEBRITY, REALLY; BUT HE IS THE ONLY PERSON IN OUR HOTEL AT WORLD'S END WHO HAS A LONDON PAPER.

TERRIBLE RESTAURANT OUTRAGE.

FAMOUS WRITER'S NOBLE PROTEST.

MR. FILSON YOUNG, writing in a recent number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, utters a poignant cry of protest against a grave public scandal.

"Yesterday," writes Mr. FILSON YOUNG, in his usual impressive italics, "lunching in the Carlton grill-room was a party of four, which included a child about five years old." It is painful to learn that this intrusive infant "did not really like the admirable but unsuitable food provided for him," and, after giving further distressing details, Mr. FILSON YOUNG observes that "the sight of a child in such a place strikes one as an impropriety; and rightly so. To take a child to the Carlton is inconsiderate both to other people and to him."

We append a selection from the letters elicited by Mr. FILSON YOUNG's dignified and memorable protest:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I can fully sympathize with Mr. FILSON YOUNG in his manly protest against the abominable selfishness of bringing children to expensive restaurants, as I myself have been victimized in precisely the same way. Only last week I was dining at

the Fitz when, to my disgust, I saw a child of not more than ten at an adjoining table. I was engaged on some turtle soup at the moment, but the shock to my moral sense was so great that I actually swallowed a piece of green fat without thinking—a thing I have never done before. What, I ask, is England coming to when such things are tolerated? People talk about the iniquity of the Insurance Act, but this strikes at the root of our social system and destroys the amenity of restaurant life, which makes us what we are.

I am, Yours indignantly,
PHILIP GORGERY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I trust you will back for all you are worth Mr. FILSON YOUNG's splendid denunciation of the decadent practice of bringing children to first-class restaurants. Nothing is more lamentable at the present day than the disregard of adults by their juniors. The respect and consideration due to age seem to be things of the past. Only the other day, when travelling to Vienna in the *train de luxe*, I found myself quite unable to concentrate my attention on a financial article owing to the chatter of an overdressed child—English, I regret to say. If children must go to restaurants, let them at least have the decency to avoid those in which nobody can spend less

than thirty shillings on a meal without loss of self-respect.

Yours faithfully,
"MAXIMA DEBETUR SENIBUS
REVERENTIA."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Mr. FILSON YOUNG as usual hits the right nail on the head. It is a desecration of the fine art of gastronomy to allow its votaries to be disturbed by the presence of children, who are wholly incapable of appreciating its higher mysteries. If he errs at all it is in the gentleness of his rebuke. He speaks of the inconsiderateness shown to their elders. I call it downright cruelty. Personally I can never eat caviare, ortolans, or even *pêche Melba* in the company of persons of less than eighteen years of age. I would as soon discuss theology with a chimpanzee.

Yours faithfully,
THEODORE GASTER.

"NEW SEASON'S RED PLUM NOW READY."

PREPARED FROM SEVILLE ORANGES AND
FINEST SUGAR ONLY."

Advt. in "The Star."

There seems to be something missing in the recipe, though for the moment we cannot think what it is.



Weary Tommy. "AN UNEDUCATED BLIGHTER THE BLOKE WHAT CALLED THIS SALISBURY PLAIN."

THE UMBRABELLA.

It was after this wettest of all recorded "Camps" that Fragonet spoke to me about his umbrabella. He is not of those who delight in discussing the number of Territorial Batteries requisite to kill one German scout—nor how many Yeomen must bestride a single charger into action. Details such as these, by every British precedent, are settled after Peace is declared. It is the triumph of experience over theory. It has made us what we are. It will make us what we shall be.

But, for the comfort of the lads behind the counter—the lads who make the charges and, if I may say so, the counter-charges—he is most earnestly concerned. "Why," says he, "should these gallant fellows—England's third hope—be subjected to an inconvenience which a few hundred thousand pounds would totally remove?"

Inspired by such thoughts he took it upon himself to write to the Secretary of State for the War Department and offer him at very moderate rates (as such things go) an invention of his own for ensuring blue-skies and a blazing sun during the Annual Camp.

"Nothing," he points out to him (on page 17), "can exceed the discomfort experienced by troops under canvas in such weather as we now absorb. Will you condemn the protégés of your predecessor to plod squelchily home, day by day, through the streaming rain when a word (and a chèque) from you would ensure their being as dry as the proverbial Scotsman?"

This invention of Fragonet's is simplicity itself. It consists of the upper-works of an umbrella. In place of the conventional "stick" there is a short steel spike which fits into the muzzle of the rifle.

It is an undisputed scientific fact that if one goes out with an umbrella it never rains. The effect on the weather of—let us say—the London Scottish marching out of camp with their thousand kilts a-swinging and their thousand umbrabellas raised towards the heavens would be irresistible. A month's drought at least would follow. The sun would blaze all day and, very possibly, all night. The Territorial would sing blithely on the march and the farmer in the cornfield.

When not in use the umbrabella is sheathed alongside the bayonet in an elastic scabbard.

Nor is this all. The convex surface, which is coloured green, bears upon it a life-size portrait of the profile of a sheep. By way of rank badges and further to enhance the deception, the umbrabellas carried by officers will have one or more sheep-dogs painted on them.

Think what superlative "cover" it would be! Brigade after brigade, bleating plaintively, could advance to the firing line and pour their volleys into the unsuspecting foe. Victory is ours. Mars smiles down on us in war and Phoebus beams on us in peace!

Never again, says Fragonet, need such an Annual Training as this last one be endured. Let the Government beware how it refuses to provide protection for its citizen soldiers. A General Election is coming. Let it, he says, beware lest these dripping and neglected "Terriers" change their name to "Torials."

Sometimes I wonder if Fragonet is as mad (or as sane, for that matter) as he pretends to be.

"Braid on Evening Trousers," says a headline in a contemporary, and reminds us of the complementary work, "Taylor on Golf."



"THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN."

DR. ASQUITH. "VERY IRREGULAR: SEEMS TO ME A BIT OVER-LABOURED."

DR. BONAR LAW. "NONSENSE! SOUND AS A BELL."



"HAS YOUR PAIN GONE NOW, DARLING?"

"I CAN FEEL PIECES OF IT WHEN I GO LIKE THIS."

AT THE PLAY.

"ART AND OPPORTUNITY."

One is familiar enough with the kind of comedy that starts as a comedy and then, half-way through, the finer humour gives out and somebody squirts a soda-siphon and somebody else trips over the door-mat just to keep things going, and the last Act is carried through on a hurricane of buffoonery. Well, this is not quite what happened with Mr. HAROLD CHAPIN'S "comedy" at the Prince of Wales's. Physically, though the *Third Duke of Keels* had his restive moments, the players kept themselves under reasonable control; it was the motives of their actions, or at least those of the chief figure, that degenerated into a sort of intellectual farce.

Mrs. Cheverelle, widow and adventuress, has secured the affections of *Algernon &c. Gossamore*, callow youth and son of the heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Keels. In a First Act full of pleasant comedy we see her disarming the parent's opposition by her transparent candour. She is of the jelly-fish order, her very transparency serving, like a protective colouring, to render her true character invisible. It is her sinister design to throw over the

son in favour of the father, thus saving one of the intermediary steps to fortune. In the Second Act, to the natural indignation of the youth (it almost always shatters a son's piety to be cut out by his father in an affair of the heart), she makes this transilient move. Meanwhile, to the Duke, who had commissioned his very businesslike private secretary to buy her off, her upward progress threatens danger. Is he not the climax? What is to prevent her from leaping at one fell bound to the top of the ladder, disregarding all the lower rungs?

The ducal eye is under her fascination. He is her rabbit and she his boa-constrictor. But the author is determined at all costs to be anything but obvious. As in the best detective stories, where the crime is ultimately traced to the very last person you ever thought of, so here the gay widow falls finally into the arms of the most improbable of all the male cast—the private secretary, with whom she has hitherto not exchanged one civil word.

If the author was determined to have this dénouement, I venture to suggest that he might have got at it by a more exhilarating process. The lady should have demanded from the secretary a fabulous sum as the price

of her dismissal, and married him on the proceeds. Wasn't there a notorious precedent for something like this in the best circles?

But the author had his own views, and preferred to bring about his results by an elaborate feat of casuistry which imposed upon nobody; and in the end the adventuress makes nothing by it. By the other scheme she would have secured the one thing she was out for—namely a fortune, for she doesn't seem to have worried much about the title. But, as it is, she gains nothing; for there was never any pretence that she had made the one slip that the cleverest adventuresses sometimes make, and actually fallen in love with an ineligible.

The fact is that Mrs. Cheverelle is a little too clever for herself, and far too clever for her audience; and this is true of a good deal of the play. I am confident that if the author would only put himself in the position of his audience—infants crying for the light—he would soon learn to temper the obscurity of his dark sayings, and make things easier for us. He was best when most intelligible, as in certain wise apophthegms, such as *Lady O'Hoyle's* remark—"It is generally allowed that the laws of nature only apply to men"; or this—"Two things

a woman likes to see: Woman triumphant and Woman floored"—though here he might have made the proper distinction that what a woman likes to see is the triumph of her sex and the discomfiture of the individual representative of it.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST's popularity was a warrant of triumph. The audience might not understand all the things



HASELDEN

THE DAWN OF REASONED AFFECTION.

Mrs. Cheverelle (Miss MARIE TEMPEST) to Henry Benily (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR). "Let's go over my conduct step by step and see what we've been up to."

she said, or why she said them, but they knew it must be all right so long as she said them in her own inimitable way. But I don't quite know how we should have fared without Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE's *Duke*. It was a really humorous sketch, both on the political side and on the social, and had the further merit of being thoroughly understandable. His final burst of gratitude to his secretary for having rescued him from the widow's clutches saved a very improbable situation and sent a puzzled audience away on good terms with its own intelligence. Mr. BREON was all that you could want of ingenuous youth and long plastered hair, and Mr. FRANCE as his father was very sound indeed in the First Act. Mr. TREVOR, as the secretary, said his words briskly, but never gave us any clue to the widow's reason for being attracted to him. Finally, Miss KATE SEIGMENTSÖN, as *Lady O'Hoyle*, aunt of the *Duke* and guardian of the *Gossamores* blood, spoke always with a

delightfully emphatic clarity, being the one person on the stage of whom you could confidently predict that she would always know her own mind and take care that everybody else knew it.

There is a phrase that someone uses about something in the play: "A little involved but still interesting"; and this is a fair description of the author's work. If only he will make his motives as clear as his dialogue, at its best, is brilliant, he should travel far.

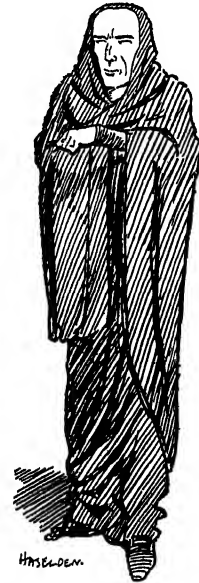
"EVERYWOMAN."

It is not really the story of Everywoman, nor yet of Everyotherwoman; indeed I hope it is not even the story of Everyhundredthwoman. You might as well describe HOGARTH's "Rake's Progress" as the history of Everyman. The Drury Lane version of the career of a typical woman is in no sense typical, except of Drury Lane, and not always of that.

My second trouble is concerned with the incongruity of this mixture of the phraseology of the Middle Ages with a setting of modern realism. And the costumes only added to the medley, running riot as they did through all sorts of confounded periods. Most of the personifications of Virtues and Vices were in present-day dress: but *Passion* was a Georgian highwayman; *Flattery* might have stepped out of *The School for Scandal*; *Love* wore the garb of a mediæval apprentice. Thirdly, one never knew where one was with these allegorical figures. For the most part they represented permanent abstractions, as in the case of *Truth*. But *Beauty* was only a temporary

abstraction, attached for the time being to one particular woman, and dying half-way through the play. Yet, if we may believe KEATS, Truth and Beauty are identical, and if the one is eternal then so is the other.

Their actions, too, and the sequence of them, were often strangely illogical. Thus it is not till after she has yielded to *Passion* that *Everywoman* is deserted by *Modesty*, and it is then that she calls in *Conscience* to comfort her, at the very moment when you would have expected this excellent Quality to



HASELDEN

Mr. H. B. IRVING (as *Nobody*). "I don't think much of my part; but who knows? it may be a stepping-stone to the Christmas Pantomime."

come forward with implements of torture. *Beauty*, again, perishes long before *Youth*. Yet, if I have any acquaintance, by report, with the arts of almost Every Woman, it is generally the other way about. Then there was *Passion*, who was represented as deceiving the lady under the mask of *Love*. Yet she knew his real name, for his label was perfectly clear; and so there was not the faintest excuse for mistaking his identity.

Comparisons, inevitably suggested, between *Everywoman* and *The Nun* were all in favour of Dr. REINHARDT's pageant. The lurid career that was conceivable in the one case was purely arbitrary in the other. Her cloistral seclusion naturally encouraged in *The Nun* a passionate curiosity to see something of *Love* and the colour of *Life*; and it was as an unprotected female that she adventured into the outside world. But *Everywoman* was brought up in the domestic comfort of a well-appointed home, with a large mirror and a nice conservatory; with



HASELDEN

"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

King Love.. .. Mr. ION SWINLEY.
Passion Mr. WILFRED DOUTHITT.

Modesty to companion her; with a perfectly respectable *King Love* living next door, and *Truth*, his mother, ready to chaperon her at any time.

In the matter of artistic design and unity it would, of course, be ludicrous to compare the two productions, and there was also an incalculable advantage enjoyed by *The Nun* in being a pageant without words. For, though a true poet in the person of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS had been called in to tinker up the original of *Everywoman*, he must have found some of it past repair, for, to be frank, the amended libretto was not very great stuff.

Still, with the bizarre material at his command Mr. COLLINS made an admirable show; and the performance of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, of whom one hardly suspected so much versatility or so earnest a sincerity, was a real triumph. Of the rest, the best of the figures was perhaps that of Miss COLLINGE as *Youth*, a very sympathetic study. Miss GLADYS COOPER was well-chosen for the part of *Beauty*, and Miss WINTER for that of *Modesty*. As *Passion*, Mr. DOUTHITT sang his dreadful drawing-room lines with a fine resonance, though he shattered tradition by not being a tenor. Miss KATE RORKE as *Truth*, an antique who was ultimately restored as good as new, did a very sound piece of work; and Mr. FRED LEWIS, as a bloated millionaire, conquered many difficulties.

Finally, my sympathies go out to Mr. H. B. IRVING, whose business it was, as a kind of chorus, to throw off from time to time a lot of dull doggerel, only relieved by an incredibly frequent iteration of the same little joke upon his name of *Nobody*. With the assistance of some bilious-green limelight he bore it with an extraordinary and heroic composure.

Artistically, and for the purposes of an allegory, the first scene was the best; for the background, the costumes and the scheme of movement were largely decorative and avoided actuality. Of the realistic scenes the one of which most was expected—Piccadilly Circus—was disappointing. It never suggested the original. A single practicable electric brougham (the rest were fixed in two dimensions) was inadequate to represent the maelstrom of traffic in this congested locality; and the chief merit of the scene was the miraculous rapidity with which it gave place to the exterior of a church, with snow-storm. On the other hand, "The Stage of a Theatre" was a very remarkable and daring exposure of the sordid secrets of life behind the foot-lights of what I took to be Drury Lane itself.

It was significant, by the way, that



Solicitor (endeavouring to discover client's legal status). "BUT, MADAM, HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU HEARD FROM YOUR HUSBAND?"

Client. "WELL, YER SEE, 'E LEFT ME THE DAY 'E WAS MARRIED, AND TRUTH IS I 'AINT 'EARD NOTHIN' OF 'IM SINCE, NOR WANTED; LEASTWAYS, I DID 'EAR CASUAL-LIKE THAT 'E WERE DEAD, BUT IT MAY BE ONLY 'IS FUN."

though this was a Morality concerned with the modern career of Every Woman there was no reference to the Suffragist movement; so I am half afraid that Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST will not run over from Paris to see it.

I should be ungrateful if I did not end on a note of compliment to actors, scene-painters and management for a spectacle which held the audience riveted. And if curiosity was perhaps their dominant emotion, and this may mean that some of them (possibly including myself) will forgo the edification of a second visit, I am at least very glad to have seen it once. O. S.

From a Baboo letter of application:

"I am a young, of about 22 years of age. My size is 5 feet and 9 inches; long enough to join the Military Department. My breast involves about 33 inches."

More Secret Remedies.

"To improve the health try the following: Half fill a two-pound jam-pot with whiting, and procure a penny block of tinted dye and a penny paint-brush. Dissolve the tint in a basin with about half a pint of boiling water, stir with a stick, then add to the whiting gradually."—*Hereford Times*.

It doesn't sound as if it would improve the whiting's health, but that cannot be helped. We have sent to the fishmonger and the oilman for the ingredients, and propose to try it on our cold to-night.

Commercial Candour.

"What a customer says: 'I am so thoroughly pleased with your laundry work; my things are beginning to get a nice colour.'"

Advt. in "Madame."

"North-westerly winds, gale locally; showers and fair intervals; sold."—*Cork Constitution*.
Not at all; we expected it.

NEWS FROM THE BOURSE.

MY HUMILIATION.

It may be true that some men are born great; but it is absolutely true—no doubt whatever—that some men are born never to be able to sell anything. I am chief of them. To buy, yes; but to sell?—that is another matter. How is this? Why is it that the two gifts, although united in certain of us, are so utterly distinct in others?

I will give you an example. Suppose that I want a dog. It matters very little what kind of a dog; but a dog. I ask advice and find that there is no dog so popular as a bob-tailed sheep-dog—blue, old English and so forth. "Get a good one," says the counsellor, and—this is all supposition, of course—I do so. There is no difficulty, not the least. The world is suddenly full of people with the best bob-tailed sheep-dogs to sell. I select a breeder, write to him, choose a particularly promising pup and send a cheque for him. How much? Five guineas, let us say. Nothing is easier than this. I am on my own ground: I am buying.

Suppose next that after a couple of years, during which time the dog has been trained to work with the flock, I want to sell him for any reason. He is too big, too clumsy, he breaks too many flowers, he eats too much money; or say that the shepherd who has trained him has left the neighbourhood and did not need him any more and the dog moped when not in his company.

Say what you like: the point is that he has to go; that the time is ripe for me to become a seller—what then? You would fancy that, the fashion in dogs not having changed in the interval, sheep-dogs were still marketable. Perhaps they are; but not mine. He cost five guineas, I said, when a pup. He is now trained and tried: surely he is worth eight? I advertise him at that and get no replies. I advertise again at six and get no replies. He has a pedigree, we will assume, a yard long. I advertise him at four and get no replies. I offer him to his original breeder, recalling the circumstances of the purchase, but he answers that he cannot trace the transaction and does not want to purchase, anyway. I advertise him at three guineas and receive two replies—both from shepherds, poor men, as they are careful to point out—offering one pound if he satisfies on trial. I offer to send him—both are, of course, living a long way off and the fare and trouble would cost five shillings, and neither replies again.

Then I advertise no more, but put the news about in the neighbourhood

that a sheep-dog is for sale, and still I get no replies. I ask my friends if they want a dog, and all say No, except one man, who would not mind one as a gift. The end of it is that the dog remains on my hands and continues to do damage and mope and eat money. Meanwhile the breeder from whom I bought him is selling sheep-dogs all day long, and *The Exchange and Mart* is full of traffic in sheep-dogs. And mine is as good as any of them, and probably a good deal cheaper, but he will be on my hands for ever. And all because it is my destiny not to be able to sell—only to buy.

I took a sheep-dog as an example because it is apt. But there are other things as striking. I can take a house with any man; but can I let it? No. I can buy shares; but can I sell them at anything but a loss? No. I buy old books and their value instantly drops. I buy water-colours and no one but myself has the faintest desire to possess them. And all the time I am meeting men whose sole activity in life is to pick up this and that bargain and reap fifty per cent. on it. So diversified we are; so many of us are there to make up this little world.

THE BOOM IN PARLIAMENTS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S scheme of Federal Home Rule, under which the country would possess ten or a dozen parliaments, has not been allowed to pass unnoticed.

Already a hot discussion is raging in Lancashire as to the most suitable centre for the parliament house for that county. While there are numbers who feel that Manchester should be the honoured city, the people of Wigan feel very strongly that Wigan should be the seat of government. As for Yorkshire, the Mayor of Scarborough has not delayed to press the claims of that resort, pointing out most justly that the town affords excellent boating and bathing, with bands, pierrots and other attractions.

Something like consternation reigns in Burslem and its neighbouring towns at the suggestion that the Midlands should possess a parliament of its own. At a street corner the other evening, a group of five or six determined-looking townsmen was heard to state in unison, "Burslem will fight, and Burslem will be right," and this is but the beginning of a movement that is bound to spread like wild-fire. Already certain of the local political associations have purchased iron dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and other implements will be secured if necessary. An advertisement in a Staffordshire evening newspaper for

eighteen to twenty competent drill-sergeants able to keep a secret tells its own tale. "Convention" and "covenant" are two of the most popular words in the Five Towns, and there is an enormously increased sale of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S books, into which ardent students are delving for full information about the revolutionary methods of the French.

A well-known firm of building contractors, in conjunction with one of our most enterprising architects, has been at work night and day in getting out designs and estimates for a useful and inexpensive type of parliament house. In a few days the results of their labours will be placed before the authorities, and quotations for single buildings, or per dozen, will be submitted.

We should like to add that, for real bargains in maces and Speakers' wigs, there is little to choose between Gambridge's and Selfage's.

HONEY MEADOW.

HERE, Betsey, where the sainfoin blows Pink and the grass more thickly grows,

Where small brown bees are winging
To clamber up the stooping flowers,
We'll share the sweet and sunny hours
Made murmurous with their singing.

Dear, it requires no small address
In such a billowy floweriness

For you, so young, to sally;
Yet would you still out-stay the sun
And linger when his light was done
Along the haunted valley.

O small brown fingers, clutched to
seize
The biggest blooms, don't spill the
bees;

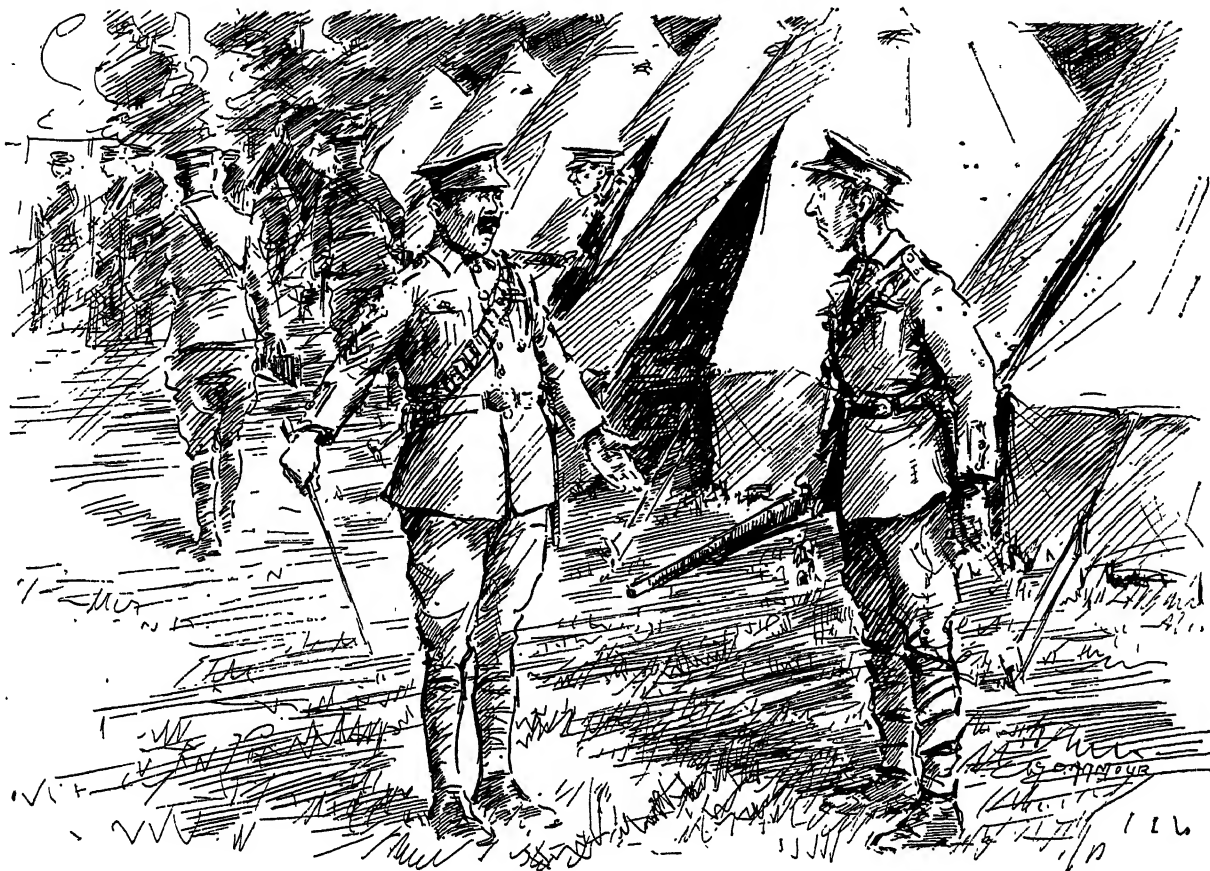
Imagine what contempt he
Would meet who ventured to arrive
Home, of an evening, at the hive
With both his pockets empty!

Moreover, if you steal their share,
The bees become too poor to spare
Their sweets nor part with any
Honey at tea-time; so for you
What were for them a cell too few
Would be a sell too many!

Or, what were worse for you and me,
They might admire the industry
So thoughtlessly paraded,
And, tired of their brown queen, main-
tain

That no one needed Betsey-Jane
As urgently as they did.

So would you taste in some far clime
The plunder of eternal thyme
And you would quite forget us,
Our cottage and these English trees,
When you were Queen of Honey Bees
At Hybla or Hymettus.



Irish Sergeant (on a Monday morning). "IS UT GOIN' ON PARADE YE ARE THAT WAYS? IF YE'RE LIKE THAT MONDAY MARNIN' PHWAT THE DIVIL WILL YE BE LIKE SATURDAY NIGHT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ACTUALLY, for the first four or five chapters of *Lamorna* (METHUEN), I thought it was going to prove that hitherto undiscovered thing, a novel by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK in which my interest would fail to be wholly absorbed. Of course I was all wrong. From the moment when *Lamorna* and *Pansy* started for the Continent, and the story contrived to shake itself free of some earlier hesitations, it had me captive. Not, I feel bound to tell you, that it is altogether a happy or pleasant story; quite the contrary. Most of it concerns the very real and grim trouble into which silly *Pansy* contrives to plunge herself (and *Lamorna*) by conduct a good deal worse than foolish. There are also a couple of thorough-paced blackguards, the one who takes advantage of *Pansy's* infatuation, and the other (to my mind a little less credible) who would use his knowledge of it to blackmail her friend into marriage. You will see from this that you are not going to find Mrs. SIDGWICK in a comedy mood; and if, with me, you admire her most in that mood, you will be sorry. But she has written nothing more absorbing; to the last page I was in a state of trembling doubt as to how it would all end. Also her people, with the exceptions indicated, are just the same sensible, level-headed human beings whom she draws so convincingly. I shudder, for example, to suppose what the conventional novel-heroine would have done in such a situation as confronted *Lamorna*, when the cad *Wigan* threatened to expose her friend unless *Lamorna* married him. Being the creation of Mrs. SIDGWICK, she went straight to the nice man she was engaged to, and, having

talked the matter over with him, agreed to do nothing. If only more authors wrote like that!

We have all, for many a long year, been inciting Mr. E. F. BENSON to sit down, take time and write his masterpiece; and now he has gone and done it. Whether or not *Mrs. Ames* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a great book (and I am not so sure it isn't, if only I had the courage to say so) it is certainly worthy of himself at his best. There is a merciful absence of duchesses and ultra-smart folk; the persons concerned are a very ordinary set in a provincial backwater, who stand on their merits as individual characters and trade on no illusory attraction of birth or "the movement" by which to recommend themselves to the reader. If one's interest is intrigued by them, and indeed it is, the credit is the author's alone. His theme is the monotony of provincial life; but this is no bloodless sketch of the dull existence of dull people. Their very dullness reacts upon themselves and inevitably produces an engrossing story without the adventitious aid of any improbable or even momentous incident. Even the tendencies to elope or cry "Votes for women!" bear no signs of having been forced in order to tickle respectively the romantic or the topical sense, but follow in natural sequence. *Mrs. Ames*, the lady herself, makes a pitifully obvious and futile attempt to regain her first youth. I congratulate Mr. BENSON most heartily on having regained his without any apparent effort.

Contemporaneously with her introduction to the British stage (but then, of course, these little coincidences will happen!) there reaches me a slender volume called, *New*

Chronicles of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is published at a shilling, and I fancy there must be many admirers of Miss KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN quite ready to pay more than that for the renewed society of her best-known heroine. Not that *Rebecca*, manifold as are her excellences, is a young lady for all tastes. Personally, I believe that in real life she would have bored me crazy. I hate to say it, but in all her chronicles there is to me an uneasy suggestion of the angel-child, with limelight and appropriate music, that simply ruins my enjoyment. This is perhaps unfair, as *Rebecca* is by no means unduly virtuous and certainly does not die in the last chapter. Still, there it is—I can't believe in her. But those who can will certainly welcome a volume that has all the qualities of its predecessor. I fancy it is more particularly what would be called "the story of the play," as many of the chronicles—that concerning the *Simpson* wedding-ring and others—I recognise as forming part of *Rebecca's* stage traffic at the Globe Theatre. Very possibly there the art of a winsome and clever little lady may invest them with a personal fascination that (for me at least) they lack on the printed page. In that case the success of the book is assured beforehand, and my humble appreciation can be dispensed with.

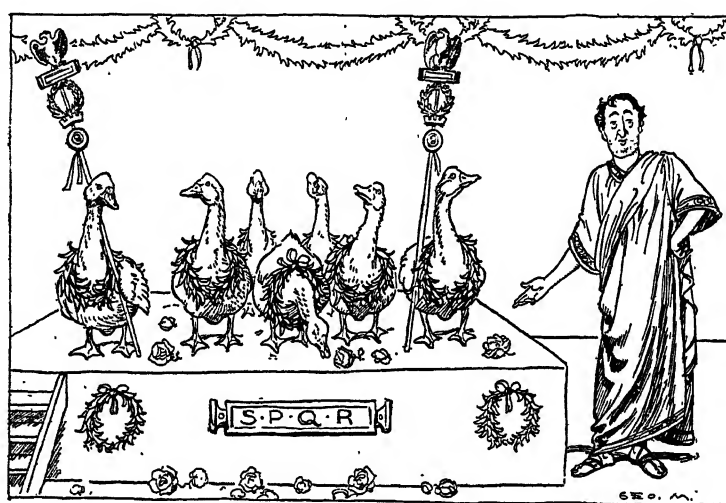
Those clever persons, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, must, I am quite sure, have had some moments of pure enjoyment in the composition of their latest story, *The Heather Moon* (METHUEN). To create the brother and sister, *Basil* and *Aline*, to make them the joint authors of popular

motor-novels, and incidentally the foiled villains of this particular tale, must have been for the versatile originals of the caricature the greatest possible fun. Even their personal appearance is mildly burlesqued, and the photographs that, taken together, "were considered by publishers to help the sale of their books." This is all the most excellent and disarming play; and, if only for the sake of it, I wish I could add that the story it adorns is equal to others that I have enjoyed from the same pens. Honestly, I don't quite think this. The characters seem affected by that uncertainty of line which is characteristic of moonlight effects. *Barrie*, the young girl who is taken over Scotland in a touring-car; *Somerled*, her host and lover; the actress-mother, of whom she is in search, are all a little shadowy. Moreover, the necessity of changing, in various parts, from the third to the first person produces (if I may fall naturally into an appropriate metaphor) an alteration of gear which effects the even running of the plot with an awkward jar. And smooth-going is a characteristic that I have long learned to associate with the WILLIAMSON make of motor-story. But, though I confess to have been a little disappointed with the intrigue, about the setting, the little lightning sketches of places and scenery, there is certainly no diminution in skill. It was perhaps inevitable that this tale of a romantic party, journeying on the Border high-

roads, should remind me of an older favourite. There is much of the zest of BLACK's immortal *Phaeton* about these motor adventures. And this is high praise.

I don't know whether the influence of pictorial posters recommending boot polish and tooth powder and the like has anything to do with it, but there is a rapidly growing habit amongst publishers of supplying a portrait of a young woman with no name underneath her as a frontispiece to their novels. *The Rat-Trap*, written by "DANIEL WOODROFFE" and published by WERNER LAURIE, does this, and I am still in doubt as to whether the photograph at the beginning represents *Hoya*, the heroine, or somebody else. But I like to think it is somebody else. . . . *The Rat-Trap* is a tirade against the institution of marriage, and the argument is supported by two cases—(1) that of *Captain Macintyre*, whose wife develops homicidal mania and nearly puts out one of the gallant soldier's eyes, and (2) that of the mother of *Hoya*, who makes an unfortunate second match with a scoundrelly adventurer. *Captain Macintyre* and *Hoya*

decide therefore to dispense with the obnoxious ceremony. Besides the excitement incidental to her theme the author throws in a shipwreck and a shooting affray in the West Indies; but, although there are some well-observed character-sketches and one clever conversation in the book, *The Rat-Trap* failed to grip me. I think there must be something wrong with the spring. It may be because "DANIEL WOODROFFE" has chosen such very extreme instances; but I am inclined to answer



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

V.—THE GESE THAT SAVED ROME DOING A STAR TURN AT THE COLISEUM.

her thesis epigrammatically with a single word—taken from the metaphor which she has herself employed in the title.

The Ruined Summer Again.

"The incomplete Yorkshire championship doubles will be played on Saturday, at 2.30, Semi-finals: E. Middleton and G. R. T. Taylor v. C. W. Wade and H. H. Priestley; and the swimmers v. E. and S. Watson in the final."—*Scarborough Evening News*. If the Messrs. WATSON could swim too, the final must have been a great struggle.

"SENSATIONAL NEW YORK LBW SUIT."

Dundee Advertiser.

Our own lbw suit consists mainly of a couple of pads, which are always getting in the way.

"Mrs. — is a keen sportswoman, inheriting her late father's taste. On the day when this photograph was taken she secured a splendid dish of prawns."—*Gentlewoman*.

You should see us spearing whitebait by moonlight.

"He sang of the gilded courts of kings and the tears dripped unheeded from the listener's ears."—*The Story-Teller*.

Probably somebody noticed it, although too polite to say anything.

CHARIVARIA.

An Ohio newspaper offered a prize for "The Perfect Husband," and he has been found at last. We are not surprised to hear that he is a millionaire.

* *

Statistics compiled by the Municipal Council show that most widows in Paris take a second husband within eighteen months of the death of the first. Some wives, it is said, even get engaged again soon after their first marriage, subject to the life interest of their first husband.

* *

With reference to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's proposal for a number of local parliaments for England, it should not be forgotten that the experiment of running a Hackney Empire and a Shepherd's Bush Empire has already been tried with, we believe, considerable success.

* *

Hundreds of excursionists and others watched a battle between Federal troops and revolutionists in Northern Mexico the other day. It is said to have been a capital entertainment, and the spectators could scarcely have been surprised when some of the combatants thought it right to make a small charge.

* *

At a time when, owing to a warning by the police, fortune-tellers in London were somewhat depressed, it must have been some little consolation to them to read that Crystal Gazer won the Wellesbourne Nursery Handicap at Warwick.

* *

Inmates of the new prison home for habitual offenders at Camp Hill, Isle of Wight, are now supplied with smart uniforms, and are allowed to read magazines and newspapers, and to smoke. Look out shortly for a useful handbook entitled, "How to become an habitual offender."

* *

"LOST BABY COMMITTEE."

The Daily Mail.

That is the worst of these committees of tender years: they get mislaid so easily.

* *

A vegetarian conservatoire of music is about to be established at Munich by a tenor, who declares that a vegetarian

diet furnishes in the most adaptable form the power of endurance required by an operatic singer. A notice in the theatre will no doubt run:—"If you must throw anything at the artistes, please let it be carrots."

* *

The spread of the love of luxury seems to be affecting everyone and everything. This year many of our

ANOTHER CONTROVERSY.

[It has recently been debated at great length whether the origin of Life is to be found in a primitive substance called Chromatin or in one called Cytoplasm.]

Oh, oft with me you've had it out,
Thomas, in many a deadly bout,
Crossed swords at many a juncture;
Pinked me, it may be, with the point
Right through my dialectic
joint,
Or felt in turn the puncture.

You've fought for Warwick
—I for Kent;
You've sworn by Swanage—
I have lent
My weight to Tobermory;
I (that a duel might occur)
Have been a Little Eng-
lander—
You, quite the Little Tory.

We've had it out on Art v. Life,
On Rose v. Rachel (as a wife),
On Cook opposed to PEARY;
We've argued Commons
versus Peers,
Varsity v. the Temple beers,
KHAYYAM v. PETER KEARY.

On Increments and Censor-
ship
(Subjects of which we have
no grip
Afford the keenest fighting)
We've said our most excited
say,
And argued half a summer's
day
MORRISON versus WHITE-
ING.

Any old controversial thing
Has done for us to have our
fling—
Baconian—Erasmist;
So now, on guard with supple
wrist—
You as a strong Chromatinist,
I as a Cytoplasmist.

"So great is the rush that a wait of an hour at the first tee is no uncommon thing as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and when the course really begins to fill, a half-hour wait at every subsequent tee is almost a rule."—*Standard.*

So allowing two hours for the actual play, a round would take 1½ hours. We hope the caddie gets his full 1d. an hour.

"Golf has taken a firm root on the Gold Coast, a course having been laid out by the boy King of Uganda at Kampala."

News of the World.

Meanwhile it is reported that the Emperor MENELIK is popularising hockey in Madagascar.



AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE.

Man of High Principles. "AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF EARNING YOUR LIVING BY ADVERTISING HUMBUG OF THAT SORT? FORTUNE-TELLING—THAT'S WHAT IT IS!"

Victim. "FORTUNE-TELLIN'? 'OW WAS I TER KNOW? I THOUGHT IT WUZ SOME KIND O' SOAP!"

birds have left for the South much earlier than usual.

* *

The world of dress. We learn that "slanting bonnets" are to be a feature of the newest motor-cars.

"The new harbour at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, which has been inaugurated recently at the eastern end of the town, covers a total area of 4,500,000 square miles, of which 340,000 square miles are covered by water."

Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

The western end has to be content with a small park of only 2,000,000 square miles.

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CAMBRIDGE IN KHARKI.

(Impressions of an absent alumnus.)

SINCE 1642, when CROMWELL (late
Of Sidney Sussex), constitution-wrecker,
Sat on the Cam to keep the college plate
From drifting into CHARLES's low exchequer,
No shattering battle-blast has shocked the walls
Of these enchanted halls.

But now their hoary shrines and hallowed shade
Provide the billets for a camp's headquarters;
An army, bedded out on King's Parade,
Usurps the wonted haunt of gowns and mortars,
Even adopts—a wanton thing to do—
The blessed name of "Blue"!

The paths where pensive scholars paced at ease
Ring to the hustling clank of spurs and sabres;
The ploughshare, forged for pale examinees,
Forgets its usual academic labours
And, commandeered for ends unknown before,
Turns to a tool of war.

The buttery becomes a mere canteen;
Upon the dais whence the Johnian fellow
Pities the undergraduate's rude cuisine
(His own condition verging on the mellow),
Foreign attachés eat the local swans
Bred for the use of dons.

I see the grass of many an ancient court
All divots where the cavalry has pawed it;
I see the thirsty aides-de-camp resort
There where the Trinity fountain runs with audit;
I see the Reverend MONTAGU, Chief BUTLER,
Acting as army sutler!

Those swards that grace his own familiar quad,
Where only angels (looking in from Ely),
Angels and dons alone, till now have trod—
There I remark the War-Lord, Colonel SEELY,
Brazenly tramping, under martial law,
Dead to a sense of awe.

Where mid her storied reeds old Granta flows
Profane vedettes discuss the morrow's mêlée;
On Parker's sacred Piece the troopers dose,
And, when the sudden bugle sounds reveille,
Feed their indifferent chargers on the dew
Ambrosial of the Muse.

And what is this strange object like a whale
In Jesus Close? None ever thought to meet a
Monster like that, on such a bulgy scale
(Not though it bore the classic sign of "Beta"),
Lashed for the night in yon Elysian lair—
Not there, my child, not there.

The peaceful pedant by his well-trimmed lamp,
Dimly aware of this adjacent bogie,
Protests against the horrors of a camp
And *Cur*, he asks, *cur cedunt armis togæ*?
And the same thought is echoed on the lips
Of bedders and of gyps.

O Cambridge, home of Culture's pure delights,
My fostering Mother, what a desecration!
Yet England chose you (out of several sites)
To be her bulwark and to save the nation;
Compared with this proud triumph you have won,
Pray, what has Oxford done? O. S.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN FOOTBALL.

WITH the opening of the Football season those restless and enterprising spirits who have been agitating for extensive reforms in connection with first-class cricket are turning their attention to the winter game. Present-day Association football, they maintain, does not fully satisfy the modern passion for exciting spectacle, and its extraordinary popularity will quickly wane unless changes are introduced in time. Selections from the large correspondence on the subject received by *Mr. Punch* are given below:—

"... Something must be done quickly if soccer is to retain its hold upon the popular imagination. At one of the First League matches last Saturday afternoon *only* 31264 *paid for admission*—a decrease of no less than 2 per cent. on the numbers present at the corresponding game last year! These are eloquent figures.

I suggest that *three balls* should be employed simultaneously, coloured respectively red, white and blue. This simple expedient would enormously enhance the spectacular value of the sport. Of course three Referees and six Linesmen would be engaged. . . ."

"... What is wrong with football? Simply that not enough goals are scored. The width between the goal-posts should be doubled, or, better still, trebled. With fifteen players a side, five of whom must be goalkeepers (to prevent goals becoming really monotonous), I venture to assert, Sir, that the popularity of the game would go up by leaps and bounds. . . ."

"... Football must be progressive or it will inevitably decline. I make three suggestions—

1.—Abolish the present method of remunerating players by a regular wage, and substitute a system by which payments are made *to the winning side only*. . . ."

2.—Do away with most of the present ludicrous restrictions regarding fouls.

3.—Permit fresh players to be substituted at any time for those injured. . . ."

"... Let every player be compelled to wear 4-oz. boxing gloves and be allowed to employ them while the match is in progress under the usual regulations applying to pugilistic contests, and we should hear no more of the decline of football. . . ."

"... We must revive something of the old gladiatorial spirit. When a man is bowled over, let the spectators turn their thumbs up or down as their sympathies direct. If the verdict is against the fallen one, let the victor jump on his face for a while. This would delight the crowd without hurting anyone, since footballers would be trained to stand this kind of thing. . . ."

"... There are not wanting signs that football is already beginning to lose its grip. A friend of mine who has followed the game closely for twelve years absented himself from an important match a week ago *in order to attend a Church Bazaar*! Why not substitute for the present leather ball a stout empty tin can? The game would then become more thrilling, more noisy and more dangerous, and therefore more attractive to the general public. . . ."

"The eminent prima donna will be accompanied by M. Ysaye, violinist; and Herr Backhaus, the popular violinist."

Liverpool Daily Post.

A nasty knock for one of them, we can't be sure which.

"Objection was raised to a lodger's vote on the ground that he was a Polish Jew."—*Eastern Morning News.*

"Mislike me not for my complexion," he pleaded, and went out to give an order for pink pills.



ULSTER WILL WRITE.

GENERAL CARSON. "THE PEN (FOR THE MOMENT) IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.
UP, NIBS, AND AT 'EM!"

[On the 28th the Covenant of resistance to Home Rule will be signed by Ulster Loyalists.]



Policeman (to half-smothered little burglar). "ANYTHINK AS YOU SEZ, MY MAN, 'LL BE TOOK DOWN IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YER!"

THE NIGHTMARE CAR.

I HAD looked through the whole of the dealer's machines,
And not one of the lot suited me or my means.
There were some too expensive and others too small,
And not one that I fancied the looks of at all.

Then the dealer looked glum, but he 'phoned to the works :—
"Send along the new model we built for the Turks.
She's a blend"—he addressed me—"of fury and flame,
And I honestly can't recommend her as tame.

But for those who like pace, half a minute a mile,
With all fittings complete in the height of good style;
For a man who wants comfort combined with good fun
And the acme of safety, this car is the one.

When the road is all clear she will go like the wind;
There is nothing—no, nothing—she can't leave behind.
But she scents a police-trap, and when it occurs
There's no crawl in the world half as crafty as hers.

She was left on our hands when the Turks came to blows,
And we really must sell her to someone who knows.
She'd be cheap at three thousand, but, since it's for you,
We will take off a thousand and sell her for two."

Then the car tooted round, and she purred at the door
With a charm I had never heard equalled before.
She was crusted with jewels and plastered with gold,
And I pulled out my cheque-book and so she was sold.

I was up in a moment, and then she began
Her parade through the streets by upsetting a van,
And increased her attractions by going like grease
Through a squad, whom she flattened, of City Police.

So we left the crushed ruins of houses and men,
Rattled slap through a country all ditches and fen;
Took a turn on the uplands and then, making good
All the pace we had lost, we plunged into a wood.

We were right in the thick of the branches and trunks,
And the bark flew in strips and the timber in chunks;
And the rooks in their nests couldn't utter a sound
Ere they found themselves scattered and dumb on the ground.

Next, leaving our tool-box and tyres in the lurch,
We abandoned the wood and made straight for a church;
Cleared the Rector's snug house like a thing made of fire,
And went on in mid-air having chipped off the spire.

Then we tunnelled a mountain and, still flying free,
Hurtled hard off a cliff and skimmed over the sea,
Till at last full of ardour we finished our spin
Through the roof of a palace in sandy Berlin.

But a man whose moustaches stuck up like a spear,
Said, "*Potztausend, Herr Störer, was machen Sie hier?*"
"*Majestät,*" I replied, and uncovered my head—
But the shock was too great, and I woke up in bed.

R. C. L.

THE SILLY SEASON IN POLITICS.

MINISTERS are nothing if not imitative, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S exhilarating excursion into the domain of constitutional reconstruction has already provoked spirited competition on the part of his colleagues. We append a brief report of the latest of these efforts, with the comments of *The Daily Times* and *The Westminster Gazette* :—

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, speaking at Poplar last Friday, devoted the earlier part of his speech to the Home Rule Bill and the noble persistence of Mr. ASQUITH in securing justice for Ireland. It was, he said, largely the work of one man—a man of superb brain, dauntless courage, great classical attainments and wonderful equanimity in the bunker-play of politics. But the work of Imperial reconciliation could not be achieved without improving our communications—notably by submarine tunnels. He was convinced that the stability of the Empire would never be secured until we had not only a Channel tunnel, but a tunnel from Holyhead to Kingstown, from Fishguard to Rosslare, from Galway to Halifax, from Vancouver to Hong Kong, from Colombo to the Cape, and from Bombay to Sydney. (A voice: "Good old SYDNEY" and laughter.) Mr.

Buxton then dealt at length with the humanizing influence of tunnels, the charm of their "dim religious light," the relief which they afforded to the congestion of sea traffic, and their extraordinary popularity with persons who suffer from *mal de mer*.

Mr. Buxton observed in conclusion that he was only speaking for himself, and that he did not commit any of his colleagues, some of whom were excellent sailors. But he could not refrain from broaching a suggestion which he was firmly convinced was the only true solution of the most pressing problems of the hour.

The Daily Times, in a sympathetic leading article, while admitting that Mr. Buxton's scheme may present some difficulties, welcomes the tone and temper of his speech. No one can fail to be touched, it observes, by his loyalty to his chief or by the graceful reference to his fortitude as a golfer. Perhaps

tunnels may prove the true solution of the Irish question. In any case Tubular Federalism is not outside the range of practical politics.

The Westminster Gazette remarks that nothing could be better than the stimulating and suggestive speech delivered by Mr. Buxton to his constituents. We confess, continues *The Westminster*, that we find it rather startling to conceive of the linking up of our dominions by this gigantic system of trans-oceanic tunnels. But as President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Buxton must have counted the cost, and, dismissing financial considerations, we are fully convinced that we rely too much on sea traffic. It is of the first importance that the difficulties should be probed,

were worth. But he was firmly persuaded that in this way alone they would be able to stave off for ever the nightmare of universal conscription.

The Daily Times, commenting on Lord HALDANE'S speech, congratulates him on his generous attitude to Colonel SEELY. Such incidents, it remarks, redeem the squalor of politics and appeal to the nobler instincts of humanity. The idea of village universities is altogether charming, though perhaps some time must elapse before a Professor at Little Peddlington can hope to attain the prestige attaching to a Fellowship at All Souls.

The Westminster Gazette cannot find words to express its delight at the epoch-making suggestion of Lord

HALDANE, or his masterly discretion in refraining from committing his colleagues. Yet the scheme, *The Westminster* owns, inspires some misgivings as to its feasibility. Lord HALDANE speaks of farmers as professors and labourers as lecturers. But who are left to be the undergraduates? This difficulty, however, might be easily overcome by importing them from the towns, from the older universities, or from the congested districts of Ireland. The question of endowment may besafely left to the resourcefulness of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. There remains the thorny question of University representation. But these are mere details. The great thing is the focussing of public attention on the problem of the diffusion of culture among the masses.

Lord CREWE was the principal guest at the annual dinner of the Hammer-smith Anglo-Indian Art Club on Thursday last and delivered a remarkable speech. Dwelling at the outset on administrative art, Lord CREWE said that it had been redeemed in this country from its damaging associations by the exertions of one man—a man of unparalleled dignity, urbanity and assiduity. Mr. HARCOURT, he went on, was the ideal representative of the picturesque mind in the picturesque body, and he adorned the Colonial Office no less than the Board of Works. Turning to the question of the continuance of the peerage, Lord CREWE observed that the Liberals had been criticised for a too lavish distribution of honours. He could not agree, for every



First Young Lady (looking out of window). "LOOK, THERE'S A PHEASANT!"
Second Young Lady. "SILLY! IT CAN'T BE; THEY DON'T BEGIN TILL OCTOBER."

and the public mind directed to the problem of Tubular Federation.

Lord HALDANE, addressing a great Liberal meeting at Galashiels on Saturday, paid a glowing tribute to the energy and ability of his successor. Colonel SEELY, he declared, resembled JULIUS CÆSAR not only in his profile but in his military genius. Turning to the question of national efficiency, Lord HALDANE insisted on the urgent need of indefinitely multiplying universities. There should be a university not only in every city, but in every town and every village. He would like to see every farmer a professor, every labourer a lecturer, every curate a vice-chancellor. Then only would they organise education on the true basis of the elastic solidarity of humanity, instead of the fissiparous foundation of caste. (Cheers.) He did not speak for his colleagues; he merely threw out these suggestions for what they

true Liberal deserved a dukedom. But he admitted that in the choice of titles the newly-created peers often showed a singular lack of judgment. The bicameral system, of which he was a convinced adherent, was seriously damaged by the emergence of a Lord Bootle, a Viscount Chowbent, or a Marquis of Weston-super-Mare. His experience of India had convinced him of the need of enlivening the monotony of noble nomenclature by the acclimatisation of Indian titles. In short, *il faut Orientaliser la noblesse*. He believed that a Begum of Bristol, a Nizam of Norwich or a Maharajah of Melton Mowbray would not only add to the picturesqueness of life but help to perpetuate the hereditary principle. He had not consulted his colleagues, he made the suggestion entirely off his own bat, but he was persuaded that unless it was promptly carried into effect the *Triple Entente* was doomed.

The Daily Times, in its third leader on "The Ethics of Eulogy," warmly commends Lord CREWE for his panegyric of Mr. HARCOURT. The sphere of art, remarks our contemporary, is happily still uninvaded by politics, and, viewed from an æsthetic standpoint, Mr. HARCOURT is a great national asset. Coming from so well-groomed a statesman as Lord CREWE, the tribute is a fine instance of *laudari a laudato*. . . . The importation of Indian titles advocated by Lord CREWE shows imagination, enterprise, and a love of colour—qualities which make for vitality. The debt we owe to Lord CREWE is akin to that we owe to the Russian Ballet—to all, in a word, who embroider life.

The Westminster Gazette observes that the zeal and industry shown by Lord CREWE at the India Office have not in any way weakened his grip on politics as a whole. His illuminating suggestion for the revision of titles will be enthusiastically welcomed by all good Radicals, and may prove a most effectual means of conciliating the discontent of extremists. The question of precedence no doubt presents difficulties, but they are not insuperable. We can never forget that Lord CREWE is a poet and the son of a poet.

A DEAD-ALIVE LETTER.

THERE is a fear upon my night,
A doubt upon my day;
Oh, pity my disastrous plight—
A letter I was ass enough to write
Has gone astray.

To whom I sent it you, no doubt,
Would give a deal to learn;
A boon you'll have to go without—
And, as to what the letter was about,
It's my concern.



Tackled Three-quarter. "I HAVEN'T GOT THE BEASTLY BALL, SIR!"
Forward (seeing red). "BUT YOU HAD IT."

But it has flown on wandering wings
I know not where, or how;
This is the sort of shock that brings
One up against the mystery of things—
Who's got it now?

To whom, for a mistaken spree,
Has fate delivered it?
I only trust it may not be
Some inexperienced maiden-lady—she
Might have a fit.

Not that that erring script of mine
Contained one moral blot;
I merely state that every line
Thrilled with a fire that poets call
divine,
And others, not.

No—if I had the power to choose,
I should at once suggest
A bachelor of tolerant views,
A man whom such a trifle might
amuse—
One of the best,

Who, with a true and loyal grace,
Would gather my desire
From his own wish in such a case,
And give the thing a fitting resting-
place

In a good fire.

Ah, me, the weary hours I've spent
Regretting what is gone!
You little know what this event
Has done for me; how keenly I repent
These goings-on.

O friends, be warned by one who's
erred
And shun the social crime
Of writing one incautious word,
Unless you have your letter registered—
I will, next time.

DUM-DUM.

"She was attended by three bridesmaids
... who had wreaths of oranges in their
hair."—*Barnet Press*.

We prefer something on a grander
scale—say, a wreath of melons.

OLD FRIENDS.

"It was very nice of you to invite me to give you lunch," I said, "and if only the waiter would bring the toast I should be perfectly happy. I can't say more."

"Why not?" said Miss Middleton, looking up. "Oh, I see."

"And now," I said, when I had finished my business with a sardine, "tell me all about it. I know something serious must have brought you up to London. What is it? Have you run away from home?"

Miss Middleton nodded. "Sir Henery," she added dramatically, "waits for me in his yacht at Dover. My parents would not hear of the marriage, and immured me in the spare room. They tried to turn me against my love, and told wicked stories about him, vowing that he smoked five non-throat cigarettes in a day. Er—would you pass the pepper, please?"

"Go on," I begged. "Never mind the pepper."

"But of course I really came to see you," said Miss Middleton briskly. "I want you to do something for me."

"I knew it."

"Oh, do say you'd love to."

I drained my glass and felt very brave.

"I'd love to," I said doubtfully.

"At least, if I were sure that—" I lowered my voice: "Look here—have I got to write to anybody?"

"No," said Miss Middleton.

"Let me know the worst. Have I—er—have I got to give advice to anybody?"

"No."

There was one other point that had to be settled. I leant across the table anxiously.

"Have I got to ring anybody up on the telephone?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, nothing like that at all," said Miss Middleton.

"Dash it," I cried, "then of course I'll do anything for you. What is it? Somebody you want killed? I could kill a mayor to-day."

Miss Middleton was silent for a moment while allowing herself to be helped to fish. When the waiters had moved away, "We are having a jumble sale," she announced.

I shook my head at her.

"Your life," I said, "is one constant round of gaiety."

"And I thought as I was coming to London I'd mention it to you. Because you're always saying you don't know what to do with your old things."

"I'm not *always* saying it. I may have mentioned it once or twice when the conversation was flagging."

"Well, mention it now, and then I'll mention my jumble sale."

I thought it over for a moment.

"It will mean brown paper and string," I said hopelessly, "and I don't know where to get them."

"I'll buy some after lunch for you. You shall hold my hand while I buy it."

"And then I should have to post it, and I'm rotten at posting things."

"But you needn't post it, because you can meet me at the station with it, and I'll take it home."

"I don't think it's quite etiquette for a young girl to travel alone with a big brown-paper parcel. What would Mrs. Middleton say if she knew?"

"Mother?" cried Miss Middleton.

"But, of course, it's her idea. You *didn't* think it was mine?" she said reproachfully.

"The shock of it unnerved me for a moment. Of course I see now that it is Mrs. Middleton's jumble sale entirely." I sighed and helped myself to salt.

"How do I begin?"

"You drive me to my dressmaker and leave me there and go on to your rooms. And then you collect a few really old things that you don't want and tie them up and meet me at the 4.40. I'm afraid," she said frankly, "it is a rotten way of spending an afternoon; but I promised mother."

My parcel and I arrived promptly to time. Miss Middleton didn't.

"Don't say I've caught the wrong train," she said breathlessly, when at last she appeared. "It does go at 4.40, doesn't it?"

"It does," I said, "and it did."

"Then my watch must be slow."

"Send it to the jumble sale," I advised. "Look here—we've a long time to wait for the next train; let's undress my parcel in the waiting-room, and I'll point out the things that really want watching. Some are absolutely unique."

It was an odd collection of very dear friends, Miss Middleton's final reminder having been that *nothing* was too old for a jumble sale.

"*Lot One*," I said. "A photograph of my house cricket eleven, framed in oak. Very interesting. The lad on the extreme right is now a clergyman."

"Oh, which is you?" said Miss Middleton eagerly.

I was too much wrapped up in my parcel to answer. "*Lot Two*," I went on, "A pink-and-white football shirt; would work up into a dressy blouse for adult, or a smart overcoat for child. *Lot Three*. A knitted waistcoat; could be used as bath-mat. *Lot Four*. Pair of bedroom slippers in holes. This bit is the slipper; the rest is the hole. *Lot Five*. Now this is something really

good. *Truthful Jane*—my first prize at my Kindergarten."

"Mother *is* in luck. It's just the sort of things she wants," said Miss Middleton.

"Her taste is excellent. *Lot Six*. A pair of old grey flannel trousers. *Lot Seven*. *Lot Seven* forward. Where are you?" I began to go through the things again. "Er—I'm afraid *Lot Seven* has already gone."

"What about *Lot Eight*?"

"There doesn't seem to be a *Lot Eight* either. It's very funny; I'm sure I started with more than this. Some of the things must have eaten each other."

"Oh, but this is *heaps*. Can you really spare them all?"

"I should feel honoured if Mrs. Middleton would accept them," I said with a bow. "Don't forget to tell her that in the photograph the lad on the extreme right—" I picked up the photograph and examined it more carefully. "I say, I look rather jolly, don't you think? I wonder if I have another copy of this anywhere." I gazed at it wistfully. "That was my first year for the house, you know."

"Don't give it away," said Miss Middleton suddenly. "Keep it."

"Shall I? I don't want to deprive—Well, I think I will if you don't mind." My eyes wandered to the shirt. "I've had some fun in *that* in my time," I said thoughtfully. "The first time I wore it—"

"You really *oughtn't* to give away your old colours, you know."

"Oh, but if Mrs. Middleton," I began doubtfully—"at least, don't you—what?—oh, all right, perhaps I won't." I put the shirt on one side with the photograph, and picked up the dear old comfy bedroom slippers. I considered them for a minute and then I sighed deeply. As I looked up I caught Miss Middleton's eye. . . . I think she had been smiling.

"About the slippers," she said gravely.

* * * * *

"Good-bye," I said to Miss Middleton. "It's been jolly to see you." I grasped my parcel firmly as the train began to move. "I'm always glad to help Mrs. Middleton, and if ever I can do so again be sure to let me know."

"I will," said Miss Middleton.

The train went out of the station, and my parcel and I looked about for a cab.

A. A. M.

"Earl of Ranfurly has left Kingstown for Autumn Fashions.—New Millinery. New Blouses. New Raincoats. New Robes. New Model Corsets and Fancy Hosiery."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

His return to Kingstown should be a splendid affair.

IN THE DEPTHS.

A WEEK OR SO ago NORDICA was exasperating her less fortunate sisters by withholding from an interviewer the name of the fluid which, poured into her bath, has the double effect of invigorating her system and reducing her weight. But the Divine SARAH, the only BERNHARDT (whose motto, it was once said, was grace before meat), has no such niggardly ways. SARAH tells all. To an interviewer of *The P. M. G.* she has divulged the secret of that youth which is still so buoyant and effervescent at sixty-eight—and in a word it is shrimps or, in the language of SARAH's own country, *crevettes*. Think of it—the humblest denizen of the deep thus selected for the privilege of keeping this wonderful lady ever young! No wonder shrimps are a little above themselves.

News travels fast in these days of scientific ingenuity, and already a mass meeting of indignation has been held in one of the ocean's most commodious grottos.

The chair was taken by a venerable oyster, who had visited SARAH's friend, CLARKSON, for the occasion, and was wearing a very handsome new beard. He was selected to preside, he said, because oysters were notoriously the chief piscine stimulant. (Question.) Very well, then, why was Colonel ROOSEVELT so powerful and magnetic? Because he came from Oyster Bay. (Laughter and cheers.) But now that the news had gone forth to the world that a shrimp diet was the vivifying medium of the greatest tragédienne, where would oysters be? The thing was a scandal. (Hear, hear.)

Followed a prawn, who darkly suggested foul play. What he wanted to know was, What did SARAH really eat? Because, of course, she had put forward the shrimp merely as a blind. (Sensation.) He also wanted to know what was the nature of the hold which the shrimp evidently had on that weak, confiding woman. (Renewed sensation.) If a shrimp contained the elements of vitality, which was possible, how much more must a prawn contain them, which was certain. For prawns were the perfected article, of which shrimps were merely the 'prentice work, the bald scenario, to borrow a phrase from SARAH's vocabulary. (Loud cheers.)

A lobster succeeded. It was ridiculous, he said, for either the oyster or the prawn to be so proud. The oyster was a mere gulp; the prawn a minute particle of a meal; but he, the lobster, was a meal in himself. He nourished. No one seeing him there, at that intelligent gathering—(Hear, hear)—all



"ISN'T HE JUST RIPPIN'? HAVE YOU HEARD HIM BEFORE?"

"YES, I HEARD HIM LAST YEAR; BUT HE'S QUITE CHANGED NOW; HE'S HAD HIS HAIR CUT."

black and active, could have any notion how irresistibly attractive he looked, quiescent and appetising, in panoply of alluring scarlet on the table. (Shudders.) When he first heard the news about the shrimp he laughed. He couldn't help it; he laughed. (Applause.)

After an impassioned eulogy of himself by the sole, who claimed in his capacity of the *poulet* of the sea to be the most constant and trustworthy friend and invigorator of ailing man, the shrimp was called upon to explain and apologise. He pleaded not guilty. It was not his fault, he urged, that the great lady had chosen him as her elixir vitæ. He personally cared nothing about the possession of such properties. He knew he was tasty, but he had no notion that he was sovran against Time's ravages. He had not yet got over the discovery; he was still all upset. After so long and,

he trusted, so honourable a career as a concomitant of trippers' teas, it was a startling experience to find oneself a rejuvenator of genius. He was, of course, sorry that any deed of his, however unconscious, should put the noses of his august relatives out of joint; but he declined to bear any responsibility. It was not he that should be arraigned, but SARAH; and SARAH had, he believed, never yet played *Undine*, and therefore probably could not manage to keep any submarine appointment for more than a few seconds. (Dissatisfaction.)

The sense of the meeting being taken, it was found that the shrimp was a creature too contemptible for serious consideration, and that great French actresses, whatever other merits they may chance to possess, are no judges of fish.



Tyro (who has just missed a sitter). "EXTRAORDINARY! WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED SUCH A THING POSSIBLE."

Old Stalker. "WELL, WELL, A STAG'S A VARRA QUEER BEASTIE; THERE'S A DEAL O' ROOM ROOND ABOUT A STAG."

LINER LYRICS.

V.—THE SURGEON.

[“Should the need arise, it is the duty of the surgeon to stand by the passengers.”—*Liner Regulations.*]

FRESH from the wards of Bart's or
Guy's,
A uniform that matched your eyes
And azure socks on,
You looked absurdly young to be
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
And M.B. (Oxon.)

And we who ailed from *mal-de-mer*
Would strive to strike a jaunty air
And smile defiance
On one who searched with youthful zest
For any ill on which to test
His new-learn'd science.

So, while your log-book scarcely named
Our paltry woes, another claimed
A larger section,
A damsel, slightly overstrung,
Whose malady was either lung
Or heart affection.

Maybe the ailment was not such
As might have brought you into touch
With fame; perchance it

Was not the sort of case that needs
A page or so in doctors' screeds,
E.g., *The Lancet*.

Yet every day—a trumpet press'd
About the purlieus of her chest—
Would find you gleaning
The secret of a maid's decline
And give a phrase like 99
A deeper meaning.

And, since you found among the
crew
No case of sleeping sickness, sprue
Or plague (bubonic),
You had the livelong day to twist
Your fingers round a throbbing wrist
Or give her tonic.

And, as I watch the eager face
With which you choose a pillow's
place,
A rug's position,
Or hear amid my doze the sound
Of whisper'd talk, I know she's
found
The right physician.

There may be passengers who hate
Your jocund ways, and roundly rate
Your berth-side manner,

Who call it flirting and deride
The hours you dally at her side,
The way you fan her;

But things are seldom what they
seem,
And I am quite prepared to deem
The motive higher;
A sailor first—your ocean school
Demands obedience to a rule—
You're "standing by" her.

J. M. S.

A Curious Hobby.

"It may interest the writer to learn that a porcupine made a most determined charge at a live goat over which I was once sitting as bait for a leopard."—*Letter in "Pioneer Mail."*

From "Apartments Wanted" in
Liverpool Echo:—

"Young gentleman; partial; bath small family."

Not quite the gentleman.

"Bombardier Fletcher sang to his own accompaniment. The accompanist was Bombardier Fletcher."—*Guernsey Evening Press.*
The question now comes: Who was the singer?



A VENETIAN IDYLL;
OR, THE PREMIER'S HOLIDAY TASK.

[Mr. Asquith is at present enjoying a profitable vacation in Venice.]

A MORAL VICTORY.

(By our own By-Election Expositor.)
DRUMPATTOCK BURGHS ELECTION.

Col. Markham (U.) ... 6521
Hon. James Hogg (L.) ... 3920
Prov. Jones (Lab.) ... 1911
Unionist majority over Liberal 2601

(Liberal majority in 1910, 1234.)

The result of the Drumpatock Election—by no means unexpected—may at first sight appear to be a direct condemnation of the policy of the present Government. As such it will no doubt be accepted by the Opposition Press, where we may look for the usual outbreak of jubilation, as in the case of North-West Manchester and Midlothian. Let us say at once that the Tories are quite welcome to any satisfaction that they may find in a cursory and superficial examination of the figures. We make them a present of it. But to those who read between the lines, to those who peer beneath the surface, to those (like ourselves) whose business it is to explain away this astounding result—which was by no means unexpected—such an interpretation will appear wide of the mark. Let us make our meaning perfectly clear. Whatever these figures may signify, they do *not* signify any real increase in Conservative strength in the constituency or any appreciable turn-over of votes.

It is a simple matter to analyse the votes, but—it should be borne in mind—it takes an expert to analyse the *abstentions*, upon which so much depends. This is just where we come in. Only 79 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll. If we add the other 21 per cent. to the Liberal total (which, as we shall show, we have a perfect right to do) we have a pronounced victory for the combined forces of progress. Many emigrants—all Liberals—have left the district. Many Liberals were absent upon well-earned holidays. Also, the striking fact that the new Scottish register does not come into operation till November must not be overlooked. This has cut down the Liberal figures enormously and cannot possibly have affected the Unionist figures.

Turning now to the actual votes, the first cause of this deplorable defeat—which was, by the way, in spite of our optimistic leader of yesterday, by no means unexpected—was of course the regrettable split in the progressive forces. It will, no doubt, be pointed out by our opponents that the Liberal and Labour vote taken in conjunction still falls some seventeen hundred short of the Unionist vote. But we are not here concerned with mere arithmetic. The Opposition is welcome to arith-



The Amateur Villain (suffering from the stress of a first appearance in the Local Assembly Rooms). "A-HA! THEN DISGUISE IS NO FURTHER USELESS!"

metic. We make them a present of it. We are concerned rather with trends of opinion, with swings of the pendulum, with secret indications of which way the cat is going to jump. Not only was every vote given to Labour a vote filched from Liberalism. More than that. Col. Markham—we say it advisedly—had many supporters who would have voted Liberal, had there been no Labour man in the field. It is always so. We don't know why, but it is.

We do not wish to labour the question of the desperate attempts of the Unionists to bring in outvoters (as that argument has been rather over-worked of late), but we do say that what with wholesale misrepresentation, the anomalies of our electoral system and the scarcity of motor cars, one can

only be amazed at the meagre proportions of the Unionist majority—which, we may add, was by no means unexpected.

One more striking fact remains. The votes polled yesterday for Mr. Hogg were *within twenty-five of the total with which he won the seat in the by-election of 1882.*

As the defeated Candidate finely said in his speech after the declaration of the poll, "It is a shattering moral victory for the forces of progress. It is a message to the Government that the great masses of the People are behind them."

Suggested revision of title of a charming *morceau*, by one who has heard it for the ten-thousandth time: "In the Shudders."

AN EXPERIMENT IN ENTENTE.

THE thing belongs to what I call the aftermath period of Grierson's holiday. As a rule, Grierson spends his summer vacations at Sheringham, playing golf. This year, however, a spirit of adventure drew him as far afield as Paris-Plage, a seaside resort situated (as is well known) upon the continent of Europe. That he occupied himself there precisely as he would have done at Sheringham has no bearing upon the issue. Grierson's holiday finished about a fortnight ago; and the aftermath began, naturally enough, afterwards.

The first outward manifestation of it appears to have been that, in sympathies and general outlook, Grierson suddenly became more French than you would suppose possible. Friends who returned on the same boat report that he expressed himself during the voyage as though apprehensive lest the vessel should overshoot our insignificant island altogether. English cooking was a subject that (he declared) made him shudder. His usual neatly-knotted tie gave place to floppy bows of a kind supposed erroneously to be Gallic; and for some days his attempts to reproduce a *chansonnette* heard in Boulogne occasioned considerable anxiety to his wife and family. Just about then it was suggested

that a week-end in the country, with an intelligent but not too exciting friend, might be beneficial, which explains how Grierson and I came to find ourselves last Sunday in the depths of Warwickshire; and what happened.

"Talking of the French," said Grierson (he had been doing so during our whole walk, in spite of determined efforts to head him off), "one thing that must strike the intelligent observer is their kindly courtesy towards foreigners who try to make themselves understood. But do you think for a moment that the same is true on our side of the Channel?"

"I never think about it for a moment one way or the other."

"Suppose, for example, that we were two Frenchmen, entirely ignorant of the English language, who wanted now to ask our way to the next village. How do you imagine we should be received—say by these children?" He

pointed towards an approaching group of rustics.

"We should almost certainly be late for lunch," I said. I may mention that we were walking over to partake of that meal with the Traverses who live at Churchover Hall. But Grierson did not heed.

"*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed suddenly in some excitement. "But of course! these children give us the very material. The experiment shall be made at this moment. *Attendez!*"

Removing his soft hat and holding it in his hand, he advanced upon the foremost of the approaching group. "*Pardon, mes amis,*" said Grierson, bowing elaborately, with the demeanour of a French character in mid-Victorian farce, "*voulez-vous bien nous diriger,*

cried Grierson, shrugging his shoulders and contorting himself like a lunatic. (Secretly I knew he was delighted at this proof of his contention.) "*Je suis Français, et j'ai perd—*"

"*Monsieur!*" said a quiet and exquisitely modulated voice, speaking in the purest accent of the Quai d'Orsai.

Perhaps I ought myself to have been more on the look-out and so have warned Grierson. As it was, the first intimation we had of the stranger's approach was when we spun round suddenly to confront a young man on horseback, who had reined up and was watching Grierson's antics with obvious bewilderment.

"If I can be of any assistance," he said in French, "pray command me!"

With many humorists Grierson has an almost morbid horror of ridicule, and I could see that his explanation, necessarily somewhat involved, was a painful process. It was especially awkward, too, that M. Barbaud turned out to be week-ending at Churchover, and that, being mounted, he had naturally a considerable start of us with the luncheon party. But, as Grierson even then pointed out, we didn't see him laugh.

I fancy the children were a little disappointed at the tameness of the *dénouement*. Grierson's sudden collapse into English had prepared them for better things.

"Picture-comics," explained the theorist with the perambulator, as we moved off, "and rotten bad. 'Tisn't worth fol-lerin' of 'em; they won't do it again."

And he was right.

BABIES' EYES.

'Tis fairies make the colours that beam
in babies' eyes;
They steal the soft, blue wing-dust from
sleeping butterflies,
To mix with azure essence of speedwell,
violet,
And that small lovers' blossom that
bids them not forget.

From mists that veil the meadows or
drift up from the bay
They draw the opal shadows for dreamy
eyes of grey;
They press rich browns from hazel and
leaves to russet grown,
And green of four-leaved clover for
bantlings like their own.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND THE PEOPLE.

"WOT D'Y FINK O' THIS 'ERE G.B.S.?"

"NEVER TRIED IT; I SMOKE V.B.D."

s'il vous plait? Nous avons perdu notre chemin!"

Naturally the children had halted, and now stood regarding Grierson with round-eyed amazement. The elders seemed to hesitate between derision and alarm, but said nothing. The baby began to howl.

"*Comme j'ai vous dit,*" said Grierson in a triumphant aside to me. "*Petits imbéciles de Rosbif!*" Turning towards the children again he added, speaking very slowly and with elaborate emphasis, "*Nous ne parlons pas Anglais. C'est par ici le chemin à Churchover all, château de Milor Travers? Vous savez?*"

No answer. The tallest girl, finding Grierson's expressive glance upon her, giggled nervously.

"It's one of they German spois, that's what it is," said the boy with the perambulator after a ruminative pause.

"*Ah, non, non! Pas Allemand!*"



Small Boy (returning to school, after feeling in his pockets). "I SAY, JONES, ONE OF THOSE WHITE RATS HAS ESCAPED."

CUBBING.

THEY swarm through the gateway, they gallop with flicker of stern,

Twenty-two couple,
So satiny-supple,

To race through a woodland or crash in five acres of fern;
And their voices are up in a terrible, whimpering mirth,
That drifts through the cover most marvellous, wonderful sweet,

We hear 'em (Stand still, mare!) out here in the half-carried wheat,
For they're out for the litter, the little red cubs that the vixen put down in our earth—

The poor little beggars
They're new to it yet,
And some of 'em's safe to
Get chopped and be eat!

Hark to the music, they're singing as fine as you like.

Murder their trade is,
Those galloping ladies,

Dairymaid *that* was, we walked her—Huic! Dairymaid, huic!—

'Tain't discipline talking to hounds when they're hunting,
but no one's to hear,

And we're proud of our Dairymaid—watch her—the best-looking hound in the pack,

And it's summer and six in the morning, and discipline's slack,

And the mare, she's above herself too, and no wonder—the first time we've seen hounds this year!

For life's right as ninespence,

The world's free o' rubs
Of a cool, cubbing morning

.. If 'twern't for the cubs!

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN in the blush of maidenhood

Your natal day comes round once more,
And all you know of Life seems good,

Upon the threshold of its door;
When, crowned with joy and laughter-clad
The day with radiant hope is lit,
We join to wish you many glad
Returns of it!

If in the yellow leaf and sere

Your anniversary be passed
In tranquil peace, though touched with fear
Lest it should prove to be the last;

At such a time, rejoiced to see
Another cycle filched from Fate,
Why then, of course, we usually
Congratulate!

But in the vague uncertain clime
Environing the middle age,

When, pitiless, the hand of Time
Turns grimly down another page;

Some message for the doubtful day
We fain would send, ere it be done;

Alas! we know not what to say
To Forty-one!

"Mr. H. Pike Pease, M.P., who also spoke, asserted that a great many Liberal members now voted Liberal because they had been elected members of that party."—*Liverpool Express*.
Traitors!

"Word has been received of the appointment of Mr. Neil H. Lawder as British Consul at Bluefields. His Majesty and Mr. Lawder are both to be congratulated in the selection."—*America*.
HIS MAJESTY breathes again.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT JOHN GANTON."

IF the manners of the Golf Club where the recent American Championship took place were anything like the exhibition given at the "Chicago Golf Club" in the Aldwych play, I can well understand how one of our British representatives was beaten and the other broke down. I myself was almost tempted to retire, so loudly did the members discuss matters that are never vented in a decent club, so strangely did they behave in the presence of ladies, so familiarly was the waiter addressed. Indeed, on all its social side the play was distinguished by an astonishing crudity.

But this feature was only an incidental adjunct to the main scheme of



A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

Mr. FAWCETT (*John Ganton*). "I've built up this business by taking my coat off."

Mr. MATURIN (*Will Ganton*). "I mean to work in my own way, father. I shall do it with my coat on, but my waistcoat off."

the author, Mr. HARTLY J. MANNERS, which was to present a picture of the business methods of a typical Chicago pork-packer, American finance being just now a theatrical vogue. And in Mr. GEORGE FAWCETT he had the ideal thing. Mr. FAWCETT can do whatever he likes with his perfect gift of a face. He can fold his eyes or his lips into all sorts of creases. His manner is best adapted for coping with tough business propositions, but he had his moments of sentiment. Even in a tragic situation I think he could always be saved from excessive mouthing by his pleasant capacity for saying things with his lips shut.

It is a pity that he was not supported by an entirely American cast, for the

"English accent" and bearing of the majority lent an air of improbability to the picture. Indeed Mr. FAWCETT had to carry the whole play on his one pair of stooping shoulders. Mr. ERIC MATURIN, even allowing for his alleged Harvard training, never began to be credible as the son of such a father. He was hopelessly British to the bone. The slouching angularity which is characteristic of his methods and served him well enough as a casual philanderer in *Love—and what then?* here gave a strong note of insincerity both to his serious love-making and to the lofty professions which the author attributed to him.

Miss LAURA COWIE was the very pretty girl of his choice—gentle when gentleness was asked of her, but a veritable tigress in her attack upon the iniquities of the great *John Ganton*. I should have liked to see her in a burlesque of her own part, for she has a very nice gift of humour for which there was no opening here, all the good things being closely reserved for Mr. FAWCETT. Miss COWIE is new to modern drama, and I think her training in the Shakspearean school has made her enunciation perhaps a little too conscientious for this style of thing.

Miss MABEL TREVOR, who played the part of a flighty wife, deserved something better than the raw stuff she was given for dialogue. Of the rest I can find nothing very kind to say, though Mr. EARLE BROWNE may perhaps have ranted more successfully behind the scenes, where a lot of cryptic business went on in connection with a strike, of which the issue was never confided to us.

I wish I could believe more heartily in the author's honesty of motive. He was constantly declaiming against graft and other discreditable devices of American commerce, but, when the arch-offender, *John Ganton*, finding his end near (for the horse-medicine he got from a vet. had done him no good), became reconciled to his son, and bequeathed his business to him, with the earnest recommendation that he should conduct it on the old detestable lines, everybody, including the reformers, seemed perfectly content. And, while Mr. MANNERS professed to be shocked at the brutality shown by the employer to his workmen, he could not resist the vulgar temptation to throw a lot of cheap ridicule on the parson who was concerned to improve their condition.

If Mr. MANNERS' play is to be a success (which I gravely doubt, for the audience was very sparse when I attended, and much of the commercial jargon must have been over its heads) it will be due to Mr. FAWCETT's domin-

ating personality. "Manners" as a rule, "makyth Man," but here the Man would be the making of MANNERS.

O. S.

"A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY."

There is an artless innocence about the theatrical profession which is really quite lovable. Mr. H. V. ESMOND's so-called comedy might have annoyed us if he had been an author-playwright, but because he is an actor-playwright we all found his ingenuousness rather touching. "The dear to think this funny!" we said; and "How sweet of him not to know that screens and asides are out of date!" For it is rather pretty and pathetic that an



Mr. CHARLES MAUDE (*Gerald*). "Why can't you hide me in the bathroom, or even under the bed?"

Mr. LOWNE (*Lord Porth*). "You young idiot, this is a comedy. How could you ever be discovered in the hiding-places you mention?"

actor should believe so frankly in the old order of theatrical situation, should still think that a box of effective stage tricks may pass as a comedy.

Readers of *Kipps* will remember how and why that great dramatist, *Harry Chitterlow*, introduced a beetle into his masterpiece. There is a beetle at *The Criterion*, really a funny beetle, and it is quite possible that Mr. ESMOND built up his play around it. For the beetle was in the bathroom, and the bathroom demanded a bedroom, and the bedroom gave us Mr. CHARLES MAUDE in pyjamas and tousled hair, and looking very ill after a late night, hiding behind a screen; all the fat of the First Act springing from a single

beetle. But when the Second Act gave us another screen in a flower-shop, I am afraid I began to think that the naïve note was being forced even beyond Mr. ESMOND'S strength.

If you realise at once that "A Young Man's Fancy" is only called a comedy because it is a musical comedy without the music, you will pass an entertaining evening; for Mr. C. M. LOWNE and Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and Miss ENID BELL are attractive people, and Miss LOTTIE VENNE is her own incomparable self. In the Third Act, particularly, Miss VENNE is superb, and her adorers should go at once to see her. M.

THE BINDWEED.

THE last blade of my wife's penknife—but, anyhow, her birthday comes next week—went with a snap in my hand, and the pail beside me was about full of little white wriggly things, like spaghetti that want dusting; and I had cleared at least a square yard of our lawn. So I stopped to report progress and lit a fresh pipe. Then I sat down to work it out. It came out like this:—

Dimension of lawn, say, 30 × 20 yds. = 600 sq. yds.

(It isn't really quite so much, but there's the bit that goes down cross-wise beyond the gooseberry beds that I can't be bothered to measure.)

Time occupied in clearing 1 sq. yd. = 2 hrs. 20 min.

Approximate cost (1 penknife 2s. 6d., damage to trouser-knees 3s.), 5s. 6d.

∴ Time to be occupied in clearing whole lawn (in hours) = $2\frac{1}{2} \times 600 = 1400 = \frac{1400}{8}$ days of 8 hours = 175 days.

Cost of clearing lawn (in shillings) = $5\frac{1}{2} \times 600 = 3300 = £165$.

I am a patient man, but I have to earn my living. I decided to consult a gardening book.

It said as follows:—

BINDWEED (*Convolvulus*): This is one of the most noxious and troublesome growths that can infest a garden—(Hear, hear! but I should have put it more strongly)—"Half-measures are no use; the weed must be eradicated at all costs." (£165 in my case.) "Every vestige of its roots must be eliminated from the soil and burnt, as once it has begun to spread it is exceedingly hardy."

I flung the book down and returned to the garden. Over the wall I could hear my neighbour's gardener panting over the geraniums. I stood on the cucumber-frame (avoiding the glass as much as possible) and shouted to him.

"Hi! I say, can you by any chance tell me the best thing to do with bindweed?"

He looked up from his work and stepped on some calceolaria.



Captain. "SUPPOSING THE BARRACKS WERE TO CATCH FIRE, WHAT CALL WOULD YOU SOUND?"
Trumpeter (newly joined). "SURE, SORR, I'D SOUND 'THE CEASE FIRE.'"

"Dig't oop an' burn't," he said.
"It's all over my lawn, you see," I explained.

"Dessay 'tis," he responded.
"Well, if I were to dig the whole confounded place up, should I be rid of it, do you suppose?"

"'Pends how deep you went."
"About how deep ought one to go?"
"Can't say, Sir; might be a matter o' three or four feet. And then you can't tell your luck."

"Well, it's killing all the grass."
"Ah, 'twould." With that he resumed his panting and I retired.

There is only one thing to be done. It is useless to go against nature, so I shall set the fashion in bindweed lawns. The only difficulty is that at present there is no popular game that requires to be played on a bindweed wicket. However, if you read something like

this in *The Daily Mail* next Spring, you will know what it means:—

"TWYNE-TOZE"

SOCIETY'S LATEST CRAZE
INVENTION OF A SUBURBAN RESIDENT.

A game that is likely to become the rage in the highest circles during the forthcoming season (writes a correspondent) has lately been introduced by a well-known gentleman, and is already the talk of all the West-End Clubs. It is played on a lawn specially prepared with ground convolvulus (according to some authorities, the asphodel of the ancients), and is calculated to produce unlimited merri-ment. The players (who may be of any number and either sex) are blind-folded, and go barefoot . . ."

This is as far as I have got at present, but anyone is at liberty to take up the idea and develop it.

OUR COLONIES.

NOTE.—Owing to the amazing difference which the average Briton displays concerning our possessions beyond the seas, we publish the following essays in the hope of quickening his interest and convincing him that truth is stranger than the fiction which is so lavishly supplied by the Colonial author.

I.—SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika, as it is termed by the People Who Really Matter) is situated in the lower half of the Dark Continent. You could drop the whole of England in several corners of it, and the chances are that she would be floated as a Gold Mining Proposition one of these days, and there would be considerable difficulty in raising the authorised capital.

The inhabitants of South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) are divided into two distinct classes—Dutch and Jews, and the former are inclined to look down on the latter in the most offensive manner. To the hardy, simple-minded farmer, the Jew is of no consequence, except to keep that hot-bed of iniquity, Johannesburg, flourishing; also to manage the gold mines, and pay the taxes, and support charitable institutions, and keep the country going, and pay the salaries of the Ministers, and establish Land Banks, and buy his farm when he has no further use for it, and a few unimportant matters like that. The hardy, simple-minded farmer does not care for the rush of modern civilisation, but prefers to sit on the stoep of his house, smoking a large calabash pipe and drinking coffee made from burnt meal and chicory. Hustling is repugnant to him, and he holds that it is wicked to interfere with the decrees of Providence in any way, if such interference necessitates any work on his own part.

The most important industries in South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) are connected with mining. It will come as a shock to British investors to learn that most of the revenue of South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is derived from the gold mines in the Transvaal; but such is the case. Johannesburg is the centre of the gold-mining industry, yet it doesn't seem a bit ashamed of itself. It is a very large and very dusty town, and is principally inhabited by people who are trying to escape from it. Every month something like £1,236,745 worth of gold is worked out of the mines round Johannesburg, but it is not all profit. £1,000,000 may be described as working costs; £236,000 goes to the Government in one way or another; £700 is transferred to the reserve, and

the odd £45 is available for distribution among European shareholders.

The favourite recreations of the country are shooting, cricket and company-promoting. There are lots of things to shoot, though, if you shot the things that deserved it most, you would probably be hanged. The correct way to go shooting is to hire an ox-wagon, several natives, some guides, many dogs and a tent, and then buy some licences. With a little care you can procure quite a lot of licences for a paltry £100 or so. Thus equipped, you trek off towards the distant horizon, and keep on till you are out of sight of town. In a week or two you may come back and write a book about it.

Company-promoting combines all the pleasures and excitements of the chase with a prospect of substantial profit. It is very popular in and near Johannesburg, but, owing to the diffidence of the European investor, is not the game it used to be.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is cursed with many plagues, the best known of which are the locust, the mealie grub, scab in sheep and the bi-lingual problem. The locust is being scientifically exterminated by means of arsenic; the mealie grub is made unhappy by a diet of strychnine; scab in sheep is under discussion in the local parliament; but the bi-lingual problem is allowed to flourish unchecked.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is popularly supposed to have been discovered by a gentleman named VAN REEBEEK in the seventeenth century. Great Britain began to discover it during the Boer War. When the discovery was complete, the country was handed back to the original inhabitants with as little delay as possible. And no wonder.

THE COMPACT.

"PATHOS?" he said. "I'll tell you something pathetic. When I was at Bart's I had a great friend, another student, named Lewin. That was, let me see, more than forty years ago. We were both devoted to music; I played the violin, he the cello; and we spent a great deal of time at the opera. When we were through I stayed on for a while as H. P., and Lewin went on a P. & O. boat as ship's doctor, and taking a fancy to the East remained out there. Well, when we parted on the night before he sailed, we made an undertaking that whenever we next met, and at all our future meetings, each of us would greet the other by whistling the opening notes of BEETHOVEN's eighth symphony. You know how it goes—" and he whistled it.

"Well," he continued, "when we made that promise we expected to meet often, for he had then no notion of settling in Japan. But settle he did, and he came back to England for the first time only last week. I had heard from him now and then, and a brief letter came the other day announcing his arrival and asking me to dine with him at his hotel. 'Come up to my room,' he added. So I went. He was on the top floor, and as I approached his room a chambermaid came along and told me he was there and the door had been left open for me. Just as I put my hand to the knob I recollected our old agreement and, standing on the door-mat, I began to whistle. Funny I should have forgotten it till I was so near him; but I had.

He made no response, but, hearing him moving about inside, I repeated it louder. Again he did not respond; so I pushed the door open and marched in in full blast, like a drum and fife band. He ran to grasp my hand, shook it warmly and thrust me into a chair. 'But why didn't you whistle too?' I asked him. He looked at me blankly for a moment and then fetched an ear-trumpet from the table. He had become almost totally deaf."

A RAGING REMEDY.

["Health to a large extent depends upon self-expression."—*Daily Paper*.]

MARY, when the poet
Lets his temper rise
And proceeds to show it
Stripped of all disguise,
Curb your indignation,
Fret not nor complain
Finding his oration
Pungently profane.

Rather, on perceiving
He's inclined to fume,
Lose no time in leaving
Tactfully the room;
Let him voice the many
Things he'd like to state,
Undeterred by any
Need to expurgate.

Bravely bear this burden
Till he shall attain
Self-expression's guerdon,
Health immune from pain,
Then he'll bear you witness,
Roundly he'll declare
That he owes his fitness
To your wifely care.

Militarism.

"The Bulgarian soldier is one of the first things that strike you in Sofia."—*Daily Mail*.
Then we shan't go.



First Tramp. "LOOK AT THAT LAZY YOUNG BEGGAR, WASTIN' HIS EMPLOYER'S TIME."

Second Tramp. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT; HE'S KEEPIN' A PLACE FOR ME TO-NIGHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE seems to be something in the air of the United States which infects everyone, natives and visitors alike, with the scribbling-itch. The only Americans who are not writing plays are those who are writing historical novels; and the only Englishmen who have never written their impressions of America are those who have never been there. All these impressions fall into two classes—the bright, where you devote a chapter to a description of how they brought you ice-water at your hotel instead of cleaning your boots; and the solid, where you put your head on one side with a thoughtful frown, and say, "What is the future of this great country?" Mr. J. NELSON FRASER'S *America, Old and New* (OUSELEY) belongs to the second class, and, if it tends to a certain heaviness in parts, has, at any rate, the merit that the author's attitude towards the country is not that of a visitor to a freak-show. I have read very few books on America by English authors so free from prejudice. Mr. FRASER was six months in the States, and he seems to have "done" them with the furious energy of the American tourist in England, who takes in Westminster Abbey in the morning, Stratford-on-Avon in the afternoon, and catches the night boat to Calais after dining at the Cheshire Cheese. There is something positively snipe-like in the way in which he dodges from San Francisco to New York and from New York to Virginia. I am bound to admit, however, that hurry did not impair his powers of observation. The book is packed with interesting facts, some the ordinary stereo of American travel, others fresher and less obvious. Occasionally the sobriety of it is lightened by a mild jest, as, for instance, "The American policeman considers his fellow-subjects as 'clubbable' persons in quite another light from that intended by Dr. Johnson;" but for the most part Mr. FRASER

is very much in earnest. As the result of a brief visit, the book is something of a feat; but I am not yet satisfied that I have been told all there is to tell of the United States. After all, America is quite a sizeable little place, and a man might stay in it longer than six months without exhausting its points of interest.

Admirers of the precocious and exuberant talent of the authoress of *The Viper of Milan* will find in *The Rake's Progress* (RIDER) much for their delectation in an eighteenth-century setting of spinets and sconces, masks and patches, dice and duels. My lord *Lyndwood*, rake, gambler and son of a gambler, is all but in the clutches of the bailiffs, when *Marius*, his younger brother, returns from abroad, having fallen sadly in love with an unknown fair. In order to save his house and the romance and career of his brother, the Earl sells himself to a rich merchant for the fat bribe which goes with that gross worthy's daughter. When the new Countess proves no other than *Marius*'s charmer, you may expect complications, which you duly get. The heartless *Lyndwood* has two other charming ladies honourably and romantically in love with him, but contrives to be as great a spendthrift of the finer things of life as of the shekels of his tradesman father-in-law. It is a vigorous, twopenny-coloured portrait of the insolent, "rake-helly" aristocrat of the times, who is fittingly pinked in a casual brawl, and taken to his house, which the brokers promptly enter, and, by a charming custom of the day, contrive to make a little by charging admission to see the body. Miss BOWEN has a genuine power of visualising things, first for herself, and then for her readers. If she sees a little too much, the "heart-shaped flame of a candle," for instance; or if her puppets "press handkerchiefs" to mouth or "moisten lips" a little too frequently, you get incident and an atmosphere which are plausible enough, and can contrive to pass a

little time quite pleasantly. And what more do you want?

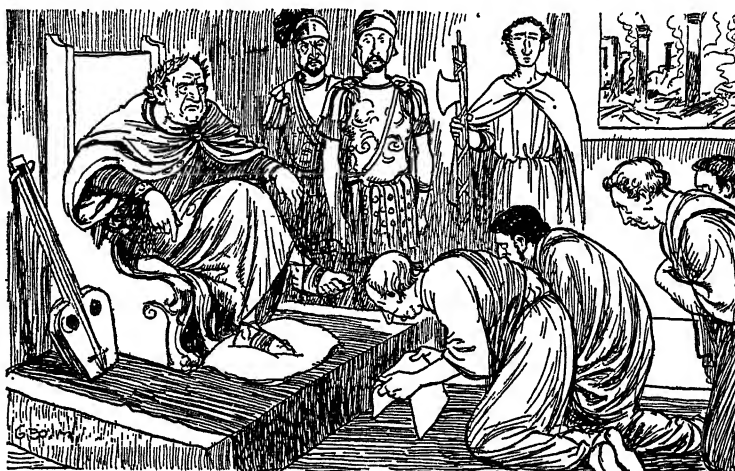
My compliments and thanks to Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, publisher and author. His *Caviare* may not be meant to tickle the palate of the million; but as for me I made one meal of it, and finished it in bed at four o'clock in the morning. For a few cheerful hours it made me forget that I was living in England in the month of September, 1912. Instead of slopping about in the wet, I was dining and supping and walking the streets of Paris with the Honourable (and Amiable) *Charles Caerleon* absorbing into my being a whole paletteful of the local colours of the gay city, while *Charles* was beginning to court sweet *Alison Gorham*, and trying to save her Poppa from being kidnapped by a rival American financier; or I was sunning myself in Monte Carlo or New York, watching him win five thousand pounds at the tables and five million dollars in Wall Street—and believing that he did it. If you think of all the stories you have read of fortunes won at roulette or on the Stock Exchange you will see that I mean a good deal by putting that last remark in italics. The thrill of these gambling chapters, and the charm of *Alison*, and the cool and adroit assurance of the faint-hearted young Englishman who wins her for his bride as the result of his Monte Carlo and Wall Street adventures, make *Caviare* a delightfully entertaining novel. Million or no million, I expect that in about six months' time Mr. GRANT RICHARDS the publisher will find that he has to pay Mr. GRANT RICHARDS the author an uncommonly fat little cheque on account of royalties.

Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS really must get out of the lost-will habit. *Sally* (METHUEN) had taken us to the real Ireland and was giving us the most delightful runs with as odd and sporting a pack of foxhounds and others as I ever wish to meet, and all was merry and bright, natural and exhilarating. Then the authoress got thinking that we were not being sufficiently excited, that we wanted (Heaven help us!) a melodramatic interest. Out she came with her irritating *Mrs. Studdert*, the snob in wrongful possession, her even more irritating *Donough Clanchy*, the saintly youth and ousted heir, and her deadly "If only we could find that will!" For myself I made short work of the tiresome testament. Turning at once to the end, I satisfied myself that it was, as I knew it must be, eventually found, that *Mrs. Studdert* was evicted and *Donough* installed, and then I read the rest of the book at my leisure, skipping a page or two every time a reference to the will caught my eye. And so I enjoyed it extremely, for, as well as the sporting element and native brogue, there were "the subsequent complications which ensued between *Sally* and her various lovers" (see cover), which, however simple and artless, were lifelike and highly diverting.

This is not Miss CONYERS' first offence with the worst type of legal fiction, but I hope it will be her last. I would infinitely prefer to be able to read her next book straight through, without omissions, as anyone would gladly do, if she would confine herself to her own happy experiences or imagination in Ireland and the hunting field. Let me remind her, then, that there is a book called *Jarman on Wills* which has run into many editions and thoroughly exhausted that subject . . . *verb. sap. sat.*

I don't think Mr. PETT RIDGE has ever come into his kingdom; certainly in my own mind I have not done him justice. But after reading *Love at Paddington* (NELSON) and *Devoted Sparkes* (METHUEN) I shall not protest if any enthusiastic Englishman acclaims him as our greatest living humourist. I do not call him that myself, because I do not believe in the existence of such a person, any more than I believe in the existence of a "best dressed woman in London." But I am prepared to take a Solemn Covenant to the effect that Mr. PETT RIDGE has in a high degree all

the qualities of the real humourist—the wit and the humanity, the understanding and the sympathy. *Devoted Sparkes* is a long story of life below stairs; *Love at Paddington* a short story of the middle-classes. As novels they are not faultless, but they overflow with humour. I give two examples from the first book. "Miss G., ever an enthusiast where town was concerned, hinted at interesting corners with memories concerned either with history or notable characters in fiction, and, although the visitor did not seem to have read



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

VI.—A DEPUTATION OF FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES WAITING ON NERO WITH A PROTEST.

widely, he was able, by wariness, to express much by nods, words of assent, and, as some reference escaped Miss G. for the moment, intimating, when she secured it, that the information had arrived to him at exactly the same moment." And this, of SHAKESPEARE: "'A man I never could stand,' remarked Cook, 'so far as his writings are concerned. Rude, I call him.'" To all who love true humour I recommend *Devoted Sparkes*. Funny, I call it.

TO A MERCENARY POET.

If you can find each week some striking phrase
To advertise with piquancy and wit
The shape hygienic and the faultless fit
And virtues rare of someone's brand of stays,
Then, though your brow may not be wreathed with bays
And you may never on high Parnassus sit,
Yet you shall earn a tidy little bit
To sweeten toil and ease laborious days.
Cease, then, to beauty's charms to write vain odes
Too finely fashioned for the sordid mart,
And, while your song still lingers round her heart,
Let it acclaim the scientific modes
Of corsets which, while giving youthful curves,
Expand the lungs and brace the cardiac nerves.

CHARIVARIA.

A FEATURE of the recent manoeuvres which has given widespread satisfaction is the demonstration that a rapid concentration of troops by rail is possible without dislocation of the ordinary civil traffic. One of the chief objections to hostilities in this country disappears now that it has been shown that our golfers would be able to get to their courses without interference.

The GERMAN EMPRESS, while visiting a village school in Alsace, promised to grant a little girl to whom she spoke whatever she wished. The girl replied that she would like French to be taught in the school. Her request has now been granted, and it is rumoured that her father has reproved her severely because it did not occur to her to ask that Alsace should be given back to France.

The Paris Municipal Council is creating a "Seaside" for the poor children of Paris in the woods of Vincennes on a scale hitherto unattempted. To complete the illusion, a benevolent old gentleman, it is rumoured, is about to present the park with a real sand-hopper.

Lecturing at the London Salon of Photography, Mr. ALEXANDER KEIGHLEY mentioned that he knew of an Italian mediæval castle which had been sold to an Englishman for £39. Castles in Spain may be had for even less than this.

A wasp's nest with eleven tiers has been found at Shamley Green, Surrey. The skyscraper craze would appear to be spreading.

Mannish women we all know, and now, it is stated, a cat that barks like a dog has just arrived in Boston from Calcutta.

Roller-skating in the street, we read, has been banned by the Camberwell and Kensington Borough Councils. As a matter of fact, we believe that gutter-snipes with the slightest pretension to being in the mode, gave it up some time ago.

One would have thought that any effort to brighten up our parks and to provide free amusements there would have been encouraged by those in

authority. Last week, however, the Willesden magistrates imposed a fine of half-a-crown on a Mrs. SMITH who chased her husband round a public park with a hatpin.

In opening his Institute Mr. LLOYD GEORGE paid a tribute to the sense of chivalry and good feeling that animates British political life. When the Suffragettes appeared the CHANCELLOR's audience made it quite clear that he was not addressing a political meeting.

The Milan Alpine Club has organised a huge excursion to the Alps. The party, which consists of over one thousand persons, includes 50 journalists, 40 doctors, and a dentist. To judge by the last item a determined attack is to be made on the Dent du Midi.



"SURELY WE HAVE HERE A YOUNG PEN OF 1830? IT HAS THE SIDE-WHISKERS!"

"EMPTY VILLAGES.

WHY MEN ARE DRIVEN TO THE TOWNS."

Thus a daily paper. We have not read the article, but can the reason be that the men are too lazy to walk?

One of the rules of the Iron Rail Club for Girls in New York is, *The Express* tells us, that, whenever the members see a man, they shall droop their eyes and run away. We hesitate to believe the rumour that some of the men are proving so churlish as to refuse to give chase.

"At the Battersea Court the case was heard of two lodgers, formerly on the list as joint lodgers, one of whom had become the sole occupier during the qualifying period. Objection was taken to the man on the ground that he had described himself as 'joint' when he should have put 'sole.'—*Standard*.

He really ought to know his proper place on the menu.

"FOUR-PAWS."

FOUR-PAWS, the kitten from the farm,
Is come to live with Betsey-Jane,
Leaving the stack-yard for the warm
Flower-compassed cottage in the lane,
To wash his idle face and play
Among chintz cushions all the day.

Under the shadow of her hair
He lies, who loves him nor desists
To praise his whiskers and compare
The tabby bracelets on his wrists,—
Omelet at lunch and milk at tea
Suit Betsey-Jane, and so fares he.
Happy beneath her golden hand
He purrs contentedly, nor hears
His Mother mourning through the land,
The old grey cat with tattered ears
And humble tail and heavy paw
Who brought him up among the straw.

Never by day she ventures nigh,
But when the dusk grows dim and deep
And moths flit out of the strange sky
And Betsey has been long asleep—
Out of the dark she comes and brings
Her dark maternal offerings;—
Some field-mouse or a throstle caught
Near netted fruit or in the corn,
Or rat, for this her darling sought
In the old barn where he was born;
And all lest on his dainty bed

Four-paws were faint or under-fed.

Only between the twilight hours
Under the window-panes she walks
Shrewdly among the scented flowers
Nor snaps the soft nasturtium stalks,
Uttering still her plaintive cries
And Four-paws, from the house, replies,
Leaps from his cushion to the floor,
Down the brick passage scantily lit,
Waits wailing at the outer door
Till one arise and open it—
Then from the swinging lantern's light
Runs to his Mother in the night.

Literary Note.

A new book is announced, entitled *Poems to Pavlova*. That it will be allowed—in this imitative age—to be without a companion is inconceivable, and we confidently anticipate the arrival of *Kyrielles to Kyasht*, *Sonnets to Sindén*, *Monologues to Maud Allan*, *Antistrophes to Adeline*, and *Kwatrains to Karsavina*.

THE LETTER.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "I have had a letter."

"What?" said Francesca. "A letter with a pretty red penny stamp on it, and the postmark quite illegible, so that you couldn't guess from whom it came? Well, you *are* in luck."

"I did not study the postmark," I said wearily. "Postmarks do not interest me. I do not collect postmarks. But, if you like, I will consult this one and find out all about it."

"Was it from your Aunt Matilda?" said Francesca.

"No, Francesca, it was not. At least I think not. Aunt Matilda does not deal in postmarks. She——"

"Yes, I know. Aunt Matilda deals in advice, and I wish she wouldn't. What does she say this time?"

"Francesca," I said, "you are unjust. Aunt Matilda says nothing this time. She offers no advice of any kind."

"I'll bet she does. Hand me the letter."

"You will lose your bet, Francesca. Aunt Matilda has written many letters, but not this one."

"Then why," said Francesca, "did you say she had?"

"My statement was that she had not sent the postmark. If you inferred from it that she had written the letter I am now prepared to withdraw the inference and apologise. Aunt Matilda——"

"Oh, bother your Aunt Matilda!"

"Francesca, I refuse to do so. Her name alone should protect her from such ribaldry."

"What's in her name?" said Francesca.

I hid my head in my hands and groaned. Francesca fumbled for her handkerchief and, failing to find it, fanned me with mine.

"There," she said, "now you're better. But about Aunt Matilda's name?"

"It has come," I moaned. "The little rift within the what's-his-name—that by-and-by will make the music something or other——. Help me, Francesca."

"Lute-mute," said Francesca.

"Thank you. The words were on the tip of my tongue. It has come," I continued—"the crisis that comes in the lives of all married people when one or the other discovers that the other or—er—the one falls short of what the one or—er—er—the other supposed her or—er—him to be. I trust I make myself clear."

"Perfectly," said Francesca. "A child could understand you. But how did you know? I never told you. I did not wish to distress you. I could still have gone on wearing a mask and smiling bravely in the sight of——"

"But the mask, you know," I interjected. "They would not have seen your brave smiles." She did not heed me.

"I could still," she went on, "have smiled in the sight of the world, and nobody would have known that my heart was broken because you could not remember a simple quotation. But now concealment is useless." She paused and dabbed her eyes with my handkerchief.

"Pardon me, Francesca," I said, "the boot is on the other leg. The crisis reached me first. I am the discoverer, and all the smiling has got to be done by me. Francesca, you do not know your English history."

"History?" she said.

"Yes, history. Can you breathe the name Matilda and not remember that she was the only daughter of HENRY I., and the only mother of HENRY II.? Can you think of her and not be reminded irresistibly of STEPHEN, with whom she had a civil war? Alas, that the twelfth century should be so soon forgotten! Francesca, I am ashamed of you."

"But how was I to know that your Aunt Matilda was that one? You never told me, and I never heard her

mention STEPHEN. Poor dear, how she must have missed the red carpet and the National Anthem. But then you are a prince; and I," she continued, flushing proudly—"I have married above me. Surely, Sir, you, in whose veins runs the blood of all the Matildas, will not taunt me with my lowly birth."

"I am no taunter," I said. "Sometimes I wish I were. Let us allude no more to this painful subject; let us dismiss our Aunt Matilda from our minds. Francesca, I have had a letter."

"You've said that before."

"No matter, it is still true; though you *have* drawn my Aunt Mat——. I mean an aged female relative across the scent. Things are what they are, you know, Francesca."

"Nonsense. Think of cooks and consols and the weather and the GERMAN EMPEROR. They're always something different."

"I'm not talking," I said, "of cooks and consols or even of the weather and the GERMAN EMPEROR. I am talking of having had a letter."

"But you've got it still, haven't you? Who wrote it?"

"I will not disguise from you, Francesca, that it was written by a man."

"Oh, thank heaven for that! Thank heaven for that!" She broke off and sobbed convulsively.

"Yes," I said, "his name is Fleming—Thomas Fleming. He is certainly a man."

"If it's from Tom Fleming," said Francesca, "you needn't tell me any more about it. He doesn't interest me."

"Francesca, you wrong him. No more profoundly interesting man exists. His speeches at Agricultural Societies' meetings are positively thrilling, and his dinners are a dream."

"Well, I can't stand here any more listening to your dreams. I've got some real letters to write," and she flung out of the room.

"Francesca," I shouted after her, "he wants me to dine with him on Tuesday—in London, you know; and he offers me a bed. I'm going to say Yes. You'd like me to, wouldn't you?"

There was no answer. However, she can't say I didn't tell her all about it. R. C. L.

VANDALS ON DARTMOOR.

GREATLY the high gods wrought this granite tor,

Bold, black, bluff-fronted, bending shaggy brows
On dappled hills where bees in heather drowse.

They set it there to stand for evermore,

With dimness of pale purple set before,

Steeped in the pomp of silence—not to house

Beef-bloated tourists in debased carouse

Upon its stony knees, its thymy floor.

They come by waggonette, a vandal brood;

They sprawl at leisure—"a great herd of swine

Feeding"; and having fed they strew around

Paper, smashed glass, and cardboard on the ground,

Leaving, where none but gods might meetly dine,

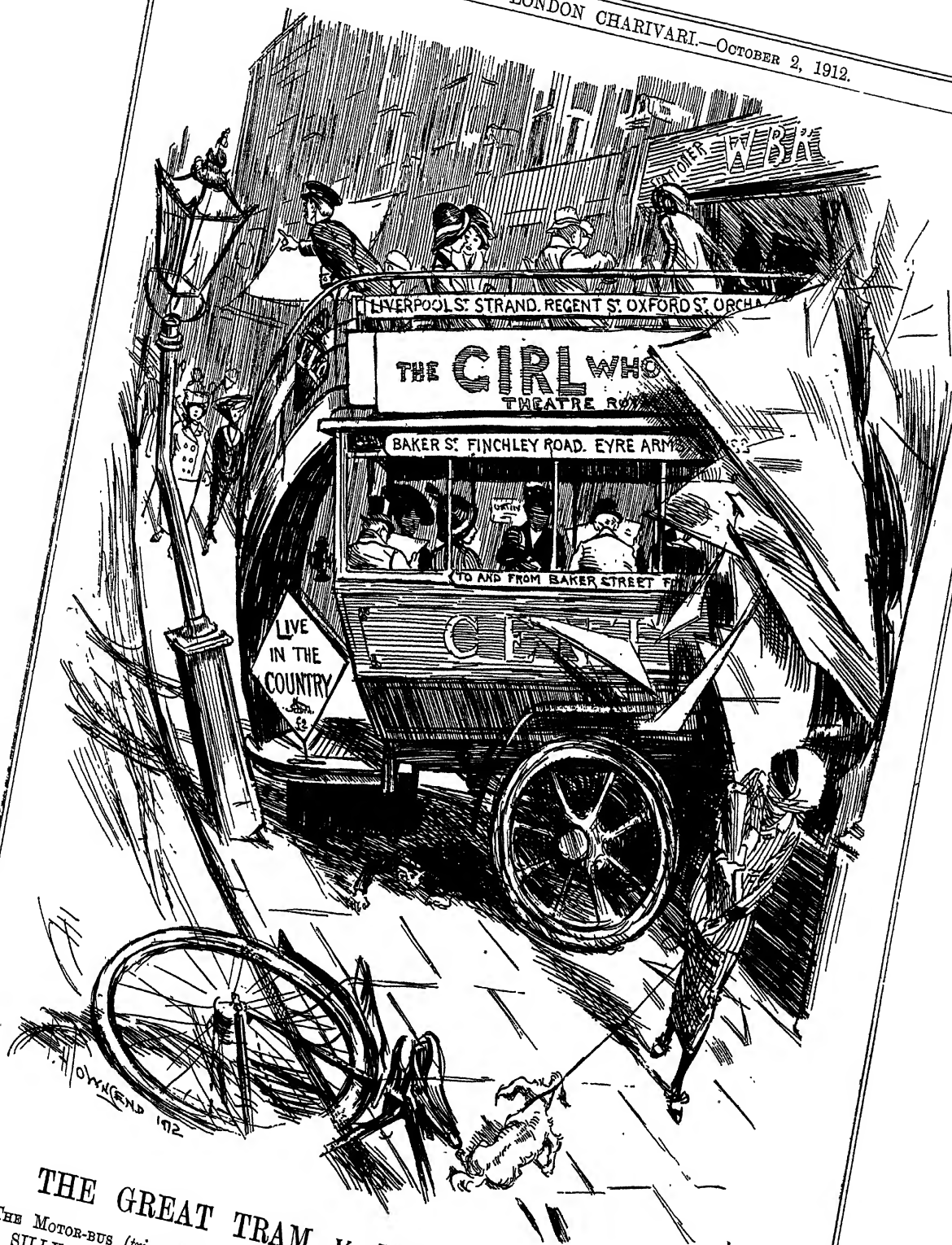
Foul wrappings and the relics of their food.

Cruel only to be Kind.

"Mr. Lloyd George, commenting on the result of the Midlothian election, stated that the result proved that the campaign against the Insurance Act is loving force."—*Accrington Observer*.

"Much interest was taken in the progress of the underwriting of the new Chinese lion."—*Financial News*.

We are entirely against tattooing for animals.



THE GREAT TRAM V. MOTOR-BUS QUESTION.

THE GREAT TRAM V. MOTOR-BUS QUESTION.

THE MOTOR-BUS (*triumphantly*). "THERE YOU ARE, LOOK AT ME! I DON'T HAVE TO RUN IN A SILLY OLD GROOVE. I CAN GO WHERE I LIKE."



Incomplete Yeoman. "BILL! BILL! THIS 'ERE 'OSS IS GETTING AWAY WITH ME!"
Comrade. "THEN FOR GOODNESS' SAKE TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT OF MY STIRRUP!"

LINER LYRICS.

VI.—THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

HERE mid infernal depths of black and red,
 Where, like lost souls, the lascars
 dimly loom,
 With pomp and circumstance you daily tread
 The middle platform of the engine-room.

And yet it is not this your stately walk,
 Your engines innocent of spot or speck,
 That make your name the universal talk
 Of all who gossip on the upper deck.

"*Ignotum omne*—" and we frankly own
 We know but little of the toilsome craft
 Which keeps you busy in that torrid zone
 Of thrust and damper, throttle-valve
 and shaft.

Yet 'tis not ignorance that makes you great,
 No, nor that moment when a god appears
 From his machine, when bells are striking eight,
 To cry the knottage in our eager ears.

But in a little cabin eight by six,
 Where pumps and cylinders no longer claim
 Your grim attention and you're free to mix
 Your favourite drink, to play your favourite game.

'Tis here you show the genius that fools
 Those poker-sequences we fondly find,
 The bland exterior that rakes the pools
 Nor hints the working of a master-mind.

Down in those noisy depths it may be true
 That there are other valiants who know
 As well the tricks and turns of crank and screw,
 The strange vagaries of a dynamo.

It matters not, for us it is enough
 That here, where drinks are long and words are brief,
 In all the ways of calm suave-featured bluff

You stand alone, pre-eminently
 "chief." J. M. S.

Paragraphs that Help.

"Although there are 300 ways of cooking potatoes, only three methods—boiling, baking, and cooking—are practised in this country."
Yorkshire Evening Press.

OUR COLONIES.

II.—AUSTRALIA.

THIS country has recently been re-discovered, but Captain Cook began it years ago. It is a continent, and resembles the majority of continents in that it begins with "A" and ends with the same letter. The fact that it is a continent just saves it from being known as the biggest island in the world. Such are the penalties of greatness.

What Captain Cook thought of Australia is not known. But it is significant that for many years it was used as a dumping ground for English criminals. Those criminals who made fortunes returned to England and entered Society; the ones who failed to amass riches took ship to South Africa, doubtless knowing that they would feel more at home there. Having thus disposed of its burdens, Australia became very wealthy and very enlightened, and is now known as God's country, except the North-West territories.

Australia is principally an agricultural and stock-raising country. It possesses so many sheep that several Government officials are kept busy doing nothing else but counting them. And even so they are never sure of their figures to within a million or so. When the

shearing season is in full blast, the whole of the Continent is inches deep in wool; and the amount of fleecing that goes on is unbelievable. But there is no malice in it; it is just sheer fun. In addition to sheep, there are vast herds of cattle, which are always tended by gentlemen with red shirts, top boots and forty-foot stockwhips. When things are slack in the cattle business, these gentlemen accept situations on the Music Hall stage and are very popular.

Formerly gold grew practically wild in Australia, but, owing to the persistent efforts of the old-time miners and the enterprise of various company-promoters, the industry is now a very tame one. However, the gold served its turn in drawing the attention of the world to Australia, and was a magnificent advertisement. Also, by the time the craze was over, the whole surface of the Continent had been so thoroughly dug up that it was in splendid condition for crops.

Australia is very exclusive as regards many of its attributes, and possesses an entirely original animal kingdom. One particularly exclusive and original type is known as the ornithorhynchus, and it would have been sufficient to make Australia famous even if gold had never been discovered there. It has the feet and bill of a duck and the body and tail of an otter, and it lays eggs and barks like a dog. Also we are inclined to think that it lives entirely on lobster mayonnaise, though naturalists are strangely silent on this point. In addition there are kangaroos and wallabies, and a very ferocious brand of wild dog known as the dingo, which must not be confused with the South African donga.

The favourite pastimes in Australia are cricket, racing and bushranging. The last-named is the only one which calls for any comment, though it is not nearly so popular as it used to be. The *modus operandi* was refreshingly simple, the properties consisting entirely of a man with a mask, a horse, a good revolver and a coach full of gold. The man with the revolver used to shoot the man driving the coach, and then take possession of the gold. It is generally considered that the American Trusts were much impressed with the fascinations of bushranging.

There are many beautiful towns in Australia, and each of them is the most modern and progressive in the world.

Australia has its fair share of plagues, the principal being drought, rabbits,

and the Labour Party. The droughts last only for a few years, as a rule, but the rabbits and Labour Party last for ever. When the country is lying helpless in the dread grip of the drought, all the rivers dry up and the crops shrivel and the sheep die by millions. But after two days' rain everything is prosperous again, and the rich squatters come into town and celebrate in a fitting manner. Australian farmers are called squatters, by the way, because they prefer riding to walking.

Rabbits are a dreadful nuisance. Many years ago, some careless person introduced a couple, and there are now about 786,245,000,000, in round figures. They are caught by thousands and frozen into solid masses for export to Europe; but even this awful fate doesn't seem to discourage them.

Australia is principally famous for Sydney Harbour, gum trees, frozen



THE MULTI-PARLIAMENT AGE. STATE OPENING DAY.

mutton, and *The Bulletin*. It is also very useful in emergencies because it is such a long way from England; and its people are the most open-hearted and hospitable in the world. You ask them.

PHILHARMONIC FARMING.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in musical circles by the recent experiments of Mr. GRANT, of Wisconsin. Not only has he proved to his own satisfaction that cows to which music is played increase their yield of milk by one-third, but, according to *The Whitby Gazette* of the 24th inst., he has convinced a number of agricultural experts in the United States. But it must be good music.

"At milking-time, according to Mr. Grant, the best music to play is a low soft tune, which will soothe the troubled nerves of the cows; but it has also been discovered that young cows prefer a light composition. All cows like to hear a waltz. They revel in the waltz, but their milk turns sour if they are treated to a vulgar music-hall air. The Wedding March from 'Lohengrin' has been found to have a good effect on most animals.

Two instruments, carefully selected, are as many as an ordinary cow will listen to at once, and both instruments must be pitched in a key not too high or harsh. Harmoniums are ideal, and suit the slow-moving brains of cows admirably."

We are glad to learn that, as a part of the great land campaign initiated under the auspices of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, a scheme for providing for the musical needs, not only of cattle, but horses and poultry, has been worked out by a special sub-committee, including Sir HENRY WOOD, the Earl of TANKERVILLE, KUBELIK, Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and Mr. HARRY LAUDER.

One of the most interesting features of the campaign is the effort that is being made to enlist the co-operation of distinguished composers. Several of these have already promised their assistance. Thus Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE is actually engaged on an Agricultural Symphonic Tone-Poem entitled, "Three Quavers and a Cow," in which the "Ranz des Vaches" forms the "motto" theme of the entire work. Professor GRANVILLE BANTOCK has welcomed the suggestion with enthusiasm, and is meditating a great Choral Symphony in four movements, of which the subjects will be Ensilage, Intensive Culture, Small Holdings, and Land Taxes. The scenario has been prepared by Mr. OUTHWAITE, but the words will be written in Persian by

Professor BANTOCK himself. Sir EDWARD ELGAR's contribution will take the form of a Harvest Festival Masque, in which prominence will be assigned to the different cereals, vegetables and fruits. Thus there will be an *obbligato* for the oat pipe in one section; in another there will be a quartet for four vegetable marrowphones, an instrument recently invented by Mr. EUSTACE MILES. A Hop dance and a Tutti Frutti will also be included in the work; which, we understand, is scored for full orchestra, supplemented with a cottage piano, thrashing machine, and the instruments already named.

While harmoniums are found to be admirably adapted to the musical organisation of cows, the physical well-being of pigs is materially advanced by instruments of a shriller timbre, and the Committee have decided to offer a prize for the best duet for two piccolos suitable for farmyard performance. Meantime Mr. CECIL SHARP has generously offered to arrange "Ye Banks and Braes" for small orchestra, as being specially suitable for an



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Mistress. "BUT YOUR EYE DOES NOT LOOK BAD ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU FIVE DAYS OVER YOUR PROPER HOLIDAYS."

Maid. "BUT IT IS, MUM. W'EN I STARES AT ANYBODY 'ARD FOR LONG IT TWITCHES SOMETHING 'ORRIBLE."

audience of donkeys, whose claim to sympathetic treatment has been hitherto sadly overlooked.

The influence of music on poultry has not escaped the notice of the promoters of the new movement, and it is their intention to organize travelling string quartets for the purpose of increasing the yield of eggs by serenading laying hens twice or three times a day. Experiments have shown that hens of a good strain are extraordinarily susceptible to classical chamber music. Buff Orpingtons have a marked partiality for BEETHOVEN, Brahmas naturally prefer BRAHMS, while speckled Anconas are enthusiasts for HAYDN. Where the services of quartet-players are not available, it is found that almost equally satisfactory results are obtained by attaching gramophones to incubators. In the case of table-poultry, again, the system of artificial fattening can be greatly facilitated by musical means. Indeed, at Aylesbury, the forcible feeding of ducks is no longer necessary, so eagerly do they eat to the accompaniment of a pianola or even a musical-box.

"WM."

ACCORDING to me there were no such things as wimberries; according to Mabel, there were such things as wimberries. Peter had to wait while the point was settled. Peter loves his lunch, but does not like it too drawn out. He complained.

"Fill in your spare time," said I, "by giving the casting vote. You are not likely to get fed until the matter has been decided one way or the other."

Peter prides himself upon his tact.

"I see some little purple berries in a dish and I want to eat some of them, please," said he.

"They are bilberries," said I.

"They are wimberries," said Mabel.

"Pass them, please," said Peter.

Owing to his unlucky position at the table, he could not get at the dish without the assistance of both of us.

"Pass what?" I asked, being the nearer to the dish.

"The bilberries, please," said Peter; and I did my share of the passing.

But Mabel was not going to do hers

on those terms. "There are no bilberries," she said firmly, keeping Peter off.

"Pass the wimberries, please, Mabel dear," said Peter; but I placed a hand on the dish. "I am sorry," I said, "but a principle is at stake."

"They grow on the Stretton Hills," said Mabel, "and all Shropshire will tell you that they are wimberries."

"They grow all over the world," I replied, "and every time they do it they are bilberries."

Peter cordially agreed with us both. Then with a sudden lightness of speech, as if he were beginning a subject which had just occurred to him, he said: "Might I trouble you for the berries?"

"What berries?" said we.

"Those berries," said Peter, pointing. I gave him a lead: "The bil . . . ?"

Mabel suggested: "The wim . . . ?"

"Pass the williamberries, if you please," said Peter, and we not only passed them at once, but I even went out of my way to get him the cream off the side-table, just to show my appreciation of his diplomacy.

THE LAST HOURS.

(Being an account by our Special Correspondent of the death of Home Rule.)

TO-DAY Ulster has found herself. By the right of yesterday's proceedings Ulster is a nation. Yesterday, amid scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm, Ulster was addressed in one afternoon by Lord LONDONDERRY, Sir EDWARD CARSON, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and (crowning touch) Mr. F. E. SMITH. Home Rule is dead!

The scene before the arrival of the speakers was one to impress anybody but an obsessed Nationalist. The thousands of upturned faces—a trifle grim at the thought of going into action two years hence, but utterly without signs of fear—spoke a stern resolve unprecedented in history. "Never in any circumstances will we have Home Rule." Ulster has said it, and for all practical purposes Home Rule is dead.

But hark! The National Anthem is playing; and with one accord we rise—those of us who have seats—and stand with bared heads as Sir EDWARD CARSON, followed by Lord LONDONDERRY, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and (crowning touch) Mr. F. E. SMITH, stride on to the platform. A moment later and Ulster's leader is speaking.

As I watch his audience I begin to realise the spirit which dominates these men, I begin to understand why it is that four-fifths of Ireland can never have Home Rule if the other fifth objects. They hang upon the very lips of their great general; they follow his every word; with an incredible quickness they take up each point as he makes it. "We are accused of bragging," he says; "I ask you, gentlemen, is it the habit of the Ulster Scot to brag?" and immediately all the Ulster Scots present cry "No!" with a loud voice, and thus stamp out the base libel for ever. A little later Sir Edward refers to a Belfast merchant who has been low enough to give an interview to a Radical paper, and the deep-throated roar of "Kick him!" which resounds through the hall is an indication of the determined spirit which animates the meeting.

But now he strikes a loftier note.

"Gentlemen, we are met to make a solemn covenant one with the other and likewise each to each. We are to take an oath together, mutually and one with the other. In this matter, gentlemen, it has fallen to me by Heaven's will to be your leader, conjointly, mutually, and side by side. Gentlemen, will you follow me?"

Had the answer been "No!" Home Rule might still be a living issue, but the roar of assent made it plain that for all practical purposes Home Rule is dead.

The final note was of a tremendous solemnity:—

"Gentlemen, with God's aid, always providing that *The Westminster Gazette* won't mis-quote me, I will lead you to victory."

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE is an Irishman of a different type. His message was simple.

"We are prepared," he said, "if it be possible, to resist Home Rule without the shedding of blood; but if blood must flow, then, believe me, gentlemen, blood will flow. For in the last resort our strength will be the strength of our own right arm, and the Thames will run red with blood before a Parliament is established on College Green."

Wild cheering and loud hurrahs greeted this statement, for every one present remembered the noble lord's similar threat in regard to the Parliament Bill; and how, before that Bill became an Act, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE defied his enemies on Waterloo Bridge until his blood poured into the Thames and, wounded in a hundred places, he fell unconscious across his broken sword.

But suddenly this mass of shouting men is hushed into silence, for Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is in the middle of a typically breezy speech.

"Stick to it, gentlemen," he said. "You're bound to win. You've got them on the run. It's WINSTON CHURCHILL who has been doing it all. I thought when he went to the Admiralty that the Navy might be brought up to its proper strength, but I was wrong. WINSTON . . . two-power standard . . . monkey-tricks . . . the recent naval manoeuvres . . . the Admiralty . . . WINSTON . . ."—at which point a volley of cheering brought an excellent speech to a close. And when the noble lord sat down one felt that once more Home Rule had, for all practical purposes, been killed.

It was at 4.15 that the greatest Irishman of them all, Mr. F. E. SMITH, rose to address the multitude. A Solemn Covenant without Mr. F. E. SMITH would be unthinkable. Indeed anything without Mr. F. E. SMITH would be unthinkable. As a well-known member of our Orange Lodge said to me: "It only needed this!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. F. E. SMITH, "the Government has betrayed the country, has sold its honour and its sovereign's honour for a mess of pottage; and, gentlemen, it is a mess, too. They want us to get them out of

this mess, but we go to them and we say to them, 'No! get out of it for yourselves.' Gentlemen, they have toed the line to REDMOND, and now the country is going to toe them out."

As I watched the audience under the influence of this speech, I realized what I had not properly realized before, that beneath his stern demeanour the Ulsterman hides a real sense of humour. Indeed it is not too much to say that these splendid Nonconformists—in no way to be confounded, of course, with the Nonconformists of Scotland and Wales and the Whitefield Tabernacle—are the very salt of the earth.

But we must return to Mr. F. E. SMITH. Great Statesman and Leader as he is, I think he made a mistake in his peroration. His words were:

"And if the PRIME MINISTER sends English soldiers to shoot down Ulstermen, what shall we do? Gentlemen, I will tell you what we shall do. We shall simply hang the Prime Minister to the nearest lamp-post."

Of course the difference between English soldiers shooting down common English rioters during a strike, and English soldiers shooting down loyal Ulster rioters during a rebellion is enormous to any real thinker, but to a mixed audience it is a trifle subtle. And some of us could not help remembering that in the former case Mr. F. E. SMITH did *not* hang the PRIME MINISTER to the nearest lamp-post. However, it is ungracious to find fault with one who had come all the way from Liverpool to address his fellow-countrymen, and who by his words had killed Home Rule for ever.

Once more we stood up with bared heads while Lord LONDONDERRY, Sir EDWARD CARSON, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and (crowning touch) Mr. F. E. SMITH filed slowly out of the hall. Home Rule was dead.

Later.—Home Rule is dead. Sir EDWARD CARSON has just received the following letter from the PRIME MINISTER:—

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I gather from the reports of your meetings that Ulster strongly objects to Home Rule. My dear fellow, why didn't you tell me before? I had no idea. I thought Ulster was in *favour* of it. But of course we won't press the Bill if there is anybody who doesn't like it.

Yours ever, H. H. ASQUITH.

P.S.—You might ask F. E. SMITH for me—I understand that he is a Welshman—whether there is anybody in Wales who doesn't want Disestablishment. If there is, we'll drop that too.

A. A. M.



Chronic Bankrupt (to his solicitor). "‘HALF-A-CROWN IN THE POUND,’ YOU SAY. WELL, I’VE ALWAYS PAID FIVE BOB BEFORE, AND DAMME I’LL DO IT AGAIN, EVEN IF I HAVE TO PAY IT OUT OF MY OWN POCKET."

THE ONLY TOPIC.

(Being specimen letters from the Correspondence Columns of all the Papers.)

SIR,—I observe in your issue of September 24 the phrase "the undoubted gifts of Smax Hardtrein." What your contributor means by this I should greatly like to know. "Undoubted" is a strong word. It means, I take it, that in universal acceptance Hardtrein has ability. Let me then say here, as unambiguously as I am able, that you are wrong, for one person at least doubts Hardtrein's artistic capacity, and that is myself. If you want to know, there is one man and one only who has undoubted gifts as a producer of plays, and that is Edmund Cradon Gorg. Yours, etc.,

THORD KNUFFSEN.

SIR,—There is a bet on at our Amateur Dramatic Society as to which came first, Hardtrein or Gorg, and I write to ask you to settle it. Your word will be taken as final. Some of our members hold that Gorg influences Hardtrein, and indeed go farther and apply to Hardtrein a very steep epithet;

others say that Hardtrein influences Gorg. Personally I don't much mind, especially as neither seems to have anything to do with any of the plays that one likes; but since there is money on it—as a matter of fact, five shillings—I should greatly like to know.

Yours, etc., IRVING TONKS.

SIR,—I see references in the Press to the genius of Mr. Cradon Gorg. They are ridiculous. There is but one man of genius now connected with the artistic production of plays, and that is Bolskoff, of the Nijni Novgorod Haymarket. Both Gorg and Hardtrein equally derive from Bolskoff.

Yours, etc., HENRY K. BURGE.

SIR,—Would it not be possible for some arrangement to be made among the nations by which each kept its own men of transcendent genius within its confines? England, I have no doubt, might lose a certain number of musicians, but, at any rate, we should retain that superb genius Cradon Gorg in our midst, to show us, as he has shown the Poles, the Lapps, the Finns and the Albinos how a play really

ought to be mounted. At the same time we should be freed from the unpalatable attentions of Herr Hardtrein and other undesirable but pushful aliens. Yours, etc., J. B.

"After this try the whistle for no side lent, the Old Paulines this try was converted by Bewsher for no side, the whistle went for no side."—*Sportsman*.

This harping on the absence of side compels us to say that one can be too modest.

"‘Rab’ broke into a laugh—one of those hearty boyish laughs with which he greeted Aunt Susie's asperitis."—*Daily News*.

Speaking as one who, after years of suffering, has just had his asperix removed, we condemn Rab's unfeeling behaviour.

From *Syndicalism* in "The People's Books" series:—

"Man had his clothes stripped off, and was exposed, naked as when he was born, to the intrusive and penetrating gaze of his brother-man. He had to make fresh combinations . . ."

Quite right too.



Fond Mother (who has allowed a whole week of the new term to elapse before running down to see her boy). "AND HOW HAS MY DARLING BEEN GETTING ON?" *Master. "VERY WELL, VERY WELL. SUFFERING A LITTLE FROM NOSTALGIA, PERHAPS."*
Fond Mother. "NOSTALGIA! AND THE DENTIST ASSURED ME HE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH IT!"

BY PROXY.

GOOD MORNING! Feel my pulse. It doesn't flutter?

No: well, I want a nice engagement ring.
 Not for myself, you see; it is an utter
 Ass of a pal of mine who's done this thing.
O sœpe mecum! Rattle, bat, and putter
 We've wielded hand in hand. But this, I take it,
 Doesn't intrigue you? No? Well, let's get on.
 I want a ring as cheap as you can make it.
 Show me your meagre diamonds white and wan,
 Yet such as sparkle ever and anon.

Have you a half hoop, say, at thirty shillings?

I thought not. . . . Yes, one ought to spring a bit

On such occasions; wherefore else these killings

Of sacrificial kids with throats well slit?

What are these cooings worth? What be these billings?—

The odds are one will get but one engagement.

Were I the man, good sooth, I would not fence;

I'd let your zeal run on to its assuagement,

Bidding you bring me out your most immense

Of jewel-riddled rings and d—— the expense.

But there it is. Thomas's last direction

Was, "Do not go beyond a certain sum."

He would not come and make his own selection,

Partly for that strange quaking of the tum,

That bashfulness before your bland inspection,

Which is the usual thing on these occasions,—

Partly, alas! because he feared that you,

Knowing the strangle hold for all evasions,

Would shame him (rightly shame him, it is true),

And rush him more than he had meant you to.

Now *there's* a ring he'd fancy: kindly trot it

Out for a minute. How much would it be?—

What!—I can't run to that! I haven't got it!

Gods! it would break me! That won't do for me! . . .

Him, I should say. . . . Oh well, I thought you'd spot it—

Yes, I'm the man myself. You would be boobies

To let a dodge like that deceive you, eh?

Bring out your bulky gems, your whacking rubies,

Your Koh-i-noors, your Cullinans!—To-day

I got engaged, and I must pay, pay, pay.

"During an expedition to Kirkoswald, I found a small camp of seven by the riverside. The one complaint was that the Kirkoswald hens laid badly! The night before they scoured the village and could only get three for their tea, and there were seven of them. 'What did you do?' I somewhat heedlessly asked. 'Toss up?' 'Oh, no,' said the patrol leader, 'scouts always share alike; we boiled them hard and chopped them up on bread and butter.'"—*Church Times*.

This is a new recipe for boiled fowl, and one which we shall try next time we are reduced to a paltry three-sevenths of a hen for tea.

"A cow died of East Coast fever at Mlakalaka's Location on Thursday."—*Grahamstown Journal*.

This is headed "Social and Personal," and we therefore give it the publicity of this further intimation.

Two Biographies.

[“Since the publication of Morley's ‘Life of Gladstone,’ no biography has created such a sensation as the Caxton ‘Life of David Lloyd George,’ by Herbert du Parcq, M.A., B.C.L.”—*Advt.*]

MORLEY three volumes found enough to shed
 Illumination upon GLADSTONE dead.

DU PARCQ needs four to satiate your gorge,
 Ye fond admirers of the living GEORGE.



THE BOILING POINT.

DESTRUCTION DAY.

WE always know that other people would like to do the same if they had the pluck. For the Jumble Sale is at best only a method for burking responsibility and raising money for charitable purposes by questionable means. The only real cure is the Clean Sweep.

And then of course no one can be bothered. You may start all right with the drawing-room. But when you find that it takes a sizeable wheelbarrow to do that one room, you generally chuck it, and go away and smoke a pipe and try to think of something else.

But Ethel and I have really faced this problem. We have done more than that. We have elevated the day into a Family Festival, an Annual Carnival. It is a day set apart for Destruction on a grand scale, by fire, by water and by burial. We are stern, inexorable; we have no thought of vain regrets: indeed we egg each other on. The first Destruction day—three years ago—lasted for nearly a week. It rivalled the Spring Cleaning, and was much more permanent in its results. We purged the house from the far end of the back cellar to the top corner of the garret. All its inmates, of whatsoever age or degree, trooped forth into the open bearing their burdens to heap upon the pile. Out came the defective cameras, the unread books, unworn clothes, torn music and broken chairs. Out came the damaged mowing-machine. Out came the barbarous agglomeration of photographs that stood on the piano. Out came all that hopeless and decrepit mass of goods that had been "put by because they would be useful some time." One full cart-load was culled from the little hole under the stairs alone. But we were not quite up to the job in those days. We granted reprieves; we commuted sentences. The clock (which did not go), having once belonged to our Aunt Martha, was spared; also a torn umbrella, which might some day be recovered, and a hideous pair of vases, because they had been a recent present from my mother-in-law. But we are much firmer now.

Now that we have only one year's supply to work on we generally get through in a day, if we have an early breakfast and a cold lunch. But, of course, the bonfire has to be laid and the grave dug overnight. The morning is devoted to collection and preparation and the afternoon to sacrifice, and finally such as will not burn and are too large to bury—the boiler that cracked comes under this heading—



"WHERE'S YON DOG COOM FROM?"

"YON? WHY, 'E'S OUR MARY EM'LY'S 'USBAND'S FATHER'S BROTHER'S WIFE'S FATHER'S POOP."

"OH, AY! A THOWT 'E WEREN'T QUITE A STRANGER."

are sunk from a punt in the lake, amid rousing scenes of enthusiasm. It is always a strenuous day, and we are even now in doubt if it would not be quicker to take everything out of the house to start with and then put back the ones we want to keep. For it is amazing the amount of stuff that drifts into a house in the course of a year.

And in the evening we come home, worn and weary, and make a tour of the establishment and sit down in each room and look round and say to each other, "There is not a single thing in this room that has not a good reason for being here." And we feel rewarded. For we know that no one in the world except ourselves can say that.

I daresay we are a little carried away by our enthusiasm. It takes a day or

two to settle down. For the innocent sometimes suffer with the guilty.

"What are you looking for?" Ethel will ask, as I wander about the library.

"I can't make out what has become of the paper-knife," I will reply. And then Ethel will smile, as though enjoying some secret reminiscence. "I shall get you another the first day I am in town," she will assure me sweetly. It is understood that I ask no questions.

Extracts from *School Hygiene* :—

"Young children should be properly clothed in winter."—p. 43.

"A good desk is undeniably better than a bad desk."—p. 131.

Having mastered the subtleties of the profession, an aspirant can now sail in and become a schoolmaster.

A TOTAL FAILURE.

"You aren't bringing Felicity up properly," they had said more than once. "The child is getting precocious. She knows far too much of some things, and not enough of others. No wonder with such a father."

I began to think there might be something in the idea, and anyway I could not rest under the imputation of being an unsuccessful parent, so I purchased a small book on the subject, entitled, "Training the Young Mind." From this work I gleaned the information that education may be imparted at all times and places. "It is better," the author said, "to let the child learn from nature than from books. Take him to the Zoological Gardens."

I laid the book on my desk and sent for my little daughter.

I spread my feet out on the hearth-rug and put my hands under my coat tails.

"This afternoon," I said, "I am going to take you to the Zoological Gardens."

"You mean the Zoo?"

"I mean precisely what I said, Felicity."

"All right, Papa, have it your own way."

I twisted my moustache.

"A child must learn to respect its father," I said. "It's the first rule in the book . . . that is . . ."

I cleared my throat and possibly cast a nervous glance in the direction of my desk, for Felicity's eyes travelled there and back with lightning speed.

"I'll go and dress at once, Papa," she said; "what would you like me to wear?"

"I'm afraid that you think too much of your appearance, Felicity," I said severely. "Vanity is one of our little faults. The animals we shall see this afternoon will not be critical. They do not dress at all."

"No; not at all well, anyway."

"Not at all," I said.

* * * * *

As we drove there I took the opportunity of saying a few words to Felicity on the subject of our little excursion.

"We must always try on such occasions as these," I said, "to improve our minds even while we are enjoying ourselves. From the animals we shall see to-day we may very likely learn some useful lessons, even though they cannot talk or think."

"Or smoke or play football," added Felicity.

I feared for the moment that she was not taking our little talk quite seriously, but on glancing down I discovered that her face was perfectly grave.

We wandered about the gardens, and I showed the various exhibits to my little daughter, telling her their names, which were fortunately on the cages, and explaining to her their various habits and peculiarities. She was very attentive, but almost entirely silent.

She approved of the pelicans and the polar bears, but shook her head sadly at the camel, though she ad-

"Now I think we have learnt something here, have we not? Let us go on and see if Mr. Elephant is at home."

Felicity bought a bun for the elephant (which introduced the subject of extravagance) and gave it to a seal (which brought up the question of wastefulness).

"But he looks so hungry," she said.

"My dear child," I said, "seals never eat buns. They eat fish. They live on a strict fish diet."

Of course the seal spoilt everything. It swallowed the bun, laughed aloud, and disappeared into the lake. It might have had a little more sense.

Felicity said nothing.

We went on and entered the Elephant House.

"There, that's the elephant," I said, "No, not there! There."

Felicity gazed at it with round eyes.

"Oo."

"Now, the elephant," I pursued, "though the largest creature in the world, has not the sagacity of the dog nor the fleetness of the gazelle nor the industry of the bee."

"Nor can he carol like the lark," said Felicity.

"True."

"Well, you can't expect the poor beast to do everything."

I had to admit the soundness of this view. On the whole the arguments seemed strongly against me. I began to wish I had brought the book.

Our last visit was to the "Large Ape House."

"Here," I said, "we stand in the presence of

our ancestors."

Felicity gazed at them for a long time in solemn silence. Then she turned to me with a look of deep reproach.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "how you have deceived me!"

"How—how have I deceived you, my dear?" I said.

"You know you always told me, Papa, that our ancestors came over with the Conqueror."

* * * * *

We passed out through the turnstile, and I hailed a taxi.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," said Felicity, "that I've seen all these animals before."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"I thought perhaps it might spoil it for you," said Felicity.



The Duke Warmund. "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT MADE YOU EXECUTE YOUR UNCLE?"

King Sigisbert. "WELL, OLD DEAR, THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID MY MOTHER-IN-LAW'S VISIT WAS FOR THE COURT TO GO INTO MOURNING."

mitted that he might be useful as a water cistern.

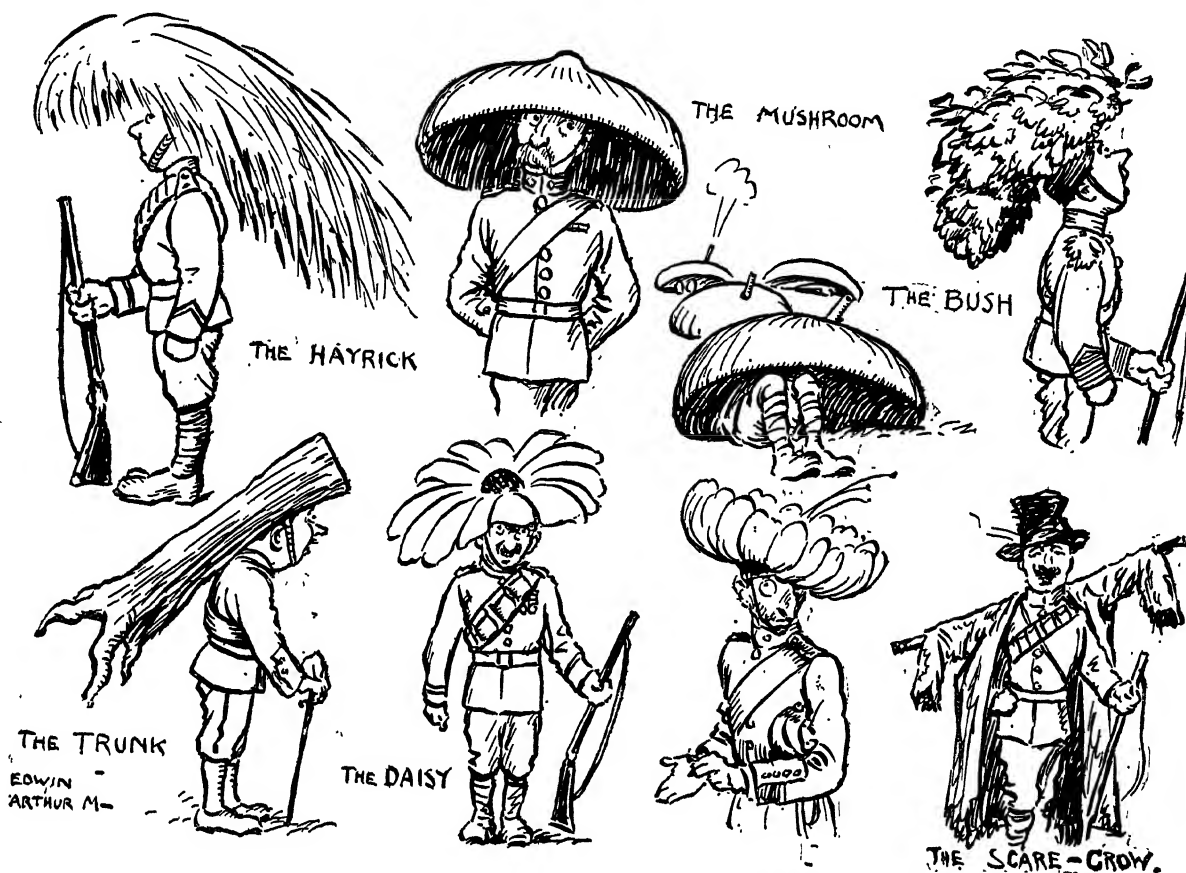
It was not until we reached the lion's house that she volunteered an opinion.

"It would be fun to let them all out, wouldn't it?" she said.

"Oh no," I replied, "it would be a great mistake. These lions and tigers, though they look so much like pussy on a large scale, are very fierce and wild, and would perhaps eat several people."

"Why not?" she said; "I shouldn't blame them."

"You would be the first to blame them," I said, "if they ate you. We are all very prone to think that other people's misfortunes are of little importance, but when it is a matter of inconvenience to ourselves it is a very different story."



A LESSON FROM THE RECENT MANŒUVRES.

THE NEW MILITARY HEADGEAR TO BAFFLE AEROPLANE SCOUTS.

TO THE LAST WASP OF SUMMER.

COOL as a cucumber! swift as an Arab! and
 Deuce of a dog of a wasp in your day!
 Now, as you shuffle a slovenly saraband
 Out of my tea-cup and on to the tray,
 Slowly you foot it and sadly you moralise,
 Blind to our laughter and deaf to our sneers,
 Gazing about with a couple of coral eyes
 Jewelled with tears!

Once so satanic, red-eyed as a ruby, an
 Elegant, opulent, arrogant, bold,
 Blood-thirsty brigand, as black as a Nubian,
 Winged with chalcedony, girdled with gold,
 Now you no longer down terrified tea-tables
 Bluster about in the colours of Clare;
 Down in the dumps! Is it choice of the eatables?
 That—or the air?

Are you already becoming rheumatic, a
 Prey to the chills of the winterly breeze?
 Have you lumbago and gout and sciatica,
 Crick in the back and a knock in the knees?
 Is it the thought of a summer's austerity
 Makes you unmindful of peril so soon,
 That you drop helplessly into my very tea—
 Spooned by a spoon!

So, for this hero of wings, sting and stamina,
 Fished from the tea-cup and decently spread
 Out on a plate, wound with cerements of jam in a
 Sepulchre quarried from standardised bread,

Must I elaborate songs that shall sanctify
 Such a bad brute with so poisoned a sting?
 No, I will be most emphatically blanked if I
 Do such a thing!

Still, a brief note in the agony column might
 Break to your friends the sad news they should
 know;

That—and a slab of memorial dolomite,
 Graved with the date I delivered the blow!
 Yes—with a spoon I contrived to distort you. Is
 This, then, a time to put crape round my hat?
 No, I'll go crapeless, and growling—"De mortuis . . ."
 Leave it at that!

More Rare and Refreshing Fruit.

"Rumours are again current of the resignation of the Premiership
 by Mr. Asquith who would be created a peer."—*Buenos Aires Herald*.
 Rise, Sir William!

The Hard Winter of the West Indies.

"November to May in Barbados is like June to September in
 England."—*Advt. in "Morning Post"*.
 Thanks, but not again.

"Soap is said to have been invented by the ancient Britons, blue
 and pink being their favourites, and flowers of these tints receive
 many more visits from them than do others."

Dublin Evening Mail.

So great a scandal have they become in our garden that
 we have promised the Vicar's wife to paint the delphin-
 iums yellow.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WINTER'S TALE."

I AM again beholden to *The Pall Mall Gazette's* interviewer for light on the motives of an actor-producer. This time it is Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER who has his secrets torn from his reluctant



ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

(Not an advertisement of the Smoke Abatement Society.)

breast:—"To a question concerning the advantages of a simple setting for Shakspeare over a more elaborate production, Mr. BARKER replied very pointedly in four words: 'You get the play.' 'Either,' he added, 'you want to see a play of Shakspeare, or you do not.' [I generally don't.] "'There are a vast number of persons who do, and the "decoration" we have used is perfectly obvious, simple and straightforward. Granted that you want to give the play, and not merely use the play as a sort of accessory to a pageant, there is no other way of doing it.'"

I gathered from the above that my friend Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER had determined that SHAKSPEARE should at last have a chance, while the producer, in a spasm of sacrificial devotion, suppressed himself. I could guess, therefore, what a shock it must have been to him to find his own work discussed in the Press; to be subjected to an interview from which his nature recoiled; to read elsewhere a discourse on the subject by Mr. GORDON CRAIG, in which the

name of SHAKSPEARE was never once mentioned, but he (Mr. BARKER), however much his production might irritate Mr. CRAIG (who hadn't seen it), was admitted to be "a fine fellow." And I can well imagine the hot and rapid words of protest that fell from Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER's lips when, on entering the vestibule of the Savoy Theatre, he found, not a statue of the Bard to whom he was giving a chance, but a life-size portrait of himself.

In his delightful preface to the acting edition of *The Winter's Tale* Mr. BARKER says: "As to scenery, as scenery is mostly understood—canvas, realistically painted—I would have none of it." But to avoid realistic scenery and present a formal background is not to deliver yourself from the vice of pageantry if at the same time you fill your stage, as Mr. BARKER does, with a veritable orgy of fantastic costumes, dazzling with the blaze of their discordant colours and disturbing by the restlessness of their designs. The scene of the rustic revels was pure pageant and nothing else, notwithstanding its unobtrusive cottage at the back. The effect of this kind of thing is still to strain the senses of the audience to the point of exhaustion, leaving them scant strength or leisure for the digestion of the play itself. At His Majesty's they may dress the Greek tyrant and his Court on strictly classic lines, and at the Savoy they may see them through the eyes of the Renaissance, but that does not make Mr. BARKER's art any better than Sir HERBERT TREE's as far as SHAKSPEARE's chance is concerned.



VIE DE BOHÈME.

Perdita Miss NESBITT.
Florizel Mr. NEILSON-TERRY.

"Classic dress" (I quote again from the producer's preface) "would offend against the very spirit of the play," and he therefore preferred to agree with Mr. ALBERT ROTHENSTEIN that "Renaissance-classic, that is, classic dress as Shakspeare saw it, would be the thing." But does he suppose that the bizarre costumes with which he staggers the Bohemian countryside are also as



A MOUTHPIECE OF THE ORACLE.

Officer of the Court Mr. KELL.

SHAKSPEARE "saw" them, with Warwickshire in his eye? Who is to say what SHAKSPEARE actually "saw" with that vision of his that from the Pisgah-height of genius could descry the sea-board of Bohemia, and Delphi isled in the ocean? Does anyone imagine that it would have greatly disturbed his sense of historic periods and local colour if he had been asked to shift his *Hamlet* to Forros and his *Macbeth* to Elsinore?

When I produce a play of SHAKSPEARE I shall give him a real chance by putting his characters, of whatever period, into the everyday modern dress of actors at preliminary rehearsals; and when I am interviewed I shall say that that is how SHAKSPEARE "saw" them, or, at any rate, how I see him seeing them; for if *Leontes*, of the age of the Sicilian tyrants and the glory of the Delphic oracle, can look forward some eighteen or nineteen centuries to the period of GIULIO ROMANO, Renaissance artist, surely his creator could project himself over a paltry three centuries into mine.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, whom I don't remember to have seen before in a facial disguise, gave a really remarkable performance as *Leontes*. It was the only thing that moved me at all. He had evidently received the *mot d'ordre* to

defy the speed limit with his glorious voice; but I did not resent the pace at which he took his words, leaving my intelligence far in the rear; for one can always read SHAKSPEARE afterwards to find out what the actor has been saying. I could see that he had gone gibbering mad, and that was enough for me.

Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY, who was privileged to make her own pace, gave its right dignity to *Hermione's* moving defence before the Court, and to the noble passage,

"Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping."

But the rest, of whose utterances in the original text scarcely a word was spared us, left me rather cold; though very sound work was done by Mr. DREWITT as *Camillo*, Miss BERINGER (who seemed to enjoy herself) as *Paulina*, Mr. NICHOLSON as the *Old Shepherd*, Mr. QUARTERMAINE as the *Clown* and Mr. GRAHAM as *Polixenes*. But I found Miss NESBITT's *Perdita* too skittish virginal, and I was frankly gratified when *The Bear* made mincemeat of Mr. RATHBONE's *Antigonus*. The humour of Mr. WHITBY as *Autolycus* and Mr. PLAYFAIR as *Paulina's Steward* was a very pleasant relief, but the best fun was undesigned, except by the costumier and the person responsible for the gentlemen's plumes. I never want to see a more diverting spectacle than Mr. KELT as the tufted *Officer of the Court* (Admiralty and Divorce), and his raucous recitation of Apollo's oracle was a thing to travel miles to hear.

The noise, even without an orchestra, was often appalling, and, if the meaning of many of the words was anyhow going to be taken for granted in the rush of their delivery, it would have been kinder of Mr. BARKER to take some larger place, like Covent Garden or Olympia, for his production.

In conclusion, if my remarks have been lacking in that fulsomeness which keeps a critic out of trouble, I honestly want to be grateful to Mr. BARKER for a very sporting piece of work. I only wish that he had chosen for his experiment a play less exposed to the ridicule of the Philistine. For, when full recognition is made of its great literary qualities, *The Winter's Tale* is, after all, a preposterous drama, isn't it? O. S.

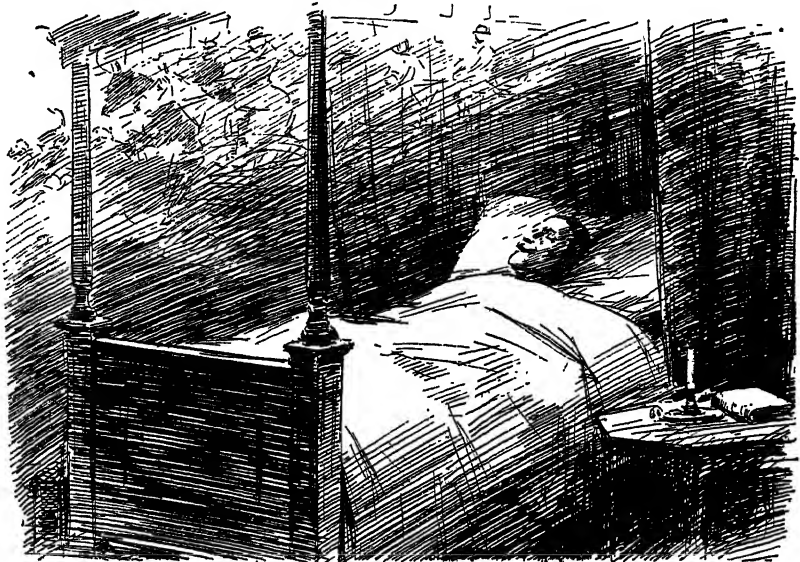
"In his humorous musical entertainment Mr. — has had the honour of appearing before H.M. King George IV."

Torquay Directory.

Some of the humorous musical entertainments we have heard must have had the honour of appearing before QUEEN ANNE.

FANCY AND FACT.

(The first morning's cub-hunting.)



AS FANCY PAINTED IT AT 12 P.M.



AS IT WAS AT 4.30 A.M.

CLEAVAGE.

HERE, amid the rough upheaval,
Stones and *débris* strewn around,
Mixed with tree-roots and primeval
Hunks of pasturage, are found
Geologically jumbled in a ragged warp
of ground.

Peradventure you have wondered
What assault, what Titan thrust,
Brought about this rudely sundered
Wilderness of weed and dust,
This unlovely-looking fracture of the
elemental crust.

Yes, you may have learnt from
tag s

That this kind of thing occurred
In the avalanching ages;

Or, perhaps, you may have heard
How some seismic sort of tremor caused
the strata to be stirred.

Yet, although these tufts and granites
To the scientist may seem
Simply items in our planet's
Evolutionary scheme,
I am not of that opinion; on the
contrary I dream

Of the neolithic heyday
Till the fancy strikes me hot,
That 'twas here, one hapless playday,
On this lacerated plot,
That some brawny-wristed Briton first
essay'd a niblick shot.

The new craze at Pekin: Reading
the underwriting on the Great Wall.

MEDALITIS.

In the full height and glory of the year,
When husbandmen are housing
golden sheaves,
Before the jealous frost has come to shear
From the bright woodland its reluctant leaves,
I pass within a gateway, where the trees,
Tall, stately, multi-coloured, manifold,
Draw the eye on as to some Chersonese,
Spanning the pathway with their arch of gold.

A river sings and loiters through the grass,
Girdling a pleasance scythed and trimly shorn;
And here I watch men vanish and repass
To the last hour of eve from early morn;
Dryads peer out at them, and goat-foot Pan
Plays on his pipe to their unheeding ears;
They pass, like pilgrims in a caravan,
Towards some Mecca in the far-off years.

Blind to the woodland's autumn livery,
Blind to the emerald pathway that they tread,
Deaf to the river's low-pitched lullaby,
Their limbs are quick and yet their souls are dead;
Nothing to them the song of any bird,
For them in vain were horns of Elfland wound,
Blind, deaf and stockfish-mute; for, in a word,
They are engaged upon a Medal Round.

Making an anxious torment of a game
Whose humours now intrigue them not at all,
They chase the flying wraith of printed fame,
With card and pencil arithmetical;
With features pinched into a painful frown
Looming misfortunes they anticipate,
Or, as the fatal record is set down,
Brood darkly on a detrimental 8.

These are in thrall to Satan, who devised
Pencil and card to tempt weak men to sin,
Whereby their prowess might be advertised—
Say, 37 Out and 40 In;
Rarely does any victim break his chains
And from his nape the lethal burden doff—
The man with medal virus in his veins
Seldom outlives it and gets back to Golf.

THE REPRIEVE.

GLORIA insisted on it.
"None of my fiancés," she observed sententiously, "has ever been completely without a redeeming feature. You *will* part your hair in the middle; you *will* wear Liberty Art collars; you *will* go about in an overcoat like a dressing-gown and socks like a cyclone—"

"A bicyclone," I interjected cleverly. (When Gloria is once fairly off, any interjection is clever.)

She paused not to laugh; then she went on—"And if you can't even wear spats for my sake, all is over between us. I can't go about with a fiancé looking like—(she searched for an adequately abysmal description)—an artist."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said; "I had my hair cut only on Saturday. Anyhow, real men don't wear spats; they avoid them because they know they're effeminate; and women cultivate them because they think they're masculine."

"Why drag real men into it?" asked Gloria.

I looked at her determinedly. "Young woman," I said, "why did you become engaged to me?"

"Gracious," said Gloria, "didn't you read my letter to *The Daily Mail* about it? What do young men read nowadays? Put your hat on at once," she added, "we're going spattering."

It was no use; I went like a lamb, or like a bird. A lamb in bird's clothing, let us say.

We went steadily along Oxford Street till we came to a policeman.

"Can you direct me to a good spatter, constable?" I asked.

"He means a place where he can buy spats," explained Gloria.

(She is one of those people who came into the world to explain things that don't need it.)

At the door of Hobbes & Marlowe's distinguished-looking emporium I halted for a last stand.

"What *are* you dreaming about?" said Gloria sharply. "Go inside."

"Inside?" I asked, in pained surprise. I am an open-air sort of man, you see.

"Inside," repeated Gloria coldly; but even as she spoke I detected a shade of abstraction in her tone.

Now at this point I must tell you that the trade description of Hobbes & Marlowe is "Ladies and Gents' Haberdashers:" and even as I dallied at the introit, Gloria's eyes were glazing with enslavement; and, as we moved inwards, she remarked, so casually that I knew she must be deeply stirred—

"I'll come in with you and just glance at some things while you're buying."

So I asked the way to spats, and Gloria to handkerchiefs. And we parted.

It was then that Hope first sat up definitely and said, "Here I am."

"The lady is buying some things," I explained to the man, "and I thought I'd just glance at some spats."

I glanced; I was grieved and amazed to discover how far the modern spat falls short of my modest requirements.

"Have you no spats with clocks?" I asked at last. "I want some with pale mauve clocks—you know—the colour of the tiles in Dover Street Station."

No, he had no such spats, he said sadly.

Seeing instinctively that he was going to offer to make them for me for Christmas, I added hastily—

"I want spats with laces, too. Nothing *outré*—just ordinary porpoise leather. You *don't* mean to say you're out of laced spats?"

It sounds incredible, I know, but he was.

Just as I was about to explain that I could only wear spats of Sumatra rubber and taffetas, Gloria reappeared, very full of herself, to find me bastioned with rejected spats.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "I've got just the adorablest pair of smoke-grey evening gloves for four-and-six. Fancy! And two of the most priceless swank hankies you ever saw. Haven't you got your old spats *yet*? Oh, come along—they'll do any time; only pay these people, will you?"

And so my spats were averted; and in case Gloria ever introduces the topic again I am keeping my spat bill for her:—

Dr. to HOBBS & MARLOWE, LTD.,
Ladies and Gents' Haberdashers.

	s.	d.
1 pr. Gloves	4	6
2 Bt. Sk. Hkcsf.	4	9½
	9	3½

WITH THANKS.

But I often think with a shudder of what might have occurred if H. & M. haberdashed for gents only.

Sir HERBERT TREE as printed in *The Daily Graphic*:—

"It has been my constant regret during the last few years that I have been unable to leave my theatre, for the public has steadily declined to support it without the presence of the manger in the cast."

What keeps us away is the loose-box-office in the vestibule.

DIRGE

FOR THE PASSING OF THE SILLY SEASON.
 SEASON of serpents and the giant growth
 Of gooseberry, whose knell is nearly rung
(Toll slowly while its doleful hook is slung !),
 Warm up thy cockles, knowing I am loath
 To let thee pass unhonoured and unsung.

Though Pressmen seek thy death, since thou dost bring
 Scant food for the abhorred paste and shears
(Toll slowly in the sad free-lance's ears !),
 I am thy friend, and from mine eyelids spring
 The meed of more or less melodious tears.

For when the Parliamentary portals close
 And nearly all the news is pretty thin
(Toll slowly, for the long lean months begin !),
 Editors drop their supercilious pose
 And I can get my annual look in.

When haughty regulars refuse to write,
 Rollicking on their overplus of pay
(Toll slowly, for its life was short and gay !),
 When specials fail and space no more is "tight,"
 Occasional contributors make hay!

And now that thou must pass, and I as well,
 Dear season of the mediocre stuff!
(Toll slowly for its journalistic bluff !)
 In that lugubrious Limbo where I dwell
 I cannot weep thy exodus enough.

We go—but if thy knell can be delayed,
 Hang on a bit, old thing, until by dint
(Toll slowly : it will have to take the hint !)
 Of thy sweet presence and continued aid
 These verses scramble somewhere into print.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WALTER BELL is the Colossus of Fleet Street. He strides over seven centuries of the history of the thoroughfare, and at every step finds matter of human interest. *Fleet Street in Seven Centuries* (Sir ISAAC PITMAN) is considerably more than a record of persons and events grouped under its title. It traces with many picturesque touches the growth of London beyond the walls within which the Romans jealously encircled the City. It is no new topic, having found congenial work for the pen of Stow and earlier writers. It has never been better done than in this portly volume, which no one who begins to read will find too long. Mr. BELL is animated by sympathy for London throughout its many centuriéd course, and has the happy knack of communicating his interest to his reader. The pages are thronged with passages that within the space of a few lines illuminate Fleet Street even more effectively than the electric light that succeeds to the once familiar lantern. One learns, for example, that the back part of Mr. Punch's former office in Fleet Street occupied the site of a house where MILTON lodged, a circumstance that may account for much. For years the daily newspapers have grown accustomed to speak disrespectfully of the sea-serpent. But there is no getting over the fact that nine years ago, excavations being made at the printing office of a weekly newspaper in Salisbury Square, there were dug out the bones of a reindeer. This animal, yearning for immortality, knew what it was about when it selected this precise place of sepulture.



German Visitor. "VAITOR, I SPEAK DER ENGLISH NOT MOCH. VILL YOU DER NODIS EXPLAIN?"

Waiter. "WELL, SIR, IT'S SORT OF LIKE THIS. SUPPOSIN' I WAS TO SAY TO YOU, 'NOW, COME ON, 'AIR CUT,' WELL, YOU SEE—WELL, THAT'S IT!"

A drawback to the full success of the scheme is that the far-seeing beast necessarily remains anonymous. Mr. BELL, commencing his tour through the centuries, has something to say about the Roman occupation. The wildest desire of the human breast would be satisfied if it were possible for JULIUS CÆSAR to revisit the scene of one of his early labours and, taking a turn in a taxi-cab, say from Hyde Park Corner to London Bridge, behold how far-reaching an oak has grown out of the acorn he planted.

The chief diversion which *The Three Anarchists*, by MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON (PAUL), offered me was to imagine the expression and feelings of the library subscriber settling down to his expected *bonne bouche* of bombs and pistols, and discovering on the title-page, from a quoted *obiter scriptum* of Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, that the anarchists in question were Love and Birth and Death. Here clearly are a title and a theme of promise, but beyond the range of the author, who is content to do no more than tack on her title to her novel without the trouble of artistically developing her theme. Love and Birth and Death enter the orbit of most of us, not in a specially anarchistic way, and not always in that of the gentle and too subservient, Janet Boldre, or her bearish, miserly gentleman of a husband, George; or her stepson Harry; or her friend, Walter

Geste. And I can't help noticing the author's use of a growing modern habit of slinging on to paper, in the name of realism, all sorts of unselected detail, cemented together with *clichés* worn smooth with constant service. But I can unreservedly commend to all lovers of unconscious humour the pseudo-realistic fight between old *George* and young *Harry*—the "swift cracks of the fist," the "hits in the chest," the snarls, grunts and gurgles, and (when *George* took to kicking, which *Harry* resented) "the wounding feet wagging feebly" and the "horrible pain below the belt."

For several years I have been vaguely conscious that Mr. BURGIN has been writing novels and that I have not been reading them, but until I opened *Varick's Legacy* (HUTCHINSON) I had no idea that my acts of omission amounted to the appalling number of forty-three. If, however, this book is to be taken as a fair sample of the author's wares it is not difficult to account for their popularity. Here we have two charming young daughters of a duke masquerading as poor girls and relieving the sick and the needy. Among the recipients of their bounty are three youthful and impecunious aspirants for literary fame who—in a death-bed letter—are bequeathed to the great *Varick* (editor of a new magazine, dramatist, novelist, and so forth) by one *Terson*, who had befriended him when he was "down on his uppers." From the history of this trio I gather that Mr. BURGIN's well of sentimentality is very far from being dry, but that his stock of humour is suffering from temporary exhaustion. At any rate, he has besprinkled *Varick's Legacy* with jokes which even a family-humorist would decline to handle.

Every now and then we get in the papers a story of a kidnapped child and a huge ransom demanded from a millionaire parent. That, stripped of embroidery, is the theme of Miss JENNETTE LEE's book, *Betty Harris* (METHUEN). I think a very good detective story could be made out of it—I dare say it has been done—but that is not Miss LEE's way. She has chosen the alternative sentimental method, and skated over the practical details. The child is tracked after nearly three months, more by coincidences than anything else, to a hiding place which, I am sure, would not have baffled the Chicago police (who are those concerned) more than a day. The little girl is found by a dreamy sort of Greek fruiterer who sees visions of the Acropolis whenever he shuts his eyes, and gives one the impression that Miss LEE has recently been doing Yurup and acquired a fit-out of general culture on the best Boston lines. Her style is spasmodic: four words and . . . two more words and — and so on; and most of the time she seems to be on tip-toe reaching to the top-shelf for the literary word.

Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS has utterly defeated me with *The*

Wind Among the Barley (MILLS AND BOON). There are two things that put me off in the usual run of tales about villages. Though it is good to be alone among the bracken, it is not so pleasant hearing anyone else declaiming about it in lengthy and affected simplicity. Again, the village annalist always seems to be saying, especially if his village is a Devonian one, "This is our village and I am one of us, but you are not, and don't you forget that." To these faults, Miss WILLCOCKS adds a third, that of going beyond her point and ending on an anticlimax, which is telling once in a way but tiresome when repeated at the end of every one of her twenty-odd stories. And yet she leaves me the devoted admirer of her village of *Larkbeare*, her fishermen, farm-folk and moor people, and almost of herself. *Susan Palfrey*, *Mrs. Tamzen Pickman*, *Lawyer Brimacombe* and *Dr. Boswarva*, I loved them all for their odd matter-of-fact ways and their happy phrases. "But her 'll have to shift her clothes before seeing company," says one of *Maria Shaddick*. "Not her," is the answer. "'Tis a homely sort of body, and if you see her Monday, you see her Sunday." Best of all are the incessant love-affairs of that hearty philanderer, *John Metherall*.

Had Miss WILLCOCKS striven less after simplicity, had she not included herself so prominently and almost ostentatiously among her characters and specifically called me a "stranger" in the first chapter, I should have been bound to confess that I felt nothing but gratitude for this entertaining series of homely episodes.

Of the various clever writers who are at present striving for first place in what I may call the East London Stakes, there is no doubt whatever that Mr.



A TIMID HOUSEHOLDER PREPARING FOR THE BURGLARY SEASON BY DISGUIISING HIS SPANIELS AS BULL-DOGS.

ROBERT HALIFAX carries my money every time. Much as I remember to have liked *A Whistling Woman*, his latest book, *A Slice of Life* (CONSTABLE) is certainly its better. There is the same delicacy and insight, with a greater sureness of touch. I think it must be the milk of human kindness that gives to the productions of Mr. HALIFAX their peculiar flavour. All the persons of the simple tale, the dwellers in Roper's Row, Barking, *Mr. Donno* especially, and "the old soul at the back," are touched in, even the unpleasant ones, with a humanity that has never a hint of caricature. *Mr. Casswade*, the landlord, and his good-hearted, wholly ineffective agent, *Josh*, are creations of pure joy, from whose interviews I should like to quote whole pages. Now and again I am a little uncertain about the heroine, but here I am prepared to admit the fault is more mine than that of her creator; she has some love scenes that are as unconventional, yet completely sincere, as anything I can call to mind. Sincerity is indeed the final note of Mr. HALIFAX. At his most sensational you are never aware of invention; the thing remains a "just so" story—and a fine one.

"£27,000 PLEDGED FOR HOME RULE FUN."

Dublin Evening Mail.

"What is fun to you is death to Ulster.".

CHARIVARIA.

A CERTAIN amount of mystery attaches to the CHANCELLOR's visit to the hunting district of Leicestershire. The probability is that he hoped to get a valuable hint or two from the foxes who are such adepts in robbing hen-roosts.

Meanwhile it is rumoured that the CHANCELLOR is reconsidering his Single Tax campaign pending the approval by the Insurance Commissioners of a society for Christian Scientists only, the members of which will be precluded by the tenets of their faith from applying for sickness benefit.

By the by, they are calling Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's big trouble "The Doc. Strike."

"Love letters between young men and women are an excellent method of teaching literature," says Dr. ARTHUR HOLMES. But it must be done tactfully. We have known a young lady break off an engagement because her *fiancé* returned her love letters with the spelling errors neatly corrected in red ink.

In a statement issued concerning his Daylight Saving Bill, Mr. WILLIAM WILLETT tells us that this measure "proposes to obtain one hour more of sunlight in the period between cessation of work and bedtime." This would have been peculiarly welcome last August, and it is to be hoped that it may yet be possible to enter into a binding arrangement with the luminary.

In Bavaria a man has been fined for kissing his wife in a train. It is to be hoped that this will not affect the pretty custom of two bearded Bavarian gentlemen kissing one another on meeting at a railway station, as this is a sight which does much to relieve the tedium of Continental railway travelling.

Reading that a hostile fleet in the torpedo-craft manoeuvres off the East Coast succeeded in capturing Filey, an old lady remarked that she was not surprised, seeing that this town is only defended by a Brig.

A man giving the name of BOOSEY was charged last week at Tottenham with being drunk. The magistrate, in fining him, remarked, "Will you always be Boosey?" Curiously enough the magistrate appears to have escaped with no punishment at all.

For restoring to its owner a purse containing over £3, a Norwood errand-boy was, last week, rewarded with a piece of cake and a banana. A piece of cake only would certainly have been rather mean.

An invention resembling a huge mechanical butterfly net, to be fixed on the front of motor-cars, is the latest method of saving pedestrians from injury, and has been tried with considerable success at Brooklands. We



GRAND WEATHER FOR—

Waggish Loafer (to sandwich-man). "YOU'RE LUCKY, MATE. IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR YER, AIN'T IT?"

fancy, however, that ladies, at any rate, will prefer death to the inevitable disarrangement of their hats which the device involves.

Says the men's fashion expert of *The Observer*:—"The craze for 'dressing quietly' is dying out." Speaking for ourselves, for some time past, when we have lost our stud, our language has been as loud as it has been undesirable.

At Clerkenwell County Court the other day, a witness caused amusement by giving his address as "France, Germany." But he was, we take it, merely an Alsatian.

It was stated in a police court the other day that among the lower orders a quarrel after a funeral is a common occurrence. A black eye, we take it, is realised to be the most economical form of mourning.

Evidence at the Marylebone Police Court shows that during the last six months as many as 150 American grey squirrels have been stolen from Regent's Park. As a consequence the authorities at the Zoo are getting anxious, and a close watch is being kept on the lions and tigers, whose valuable furs are calculated to appeal strongly to pilferers.

A Glasgow newspaper, in describing a highway robbery which led to the appearance of two youths in a local police court, says:—"The little transaction was witnessed from the dicky of his hansom cab by a cabman, who immediately spurred up his horse." The long arm of the law fades into insignificance compared with the long legs of the cabby.

Another art-gallery theft is reported. Again an unimportant picture has been taken—this time from the Alexandra Palace—and the more valuable ones left. There must be something radically wrong with the art education imparted to our burglars.

A man named GRAHAM, of Murrefreesboro', Arkansas, who had been bald for years, is, *The Express* tells us, showing signs of a new growth of hair since he had a severe fight with a catamount. As a result of this, we understand, quite a number of bald-headed men are now swopping their dogs for catamounts, and a rise in their price is imminent.

From "To-day and To-morrow" in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1.

"Church Congress opens, Middlesbrough Town Hall: Presidential address by the Archbishop of York, 3.30 (four days)."
A distinct set-back, this, for the Shorter Sermon movement.

From "Estates Wanted" in *The Midland Counties Herald*:—

"Country Mansion within 1 to 1½ miles of London."

Our demesne in Bouverie Street is not for sale.

"Shortly afterwards the rain, like a giant refreshed, fell in torrents."—*Cycling*.
This goes into our Handbook of Giants.

CIRCUMSTANCE WITHOUT POMP.

THE storm had passed, but chilling was the air,
A simple tramp came wand'ring o'er the hill—
A man of peaceful habit, free from care;
Save that he felt a trifle wet and chill.

Calmly, with equal mind but broken shoe,
Onward he moved, until at length he stood
Where an adjacent haystack met his view
(A crop both scarce and dear, but very good).

This he regarded in a casual way,
Then, finding warmth his prevalent desire,
Drew forth a match and lit the ready hay,
And in a moment had a first-class fire.

And there he basked upon the leeward side
Till the rude farmer came and raised a storm,
To whose unseemly protests he replied,
Mildly, that he had done it "for a warm."

* * * * *
A simple tramp. Perchance a simple tale,
But what a greatness! Surely we have here
A calm, cool mind that knows not how to fail,
A steady brain that sees its purpose clear;

An elemental soul that gives no heed
To right or wrong—surmounts without a pause
The disproportionate vastness of his deed,
Nor cares the *2d.* that he lacks for laws.

What is a stack? A barn, a homestead roof—
Whole villages shall flare at his commands;
Great towns and cities shall be nowise proof
If such an one aspire to warm his hands.

Does he lack *victuals*? Is he void of trust?
Poultry and flocks his instant need shall slake;
Ten thousand fatted beeves shall bite the dust
Ere he go lacking for a modest steak.

Oh, see him! 'Tis a sight to stir the heart.
Serene of purpose, ready, swift, and bold,
The kingly impulse of a *BONAPARTE*
Were less than his, if he is feeling cold.

Yet did men hail him as a demigod,
And raise him up? Ah, no. I grieve to state—
That this high soul is languishing in quod,
With three months hard for daring to be great.

DUM-DUM.

THE CHEQUE.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "is it not strange that women—"

"If this is going to be a long lecture," said Francesca, "I must put on my hat and find my purse."

"Full dress," I said, "is unnecessary. This is going to be a *causerie*, a little heart-to-heart talk between two people who thoroughly understand one another and the question under discussion."

"That," said Francesca, "is a great relief, because, you know, if I understand all about it you needn't say another word, and I can attend to my business."

"Francesca," I exclaimed, "you have spoken the word. 'Business.' That was what I was about to mention."

"Well, you have mentioned it. It's off your chest now."

"My dear Francesca," I protested, "why this tone of unseasonable levity? Let us at least preserve some refinement in our—er—"

"Mentionings," she suggested. "Yes, let our mentionings

be modest, so that no one may be able to cast any of our mentionings in our teeth."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now harping."

"It is an old-world accomplishment," said Francesca.

"No, I declared, 'it is a great fault. Moreover, I am not a man who can be put down by a *jeu de mots*.'"

"I know, I know," said Francesca with a deep sigh. "You are one of those strong, resolute and silent—no, I beg your pardon—not silent, but strong, resolute and ruthless men who deal with women as a potter deals with clay. How does it feel, I wonder, to be like that?"

"It is nothing," I said, "a mere nothing. We are born so and cannot help ourselves."

"Some people," said Francesca, "may be Rooshans, and some may be Prooshans. They are born so, and will please themselves."

"If," I said, "you are going to quote *Mrs. Gamp* at me, I have done with you. *Mrs. Gamp*—"

"I will not press *Mrs. Gamp*," said Francesca. "Let us, or rather let you, resume where you started. You were going to say?"

"When you interrupted me—but I make no complaint—I was about to say how strange it was that women, so admirable as mothers and directors of households, had so small an understanding of business matters. Now, you yourself, for instance—"

"I myself, for instance, know nothing at all of business matters; but, oh, I should love to learn."

"Francesca," I said enthusiastically, "you shall. What is money?"

"Money," said Francesca, "is what you never get enough of when you want a little more."

"No," I said, "money is a medium of exchange. But money is not everything."

"Certainly not," said Francesca. "Kind hearts are more than golden pounds."

"We will leave out kind hearts for the present. I want you to imagine the great business world subsisting entirely on—Dear me, what is the word I want?"

"Mines or railways?"

"Not at all. Credit—subsisting entirely on credit."

"Then it's a queer thing," said Francesca, "that the Stores never will give you any of it. They subsist on ready-money."

"Never mind the Stores. Now, for example, when I write, or, to speak more accurately, when I draw a cheque—"

"And that," said Francesca, "is what I'm simply longing to see you do."

"But you have drawn cheques yourself. You have an account at the local branch of the South-Midland Bank."

"I have, but I'm not a skilled cheque-drawer. Women are not taught the meaning of all the funny little things men write on cheques. But if I could see you do it, and if you would explain everything as you go along—"

"Francesca," I said, "you shall have your wish. Hand me my cheque-book. For your sake I will waste a cheque."

"It will not be wasted," said Francesca.

"Here, then," I said, "is a blank cheque. I write the date in the upper right-hand corner—so, 'Oct. 3rd, 1912.' Now whom shall we make it payable to?"

"Oh, anybody," said Francesca carelessly. "Me, or anybody else."

"It shall be payable to you." I wrote "Francesca Carlyon" in the space provided for that purpose, struck out "Bearer" and wrote "Order" above it. "You would have to write your name on the back of it before you could cash it. That's called endorsing it."

"Thanks," she said. "I'll remember that word carefully."



STILL ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

WEE TEETOTAL MCGREGOR. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, ME FIRST."

[The Temperance (Scotland) Bill will occupy two days of the new Session before the Home Rule Bill can come on.]



"DRAT THEM THINGS! THEY SEEM TO WANT THE WHOLE ROAD, EXCEPT JUST WHERE YOU AIN'T."

"Now for the amount. What shall we say?"

"Twenty-five pounds," said Francesca tentatively.

"So be it. 'Twenty-five pounds in letters first, and then, in the space below, £25 in figures. Observe that I write close to the left-hand margin.'"

"You enthral me," said Francesca.

"Now comes the important part. I sign it—so—and the cheque is complete."

"But you haven't made two lines across it. That's always done on the best cheques, isn't it?"

"It is not essential; but, if you like, it shall be crossed to your own bank, and then nobody except your own bank would be able to present it to mine."

"To think that two little ink-lines should mean all that," said Francesca. "But you've left out 'account payee' and 'not negotiable.' Don't they put that on some cheques?"

"Yes," I said, and added these adornments. "I will now tell you as clearly as I can what the mystic words 'account payee' and 'not negotiable' mean."

"Wait a minute," said Francesca. "Let me look at the cheque first."

I handed it to her.

"It is beautifully done," she said. "Some day, I suppose, I shall be able to do it as brilliantly."

"Where are you going?" I said, for she had opened the door.

"I am going," said Francesca, "to endorse this dear, clever, unconscious cheque and then hand it in at my Bank to account payee." R. C. L.

"In the background is the famous Wallace ewe, over 600 years old." *Paisley Gazette.*

And yet with mint sauce it would probably still pass as lamb.

TO A NIECE.

SOME, my Rowena, are given to scorning
Honest emotion—I never do that;
So when I read in your letter this morning
That you had finally banished your plait,
All of a twitter I fell on my knees and,
Loosing a carol of joy from my weasand,
Flung up my hat!

Now that your very last flap has been flapped you're
Feeling no doubt that the world is your slave,
Even your uncle can share in your rapture
(Though a mere male) for his destiny gave
Two such occasions, and both of them rousers!
(1) When he put on his first pair of trousers,
(2) His first shave.

Then did he feel like a god in his splendour,
Nothing was left for the heavens to grant!
Years have rolled by and his chin has grown tender,
Razors no longer have power to enchant,
As for his garments—the way he addresses them
Now, as he smooths out their creases and presses
them,
Frightens your aunt.

So in the future, Rowena, you'll jib on
Finding how often the fashions are new,
Then will you sigh for your pigtail and ribbon,
And for the days when one method would do;
But for the present we both are delighted;
Really, I fancy that I'm more excited
Even than you!

OUR COLONIES.

III.—CANADA.

At various times and by various statesmen our various Colonies have all been described as the brightest gem in the British crown or diadem, as the case may be; but from sheer weight of repetition Canada may definitely be said to merit this appellation. It is a very big country, and quite a lot of it is so unknown as to be largely a matter of guesswork. It extends from the United States in the South, to as far North as you like to travel; and in a lateral direction it is only the mighty oceans which limit it. Its expansion in the matter of trade is, of course, largely determined by the fact that it is a British Colony. But then every country has some drawback with which to contend.

Canada is a land of extremes. In summer the weather is so hot that the asbestos lining to the fireproof buildings has been known to melt; and in winter the snow is so deep that special elevators have to be instituted to convey the residents down to the roofs of their dwellings. Of course this only refers to certain parts of Canada. In many districts the climate is one long dream of delicious delight. For further particulars see the letter-press so kindly supplied by the Immigration Department.

But it must be admitted that the extraordinary variations in temperature—in some parts—are not without effect on the inhabitants. They have to cram a year's work into six months, because it is far too cold during the winter to do anything except sit with their feet on the stove, talking politics. The true-born British workman hates Canada during the summer; but when the peaceful spell of winter is over, he flocks there in his thousands, convinced that it is the one country in the world that is really suited to his ideas of what constitutes a hard day's work. And when he is set the task of doing chores round the house and splitting firewood he returns to the land of his birth and writes letters to the papers about it.

True Canadians never mind their own brand of cold weather. The thermometer drops to about thirty degrees below zero, and they wrap up in furs and go careering all over the country in bob-sleighs. Yet, when they come to England and experience a November

day in London, they perish miserably—which only serves to show what a hardy race are we Londoners.

The scenery in Canada is immense. The Great Plains stretch right across the country till they meet the Rocky Mountains. The Rocky Mountains are also very wonderful, and are principally famous on account of the difficulty experienced in getting the Canadian-Pacific Railway across them. Otherwise they are comparatively useless, and are generally floated as mining propositions.

the letter-press so kindly furnished by the Immigration Department. You can shoot almost anything, from a moose bull to a rapid; and, if you care to venture into the Western districts, you may even bag a man or two. The most exclusive prize, however, is the grizzly bear. A unique advantage about shooting in Canada is that business can be combined with pleasure, most of the animals there being covered with a very expensive kind of fur, which finds a ready market throughout the world.

The principal pastimes in the country are log-rolling, broncho-busting, and exploring. The first consists in letting loose a large number of tree-trunks on a swift river, and then jumping from one to the other; the second is the art of remaining on a horse which is convinced that you belong somewhere else; and the third is indulged in because otherwise so much of the country would go to waste.

Canada is famous for its maple sugar, its North-Western Police, the siege of Quebec, Sir GILBERT PARKER, and the North Magnetic Pole. Next to the Police, the most remarkable feature is the Magnetic Pole, there being only one other specimen in the world, and that a very inferior article.

Lastly, Canadians drink rye whisky in preference to the kind produced by Bonnie Scotland. This is, perhaps, their greatest achievement.

"TOOTER'S."

It was Falby-Jones who told me of Tooter's.

I ran against him in Bond Street.

"You're looking worried," said he.

"Yes," I answered; "I'm after a wedding present. I want something that looks as if it contains a great weight of silver."

"You're not buying it in this street?" he asked.

"Well, I was. People think so much more—" But he interrupted me.

"My dear chap, don't be an ass," he said, taking me confidentially by the arm; "I'll tell you where to get a wedding present. You go to Tooter! He's in Wyley Street, at the back of Aldgate."

"Never heard of him," I said.

"Wholesale, I suppose?"

"No; but you'll find he's just your man;" and with that we parted.



THE FASHION FOR PEKINESE SPANIELS AS PETS IS VIEWED WITH CONSIDERABLE MISGIVING BY THE FUR TRADE, SINCE MUFFS ARE BEING RENDERED SUPERFLUOUS.

Canada is the greatest wheat-growing country in the world. For full particulars see the letter-press so obligingly furnished by the Immigration Department.

Canada is also famous for its gold mines. It keeps most of these in out-of-the-way corners, such as Alaska and the upper reaches of the Saskatchewan, and always seems to be able to find a new mine when it desires to get rid of the more turbulent spirits among its population. It is a great pity there are no gold mines in England.

Canada is a wonderful country for sport. It is a veritable hunter's paradise. For further particulars see



Quack Doctor. "AND I DEFY ANY WEST-END PHYSICIAN IN THE AUDIENCE TO DISPUTE WHAT I SAY."

I had great difficulty in locating Tooter, and when I finally ran him to earth his premises looked so dilapidated that I should have gone away again had anyone but Falby-Jones recommended him. As it was, I went in, and found a mild-looking little man behind a counter covered with conventional wedding presents.

They seemed cheap, and I chose a massive (looking) sugar-sifter, paid for it, and gave the future bride's address.

"And where shall I send it from, Sir?" said Tooter.

I suppose I looked mystified, for he repeated the question.

"We have boxes of all the best shops," he went on. "Mr. Falby-Jones usually has his presents in one of Wallerby's boxes, but we can do you Cockertons', Fox & Hunter's, Spillby's, Pomphrey's. Pomphrey's? Yes, Sir, certainly. I'll see that it goes in a Pomphrey."

I came away feeling rather faint, but revived in the pure air of Aldgate.

Aids to History.

From the programme of a travelling bioscope company in India:—

"Dictorpin's last ride to New York (interesting)."

"THINGS HE CAN SELL."

UNCLE BILL, whose "Recollections"

Ev'ry one is reading now,
Has, of all my close connections,
Quite the most receding brow;
But, although his mind is muddy
And he wields a laboured pen,
While his style suggests long study
Of *La Vie Parisienne*,
He provides a perfect model
In the art of writing twaddle.

He describes with solemn unction
How, when he was "in the swim,"
He was present at a function

Where a King once spoke to him;
He narrates in fashion sprightly
How he dined to meet a Prince,
When His Highness bowed politely
(And has cut him ever since).
Anecdotes like the preceding
Make the most delightful reading!

Bearded chestnuts, old and hoary,

He can hang on any peg:
"What are Keats?" (that ancient
story)

And, of course, the "Curate's Egg"
Both achieve their reviviscence,
'Crossed and catalogued and classed

With each dreary reminiscence
Of an undistinguished past,
Finding ultimate fruition
In a third and fourth edition!

Though his recent publications
Leave my uncle's purse well lined,
The respect of his relations
Has insensibly declined;
Friends grow speechless when they
read him,

Royalties conceal themselves,
Loth to find their ev'ry deed im-
Mortalised on bookshop shelves,
Pilloried throughout the ages
In his idiotic pages!

From a second-hand bookseller's catalogue:—

"LOVELL: Edible Molluscs (no plates)."

Well, we can eat them straight from the shell.

"It is reported to-day that Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, and Montenegro have presented a joint ultimatum to Turkey, demanding reforms which will terminate in 48 hours."

Manchester Evening News.

Which is just when Turkey's reforms always do terminate.

THE BABY OR THE PICTURE?

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD'S bold declaration, such is his fine æsthetic passion, that were he in a burning room with a baby and RAPHAEL'S Dresden Madonna, and could save only one of them, he would save the picture, has dropped a bomb-shell into conversational circles. All other topics have given way before this. The Balkan crisis is as nothing, Home Rule and Ulster fade away, and even the question who will win the Cesarewitch fails to attract a reply until Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD'S enormous problem has been settled. Meanwhile *The Express* with commendable enterprise has put the dilemma before some of our acutest minds and printed their answers.

In examining the stages of this profoundly interesting *plébiscite* one could not but feel that far more valuable results would have been obtained had the human factor been older. A baby is so young and, in a sense, so immature. There are too few data about a baby. One would not know what one was saving; and this ignorance reduces the action of the saver to mere sentimentalism. Now, were the work of art contrasted, not with a helpless pink potentiality like a baby, but with a man of masterly performance and superb confidence, such as, say, Mr. G. B. SHAW, the alternative lines of conduct offered to the person in the burning room would present difficulties worth solving. For one knows all about Mr. SHAW; he is.

Acting upon this belief and with his customary tendency towards usefulness, *Mr. Punch* has put the question before a number of eminent ladies and gentlemen. Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD'S text remains the same, except that for the baby Mr. SHAW has been substituted. The room is the same; the flames are equally threatening; the picture is still the Dresden Raphael; but the baby has become G. B. S. Now, which would you save?

A selection of replies are appended:—

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD: I should save the Raphael.

MISS LILLIAN MCCARTHY: What a strange question! I should save Mr. SHAW, of course.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON: I should save the Raphael. One cannot get a new Raphael.

SIR A. W. PINERO: I should think a long time.

SIR CHARLES HOLROYD: Would the picture have to go back to Dresden?

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER: It would be fun to watch SHAW saving himself.

MRS. PANKHURST: I should say, "Now then, Superman," and save the picture.

MR. G. B. SHAW: I should save both SHAW and the Raphael. And then I should talk to the other fellow.

MR. H. G. WELLS: I suppose I should have to save SHAW.

MR. C. K. SHORTER: As I know nothing about pictures and hold that any author, even though he be not a man of transcendent genius, is a sacred thing, I should save Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

SIGNOR MARINETTI: I should encourage them both to burn.

SIR EDWARD CARSON: I should save Ulster.

A CABINET COUNCIL (1915).

MR. BONAR LAW (*smilingly*). And now, gentlemen, since our majority is only a small one, the first question is how are we to nobble the Irish and get the Budget through. I think that a special grant in aid of Roman Catholic secondary schools and the repeal of part of the whiskey duty—cheaper food, you know—would do it.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR (Lord Carson of Swords). Shure that's the thing for the bhoys.

SIR FREDERICK SMITH (the Attorney-General). Bit awkward for my constituents—still, if they've cheap whiskey to mix with their Boyne water—

THE CHIEF WHIP (*entering suddenly*). I hear that none of the Nationalist Members are coming this session.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. Then devil a cent goes to the bastely Papists.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (Lord Privy Seal). H'm, I think we shall have rain.

THE CHIEF WHIP (*breathlessly*). And they've set up a Provisional Government in Dublin. They're arming and driving every Protestant from his employment. URE and MCKENNA are there and have promised their support in any action, however strong.

MR. BONAR LAW. What a detestable element of rancour to introduce into political life! To what base depths defeated parties sometimes descend!

SIR FREDERICK SMITH. URE is a disgrace to the Bar. A Privy Councillor in rebellion against His Majesty's Government—against us! Can such things be?

THE CHIEF WHIP. And they're marching past JOHN REDMOND—"King John," they call him—and he's taking the salute.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. 'Tis rank disloyalty. The Mickies must be shot down. I'd do ut meself if duty didn't call me to the woosack.

THE CHIEF WHIP. They've wooden cannon and an ambulance waggon—got 'em cheap secondhand somewhere.

They've sacked every Protestant ice-cream shop in Dublin. All the Protestant shopkeepers are under orders to leave the city at once.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. The Papist bigots! Did I not tell ye what ye'd see in Oireland under Home Rule?

MR. BONAR LAW. I don't know after all whether it would not be best to regard this all as sheer bluff. Let them stew in their own juice. In any case we've now a hundred majority for the Tariff and I don't see that a few Protestant tradespeople—a small minority—should be able to demand the services of the British Army.

LORD MIDDLETON (*at the War Office again*). In any case we could not spare more than eight army corps.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. Tur-rn a few Maxims on the disloyal divils.

SIR FREDERICK SMITH. Of course the Protestant cause and Tariff Reform are closely allied, but if it comes to a choice my vote goes for Tariff Reform.

MR. BONAR LAW. Then it is understood, gentlemen, that we ignore this petty ebullition of political spite in Ireland and concentrate on the Tariff.

THE CHIEF WHIP. That's just what they're doing. They've seized the Dublin Custom House already and are levying a tariff on English goods.

MR. BONAR LAW. How thoughtless! A tariff on English goods could be nothing but a curse to Irish industries. It isn't like one on foreign goods. There is an economic difference. Now, I wonder, if they were tactfully handled and promised special advantages under our tariff, whether we could prevent the danger of civil war. If you, Lord CARSON, and you, Lord LONDONDERRY, went over and appealed to them as fellow Irishmen. . . .

LORD CARSON. Trust meself amongst the Papists. I tell ye, Sorr, no Papist's to be trusted till he's dead.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK. I feel quite sure that we shall have rain.

MR. BONAR LAW. Well, our friend SMITH here. He's a pleasing, tactful speaker. If any one could make peace. . . .

LORD CARSON. And ye may be Lord Chancellor of th' Oirish Parliamint, FREDDY. There's no vacancy here.

SIR FREDERICK SMITH. No, Sir; how could you face the Opposition in the House if I were away? They'd have you out in ten minutes. I think we'd better ignore the whole business. I sympathise with the Protestants, of course, but, if they will go and put their heads into the lion's mouth, what can we do?

GENERAL CHORUS OF THE CABINET. What can we do?

MR. BONAR LAW. Lie low, and concentrate on the Tariff.

"MISSY BABA."

HER little limbs are lizard-swift,
Her eyes are orchid blue—
Blue as the butterflies that drift
Sedately out of view.

As hard as nails from tip to toes,
She's tanned with sun and breeze,
A myriad freckles on her nose
And scratches on her knees.

And when they've brushed my little girl
And made her neat and trim,
The golden tendrils quaintly curl
About her topee's brim.

She knows the track, the hidden lair
Of things that crawl and creep,
The bull-frog's haunt, the coppice where
The flying foxes sleep.

Where streams are swift and nullahs
sheer
She darts in search of fun,
Conscious that somewhere in the rear
Distracted ayahs run.

She howls—a huge chuprassi flies
To soothe her baby grief,
She laughs—and half a compound sighs
In undisguised relief.

But should you find her up a tree
With kirtle torn and soiled,
Perhaps you'd say she runs too free,
Perhaps you'd think her spoiled.

Maybe she is, maybe she's all
That's mischievous and bold,
But she has heard the homeland call—
My Burma five-year-old.

And I, who know we've got to part
When six short weeks are o'er,
Just fold her closer to my heart
And spoil her all the more.

"CONQUERED."

HE was a stately gentleman, immaculately dressed. His suit was grey, his hat was grey. His spats were white, but so was the sprinkle on his iron-grey hair. His features were calm and regular. His thoughts were divided between lumbago and the China Loan.

Something hit him on the head, hard, and fell on the path with a thud. He frowned slightly and looked down. It was a horse-chestnut, a glossy bit of rare old mahogany, Nature's object-lesson to French polishers. Beside it lay the scattered husks of its wrecked cradle, soft and white within, hard and prickly outside.

"A 'conquer,'" he murmured. His lumbar muscles tweaked acutely as he picked it up. The touch of it thrilled him through his grey Suède gloves. The years parted and through the crack



A COMPROMISE.

Country Vicar (returning from service). "IS PARLIAMENT SITTING NOW, MY DEAR?"

Wife. "I DON'T KNOW."

Vicar. "NOB I; THAT'S WHY I SAID THE PRAYER FOR PARLIAMENT IN SUCH A LOW VOICE."

he saw a little knickerbocker boy, with no handkerchief but his coat cuff, a string of "conquers" in his pocket and a stone in his hand. The stone flew among the golden leaves, three "conquers" fell to a sound of breaking glass. The boy vanished, the crack in the past closed, but the spell of the old magic remained.

The stately gentleman sighed and gazed up in the tree. He looked guiltily round, and suddenly tossed his cane among the branches. Three "con-

quers" fell. He chuckled. He grubbed among the fallen leaves, then rose erect with a stifled groan, and strolled on.

A park keeper met him round the bend and touched his hat. The stately gentleman acknowledged the salute with affability. His pocket bulged.

For Ladies Only.

"Dr., about 30, without brothers and sisters yearns to marry a blond a cool Lady very fair and energetic, good family provided."—*Advt. in "Dusseldorfer General Anzeiger."*



THE MARTINET.

Recruit. "PLEASE, SARGINT, 'OW AM I TO GREASE THIS 'ERE MESS-TIN WHEN I 'VE FORGOTTEN THE GREASE?"
Sergeant. "GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF GREASING IT."

ANOTHER FOOTBALL INVASION.

ARRIVAL OF THE NUBIANS.

THOUGH public attention has been largely monopolised by the famous "Springboks," the arrival of the Nubian football team at Southampton on Saturday last has naturally caused considerable excitement in athletic circles, as this is the first occasion on which a genuine Black-All-Over team has visited this country. We are glad therefore to lay before our readers some notes by a fellow-passenger:—

There are in all twenty-four members of the team, not to mention their manager, Mr. Jonah Porbeagle, and several friends and relatives who are accompanying them on the trip, notably Mrs. Jim Panzee, herself no mean performer on the side comb, and the life and soul of the party at the daily smoking-concerts held on the long journey to England. On shipboard an effort was made to keep up practice, but it was soon abandoned, and the Nubians confined their attention to punching the speedle, stoot-racing, pingling the pipit—a sort of Abyssinian skittles—deep-sea breathing and progressive snap.

PECULIARITIES OF THE TEAM.

Jack Effarig stands out from the team by reason of his enormous height. He measures 7 ft. 10 in. from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet when measured along the line of his neck, but only 6 ft. 6 in. from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head in a vertical line. He is the best concertinist of the team and knows the works of the Baroness Orczy practically by heart. By a curious coincidence, though only twenty-four, he measures 48 in. round the chest. Tim Allirog has the longest arms in the team. He is a vegetarian, weighs 15 st. 4 lb., and is the only man who ever made the Emperor MENELIK laugh. "Jimbo" Allirog, his younger brother, is a bit of a dandy and plays in lemon-coloured kid gloves and heliotrope socks. He has a magnificent baritone voice and, when dishevelled, which is most unusual, bears a striking resemblance to Sir EDWIN RAY LANKESTER. But the greatest personality in the team is Blagwa Nobbig, the captain, who is the only man living who has ridden an okapi. Nobbig is a splendid specimen of prognathous humanity, and to see him leading the revels at a jamboree is a liberal education in primitive culture.

His weakness—if he has a weakness—is nuts; indeed it is said that more than once he has been stopped in a "run in" by the lure of these insidious comestibles deftly thrown in his path.

THE NUBIAN GAME.

Though differing widely from orthodox Rugby and Association rules the Nubian game has a spectacular charm which is all its own. Kicking the ball is absolutely forbidden; the essence of the game is passing or slinging the ball, which is about half the size of an Association ball. The full-back hangs by his toes from the cross-bar and guards the goal with his hands, and the half-backs and three-quarters are equipped with a wooden instrument like a long ladle in which they carry the ball, while the function of the forwards is entirely vocal and saltatory. The game is thus a sort of blend of Lacrosse and the Basque *Pelota*, with a suggestion of Spillikins. In their earlier matches the Nubians will play against one another, but it is hoped that in time an English team will be formed to practise the new game and eventually to meet the visitors.

It should be added that the Nubians' war-cry is perfectly horrible.



IN HIS ELEMENT.

TURKEY (*remembering his Tripoli experience*). "WELL, THIS TIME, AT ANY RATE, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET AT 'EM!"



["Dr. Leon Meunier, an eminent food specialist, recommends as the most effective method of promoting digestion a promenade on all-fours after each meal."]

THE TURNING POINT.

(A COMPRESSED VERSION OF THE
ST. JAMES'S PLAY.)

ACT I.

[The Scene is laid in a reception-room in M. Stettin's country house. It is after dinner, and, as so often happens after dinner, somebody is playing the piano. Most of the characters are standing round the pianist to see how she does it, but in one corner Marcel Beaucourt is making love to Monique Felt. So, at least, those of us who know Mr. GODFREY TEARLE and Miss ETHEL IRVING by sight discover from our programmes.]

Everybody. Charming, charming. Do play it again.

Marcel (a trifle annoyed). I shall leave you now, Monique; your husband is watching us. I am afraid he suspects something. They don't generally suspect till the Second Act.

Monique. Go and talk to Thérèse. She is sometimes rather amusing after dinner, or at the beginning of a play, or any time when people are rather easily amused. She's in bad form to-night, though. Perhaps she'll be brighter when Bertrand comes.

Enter Bertrand de Mauret.

Bertrand. Hallo, there's Thérèse. Come to the front of the stage with me and I'll tell you all about myself. *(Does so.)*

Thérèse. Isn't this boring the stalls a bit, seeing that you aren't in the plot at all, really?

Bertrand. My dear girl, how stupid you are! We're *trying* to bore them, so as to make the great Second Act seem more thrilling. Look out, Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER wants to speak.

Colonel Felt (to Marcel). I desire a word with you, but there are too many people on the stage at present. Can't you get them off somehow?

Marcel. Right. (To everybody) Well, what about bridge? (*Exeunt everybody.*) Now then.

Felt. What I want to say is this.
You love my wife!

Marcel. I do. And she loves me.

Felt (calmly). That is impossible, because I'm a much finer man than you. For instance, I have more self-restraint than you have. What prevents me from flinging myself at your throat now? Not the fact that you are so much bigger than I, but simply my self-restraint. Also you're only a politician and I'm a soldier, and this has been advertised as a patriotic play. *(Exit with great dignity.)*

Enter Monique.

Marcel. He suspects. I must talk things over with you. When can I see you?

Monique (surprised). Why, in my bedroom at one o'clock to-night, of course!

Marcel (*doubtfully*). Wouldn't that seem rather—I mean some people are so silly about little things like that. They might think——

Monique (*proudly to the audience*). Then in case there's anybody with a nasty mind like *that* in the theatre to-night I'd better say once and for all that I am a good woman. And until I have divorced the Colonel, Marcel Beaucourt is nothing more to me than a friend. After all, one must talk to a friend *somewhere*.

Enter Monseigneur Jussey.

Monique. I was just saying, Monseigneur, that I am going to divorce my husband and marry Marcel.

Monseigneur. I suppose you know the Church doesn't approve of that sort of thing? I only mention it because the play has been advertised as containing a strong Church interest. I hardly expect it to upset your plans.

Monique. It doesn't. Well, good-night, everybody.

[There is a general movement to bed, and Felt and Julius Glogau (whom you hadn't suspected of coming into the plot at all) are left alone.]

Glogau. I will now tell you the story of your life. (Does so at great length.) To sum up, you owe a hundred thousand francs, which you've got to pay by Saturday, and you can't do it.

Felt. It's true; I'm ruined.

Glogau. There is one way of escape for you. You are a soldier in possession of state secrets, and the audience may have noticed that I look rather like a spy. Let us retire to your room and I will tell you what you can do. (Exeunt.)

ACT II.

(Now then!)

[The Scene is Monique's bedroom at midnight. She is writing letters. A voice from outside. May I come in?]

Monique. No.

Enter Colonel Felt, looking terribly upset.

Monique. How dare you come into your wife's room? I've a good mind to scream the house down.

Felt. You'll scream all right when I've told you something.

Monique. What is it?

Felt (sinking into a chair). I want a drink of water.

Monique (in amazement). You don't mean to say you've come here at twelve o'clock at night, just to—Haven't you got any in your own bottle? Really, you might at least have gone to the bathroom for some.

Felt (testily). Good heavens, woman, can't you see that something serious has happened? I don't go about looking like Sir HERBERT TREE'S Macbeth for nothing.

Monique. Well, why don't you tell me?

Felt. I want a lot of water first. My mouth's all parched. And I'm trembling like anything. We soldiers often get these shivering fits.

Monique. Then perhaps, while you're finishing the jug, I'd better tell you something. I'm going to divorce you and marry Marcel.

Felt. I feared as much. But I think you have misunderstood me. I will tell you the story of my life and you shall see. (Does so at great length.) In short, everything I have done I have done for love of you. I got into debt for you; I made love to another woman for you; and now I—Heavens! (He clutches his throat.)

Monique. What have you done? Do get it out. Have another drink of water.

Felt (putting down the glass). Glogau, Glogau, Glogau!

Monique (in despair). You didn't come into my room simply to gargle?

Felt. Julius Glogau! He is a spy!

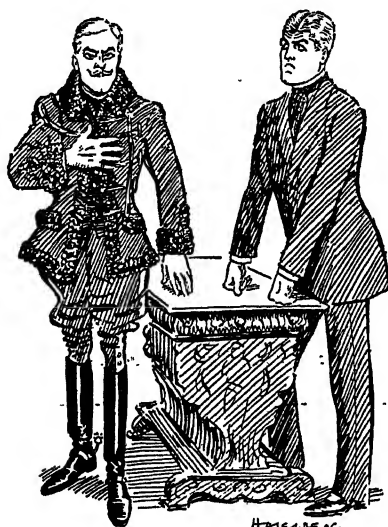
Monique (shrieking). A spy!

Felt. He made horrible suggestions to me. He wanted me to betray my country. Me the bravest, the greatest soldier in France. I—I strangled him! There, now I've told you.

Monique (shrieking). You did right! (Goes into hysterics and throws herself into his arms. There is a tap at the door.) Go away!

Felt. Who's that?

Monique. Only Marcel. (Felt turns up his sleeves and prepares for another strangling.) Don't kill me! I have just discovered that I really love you! And anyhow I am a good woman.



PATRIOTS, MILITARY AND CIVIL.

Colonel Felt .. Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Marcel Beaucourt Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.

Felt. My love! (Sinks into another chair.) And now, Monique, I shall give myself up. After all I may get off. Glogau was a reptile, and I shall plead justifiable reptilicide.

Monique. Nonsense; I have a plan. Take me to the body. (Felt trembles.) Do pull yourself together, dear. Don't soldiers ever kill people? Really, from the way you go on nobody would think you were the bravest, coolest, and most masterful soldier in France. Now then! (She takes him gently by the hand and leads him to the body.)

ACT III.

The Reception-room again.

Bertrand. Well, from the position of the body, I say he strangled himself.

Everybody. Obviously.

Monique (aside to Felt). There!

Enter an Examining Magistrate.

Marcel (to the magistrate). When you have finished looking at the body come

back here, and as a Deputy and a member of the Cabinet I will give you some orders. (Exeunt everybody but Marcel and Monique.)

Monique. Marcel, I made a mistake. I don't love you. I love my husband.

Marcel (thoughtfully). There must be some reason for this sudden affection. What can your husband have done to have won your love? (With a flash of inspiration.) I know! He killed Glogau!

Monique. He did. Spare him!

Enter Felt.

Marcel. You killed Glogau.

Felt. I did.

Marcel. Then I shall tell the police, and you will be executed, and I shall marry Monique. Good!

Felt. Beast! It would serve you right if I told you the story of my life. (Marcel moves away.) No, come back. I will tell you. (He does so.) And that is why I killed Glogau. For the sake of my country. I am a patriot!

Marcel (annoyed). Dash it, you soldiers always talk as if you're the only patriots in the world. We civilians love our country just as much as you do. And what our country wants now is a brave, resourceful, cool soldier like you at the head of the army. It is my duty therefore as a patriot to save your life for the country.

Felt. As a patriot I am quite willing to assist you.

Re-enter the Examining Magistrate.

Marcel (to Magistrate). Ah, I was waiting for you. I wanted to tell you that my theory is that Glogau was murdered by his political enemies in Russia. We have discovered that he is a spy and—er—affairs of state, you know—speaking as a Cabinet Minister—exactly, it must be hushed up as much as possible. Er—yes, quite so.

[Exit Magistrate, quite satisfied.]

Felt. There's something in being a politician after all. (Turns to Monique.) My wife!

[She throws herself into her husband's arms, while Marcel goes silently out.]

Curtain, and loud applause for Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, Miss ETHEL IRVING and Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.

A. A. M.

"TURKEY MOBILISING
GREEKS HIPS TO BE SEIZED."

"Irish Times" Poster.

The Springboks have challenged the winners.

"His real name was Emil Frida. The name Vrchlicky was assumed at an early date."—New Age.

Owing to the difficulty of pronouncing Frida.



BENDING THE TWIG.

"SO YOU'RE TRAINING LITTLE MARGERY TO READ TO YOU, GRANFER?"

"THAT OI BE, ZUR! OI LIKES TU YEER O' ARL THESE YER ACCIDENTS AN' MURDERS AN' DI-VARCES AN' SICH-LIKE. 'TIS LARNIN' LIL' MARGERY, AN', SAME TOIME, DU AMUSE OI!"

TO MAUD MARY.

MAUD MARY, on that night when first you came,
Armed with a trunk of tin severely battered,
I looked askance at your athletic frame
And saw my fondest aspirations shattered.
I somehow knew
Instinctively that you would never do.

They said, those folk with whom you last had been:
"She is a good plain cook and organiser,
Industrious and honest, sober, clean,
And Church of England and an early riser."
Therefore we thought
That we had found the paragon we sought.

Alas, we soon discovered they had lied,
Their diagnosis was in fact mistaken;
The morning eggs, which you alleged were "fried,"
Flowed frigidly round adamantine bacon.
The toast was black
And writhed for very limpness in the rack.

And breakages! What chance had plate or cup,
Though of their kind the stoutest that existed,
When that dread process known as "washing up"
Left even spoons and forks a trifle twisted?
And as for glass!
We drop that painful theme and let it pass.

Throughout the day, whatever task you sped,
One song for ever in our ears was drumming,
From the first moment that you left your bed,
"Work, work!" you chanted, "for the night is coming."

A tune I hate!
(Moody and Sankey's *Hymns*, Op. 98.)

And when your month was up and you retired
To some less uncongenial sphere of action,
I penned this "character" which, if required,
I shall advance with lively satisfaction.
'Tis terse and true,
And for the kind of thing entirely new:—

"Maud Mary has no future as a chef;
To call her such would be a simple mockery;
But for a house whose inmates are all deaf,
Who care not what they spend a year on crockery
And never eat,
She 'll be a treasure very hard to beat!"

"Mr. Alfred Noyes stands so high among our younger poets that real interest attaches to the announcement of a new volume by him. It is entitled 'Robin Hood,' which suggests that the poem weaves itself round the English hero of legend."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Or of course it may deal with the "Robin Hood braces" just put on the market.

THE PIONEERS.

"Look at that!" said my wife triumphantly, pointing to a paragraph in the paper. "Read it aloud. It is just what we want."

I read it aloud.

"£50. *Why rent a house in a stuffy suburb? Why not buy one of our magnificent building-plots, overlooking the sea, and own your own house? Close to station and prospective golf-links. Sea-bathing. Bracing air. Select your site now and avoid the rush. Each plot guaranteed to double itself in five years. Free railway ticket to Worley-on-Sea to intending purchasers. £50.*"

"I love bathing," said Mary enthusiastically, "and you love golf."

"I have never tried prospective golf," I replied, "unless it means the round one is going to do under bogey next time."

"Fifty pounds isn't much," continued Mary. "We pay lots more than that in rent already."

"They've forgotten to mention the cost of building the house and the price of the season ticket," I remarked as I turned up Worley-on-Sea in *Bradshaw*.

"But each plot is guaranteed to double itself in five years," she read out triumphantly.

"Ah!" I said, "that's all right if your plot starts first. What happens if you suddenly find your neighbour's plot spreading itself over your tennis-court?"

"Don't be absurd," said Mary. "Fifty. A hundred. Two hundred. Four hundred. Eight hundred. Sixteen hundred. What does twice that come to?"

"Bankruptcy. Fraudulent bankruptcy."

But Mary had already seized a pencil and piece of paper.

"In sixty years that land will be worth £204,800! That can't be right."

"It hasn't the ring of truth about it certainly," I admitted, glancing at the advertisement. "But the philanthropist who is selling it only says it will double in five years—not every five years. Still, it's uncommonly good of him to sell it even then. Some men would have stuck to that property like grim death."

"Perhaps he is going abroad," suggested Mary.

"They do frequently," I replied.

* * * * *

As we followed the agent across a rather badly kept hay-field I stumbled over a stone and fell into a layer of old tin cans, broken bottles, brickbats and rubble.

"Ah," he remarked cheerily, "that will be quite different when we get a layer of macadam over it. That is Acacia Road."

"What is it?" I asked, rubbing my knees.

"You fell over the kerb-stone. We always put down the kerb-stones and foundations before we lay the road. You won't know the place in a year's time."

"I am sure I shan't," I agreed heartily. "But why do you grow hay and thistles all over Acacia Road? Is it for the benefit of the tradesmen's horses and for itinerant costers? Do you get itinerant costers at Worley-on-Sea?"

"We have a sample section of road laid out further on," explained the Agent.

"By-the-way," I said, "who lays down the road?"

"The Vendor."

"Yes; but who pays for it?"

"The—er—the Purchaser. You see it comes cheaper if it's all laid down in one piece."

"I see. We wait till all the land is taken up. How many plots have you sold, so far?"

"To you, Sir—and Madam—will belong the honour, I hope, of being the oldest inhabitants of Worley-on-Sea."

"Oh," said Mary doubtfully.

"We came early to avoid the rush," I explained.

"I congratulate you," said the Agent heartily.

"Yes. I think we have avoided it marvellously well. I haven't seen any rush anywhere. Have you, Mary?"

"But to-morrow morning," suggested the Agent.

"One never knows," I assented. "That's what I thought when I read your advertisement last month."

"Last month!" said Mary reproachfully, "and you never told me! Think what we might have lost!"

"No, no, think what we haven't lost," I replied. "The grass and other crops have come on splendidly in the last month. We should not have appreciated half so fully the wonderful fertility of Acacia Road. Why, it was then clad solely in an undervest of old tomato cans and gallipots."

"Where is the bathing?" enquired Mary.

"In the sea, Madam." The Agent spoke with pride. He seemed to let himself go on that statement. For once he could make an announcement that was unimpeachable.

"Is it a real sea?" I asked. "With genuine waves?" I was becoming more suspicious at every step.

"I am taking you there now," re-

plied the Agent brusquely. "The best plots are those by the cliffs."

"Is it necessary to trouble him?" whispered Mary in my ear.

"Of course it is," I replied with enthusiasm. "I am charmed with the quaint unconventionality of the place. We must certainly have a week-end cottage down here."

I am usually a truthful person. But I know Mary. For my future peace it was necessary that *she* should refuse to live there. Moreover, she did deserve some small retribution for those two horrible train journeys.

"What is *this* street called?" I enquired as I landed full length on another strip of tomato cans.

"It has not been named yet. You can call it what you like."

"Then—" I began.

"Grosvenor Crescent," interrupted Mary hastily.

"It is hardly a crescent," objected the Agent politely. "If you could follow the line of the kerb-stones you would see that they run straight up the hill."

"Avernus Avenue," I suggested.

"Excellent! The other roads are all called after flowers too. The plot which I think will suit you is just at the top of the Avenue."

We followed him there without further parley. Avernus Avenue was quite a noisy thoroughfare.

"Here you are," said the Agent, proudly waving his arm in a vague semicircle.

Mary remained silent save for the quietest variety of sniff.

"Delightful!" I cried. "I suppose we could uproot those four little tombstones, though? One would always be tripping up if one built the pantry over them."

"Those," replied our guide with dignity, "are the boundary stones of that piece or parcel of land described as a plot."

"Parcel, please—it is the better word, isn't it? That will do excellently for the dog-kennel. But," I explained to him confidentially, "my wife and I had intended to build a house on to one side of it—so that we could be at hand to look after the dog."

"If that plot isn't large enough, you can always take in one or two of the adjoining ones. Make quite a pretty little estate of it."

"But where is the sea?" cried Mary. "I can only see miles and miles of mud!"

"Ah," said the Agent, "I am afraid you have chosen a bad day for your visit. The tide is out at the moment."

"And on its At-home days," I queried, "how does one call?"

FANCY AND FACT.



LITTLE JONES'S PHEASANT SHOOT, AS VISUALISED BY THOSE OF HIS CITY FRIENDS WHO WERE NOT INVITED.



AS FOUND TO BE BY THOSE WHO WERE.

"You could build a neat little wooden staircase down the cliff," he suggested. "Don't stand too near the edge, Madam, it is not safe after these rains."

"You haven't any movable plots, I suppose—ones that we could shift back as the cliff falls away? This kind which only moves downwards has its drawbacks." I pointed to a sole surviving little boundary mark which stood by the cliff edge.

"Years before it will reach *your* plot," said the Agent.

"And *then*?" asked Mary.

"Then the property doubles in value," I explained, "because we can bathe from the front door instead of having to go down a neat little wooden staircase. Why, at high tide we could bathe actually inside the house."

"Then shut the front door and pick up the fish as the tide went down," she snapped. "Let's get some lunch and go back home."

"There is a free luncheon for purchasers at the 'Merry Congers,'" hinted the Agent.

"We will leave it this way," I replied.

"We will buy that parcel of land if—"

"No, we won't," said Mary firmly, "not even if our lunch at the 'Merry Congers' comes to over fifty pounds."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LITTLE CAFÉ."

I HAVE never seen a programme with so many names on it, or a play which depended so much upon the efforts of one man. "*Albert Loriflan—Mr. CYRIL MAUDE*" heads the cast of forty-five, and, as far as I am concerned, ends it.

Albert was a waiter who came unexpectedly into money. You may have noticed that on the stage all sorts of people come unexpectedly into money, whereas in real life— However, I need not go into that now. *Albert's* proprietor, hearing the news of the legacy before *Albert*, persuaded the latter to bind himself to remain at the Little Café for twenty years, in the expectation that, when *Albert* heard of his fortune, he would pay a large fine to be let off his agreement. But *Albert*, half-Scotch, is not by any means for paying a fine, and he remains on—a waiter at the Little Café from 8 A.M. to 1 A.M., a gentleman at the Café Fifiue from 1 A.M. to 8 A.M. Those of you who have observed that gentlemen and waiters wear the same clothes will be able to guess the amusing complications which ensue. *MR. CYRIL MAUDE* is very funny over it all; *M. TRISTAN BERNARD*, the author, is also funny at times, but he is not nearly so

funny as *MR. MAUDE*. He seems to have been rather careless about it—to have missed many good things and not to have followed up others.

Well, the two plays I have seen this week have both been translations from the French—at the Playhouse and at the St. James's Theatre; but I feel singularly unashamed for my country's



Bianca (*Miss MAIDIE HOPE*). "Why don't you love me? They say music is the food of love."

Albert Loriflan (*MR. CYRIL MAUDE*). "Good Heavens! don't talk about food to a waiter."

dramatists. I am proud to think that they could easily write plays like these if they wanted to, but that they are aiming rather higher. M.

STRAIGHT QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

[*"During his short stay at Holyhead Mr. Churchill enjoyed a quiet ramble among the rocks at Porth Dafarch.*

The First Lord was seen to be busily occupied in digging the sand with a small spade, and he was asked whether he was in search of anything.

"Oh, no," he replied smilingly, "I am merely amusing myself."—*Evening News.*]

UNDER the guise of innocent amusements, *HIS MAJESTY'S* Ministers have been hatching all sorts of mischief in the Recess. In every instance, as will be seen from the following reports, evasive and often impertinent answers were given to the perfectly proper and natural questions of our representative.

While up at Dornoch recently, *MR. McKENNA* was seen wielding a peculiar-looking stick with an iron head which stuck out at right angles to the shaft. Asked if his action had any special significance, the *HOME SECRETARY* replied with a charming smile, "Oh, no, I am merely trying to play golf."

During his visit to Gaddesby Hall, Leicestershire, *MR. LLOYD GEORGE* was

seen by our representative rapidly walking along an unfrequented field-path. He carried a cane in his right hand and every now and then struck viciously at the thistles on either side. Asked if he had any explanation to offer for his extraordinary conduct, the *CHANCELLOR* laughingly replied, "Oh no, I am merely enjoying a stroll."

Our Venice correspondent reports that he saw *MR. ASQUITH* the other day gazing for quite an unnecessarily long time at the beautifully restored Campanile. Approaching him from behind, our representative suddenly made *MR. ASQUITH* the somewhat sporting offer of one penny for the result of his cogitations. The *PREMIER'S* somewhat petulant reply was, "I am merely humbly admiring this masterpiece of re-construction."

Writing from Balmoral our special correspondent states that during the holidays careful watch was kept upon the movements of *SIR EDWARD GREY*. One day he was seen on the banks of a private stream with a long whip-like instrument in his hand and a peculiar-looking basket slung over his shoulder. Asked what his intentions were, and warned that anything he said would be used as evidence against him, the *FOREIGN SECRETARY* declared with some heat that "he was merely going fishing," telling our correspondent at the same time to go to some place which he has failed to identify in any local map or guide-book.

A Clerical Ambiguity.

"Tuesday, October 8th, an important meeting will be held at Cardiff, at which the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury will be the chief speaker. Never has our dear old Welsh Church been placed in a position of greater danger."—*Magazine of the Rural Deanery of Netherwent, Llandaff Diocese.*

The New Game.

BETTER THAN BADMINTON.

"More often, however, the amateur throws up the sponge off his own bat."

Liverpool Echo.

"The coming Lord Mayor served for several years as a lay member on the floor of the Court, and in that position held several committee chairmanships."

The position of a lay member on the floor often gives rise to misunderstandings.

"An amusing basket to send to an invalid is one furnished with gay flowers, and that has a tripod affixed in place of a handle, on which to hand a bowl with goldfish swimming about in water."—*Daily Mail.*

And if this doesn't amuse him, you must try upsetting the goldfish suddenly down his back. As a rule invalids find this very whimsical.



Busybody. "Now, CAN ANY OF YOU MEN TELL ME THE WAY TO GET THE MOST FROM YOUR ALLOTMENT?"

Yokel. "I CAN, ZUR."

Busybody. "WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

Yokel. "TURN UT UP EDGEWISE AND PLANT UT BOOTH SIDES."

THE ARK.

VAINLY, my Betsey, to the weeping day
You sing the rhyme that drives the rain away;
And from your window mourn the patient trees
Buffeted by the peevish Hyades.
Come, let me shut the lattice, do you slide
From your old Ark the gaudy-painted side
And let the enlarged captives walk about;
For though a deluge be at work without,
Secure within we've no concern for that,
And all the nursery is Ararat.
Not on the rug,—a space of oaken boards
A firmer footing for the crew affords;
Softly, my Betsey, lest your fervour harm
The extreme frailness of a leg or arm—
Poor limbs, so often and so rudely tossed
And rattled down, no wonder some be lost
Beyond the aid of glue! What skill did cram
Into the hold vermilion-hatted HAM
And SHEM with the green top-knot and the slim
Contours of JAPHET, NOAH (somewhat grim
With buttons) and his consort after him!
The wives are at the bottom, dear, but now
Come the black pig and, terra-cotta cow,
Three foxes—this a purple collar round
His rigid neck proclaims the faithful hound;
The birds are not so nice, tradition fails
To account for such a quantity of quails,

But the old weary crow that flew and flew
Away from NOAH has come back for you.
Where is the dove? For, if my memory speak
The truth, there *was* a dove and in his beak
The olive leaves he plucked upon the day
When, as you know, the waters ebbed away;
Who perched on NOAH'S window with pink feet,
And without whom no Ark is thought complete.
Where is the missing dove? For now I see,
Standing or prone, the whole menagerie,
And the rain's stopped without and all above
Beams the benignant sky; and still no dove,
Of the same beautiful fact the feathered proof!
Why, here—upon the ripples of the roof—
Here is your truant painted, to abide
When SHEM and HAM are scattered far and wide
And all the beasts are broke, to brood with furred
Pacific wings over the new-washed world.

"It would, however, materially assist our efforts if you will be good enough to ask the members of your Federation who have reason to complain of telephone service if they would be so good, should they meet with any irregularity in the service, to immediately—by telephone, if possible—communicate the details of their experience direct to the Clerk-in-charge."—*Extract from a letter in the "Bournemouth Daily Echo" from the Manager of the Post Office Telephones, Southampton.*

We wish to kindly, but at the same time with firmness and considerable emphasis, point out that we can do even better than this.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL is a prized possession bequeathed by the nineteenth century to the twentieth. As an earlier popular work from her pen testifies, she has lived under five Sovereigns and has been personally known certainly to three. In her new book, *My Own Times* (METHUEN), she goes back over a period of three-score years, pleasantly chatting by the way of persons and places she has known. Among many others the former include DISRAELI, NAPOLEON III., Count D'ORSAY, Prince ESTERHAZY "murmuring compliments through the most perfect of his sets of teeth;" THACKERAY's *Lord Steyne*, and Sir RICHARD WALLACE, ultimate heritor of the wicked marquis. Modest amid memories of many advantages, Lady DOROTHY most nearly touches the boastful mood when she surmises that she is probably "one of the very few alive who has shaken hands with the Duke of Wellington." Of these personages she gossips brightly and briskly, enabling a later generation almost to see them in the flesh and hear them speak. CHARLES DICKENS illumined the old coaching days with the glow of his genius. Lady DOROTHY, who suffered them as a girl, in a few graphic passages reveals their wretchedness and the misery of their hapless passengers. Coming to later days, she laments the degradation of modern politics compared with the good old times when the genuine Tory flourished and ruled the roost. The modern Radical pleases her not, nor the halting Unionist either. With the latter, as more nearly representing her own class, she is the angrier. Admonishing the Radicals with whips, she chastises the Unionists with scorpions. A curious blot on an excellent

piece of literary workmanship is an unaccountable habit of peppering the pages with anecdotes, many of them not even *à propos des bettes*, most of them having lived through more reigns than Lady DOROTHY herself. The book will be vastly improved if, before the second edition appears, these excrescences are removed. As they have nothing to do with the text the process would be easy.

In Mr. H. G. WELLS' new novel, *Marriage* (MACMILLAN), the union in chief between *Marjorie Pope*, still an undergraduate, and the young scientist, *Trafford*, who drops with his aeroplane on to the *Popes'* croquet lawn, is an essentially happy one, threatened as time goes on with little rifts of misunderstanding which the vision and courage of the principals contrive to close. There is an earlier marriage, that of *Marjorie's* parents, which gives the author occasion to lash with a savage conviction the pompous tyranny of the preposterous retired coach-builder and the battered, mistaken loyalty of his kindly wife. And there was the marriage of convenience which was arranged and did not take place between *Marjorie* and *Magnet*, the too conscious professional humourist with the very comfortable income and the hateful proprietary airs. Each is discussed with insight (quite uncanny), vehemence (very

characteristic) and wit (only very rarely fading into facetiousness), which the author seems increasingly to have at command. *Trafford* and *Marjorie* work out their salvation not without sacrifice and bitterness of spirit. They finally seek together in the loneliness of a solitary hut in far Labrador the chance of "getting away from things" and "talking things out." They come back with new strength and new knowledge born of dangers encountered, to take up the struggle which is the inevitable price of real success. It is an invigorating piece of work. The "creative and illuminating phrases," "the breadths, the spacious emotions" are here, and more packed thought than would suffice to quicken a dozen normal novels. Mr. WELLS' method has shaped itself into a completely effective instrument of artistic presentation. Could anything be better than the short vigorous selected pieces of dialogue, the salient successive episodes painted in with swift, sure strokes? And between them the judicious, never wearisome passages of comment, observation, speculation. A book as alive, as challenging, as courageous as a monoplane in flight,

and not the less courageous because the pilot refrains from his old irresponsible habit of bomb-dropping—a habit which, I confess, has always a certain attraction for those of us who are not underneath.

When the experienced novel-reader catches sight of an attractive MILLS AND BOON publication bearing the inscription, *The Five of Spades*, he will jump to the conclusion that someone has been cheating at cards. When he has been allowed to begin reading but never to finish a letter, and this at the very start, which only too clearly implicates *Simon Armytage*, he will go further and guess that, whoever

else cheated, it was not *Simon Armytage*. (In my opinion, the fellow deserved all he got, except his happy ending, for writing that "his heart prompted him to make a clean breast" of someone else's sin.) And when all the conversation, wise or flippant, turns upon the respective tendencies, moral and intellectual, of the sexes, he will expect to have it borne in on him from time to time how little men understand women, how little women understand men, but how thoroughly the author (Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY) and, by inference, himself understand both. Later on, though the taking and loading of guns may have for its alleged purpose nothing more sinister than the destruction of a pheasant or two, he will anticipate that the shooting does not end there; and on the sudden arrival of the three principal and most involved characters upon the precipitous cliffs of Sark, dangerously near the edge, he will be on the look out for a horrible but not inopportune accident. None the less, since the book is so good of its kind, let him buy it with all confidence and he shall not be disappointed in the reading. I myself got such satisfaction from it as prevents me grudging the author a recommendation, even if I cannot wholly support, on mere human grounds, her fundamental theory that Society should be expected to forgive those who sin against itself as easily as it forgives those who sin merely against Heaven.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

A LANDSCAPE GARDENER GETTING HINTS FROM NATURE FOR A SERPENTINE WALK.

CHARIVARIA.

BEFORE the outbreak of war Turkey, it appears, was willing to introduce into her European provinces the reforms decided upon in 1880. As the result of the hostilities these will now be delayed.

The horrors of war! The conflict in the Balkans has cut off the supplies of otto of roses, on which the manufacturers of perfumes so largely depend. We cannot help thinking that, if someone had pointed out to the combatants the grave inconvenience this will cause to many ladies, hostilities would never have broken out.

"The happiest of all lives," says Lord ROSEBURY, "is the life of an English country gentleman." But, try crying "LLOYD GEORGE!" to him.

Aviation is being recommended as a cure for consumption by Dr. FLEMING, the eminent German authority on tuberculosis. The idea is not a new one. The CHANCELLOR'S Sanatoria are all in the air.

Dr. CHARLES B. HEBERDEN, Principal of Brasenose, Oxford, who was re-elected Vice-Chancellor of the University last week, in addressing Convocation on the academic events of the year, spoke in English instead of Latin, thereby creating a record. It speaks well for Dr. HEBERDEN'S enunciation that the change should have been realised by the audience.

THE second session of the Ilford Parliament opened last week with a largely increased membership. It is an open secret that this institution hopes to become an approved Parliament under the scheme foreshadowed by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Arrangements are being made for a National Hunger Strike by women to begin at midnight on Christmas Day. The inability to sacrifice the Christmas Dinner is a pretty human touch.

"Are prison warders underpaid?" asks a writer in *The Express*. A friend of ours now in goal says they cannot be.

Various suggestions have been made from time to time for drawing attention to the dangers of Flannelette. The latest proposal is that its name shall be changed to Inflammablette.

"We have not been sent into a finished world to enjoy it," says the Bishop of OXFORD, "but into an unfinished world to complete it." Yes, we do wish they would make an end of those road repairs in London.

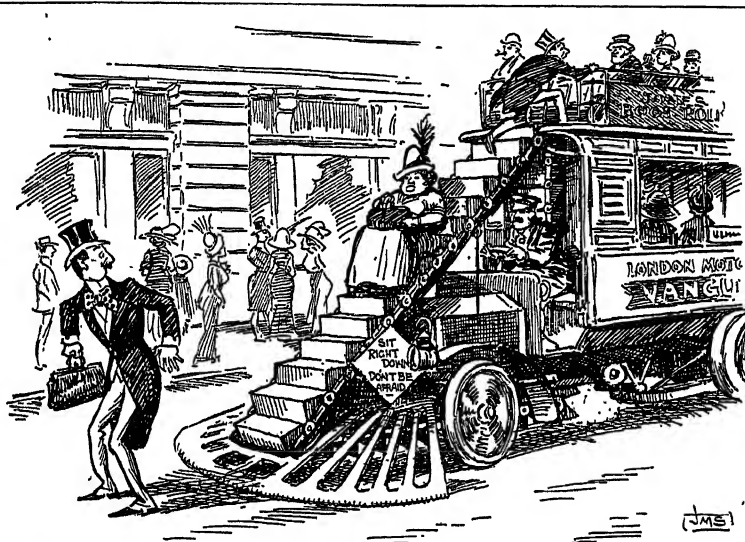
It has been truly said that life is difficult. It becomes, in fact, more complex every day. For some little time past we had been imagining that we were a gentleman. We now find that we were nothing of the kind. A fashion column in a contemporary tells

had saved the life of a cat the other day by walking away when she impudently challenged him to fight.

The 150 East Finchley school children who were weighed and measured before and after their holidays have not, it transpires, maintained the rate of development at school which they showed as the result of a month's play. Among the more sanguine of the young students the immediate closing of the school is expected.

A Maternity Bill, providing a maximum bonus of £5 for every child born in Australia of white parents, has now passed its third reading and become law. It is rumoured, however, that it has already led to trouble. A precocious youngster born of a Scotch mother and a Jewish father, and having Greek god-parents, is insisting on at least half of the premium being handed to him.

A barber of Haverhill, Mass., an American paper tells us, was shaving a customer when he received a letter informing him that he had been left £6,000. In his hurry to claim the money he left the customer half shaved in the chair. This is unusual. As a rule when people come into money they cut their old friends.



IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED IN PARLIAMENT THAT SOME SORT OF COW-CATCHER SHOULD BE ATTACHED TO MOTOR-BUSES TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS. WHY NOT COMBINE IT WITH A MOVING STAIRCASE?

us:—"Your lounge coat has—or should have—an outside breast pocket. You keep an handkerchief in that pocket. If you wish to be quite correct in your dress one corner of that handkerchief must show." When we confess that we had been showing no corner at all our agony of mind may be imagined.

Says the Paris fashion expert of *The Observer*:—"Large hats for the winter will be less seen than the small and close shapes." We do hope that ladies will believe this, and that the end of the congestion and overcrowding in our streets is at last in sight.

It is proposed, we read, to form a league for recognising the bravery of dogs who have saved life. Meanwhile we hear that the first claimant to put in an appearance has been snubbed for his pains. He took the form of a diminutive pug, and declared that he

Our Carnivorous Birds.

"That modern skylark who always demanded his lb. of flesh in full."

Longford Leader.

"On every page we find evidence of Martin Redfield does not understand the management of words."—"Westminster Gazette" review.

He should become a reviewer.

"For the Colquhoun Sculls Jesus are represented by two fours."—"Sunday Times."

Their second eleven is going for the tandem bicycle event.

From a foreign hotel guide:—

"Finest and viewfulest place. Baths and toilets on modernst principles. The hotel not being adapted for health resort of ills is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen. Reputed excellent cooking. Noble, real, well lain wines; different beers. The magnificent outlook is grandious. Daily six trains to all parts of the globe. Free view at the lovely lake."

It was the last item which led to the rush from Scotland.

THE NEWSPAPER.

"It is certainly a very ugly hat," said Francesca.

"My dear Francesca," I said, "this is the third time you have interrupted me with——"

"Not with hats every time," said Francesca. "The first time was with that ducky little story about the dog who upset a lamp and then bit his master's leg to tell him the room was on fire; and the second was with the shocking tragedy of the American dry-goods millionaire and his two sons."

"The fact of the interruptions," I said, "is what I object to, not their quality."

"But you can't have the one without the other, you know. You're like the man who wanted the scent without the roses."

"I want neither the one nor the other."

"Then why," said Francesca, "did you suggest that we ought to have a new rose-garden?"

"Francesca," I said, "I refuse to be cross-purposed by anyone. You are reading a newspaper. I am writing important letters. If you insist on reading me tit-bits out of your paper I shall retaliate by reading you choice parts of my letters."

"But, dearest," said Francesca, "I should simply love to hear your letters. Do not be afraid of me. I shall not find them dull. I can sympathise even with letters to solicitors and find poetry in instructions to a stockbroker. Try me." She assumed an attitude of devout and eager attention.

"Do not," I said, "look so rapt. I shall not trouble you with the details of my business. All I ask is that you should refrain from breaking in on me with your newspaper."

There was silence for a minute while I wrote and Francesca read.

"Ugh!" said Francesca suddenly. "You really must listen to this. A grocer in Manchester has murdered his wife and hidden her body in a tea-chest. It says——"

"The details," I said coldly, "do not interest me."

"Then listen to this. Caught in a thunderstorm a schoolmistress of Scarborough, named Sarah Evans, was the recipient of numerous congratulations on——" I can't quite make it out. They must have mixed it up with something else. Or perhaps it is a very clever bit of writing."

"Francesca," I said, "I will abandon my letters for the moment in order to speak to you seriously."

"I have always declared," said Francesca, "that you were not one of those men who looked upon women as mere playthings."

"I want to speak to you about newspapers. No woman," I said, "understands how to read a newspaper."

"But I do," said Francesca. "I am an exception to my poor sister-women. Have I not proved it to you? Or shall I read you the thrilling account of the negro family in Jamaica who possess a pet cow with two heads?"

"Francesca," I said, "you are not only flippant; you are superficial. I mean something far deeper than the mere power of reading nonsense in a loud voice."

"No, no," she pleaded, "not loud. Soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman. And as to nonsense, is that my fault?"

"When a woman," I said, "gets a newspaper, the first thing she does is to separate it into three or four sheets. One she spreads on her lap."

"That's for warmth," said Francesca.

"Another she sits on."

"That's the City part. She knows it's there when she wants it, but she never does."

"A third sheet she crumples up and tucks down into her arm-chair."

"That's the leading articles and the telegrams from Tripoli and the Congresses."

"And the fourth she reads."

"That's the sheet with the short and awful things on it——murders and suicides and all that."

"Then she tears a little scrap out and puts it carefully away in her purse."

"That's about a new toilet-soap, or a pattern parlour-maid of the highest Church of England principles, a clergyman's family preferred."

"And then she sighs and says the papers are duller than ever."

"And so they are," said Francesca. "What observation you have, what pungency, what insight into the frailties of female nature! And all the time men are, solidly reading their papers, and keeping the sheets together, and never crumpling anything, and never getting a half-penny-worth of amusement out of them. No, ours is the better way. Why, I know a man who spends two hours over his newspapers every morning and for downright ignorance——"

"Take care, Francesca," I said. "Happy homes have been ruined by less than that."

"Your mistake," she said, "is pardonable, but I meant my Cousin Frank. He's the most ridiculous sight in the world."

"I will own he is not intelligent. But I have more to say."

"And," said Francesca, "you're not going to say it. Go on with your letters and give me a chance of reading my newspaper."

R. C. L.

THE VAN BOY.

He's small for his years but as sharp as a needle,
Accustomed to traffic before he could crawl;
He's a militant shrimp, and, like most of his breed, 'll
Lay odds on a dog-fight or street-corner brawl;
His cap and his elbows show symptoms of fraying,
With slippery, clattering hob-nails he's shod;
He clings to his perch where the boxes are swaying,
The van is his home and the carman his god.

His brain is alert, his anatomy plastic,
He has to nip back to his place how he can,
By dodges and tricks that are slim and gymnastic,
When left in the lurch by the vanishing van;
But he, like the rest of his nimble fraternity,
Finds smartness and knack as effective as strength,
And, with only a rope between him and eternity,
Climbs over the tailboard, outstretched at full length.

From the streets he has garnered a broad education,
A censor of fashion, his sarcasms sting;
He has his ideas on the fate of the nation,
But keeps a soft place in his heart for the KING;
'E's got work to do, an' 'e don't do it badly,
'E can't lay about all the day more'n me;
'Is job ain't a soft one; although," he adds sadly,
'E can 'ave a relish each day to 'is tea."

His hours are too long and his future precarious,
Each week he assists with the family rent;
Domestic appeals to his pocket are various,
Though biograph shows are his favourite bent;
His earnings are small but his appetite's healthy,
He's a robin for pluck when the weather is bad;
In short—here's a word to the wise and the wealthy—
When tipping the carman, remember the lad



NOW OR NEVER.

ENGLISH OPERA. "I DO WISH I COULD THINK THERE WAS A HOME FOR ME HERE."

[A number of eminent British musicians have pointed out that the present moment is a golden opportunity of establishing National Opera on a permanent basis by the purchase of the Kingsway opera-house.]



First Excited Householder. "I REALLY MUST PROTEST. YOUR ABOMINABLE FOWLS HAVE BEEN EATING MY YOUNG SPINACH AGAIN!"

Second Excited Householder. "WELL, WHAT OF IT? YOUR CONFOUNDED BEES SUCK ALL THE HONEY FROM MY HOLLYHOCKS, BUT I DON'T MAKE A SONG ABOUT IT, DO I?"

THE HYPOTHETICAL MOUSE.

MR. J. M. BARRIE recently wrote a letter to a newspaper upon a question relating to his new play at the Duke of York's Theatre, in which he said: "All this must be about as interesting to the general public as the appearance of a mouse in Bond Street, but perhaps you will kindly find space for it." The inference is that such an event would afford little if any interest to the British public.

It is difficult to understand how Mr. BARRIE, who was a journalist himself in days gone by, can hold this opinion (writes our Grub Street correspondent). The explanation is, perhaps, that he was a journalist in the days before journalism was what it is. The story of the invasion of Bond Street by a mouse, in competent hands, could be made truly a journalistically touching one, placing news of war, of Parliament, and of other commonplaces in secondary positions.

Such incidents, of course, never come my way. But I must not be bitter; I have already had the good fortune this week to witness a nasty cab accident and to have a chat with a released convict who lamed a policeman for life; and I must not complain. But to be in Bond Street, with my fountain pen and camera, when a mouse appeared—that is the kind of good fortune I dream of. If the dream came true, I would go and live in the sunshine for a month, and reduce my debts with whatever was left of my gains.

Think of the pathos that might be introduced into a faithful description of the adventures among motor wheels and horses' hoofs of what BURNS so truly called a "wee beastie"! I would see to it that a duchess's coachman should rein in his prancing steeds in mid-stream to let the little creature pass. A royal child should jump down and

stroke it, and a pet poodle should be righteously run over in just reward for trying to capture it. An aged road-sweeper, overcome by the memories it aroused of his dear old home in a Somerset village, should burst into tears at sight of it; a well-known actress should climb on to a brewer's dray and scream with fear of it; a bronzed and battered hero, immaculately dressed, should twirl his moustache and smile indulgently at it; a ragged and tender-hearted newsboy should punch in the nose the youthful scion of a noble house for striking at it with his governess's umbrella; and a burly policeman should take the tiny timid creature in his huge hand and place it gently within the door of the pastrycook's shop whither it was evidently bound. Then the street should resume its everyday aspect of busy gaiety, as if nothing had happened; yet out of sight there should be many a heart lighter and many an eye brighter for the pretty incident.

Why, it is just the sort of thing that the general public wants to happen. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't be surprised if, when the sunshine is calling very sweetly and the duns are desperately thick, I take some pains to provide them with it.

"It is pleasant to find that . . . such notable cricketers as Dr. E. M. Grace, John Jackson, and George Lohmann, have not been neglected by the Editor of the 'Dictionary' [of National Biography]. It might have been said as to the last that he was a pioneer in the art of breaking both ways."—*Athenæum*.
You should see Sir SIDNEY LEE taking wickets for the Waterloo Place Wanderers.

"England is drifting slowly south-east-ward."
Weather report in "Glasgow Herald."
This is simply playing into the hands of Germany.

years, though there were no rats, there was a plague of snakes. So they imported a cargo of mongooses (or mongeese), and in a very little while there were no snakes, but there was a plague of mongeese (or mongooses). So they imported a few dozen cats, and very soon there were no mongooses (or mongeese) but there was a plague of cats. So they imported some dogs—but why pursue the subject further? Suffice to say that at present there is something of a plague of prosperity, and they are thinking of importing Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The inhabitants of Jamaica are very sunburnt for the most part, and habitually dress in bright-coloured prints and large straw hats. The ladies wear very short skirts, and the gentlemen carry banjos. With the influence of the Southern States of America strong upon them, their manners are of the most courtly, and offences against etiquette are practically unknown. In this connection it is interesting to note that the people have been at a great disadvantage during the past few years, when compared with their more fortunate brethren elsewhere. Bananas are the staple crop of the land; but, as any form of "shop" is held to be in the worst of taste, the inhabitants are debarred from the fascinating amusement of asking each other to have one.

In the Bad Old Days, most of the inhabitants of Jamaica were slaves and had to work for nothing. When they were liberated, their former employers offered them three or four times as much, but they utterly refused to do any more toil. They maintained that they had seen the dignity of labour, and that they really did not think very much of it. Thus little work was done, and everybody was quite contented.

The favourite pastimes in Jamaica are playing the banjo and dancing. At night, when the heat of the day is past and the moon am shining, then the old buck nigger he comes out and serenades his little honey gal. He sits on a very black tree with very green foliage, and thrums away at the old banjo, while the little honey gal, clad in a wide-brimmed hat, a short, red-and-white-striped skirt, and an expansive smile, joins in the chorus and does fancy steps. It is all very charming and simple, and on the way home the buck nigger can always loot somebody's fowl-roost and so combine business with pleasure.

Jamaica is noted for its ginger. It grows in small clear glass bottles, and is quite expensive. Other countries have tried to cultivate it, but Jamaica still stands supreme. That portion of



Kind-hearted Gentleman. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HEAD?"

Guttersnipe. "FARVER."

Kind-hearted Gentleman. "WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?"

Guttersnipe. "'ORSPITAL."

Kind-hearted Gentleman. "ACCIDENT?"

Guttersnipe. "No, MUVVER!"

the island which does not produce ginger is given over to the cultivation of the banana and the cocoanut. The last-named is so plentiful that at the local fairs plain wooden balls are put on the pegs, and you throw cocoanuts at them. As for the bananas, the fact that they are retailed in the streets of London at three a penny conveys in a very striking fashion some idea of their abundance in the land where they are grown. Indeed, most of the people there have their shoes roughed.

The other products of the island are sugar and rum, and these are usually grown side by side in order to save as much time as possible. This is the real secret why Jamaica is such a happyland.

Jamaica was originally discovered by COLUMBUS. If it wasn't, he discovered some land quite close to it, so it amounts to the same thing. But, to be perfectly candid, we ourselves know very little about Jamaica. Perhaps you have noticed it.

"Solid Oak Fox Terrier Puppies, Laying Hens and Bantams."
Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

"Hearts of oak are our pups,
Hearts of oak are our hens."

"The hon. secretary read the twenty-fifth annual report, which was as follows:—
TAKE I NNONP. J 118' -? -?."
Barnes Herald:
They seem to have had a good season.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOME RAILS.

IMAGINE US, if you can, sitting one on each side of the fire, I with my feet on the mantelpiece, Margery curled up in the blue arm-chair, both of us intent on the morning paper. To me, by good chance, has fallen the sporting page; to Margery the foreign, political and financial intelligence of the day.

"What," said Margery, "does it mean when it says—?" She stopped and spelt it over to herself again.

I put down my piece of the paper and prepared to explain. The desire for knowledge in the young cannot be too strongly encouraged, and I have always flattered myself that I can explain in perfectly simple language anything which a child wants to know. For instance, I once told Margery what "Miniature Rifle Shooting" meant; it was a head-line which she had come across in her paper. The explanation took some time, owing to Margery's preconceived idea that a bird entered into it somewhere; several times, when I thought the lesson was over, she said, "Well, what about the bird?" But I think I made it plain to her in the end, though maybe she has forgotten about it now.

"What," said Margery, "does it mean when it says 'Home Rails Firm'?"

I took up my paper again. The Springboks, I was glad to see, were rapidly developing into a first-class team, and—

"'Home Rails Firm,'" repeated Margery, and looked up at me.

My mind worked rapidly, as it always does in a crisis.

"What did you say?" I asked in surprise.

"What does 'Home Rails Firm' mean?"

"Where does it say that?" I went on, still thinking at lightning speed.

"There. It said it yesterday too."

"Ah, yes." I made up my mind.

"Well, *that*," I said—"I think *that* is something you must ask your father."

"I did ask him yesterday."

"Well, then—"

"He told me to ask Mummy." Coward!

"You can be sure," I said firmly, "that what Mummy told you would be right," and I returned to my paper.

"Mummy told me to wait till *you* came."

Really, these parents! The way they shirk their responsibilities nowadays is disgusting.

"'Home Rails Firm,'" said Margery, and settled herself to listen.

"It is good that children should be encouraged to take an interest in the

affairs of the day, but I do think that a little girl might be taught by its father (or if more convenient, mother) *which* part of a newspaper to read. Had Margery asked me the difference between a Springbok and a Sanjak; had she demanded an explanation of "ultimatum" or "guillotine," I could have done something with it; but to let a child of six fill her head with ideas as to the firmness or otherwise of Home Rails is hardly nice. However, an explanation had to be given.

"Well, it's like this, Margery," I said at last. "Supposing—well, you see, supposing—that is to say, if I—" and then I stopped. I had a sort of feeling—intuition, they call it—that I was beginning in the wrong way.

"Go on," said Margery.

"Perhaps I had better put it this way. Supposing you were to— Well, we'd better begin further back than that. You know what— No, I don't suppose you do know that. Well, if I—that is to say, when a man—you know, it's rather difficult to explain this, Margery."

"Are you explaining it now?"

"I'm just going to begin."

"Thank you, uncle."

I lit my pipe slowly, while I considered again how best to approach the matter.

"'Home Rails Firm,'" said Margery.

"Isn't it a *funny* thing to say?"

It was. It was a very *silly* thing to say. Whoever said it first might have known what it would lead to.

"Perhaps I can explain it best like this, Margery," I said, beginning on a new tack. "I suppose you know what 'firm' means?"

"What does it mean?"

"Ah, well, if you don't know *that*," I said, rather pleased, "perhaps I had better explain that first. 'Firm' means that—that is to say, you call a thing firm if it—well, if it doesn't—that is to say, a thing is firm if it can't move."

"Like a house."

"Well, something like that. This chair, for instance," and I put my hand on her chair, "is firm because you can't shake it. You see, it's quite—Hullo, what's that?"

"Oh, you bad uncle, you've knocked the castor off again," cried Margery, greatly excited at the incident.

"This is too much," I said bitterly.

"Even the furniture is against me."

"Go on explaining," said Margery, rocking herself in the now wobbly chair.

I decided to leave "firm." It is not an easy word to explain at the best of times, and when everything you touch goes and breaks itself it becomes perfectly impossible.

"Well, so much for that," I said. "And now we come to 'rails.' You know what rails are?"

"Like I've got in the nursery?"

This was splendid. I had forgotten these for the moment.

"Exactly. The rails your train goes on. Well then, 'Home Rails' would be rails at home."

"Well, I've got them at home," said Margery in surprise. "I couldn't have them anywhere else."

"Quite so. Then 'Home Rails Firm' would mean that—er—home rails were—er—firm."

"But mine aren't, because they wobble. You know they do."

"Yes, but—"

"Well, why do they say 'Home Rails Firm' when they mean 'Home Rails-Wobble'?"

"Ah, that's just it. The point is that when they say 'Home Rails Firm,' they don't mean that the rails *themselves* are firm. In fact, they don't mean at all what you think they mean. They mean something quite different."

"What do they mean?"

"I am just going to explain," I said stiffly.

* * * * *

"Or perhaps I had better put it this way," I said ten minutes later. "Supposing— Oh, Margery, it is difficult to explain."

"I *must* know," said Margery.

"Why do you want to know so badly?"

"I want to know a million million times more than anything else in the whole world."

"Why?"

"So as I can tell Angela," said Margery.

I plunged into my explanation again. Angela is three, and I can quite see how important it is that she should be sound on the question. A. A. M.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I KNEW very well that I had never seen him before. I am rather given to boasting that I never forget a face, and if I had only had enough faith to hold on to that I should have been all right. But when he came up to the motor which was to convey us both from the station to my uncle's house some twelve miles distant, I could see at once that he was bent upon recognising me. I had been on the point of formally introducing myself, according to a useful Teutonic custom that I learned as a student at Bonn, but he instantly swept all that aside, grasped my hand, and told me not to "pull his leg"—an expression, by the way, that I strongly



Horse Dealer (who has in vain produced nearly all his stock-in-trade). "TAKE 'IM AWAY, JACK, AND RUN IN AND TELL THE MISSUS TO PUT THE KETTLE ON; THE GENT DON'T WANT AN 'OSS, 'E WANTS A CUP O' TEA."

object to. "You needn't think I have forgotten you, Davidson," he remarked cheerily. Well, he had got my name all right, and when he went on to ask if I remembered him, of course I said I did. One always does say that, if one has any pluck.

He did most of the talking and he gave me a clue right away—at least so I thought. He said he had at last made up his mind to give up playing for the old team at the end of the season. (Playing what? For what team?) I soon got on to that, and it fitted in all right, for I too used to play Rugby for Blackheath. Naturally he went on to enlarge upon this common topic. Did I remember the match against the London Scottish when Waterhouse was hurt in the first five minutes and Hopkins had to play half? No, I didn't remember anything at all about it, and furthermore—though I didn't tell him so—I didn't remember either Waterhouse or Hopkins. He went on in the same strain. I was asked in turn to recall occasions when (against Oxford) the ground was as hard as a brick, and (against Cardiff)

the referee thought it safer to get into his cab on the inside of the touchline. I had not the faintest recollection of either incident. I began indeed to suspect that he was "pulling my leg," to use his own unpleasant expression. But he seemed quite genuine and he was undoubtedly cordial. There was no end to his reminiscences. "You remember a chap who used to play back for us—Balfour?" Well, I really could not go on any longer meeting his friendly advances with a stony negative. I was becoming a positive wet blanket. Conversation would soon have been impossible. So at last I said, Yes, I did remember. One always does come to that if one has any sense of decency.

After that we got on swimmingly. Perhaps I threw myself into the thing with a little too much gusto, but I felt that I had arrears to make up. Not that I had arrears to make up. Not only did I remember Balfour, but I had dined with him not long ago and he had told me that he was just sailing for Valparaiso. Then I recalled with him every detail of the remarkable dinner that had followed the Leicester match (at which, I need hardly say, I

had not been present), and we laughed heartily over the incident of the lost luggage, when the team visited Dublin University—which it had never done in my day.

"All the same," he concluded with enthusiasm, "the Dublin match was far and away the best game we had last year, don't you think so?"

Last year! That pulled me up pretty short, for I had not played for Blackheath since 1906. And then I saw it. The fellow had mistaken me for my brother Colin! There was an awkward pause, for I began to reflect that I had got pretty deep in, and as we were to spend the week-end in the same house there was no possibility of avoiding awkward explanations. And after all, how was I to blame? It was he that was short-sighted; it was he that had jumped at conclusions; it was he that had insisted on talking nothing but footer shop; and, besides that, I have never been able to see the slightest resemblance between Colin and myself, though Colin likes to believe there is. Anyhow, I must take the bull by the horns.

THE SAFETY VALVE.

DREAM of my yearning soul, Elaine,
My rhymes surge out to thee;
Richly inspired, my burning brain
Exults in poesy;
Unchecked, untrammelled, as from out
A roly-poly pudding spout
Pure streams of jam when sliced in
twain,
So leaps my song from me.

Thine eyes are like the stars that gleam
On purple seas by night;
Look into mine, and I should seem
Intoxicate (or tight).
Thy cheeks are like the skies' deep flush
In Southern sunsets (when they blush,
Otherwise they resemble cream
Viewed in a pinkish light).

Thy sweet white throat, thy slender
arms—

But, no, forgive me, dear;
I will not catalogue thy charms
Like some dull auctioneer.
Perfect art thou from crown to toe,
Words cannot paint thee, though one
grow

Emphatic, like to fire alarms,
Or burst in foam like beer.

O passion lost in nothingness!
O tears dissolved in mist!
O hands unclasped in my caress!
O lips by me unknissed!
O grammar sacrificed to meet
Exigencies of perfect feet—
Mighty is truth; I must confess,
Elaine, thou don't exist.

Phantom thou art, unbodied child
Of music in my breast.
I was impassioned, Muse-beguiled,
Almost I felt oppressed
With a vast swelling storm of song,
With rapturous thoughts, a crowding
throng—
I loosed these lines, ecstatic, wild,
To get it off my chest.

AT THE PLAY.

"DOORMATS."

No dramatist writes dialogue quite so simply and naturally as Mr. H. H. DAVIES, and with such pleasant results. His characters are always human, and because they are so human they are of their own accord humorous. *Uncle Rufus* is not given funny things to say; he merely says the things that your Uncle Rufus or my Uncle Rufus would say; we recognise them with delighted laughter. *Noel* and *Leila* and *Aunt Josephine* we know too; they speak as our own Noel and Leila and Aunt Josephine would speak. It is very jolly to see all our relations in a play. All this for two Acts, and then

Captain Harding gets going; and we find that we don't know *Captain Harding*. He makes love to *Leila*, and we begin to think that we don't know *Leila*. They decide to run away together—this, we feel, is something outside our own life. *Noel* refuses to divorce her, but offers to let *Leila* divorce him; we begin to look about us uncomfortably. These are not our friends at all; who are they? Have we come into the wrong house by mistake?

It was unwise of Mr. DAVIES to deal, in a light-hearted play and in his light-handed manner, with the deep emotions. There are dramatists who can be amusing about infidelity, but he is not one of them—for which let him be thankful. Mr. DAVIES knows perfectly well



"Of course, I hate making love to another man's wife, but in these days of competition you know—"

Leila... .. Miss MARIE LÖHR.
Captain Harding .. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD.

that in real life husband, wife and lover don't behave as do *Noel*, *Leila* and *Harding* in the Third Act of *Doormats*. Another dramatist might protest that his people were not meant to be real people, but Mr. DAVIES has not that excuse. He started out to make them real and to make us interested in them. He could not, afterwards, turn them back into puppets.

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP and Miss NINA BOUCICAULT played perfectly as the Uncle and Aunt. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as *Noel* was better than I have ever seen him; for once, it was not the part which fitted him, but he who fitted the part. Miss LÖHR was *Leila*, and how else she could have played *Leila* I do not know. It was to her credit as an actress in the first two Acts that she showed up the Third Act so badly. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD did not belong to the play at all, but as an imaginary *Captain Harding* he was magnificent. M.

OUR A.B.C.

WITH the war comes a very epidemic of alphabets, no paper being complete without its "A.B.C. of the Struggle;" or, "Who's Who in the Balkan business;" or, "This Way to the Personal Facts." Mr. *Punch* does not propose to enlighten his readers as to the ins and outs of this conflict, partly because he does not know them; but to come out without an A.B.C. of some kind seems to him so pusillanimous that, at great expenditure of force and patience, he has compiled one. The war itself being barred, he has devoted his alphabet to its backwash in our own country.

ALBANY, THE.—Residence of the Albanians in London.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Prime Minister of the Black Country, and remotely connected with Mr. BENNETT BURLEIGH.

CINEMA.—The invention which has brought the scent of the battlefield over the pianist. It provides the most gentlemanly way yet devised of partaking in slaughter.

DECISIVE.—Word useful for applying to battles, whatever their result.

EVENING.—A time of day starting at about 9.30 A.M., at which the more interesting war news begins to be available to those who have half-pence to spare for it.

GREY (SIR EDWARD).—The man who, had he only cared, could have prevented the war by merely raising his little finger. But such is his cynical indifference and supineness... [Vide *The Nation* and *The Daily News* for the rest.]

MONEY.—See OPPORTUNITY.

OPPORTUNITY.—That which is being enjoyed by all journalists who ever had the luck or misfortune or prescience to spend any time in the Balkan States.

PRIVATE WIRE.—One of the busiest soldiers in the world, and indispensable at times such as these.

STOCKS.—Things in the City that go up or down, but usually down, in consequence of wars.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.—A gentleman with a pair of field-glasses and a writing-pad, but for whose activities, wherever exercised, no one knows what we should know.

ZEAL.—The quality shown by sub-editors, demon cyclists and newsboys in getting the evening papers sold.

From the Rules of the Seaham Harbour Golf Club:—

"All complaints should be made in writing to the Secretary, in order that they may be submitted to the Committee, and none shall be attended to."

We thought it was a custom rather than a rule.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH *The Book of Saints and Heroes*, written by Mrs. LANG and edited by ANDREW LANG (LONGMANS), there comes an end, I suppose, to the gay and fascinating series of volumes that have delighted us year by year as the winter approached. Twenty-four of them there have been, beautiful books dealing with elves and fairies and men and women and magicians; and this last book, for her share in which Mrs. LANG must again be heartily thanked, is worthy of the company of those that went before.

Frost and sleet and the gloom of the shortened days will be less tolerable now that ANDREW LANG is gone. So fresh and various and joyful was his activity that we could not

ledge to his readers. No man's pen ever chaffed and charmed with half the lightness of ANDREW LANG'S. And to all these gifts he added a proud and sensitive manliness, a devotion to things that are noble and sincere in life and art, and a sympathy which gave him a sure appreciation of greatness. I speak of him as a critic, essayist, historian, and folk-lorist, now serious, now playful, and always delightful, but I cannot forget—who could?—that he was a poet—a poet without a trace of affectation and with an exquisite sense of form and reticence. There was in his verse not only a fastidious refinement of phrase and cadence, but a peculiarly intimate kind of tenderness and friendship that haunted the mind. You cannot read his *Grass of Parnassus* without feeling an affection for the writer; but this may truly be said of all that he wrote, whether in verse



AN ARTIST'S MODEL WRITES: "PRESENTING CUPS TO CRICKETERS IS ALL RIGHT—



BUT I DON'T HOLD WITH THESE HERE FLYING MEN HAVING THEM."

think of death, or indeed of age and ANDREW LANG together. We might have said to him in his own words:—

"And you once more may voyage through
The forests that of old we knew, —
The fairy forests deep in dew,
Where you, resuming childish things,
Shall listen when the Blue Bird sings,
And sit at feast with fairy Kings,
And taste their wine, ere all be done,
And face more welcome shall be none
Among the guests of Oberon.
Ay, of that feast shall tales be told,
The marvels of that world of gold,
To children young, when you are old.
When you are old! Ah, dateless 'when,'
For youth shall perish among men,
And Spring herself be ancient then!"

What greater man of letters than ANDREW LANG have we known in our time? He had learning enough to fit him to be a pedant, but pedantry was abhorrent to him. His style rippled and sparkled in the light of his sane and joyous humour; he pricked pretension and the bubble was dissolved in laughter. He was a fine and exacting scholar, and even in the things he wrote, to all appearance, without care, there was a grace which only a scholar could have conferred. He was a man deeply versed in strange lore, but he illumined the dark places of his investigations with his insight, his humanity and the prodigal and allusive brilliancy of the English in which he conveyed his know-

or in prose. To read his posthumously published *History of English Literature*, for instance, is to enjoy a feast of pleasant converse and exuberant vitality. Nothing is dull and heavy, and even when you begin to disagree you are quickly charmed into agreement. I have no space to say more, but I should have performed my duty ill if, having this opportunity, I had failed to add my tributary pebble to ANDREW LANG'S memorial cairn.

What is "that conflict which makes the everlasting antagonism between men and women"? If you can guess the answer you will, I suppose, understand, which is more than I do, why Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON calls his book *The Antagonists* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). As for me I give it up. But then I am only a man. And (*a propos of The Origin of Species*) Mr. THURSTON tells me that "Darwin means nothing to any woman; for within her very essence lie revealed all the secrets that he found, lie hidden all the secrets that no man will ever know"—secrets, I presume, even more mysterious than the price of ladies' hats or the uses of the common hairpin. But Mr. THURSTON, unlike the rest of his sex, as he sees them, appears to know them all. He is for ever generalising about the feelings of women with a confidence which I should think presumptuous if I were describing the habits of the domestic cat. The antagonists of his story are not a man and a woman, but a pair of boy and girl lovers. The boy (of

seventeen) had, I regret to say, a past. Before he was twelve he had fallen in love first with his own mother and then with a disappointed woman of twenty-five. And when I say "fallen in love" I mean, and Mr. THURSTON means, what I say. "A boy of nine has got in him all that a woman wants in a man." It is the mother who says this; it is the woman of twenty-nine who acts upon it. Which seems to me not only unpleasant but silly. It is a pity that Mr. THURSTON lets his mind run riot on this "everlasting antagonism" between men and women which is commonly called passion. He tells his story well and there are good points about it. But the general effect to my Puritan mind is unhealthy. Some of the prettiest of hedgerow flowers bear poisonous berries. And they are not always the kind that blush unseen.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS in *The Lovers* (WARD, LOCK) has gone back to his old friends the American prisoners of the

mismanaged War Prison of Prince Town on his beloved Dartmoor, at the beginning of the last century. The romance is of a fuller flavour: two splendid gentlemen of the road, *Shadrach Blackadder*, son of a clergyman, descendant of kings, philosopher-idealist, and cynical *Will Workman* lend the diversification of their attractive personalities and devious exploits to the romantic goings on and the adventurous comings out of the great prison. *Miranda*, daughter of the American-hating local magnate, *Sir Archer Godolphin*, falls in love with *American Captain*

Burgoyne, as does *Charity*, daughter of the ultra-insular farmer *Caunter*, with boatswain *Benjamin Gunn*; while *Felix Godolphin*, son and heir of the blustering Knight and a premature Radical and worse (according to *Sir Archer*), impatiently joins the firm of *Blackadder & Co.* and nearly comes to a shocking bad end. It is all very jolly and exciting, but I do not think that an artist of Mr. PHILLPOTTS' standing should indulge himself so freely in the matter of devices and coincidences for pulling his heroes out of infinitely tight corners and putting his blackguards into deep holes. Quite a good deal of the best of the fun of this sort of romance goes if the author won't, so to speak, play fair. For this game has its rules, like every other game, and, as in most others, the modern standard is more exacting than the old. What once would have passed for the naïve simplicity of an undeveloped form may now be accounted mere slackness and let down a talented writer into a class in which he has no possible business. This blemish, however, doesn't affect the skilful characterisation of a half-dozen full-lengths and a dozen or so vignettes.

I am solidly convinced by *The Bountiful Hour* (LANE) that to be a member of a family which makes rash promises and keeps them must be sadly inconvenient both to yourself

and to others. *Howard Luttrell's* trouble was that in the first flush of youth he promised a revengeful woman that he would never marry while she lived. Then, of course, as years passed by he forgot all about her and fell in love with a very delightful girl. Before, however, he could marry her the revengeful one appeared again, and complications naturally set in with some violence. I cannot help being more than a little sorry for the heroine, who had already suffered enough from her father. This man was so extraordinarily callous and inhuman that the first part of the book is literally devoted to the sudden flights of his family. At last, indeed, he seems to have become so accustomed to this form of dissipation that when he discovered his daughter flitting in the middle of the night he said, "Go to your room, and leave in the morning when you please. I shall not stop you." Look at him as you will, he was a most irritating parent, but, as he lived in the eighteenth century, I would not have him judged by modern paternal standards. Miss Fox has written a pleasing romance, and

if during *The Bountiful Hour* I have smiled occasionally where solemnity was demanded, I am still in her debt for creating complications and solving them with sound judgment and taste.

Among those books which reviews leave exactly where they were, I should place very high Mr. JAMES STEPHENS' *Crock of Gold* (MACMILLAN). His last prose work to be noticed on this page was a homely and faithful story of Irish life, called *The Charwoman's Daughter*. This new book is a fairy

fantasy, elvish, grotesque, realistic, allegorical, humorous, satirical, idealistic and poetical by turns. It is disconnected, mad, absurd, shrewd, bewildering, and — very beautiful. And there, labouring under no delusion that this is a review, I leave it.

A PROTEST.

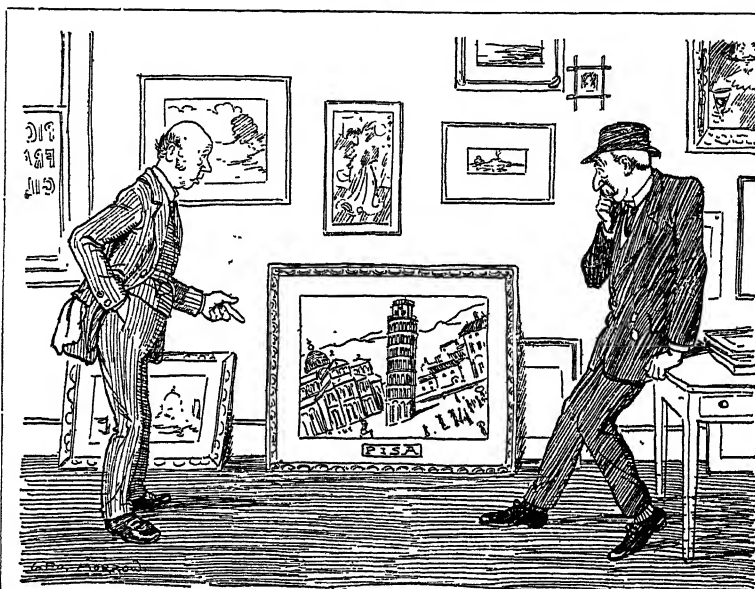
SIR,—ROSEBERY, at Peebles last week, said "George III. is supposed to have said that Shakspeare was 'sad stuff.' . . . I am inclined to think no one but a crowned Sovereign on the Throne would have had the courage to make it." I claim ROSEBERY's admiration (unless, as is quite possible, I have it already), for I have said far more startling things about SHAKSPEARE than ever GEORGE III. had wit or pluck to say. I do not desire, on this occasion, to boast, and I therefore give only my initials as signature to this letter. But I enclose my card, and remain.

Yours, etc. G. B. S.

"The Greeks, in particular, are likely to be dissatisfied, as they are doubtless counting on a general conflagration in order to liquidate various burning questions which now remain on their hands."

Yorkshire Post.

You can never really count on a fire to liquidate anything.



The Picture-Framer. "THERE'S YOUR PICTURE, SIR. I'AD TO CUT IT DOWN A LOT, AND I MAY TELL YOU I TOOK A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO GET THAT TOWER PLUMB."

CHARIVARIA.

Two referees were attacked by crowds last week at Welsh football matches. The regrettable incidents were said to be due to a dearth of Suffragettes in the neighbourhood. * *

Stamps said to be worth over £250,000 were on view at the exhibition of the Junior Philatelic Society. It is, however, extremely difficult to estimate the value of stamps. At one time, for instance, it was asserted that certain fourpenny stamps of ours were worth ninepence, but this is proving to be a delusion. * *

An old lady, on examining one of our new penny postage stamps, remarked that she was not surprised to find that the lion which figured on the former issue had passed away as he had never looked very well. * *

A picture postcard posted at Bristol in 1905 was delivered at Kennington this week. It is supposed to have been released by an official who is breaking up his collection. * *

The Trans-Pyrenean Tunnel was pierced last week, and, when the French and Spanish workmen who had been working under Mount Somport found themselves face to face at Canfranc, they fell into one another's arms and kissed. According to the gruesome story which reaches us they did not even wait to wash. * *

At the dinner given by the City Corporation to their Austro-Hungarian guests it was mentioned that the visit of the Corporation to Prague had been commemorated by naming a thoroughfare "London Street." It is now proposed that by way of return compliment the name of our Jermyn Street might be changed to Austrian Street. * *

According to Professor FISHER, of Yale University, by the year 4,000 the average span of human life will be about 250 years. People will then, we imagine, be more nervous than ever of marrying. * *

We hear rumours of the formation of a Society of Humorous Artists. At last, apparently, the Post-Impressionists are realised to be dangerous rivals.

A Christmas number of "Printer's Pie" is going to be published in November under the title of "Winter's Pie." It will, we are sure, be a good plump pudding. * *

Several battles in the Balkans are reported to have lasted for more than eight hours. We understand that the matter is to be taken up by the local Labour Party. * *

We are surprised, by the by, that so little has been made of a single-handed

PROBLEMS OF THE WAR.

(By Our Military Expert.)

APART from any effect the war may have upon the peace of Europe and the sale of newspapers, the public, guided by expert opinion, will find it interesting to watch the influence of the fighting in the Balkans upon strategy and tactics.

Possibly the contention of certain theorists that the battles of the future must be fought at long range will be proved, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that distance is a relative term, a fact which is well illustrated by the popular saying, "So near and yet so far."

The use of aeroplanes will probably form a profoundly instructive feature of the operations. Quite possibly these machines may revolutionise warfare, but, on the other hand, it is equally possible that they may not. Undoubtedly their utility has been proved in peaceful manoeuvres, but we must bear in mind that these manoeuvres are not fought under war conditions. In the circumstances it would be foolish to dogmatise until we have more knowledge than at present.

The question of mechanical traction is also one on which considerable light should be thrown. In the case of motor-lorries there is, of course, the handicap that petrol or other fuel must be obtained before the engines will run. At the same time we must not lose sight of the counter-necessity for procuring food of some description for traction-horses.

Before peace is proclaimed the problems of the war will provide material for many other articles such as this.

Meanwhile the great fact to keep in mind at the present time is that war has actually commenced, and the writer may be pardoned for pointing out that as far back as 1908 he remarked in these columns, "Unless the disputes can be smoothed over, it is quite on the cards that trouble in the Balkans may eventually ensue."

From one issue of *The Manchester Guardian* :—

"Mr. John Dillon, M.P., has so far recovered that he will leave his room in a day or two."

"Mr. John Dillon has been able to take short carriage drives during the last day or two."

Few bedrooms permit of a long carriage drive, alas!



Visitor. "THE PIG NOT WELL! WHAT'S THE REASON?"

Pat. "WELL, YER HONOUR, 'TIS EITHER WHAT HE'S ATE OR 'TIS THE ULSTER QUESTION."

act of heroism reported by *The Express* in the following head-lines :—

CAPTURED HILL RE-TAKEN

By GUSTAVE SEON.

"Cowless milk," we read, "made in a machine in Germany is being tested in London." It has been found, we understand, not to contain a single cow of any sort. * *

A Chinese bank-note more than 500 years old has just come into the possession of the Sub-Treasury at New York. Its face value is said to be only about sixpence. After knocking about the world for such a long time it would indeed be a miracle if it had retained its good looks.

THE PARTING GUEST.

WHEN nice people ask me to their houses for the week-end I reply that I shall be delighted to come, but that pressure of work will prevent my staying beyond Tuesday. Sometimes, in spite of this, they try to kick me out on the Monday; and if I find that they are serious about it I may possibly consent to go by an evening train. In any case, it always seems to me a pity to have to leave a house just as you are beginning to know your way to the bathroom.

"Is the 9.25 too early for you?" said Charles on Sunday night *à propos* of nothing that I had said.

"Not if it's in the evening," I answered.

"It's in the morning."

"Then it's much too early. I never travel before breakfast. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I've got to ride over to Newtown to-morrow—"

"To-morrow?" I said in surprise.

"Aren't we talking about Tuesday?"

It appeared that we weren't. It also came out that Charles and his wife, not anticipating the pleasure of my company beyond Monday, had arranged to ride over the downs to Newtown to inspect a horse. They would not be back until the evening.

"But that's all right, Charles," I said. "If you have a spare horse, a steady one which doesn't wobble when it canters, I will ride with you."

"There's only the old pony," said Charles, "and he will be wanted to drive you to the station."

"Not until Tuesday," I pointed out.

Charles ignored this remark altogether.

"You couldn't ride Joseph, anyway," he said.

"Then I might run beside you, holding on to your stirrup. My ancestors always used to go into battle like that. We are still good runners."

Charles turned over some more pages of his time-table.

"There is a 10.41," he announced.

"Just when I shall be getting to like you," I sighed.

"Molly and I have to be off by ten. If you caught the 10.41, you would want to leave here by a quarter-past."

"I shouldn't want to leave," I said reproachfully; "I should go with the greatest regret."

"The 9.25, of course, gets you up to town much earlier."

"Some such idea, no doubt, would account for its starting before the 10.41. What have you at about 4.30?"

"If you don't mind changing at Plimton, there's a 10.5—"

I got up and lit my candle.

"Let's wait till to-morrow and see what the weather's like," I said sleepily. "I am not a proud man, but after what you've said, and if it's at all wet, I may actually be glad to catch an early train." And I marched upstairs to bed.

However, a wonderful blue sky next morning made any talk of London utterly offensive. My host and hostess had finished breakfast by the time I got down, and I was just beginning my own when the sound of the horses on the gravel brought me out.

"I'm sorry we've got to dash off like this," said Mrs. Charles, smiling at me from the back of Pompey. "Don't you be in any hurry to go. There are plenty of trains."

"Thank you. It would be a shame to leave the country on a morning like this, wouldn't it? I shall take a stroll over the hills before lunch, and sit about in the garden in the afternoon. There's a train at five, I think."

"We shan't be back by then, I'm afraid, so this will be good-bye."

I made my farewells, and Pompey, who was rather fresh, went off sideways down the drive. This left me alone with Charles.

"Good-bye, Charles," I said, patting him with one hand and his horse with the other. "Don't you bother about me. I shall be quite happy by myself."

He looked at me with a curious smile and was apparently about to say something, when Caesar suddenly caught sight of my stockings. These, though in reality perfectly tasteful, might well come as a surprise to a young horse, and Caesar bolted down the drive to tell Pompey about it. I waved to them all from the distance and returned to my breakfast.

After breakfast I lit a pipe and strolled outside. As I stood at the door drinking in the beauty of the morning I was the victim of a curious illusion. It seemed to me that outside the front door was the pony-cart—Joseph in the shafts, the gardener's boy holding the reins, and by the side of the boy my bag!

"We'll only just have time, Sir," said the boy.

"But—but I'm going by the five train," I stammered.

"Well, Sir, I shall be over at Newtown this afternoon—with the cart."

I did not like to ask him why, but I thought I knew. It was, I told myself sarcastically, to fetch back the horse which Charles was going over to inspect, the horse to which I had to give up my room that night.

"Very well," I said. "Take the bag now and leave it in the cloak-room. I'll walk in later." What the etiquette

was when your host gave you a hint by sending your bag to the station and going away himself, I did not know. But however many bags he packed and however many horses he inspected, I was not to be moved till the five o'clock train.

Half-an-hour after my bag was gone I made a discovery. It was—that, when I started walking to the five o'clock train, I should have to start in pumps. . . .

* * * * *

"My dear Charles," I wrote that night, "it was delightful to see you this week-end, and I only wish I could have stayed with you longer, but, as you know, I had to dash up to town by the five train to inspect a mule. I am sorry to say that a slight accident happened just before I left you. In the general way, when I catch an afternoon train, I like to pack my bag overnight, but on this occasion I did not begin until nine in the morning. This only left me eight hours, and the result was that in my hurry I packed my shoes by mistake, and had to borrow a pair of yours in which to walk to the station. *I will bring them down with me next time I come.*"

I may say that they are unusually good shoes, and if Charles doesn't want me he must at least want them. So I am expecting another invitation by every post. When it arrives I shall reply that I shall be delighted to come, but that, alas! pressure of work will prevent my staying beyond Tuesday. A. A. M.

At a recent conflagration at Cardiff the fire-engine went on fire. The firemen, however, rescued each other with great heroism, and the blazing engine was at last got under. When are we going to get that Non-Inflammable Fire-Engine Act passed?

"It may be that about the time that Shelley's New Zealander comes to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's the Patagonian investigator will go to Australia."—*Daily News*.

The Patagonian investigator had much better come to London and witness the historic meeting between MACAULAY'S New Zealander and SHELLEY'S.

"They resolved that six stations ought to be built and ought to be built and ought to be built as soon as possible."

Manchester Guardian.

Personally we prefer to leave out "as soon as possible," and sing it to the tune of "Nuts and May."

"SISTER AVIS, brown mare, 7 years, a good hunter and very fast, up to 13 stone, has carried Mrs. — hunting, but she finds her too big."—*Advt. in "Field."*

Sister Avis might have put this more delicately.



THE LOOKER-ON.

LA TRICOTEUSE (MR. JOHN REDMOND). "ÇA MARCHE, BEGORRA!"



Mamma. "DEAR, DEAR! HAVE I COME HOME TO A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL?"

Nurse. "REALLY, MADAM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MISS MABEL. SHE'S BEEN VERY TROUBLESOME ALL THE AFTER-NOON, AND NOW SHE SAYS IF SHE CAN'T HAVE CAKE BEFORE HER BREAD-AND-BUTTER SHE 'LL GO ON HUNGER-STRIKE!"

THE VANISHED HAND.

WHENE'ER I look upon that little shelf
That stands inside the bathroom near the door,
Bernard, I simply cannot stop myself;
I weep; there rises up from memory's store
The image of a face, a soft, sweet elf
Who comes no more.

'Tis not the value only of our works
That makes them dear, but love and labour long;
People who did not know the attendant circe
Might simply say, "That shelf is far from
strong;"
People who never saw young Albert Perk:
Might judge him wrong;

Might deem him careless, looking at the fruits
And not the faith; but we who hailed his ring,
Who spread brown paper for his fairy boots,
As one might spread a carpet for a king,
Who heard him give *Jemima* chaste salutes,
We love that thing.

We know that never yet in Gothic fane
O'er window's tracery or arch's span
Was spent such fever. Time and time again
He started on the job and changed his plan,
Still mindful all his motives to explain
To *Martha Ann*.

He said the wall was rotten; he could dwell
Much upon walls, and why such walls were built;
Strange anecdotes of joining he would tell,
And air his views on politics and tilt
Lightly at *Asquith*, or expound quite well
LLOYD GEORGE'S guilt.

He grew a kind of guest within the flat,
A dear familiar presence; it was rum
To think we never more should see his hat
(When at long last he left) nor hear his hum,
And now—what alien plaster does he pat?
What woodwork thumb?

I know not, but I know he is not here;
There is a silence and the house is still;
And when I see that shelf I shed a tear,
For, Bernard, though the job was done so ill
The hours that Albert spent with us were dear;
There is his bill. EVOE.

"STEAMER COLLIDES IN FOG.

The steamer *Gaea*, of Christiania, put into dock at Dover to-day with her bows damaged as the result of a collision with an unknown

FOOTBALL AT WOOLWICH AND FULHAM."

Pall Mall Gazette.

The skipper's pluck, after his first collision, in pursuing the offending football right up the fog-bound river is no less remarkable than his bad luck in running into it again at Fulham.

THE PEARL AND THE SWINE.

I LEANT on the counter, prepared for a chat. The gold-and-silversmith on the other side of it was an old friend of mine and had just taken a lot of money off me, so I felt entitled to waste a little of his time.

"What I want to know," said I, "is, why shouldn't I have pocketed an odd diamond or two when you weren't looking just now?"

"If you would put your question in another form, Sir," he said, smiling, "it would be less awkward to answer. If you mean, why wasn't I looking just now, my reply is that we trust our customers."

I took off my hat to him. "And now," I continued, "seeing that you have known me since I was a boy and I have bought all my engagement rings off you, drop the humbug and tell me the plain truth."

"We trust our customers, Sir," he repeated.

"Come! Honest Injun?"

"Honest Indian, Sir. I confess that we have been swindled . . ."

"There!" I cried triumphantly.

"... but more especially by the customers we did not trust, and most especially by Mr. Van Brillen, whom we mistrusted with a pertinacity as meticulous as it was vain."

Your better-class goldsmith does his business in leaps and bounds during the impulsive moments of the plutocracy. But even plutocrats have lucid intervals, and the goldsmith his times, accordingly, when nothing is doing. This was one of them.

"Tell me all about it," said I.

"We don't often deal in pearls," said he, "but once we did have a black one whose shape was said to be unique. The mere fact that Mr. Van Brillen, upon his first appearance in the shop, expressed his determination to have it, put me on my guard from the start."

"He asked to see some silver tooth-picks, and made off with the pearl when your back was turned?" I suggested.

"No, Sir. The pearl was in a patent case, fitted with patent locks and clamped to the counter. Besides, my back was not turned. No, he asked

the price and agreed to pay £800, after a haggle."

"And you let him take it without getting his money first?"

"No, Sir. He sat down and wrote a cheque then and there."

"Why, of course! The cheque was . . ."

"Again, no. I retained the pearl till the cheque was cleared and cashed beyond a doubt."

"Then," said I, "I don't see where the dodge was, unless the Bank was in league with him and gave you bad money for your cheque."

The whitehaired goldsmith laughed. "A week later he came in and said he wanted another just like it."

"And this time you did trust him?"

fire, I wrote and informed Mr. Van Brillen that I had it and would be glad if he would give me a call."

"Well?" said I.

"Mr. Van Brillen wrote that mine of the 5th inst. was to hand and, while he thanked me for it, he regretted that he could not see his way to buy. His wife had changed her mind and no longer required a pair of pearls. Indeed ('and you know what women are,' he repeated) she had ceased to require even one pearl, so that he had been compelled to part with the one he had already purchased off me. He had therefore instructed his agent, a man in whom experience had led him to place implicit confidence, to sell it for what he could get. 'And thereby,' concluded Mr. Van Brillen, 'hangs a tale.

For that agent of mine, perhaps adventitiously, perhaps "from information received," got in touch with another agent who, oddly enough, was on the look out for just such an article. That agent, a man (if I am not mistaken) in whom experience has led you to place implicit confidence, declared that the pearl was not worth a penny more than £600. On being told of that I confess that I was a little hurt, but all my old feelings of affection for you were restored when your agent yielded to the persuasion of my agent and consented, in the extremity of his longing for it, to give

£1,000. . . . And so, if we never meet again, at least we part as friends, for you have your dear old pearl, I my little profit, and both of us our agents, in whom to place our implicit confidences.' "In my anxiety," concluded the goldsmith, "to get rid of it, I sold that pearl for five hundred pounds, which was five hundred shillings less than what I first gave for it."

I asked him why he did not prosecute Van Brillen, but he explained that he could think of nothing to prosecute him for. So I rose to go my way, but paused at the exit.

"You haven't, by the by," I asked, "a unique black pearl you would like to sell me?"

He smiled with a touch of melancholy. "No, Sir," he said, "nor do I wish to buy one from you."

"There!" I crowed. "I knew you didn't really trust me."



THE EXCUSE IMAGINATIVE.

Fanatic. "WHY DIDN'T YOU TURN UP FOR GOLF ON SATURDAY?"

Dilettante. "VERY SORRY, OLD CHAP; I WAS CLEANING THE CANARY'S CAGE WHEN THE LITTLE BRUTE KICKED ME. SUCH A QUIET BIRD TOO, AS A RULE."

"Once more, Sir, no. If I had had that other I should have been even more cautious. . . . 'My wife,' he said, 'is so pleased with the pearl that she wires me from Paris to get another near enough in shape to form a pair of earrings. Money is no object, but time (you know what women are) is. I will pay you whatever price you have to give for it, for which I will accept your word, plus twenty guineas for your trouble.'"

"Then he trusted you," said I.

"And I was to be protected in parting with the second just as I had been in parting with the first. I confess that I could not see the catch."

Nor could I, but I did not confess.

"Having with some difficulty, but with less difficulty than I had anticipated, come by an exact replica of the black pearl, I bought it for £1,000, and, having insured it against burglary and



Short-sighted and Loud-voiced Old Lady (at Servants' Registry Office). "MY DEAR, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THESE AT ALL. WOULD'NT LET 'EM INSIDE MY DOOR." Niece. "OH, HUSH, AUNTIE! THOSE ARE THE MISTRESSES."

ESSAYS IN EXPLANATION.

Reynolds's Newspaper is authorised by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to say that the postponement of his Land Campaign is entirely due to the state of affairs in the Near East. On the basis of this announcement we venture to append a few specimen letters, which may be found useful to persons suddenly called on to explain their conduct in predicaments liable to censorious interpretation.

To the Manager of Barr's Bank, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 21st inst., calling attention to the fact that my account is overdrawn and that until the deficit is made good you will be unable to honour my cheques. I hope you will consent to reconsider this decision in view of the perturbed state of Mexico. My sympathies with the insurgents have quite unhinged my equanimity and rendered it impossible for me to attend to business for the last three months. I trust, however, that about the New Year I shall be able to resume work and reduce my deficit. Meantime, let me inform you for your consolation that you are not alone in suffering from this untoward condition of events in the New World. I have only this morning received a letter from Messrs. Sprockett, the agents for the Casanova Motor-car Company, to say that unless I forward

a further instalment of the purchase-money of my car they will put the matter in the hands of their solicitor. But how can I do that when the PRIME MINISTER is suffering from a local swelling?

Faithfully yours, JABEZ BILKS.

To any Fiancée.

MY DEAR ANGELINA,—It is my painful duty to inform you that, after profound and careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that the continuance of our engagement during the present upheaval in China can only be fraught with disaster to both of us. I know that you may have heard rumours to the effect that my action is dictated by desire to contract a marriage with a rich widow, who has threatened me with a breach of promise suit, but this is a cruel calumny. My sympathy with YUAN SHIH-KAI in his painful position is my sole motive in deciding to release you from your engagement.

With sincere goodwill, I remain,
Your heart-broken EDWIN.

To his former Constituents.

DEAR SIR JONAH,—As I see that erroneous statements have been circulated as to the reasons why I accepted a Peerage I take the opportunity of informing you, as President of the Blackchester Liberal Association, that my decision was in no way governed by any desire for social distinction or any

weakening of my attachment to Democratic principles, but was simply and solely due to the continued unrest in the Hinterland of Morocco. Trusting that you will give this statement the necessary publicity,

I am, Yours faithfully,
GOLDMARK OF BLACKCHESTER.

To Mr. Val. Forsep, Dental Surgeon.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to your reminder that my visit to you is more than due, I regret to have to inform you that the unsettled condition of affairs in Ulster, where my wife's family resides, renders it impossible for me to comply with your request.

Faithfully yours, OWEN DODGSON.

To Mrs. Leo Hunter.

DEAR MRS. HUNTER,—It is quite true that I promised to dine with you on the 20th and that I did not put in an appearance. I certainly ought to have let you know sooner; but how could I come or write when the papers were still discussing the Australian accusations against Leander?

Yours sincerely, DINAH ROWTE.

"Refreshments were provided in the Statuary Hall, and side by side with the Three Graces, bebies of Bradford's beauty might be seen consuming ham sandwiches."—*Bradford Argus*.

Grace before meat we know, and grace after meat, but three graces all through the meal are most unusual.

OUR COLONIES.

V.—NEWFOUNDLAND.

THIS large and patriotic island lies a little this side of Canada, and has a very curious history. Originally discovered by Phœnician whalers somewhere in the B.C. period, it was inadvertently mislaid, and the most diligent search failed to reveal its whereabouts. However, towards the sixteenth century—speaking roughly from memory—a daring adventurer named CABOT stumbled across it again, and the event was duly chronicled in all the periodicals of the day. Extraordinary though it may seem, practically nothing was heard of the island again till it was re-discovered by *The Daily Mail*, since when, of course, it has been constantly in the limelight. We do not think the island is likely to be mislaid a third time, but we confess we have made a careful note of its latitude and longitude on the off-chance that our help will be wanted one of these days.

The climate of Newfoundland is foggy, and the whole place is constantly enveloped in a dense mist. This may account for the remarkable history of the island. However, we have no doubt that this will all be altered in a few years now.

Newfoundland boasts the largest paper factory in the world. It keeps on boasting it. Paper of the most superfine nature is distilled from the carefully conserved falls of some mighty river, and the absolute purity of the article thus obtained fits it admirably for use in modern journalistic enterprise. The only other industry of importance is catching fish and extracting their livers in order to add yet another burden to the lot of the rising generation.

Fishing is, indeed, the most important industry of the inhabitants, though in saying this we mean no disrespect to the paper factory. All the people in the island are enthusiastic anglers, and the whole coastline is occupied by men, women and children eagerly plying the rod. In Newfoundland, to spare the rod is indeed to spoil the child, for in no other manner can the succulent cod liver be obtained.

Though the average person does not know it, the scenery of Newfoundland is magnificent, and, as half the inhabitants are occupied round the coast, there is plenty of room for hunting caribou.

The great difficulty with which Newfoundland has to grapple is that even people who rather want to go there almost invariably get carried past it to Canada. When they try to hark back they eventually arrive in England

again, and so see nothing of the delightful island. It is a great pity, for what with its grand forests, its magnificent waterfalls, its rolling plains, its broad lakes, and its paper factory, Newfoundland is well worth a visit.

The islanders are a very hardy race, and their favourite amusement is to go out in small boats and dodge the Atlantic liners. They pretend they are going fishing, and then sail right to the famous Newfoundland banks, where they know perfectly well they will encounter Atlantic liners. Probably some law would be made to prevent this, but it has been discovered that a liner experiences practically no shock when striking one of the fishing boats, so the authorities don't worry about it. Arrived at the banks, the boats spread out, and wait till they hear the siren of an approaching steamer. The fog makes this sound very deceptive, and, as the steamer is probably travelling at something like thirty miles an hour, it can readily be imagined that the sport is remarkably exhilarating.

Newfoundland is quite an important island, having its own parliament, its own Fishery Act, and its own variety of postage stamp, in addition to the paper factory. In the past its progress has necessarily been retarded by its unfortunate habit of getting lost, but, now that it appears to have definitely overcome this weakness, there should be a great future for the island. Incidentally, the climate is held to be matchless for the complexion.

Mention of Newfoundland recalls another British Colony to mind, and it would indeed be invidious to close this record without some word as to THE FALKLAND ISLES which are situate somewhere to the North-East of Cape Horn, and will be treated in the next article.

[This series must now cease.]—ED.

DOUBLE PAINS.

By A GAMBLING TIRO.

I AM one of the most pitiable men on earth. For why? The horse I backed has won the Cesarewitch. But that surely ought to make you happy, you say: the unhappy people are those whose horses lose races; and so forth. True—ordinarily; but not true in my case, because I have been gambling on a double. I get no money unless a certain other four-legged creature succeeds in coming in first for the Cambridgeshire. I will not tell you its name, but the odds against this combination winning being very heavy I stand to be several hundred pounds the richer after the Cambridgeshire has been run; and that is no small sum to

me and would make it possible to do all kinds of things I want to do.

If only Warlingham had not won the Cesarewitch I should be, in one sense, all right; for all my worries would be over. I should have lost my ten pounds, it is true, but what peace would be mine compared with this fever. For there are two terrible things connected with my double. One is, it is my first, for though I had heard of such things before vaguely I had never ventured into the perilous waters of turf commissions, and naturally I find the experience exciting; and the other is, the Cambridgeshire is not run until October 30, and how I am to get through the intervening days and, worse, intervening nights, is a bitter problem.

My life is already an agony and will become more so. I shall search the papers for news of my horse: his gallops and canters, his "easy miles," his "useful 5 furlongs," his "steady 1½ miles." How the heading, "Latest scratchings," is going to turn my blood cold! how his place in the latest London betting, and latest Manchester betting, whether according to *The Sportsman* or *The Sporting Life*, is going to disturb me! And, worse perhaps than all, the conversation one is bound to hear! The men who tell each other and me the "dead snips" and never allude to my poor choice; the barbers who whisper the very latest into my ear, for whom so far as winning the Cambridgeshire is concerned my horse might never have been foaled. And the articles in the papers, too, by the MAJOR and the SCOUT and the COLONEL and the HEAD LAD and CAPTAIN COE and ROBIN GOODFELLOW and HOTSPUR and all the other profound students of form whose advice it is so dangerous to take, yet who have such a way of seeming to be wise. What a terrible thing if they agree to favour my horse!

But, any way, I am in torment, and no more "doubles" for me—at any rate until the Lincolnshire and Grand National.

The Regimental Pet.

"General Vukoties, with his stag, visited the Servian monastery."

Bristol Evening Times.

"At Bechstein Hall on Friday there is a violin recital by Mr. Vivian Burrows, who will play a 'Romance' by himself during the programme."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Voice from the Stalls: "Look at Mr. BURROWS playing all by himself!"

"Without a word of warning the cows dashed out."—*Motor Cycling.*

They might at least have managed a friendly "Hi!"



Officer (visiting outpost). "IF YOU SAW ONE OF THE ENEMY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"
Officer. "SUPPOSE HE WON'T HALT?"

Sentry. "I CALLS 'IM TO 'ALT."

Sentry (with relish). "I TAKES AND 'UNTS 'IM WIV ME, BAYONNET."

MORE "DIGRESSIONS."

(This time being passages from the works of E. Bumble Burston, collected and arranged by "Wellbottle.")

WOMEN.

There are some things that women can see with their eyes shut and men not even with a microscope.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

Few women can draw a perfect circle, as Giotto could. Yet how many can argue in one!—*Sarah Prebendary.*

The tragedy of woman is that she is not a man.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

When a woman laughs prepare for trouble.—*Porridge.*

Women are always sorry when they have so angered a man that he refuses them a new hat.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

"What would a man be without manliness, Courtot?"

"True," he replied, "and yet radishes are forked too."—*Porridge.*

MUSIC.

Music has different effects on different people.—*Sarah Prebendary.*

LIFE.

The other day I bought for a small nephew a box of puzzles. "Do you know what this is?" I asked the shopkeeper. He did not know. "It is Life," I said.—*The Watchwork Papers.*

OMNIBUSES.

They are the *Dreadnoughts* of London, men-of-war of the line; while the taxi is the gunboat and often the destroyer and the Carter Patersons are the ocean tramps.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

POTATOES.

There is something peculiarly attractive in a potato baked in its jacket.—*The Revolution of Catherine Weal.*

INDECISION.

The tragedy of life is indecision. That is why suicides were buried at cross roads.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

GRANDMOTHERS.

"A man may not marry his grandmother, Courtot; or so says the table of affinity in the Church."

"Although Ecclesiastical, it is right," said Courtot.—*Porridge.*

GARDENS.

How beautiful gardens would be were it not for slugs and green fly and wireworms.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

CHILDREN.

Without the dear children where would the world be? In the process of years it would cease.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

CHEESE.

It was a noble Stilton.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

FATHERS.

A father with a sense of humour is an impossible thought. Nor could such a monster ever maintain discipline or properly thrash his little son.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. No one who has done a mathematical problem can ever do anything practical.—*The Revolution of Catherine Weal.*

YOUTH.

The wonderful thing about youth is its adolescence. Only time can harm this.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*



Martin (anxious to devise some method of detaining his mother). "MUMMY, JUST STAY A LITTLE AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE."

THE BIRTHDAY.

SWEETHEART, where all the dancing joys compete
Take now your choice; the world is at your feet,
All turned into a gay and shining pleasance;
And every face has smiles to greet your presence.

Treading on air,

Yourself you look more fair;
And the dear Birthday-elves unseen conspire
To flush your cheeks and set your eyes on fire.

Mayhap they whisper what a birthday means
That sets you spinning through your pretty teens.
A slim-grown shape adorned with golden shimmers
Of tossing hair that streams and waves and glimmers,
Lo, how you run

In mere excess of fun,
Or change to silence as you stand and hear
Some-kind old tale that moves you to a tear.

And, since this is your own bright day, my dear,
Of all the days that gem the sparkling year,
See, we have picked as well as we were able
And set your gifts upon your own small table:

A knife from John,

Who straightway thereupon,
Lest you should cut your friendship for the boy,
Receives a halfpenny and departs with joy.

The burnished inkstand was your mother's choice;
For six new handkerchiefs I gave my voice,

Having in view your tender little nose's
Soft comfort; and the agate pen is Rosie's;

The torch is Peg's,

Guide for your errant legs

When ways are dark, and, last, behold with these
A pencil from your faithful Pekinese!

And now the mysteries are all revealed
That were so long, so ardently concealed—
All save the cake which still is in the making,
Not yet smooth-iced and unprepared for taking

The thirteen flames

That start the noisy games
Of tea-time, when my happy little maid
Thrones it triumphant, teened and unafraid.

So through the changing years may all delight
Live in your face and make your being bright.
May the good sprites and busy fays befriend you,
And cheerful thoughts and innocent defend you;

And, far away

From this most joyous day,
When in the chambers of your mind you see
Those who have loved you, then remember me.

R. C. L.

"Noreen's laugh was as blithe as a bird's."

"Weekly Telegraph" Story.

He. "Listen to the laughing jackass."

She. "Hush, dear, it's only Noreen."



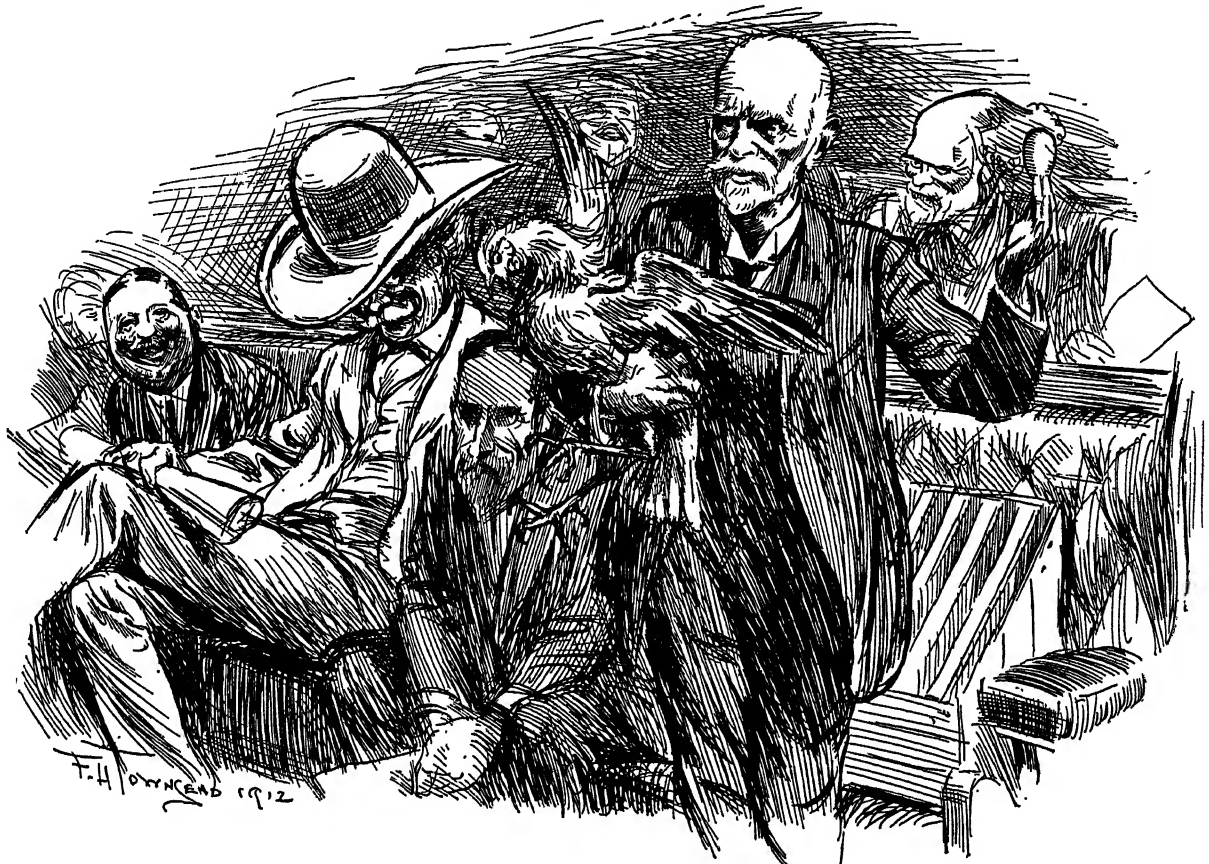
NO PRIZES.

EUROPA. "HI! STOP!" *(They don't.)* "VERY WELL, THEN, I SHALL DISQUALIFY YOU IF YOU WIN."

BALKAN LEAGUE. "ALL RIGHT; WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCE OF THAT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



BYLES OF BRADFORD with his chicken and egg.

House of Lords, Monday, October 14.—FLETCHER MOULTON, disguised in a scarlet gown, re-named Lord MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.), entered this morning, took oath and straightway got to work on appeal coming before their Lordships in their judicial capacity. Some curiosity as to particular Bank with which the new Peer has associated his personality and his title. Anyhow sure to be a sound institution.

FLETCHER MOULTON will be a valued, much-needed accession to strength of Ministerialists in this Chamber. Happens by chance that, whilst in the Commons supremacy of Treasury Bench over Front Opposition Bench in debate is overwhelming, reverse is, in degree, the case in Lords. Lord MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.) will, of course, not sit on Ministerial Bench, but will be at hand when wanted.

One of curiosities of Parliamentary life that a man of such wide experience, such accumulated store of knowledge, such felicity of phrasing did not meet full recognition in the Commons. Parallel to be found in Parliamentary career of that equally great lawyer, HORACE DAVEY. Probably never open-

ing his mouth in court under less persuasion than lurks behind a fee of a hundred guineas, when he rose in the Commons prelude to his speech usually emptied House in space of ten minutes. Former Member for Launceston almost equally effective in that direction. Happily qualities that do not glitter in the Commons frequently shine in the Lords. Baron MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.) will presently discover that with his new title he has found his right place.

Welcome to him saddened by reflection upon occasion of his change of estate. He comes to his Lordship of Appeal with a seat in House of Lords in succession to Lord ROBSON, only temporarily, everyone hopes, fallen on field of battle with harness on his back. Still in the prime of life as years are counted for public men, reaching the height of a steadily growing reputation, ROBSON was suddenly smitten down, forced to relinquish recently-acquired position on the Bench.

This one of the penalties men of supreme intellectual capacity, with physical organisation too delicate to keep up the pace, pay for privilege of serving the State. It happened

during term of ROBSON's Attorney-Generalship circumstances combined exceptionally to burden his office. In addition to its special duties he was called upon to undertake others extraneous to its range. Came to occupy in the Administration position akin to that of maid-of-all-work in domestic households. He made no complaint, scorned delights, lived laborious days and in due course entered a haven of comparative rest.

One of the best debaters of his time in the Commons, his transference to Ministerial Bench in the Lords promised appreciable measure of redress of the balance of inequality alluded to. It was matter for remark among his Peers that the brilliant ex-Attorney-General habitually abstained from debate. The MEMBER FOR SARK explains. Reason incredible if forthcoming upon less infallible authority. He affirms that one of the honest if not amiable prejudices of the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR was directed against custom of a Member of the Judicial Bench (other than the Lord Chancellor) taking part in political debate. This was with engaging frankness made known to ROBSON, who with

characteristic lack of pushfulness remained a silent onlooker.

Unhampered by this fantasy, restored in health, relieved from judicial duties, he may presently win for himself high place in debate.

Business done.—After sitting for thirty-eight minutes by Westminster Clock adjourned till next Monday.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Since the remote period when reference to "the story of grouse in the gun-room" thrilled human curiosity there has been no outburst such as that which followed upon BYLES OF BRADFORD's allusion to-night to "the problem of the chicken and the egg." Earlier in the sitting, emotion had been stirred by HAROLD BAKER's method of answering questions. In absence of UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA, a happy man who, leaving us to discuss Home Rule with Welsh Church Establishment to follow, is at this moment steaming over sunlit seas on his way to visit the GREAT MOGUL, BAKER was put up to read Departmental answers to Questions. Four in succession on the paper. First related to petty appointment to some office in India. Impressed with gravity of his task, BAKER unconsciously fell into intonation reminiscent of the pulpit. At the end of first five minutes this suggested to irreverent Member opposite the fervent ejaculation "Amen!"

But BAKER hadn't finished yet. As he continued, volleys of ironical cheers accompanied his recitation, reaching climax in burst of applause when at length he reached the end.

Nothing House enjoys more than little joke of this kind, all of its own invention. Thrice more BAKER rose to read a short paper. Ever the cheering recommenced and was continued. On finally resuming his seat, BAKER sat puzzled, wondering what it was all about. Never had he received such ovation since in college days he won the Gaisford Prize.

"And this," said TULLIBARDINE testily, "is the man who brought in a Bill to abolish Plural Voting! If he would cut down his answers instead of other people's franchise it would be more agreeable."

It was just before the guillotine fell for the first time that BYLES OF BRADFORD turned up with his chicken and the egg. House in Committee discussing SANDYS' amendment to Clause II. of Home Rule Bill, limiting legislative power of Irish Parliament to specific objects.

"The problem," said BYLES OF BRADFORD with that air of authority that tames even the Ulster Members, "is the ancient one known as the problem of the chicken and the egg."

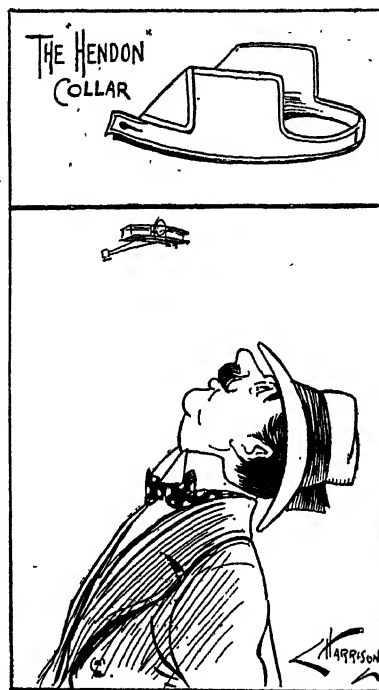
And there he provokingly stopped.

What chicken? Which egg? Members asked each other and Echo forlornly answered What? and Which?

Incidentally, undesignedly, episode had useful effect for Government purpose. Members so absorbed in hunt for clues to the problem that they went out quite quietly for guillotine divisions, even forgetting to cry "Gag" when they were called on.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill. Guillotine steadily at work.

Friday.—Reading Life of Lord WOLVERHAMPTON, written by Mrs.



GIVES FREEDOM TO THE NECK AT FLYING MEETINGS.

HAMILTON, a garland laid on a father's grave woven tenderly yet with discrimination. Subject of memoir better known as HENRY FOWLER. His career, lengthened and honourable throughout, shows afresh how open is the race for the Parliamentary Stakes. It was a cherished saying in NAPOLEON's time that every recruit to the army carried in his knapsack the baton of a Field Marshal. At least equally true that every new Member taking his seat in the House of Commons conceals about his person the seals of a Secretary of State. HENRY FOWLER stepped into the arena with the preliminary disadvantage of age. It is rare indeed for a man who enters this unique assembly at the age of fifty to achieve distinction. The rule of comparative youth is established in the cases of PITT, PALMERSTON, DISRAELI and GLADSTONE.

Returned as Member for Wolverhampton HENRY FOWLER took his seat below Gangway among the Radicals. Constitutionally he was more nearly a Whig than a Radical. As years accumulated, bringing higher position and fresh honours, he further mellowed in that direction. Early made his mark as one of the best debaters in the House. He never aroused enthusiasm; invariably convinced by argument. The supreme effort was his speech on Indian Cotton Duties, which averted what threatened to be disastrous defeat of the Government, establishing in its place decisive triumph in the Division Lobby.

Less commonly appreciated, but not less striking, was his conduct of the Parish Councils Bill in the Session of 1893-4. Having at his back a nominal majority of forty disheartened by action of the Lords in frustrating long labour on the Home Rule Bill, he carried this intricate measure through all its stages without once invoking the Closure. The arduous task brought into play his peculiar characteristics of patience and persuasion. Exceeded in brilliancy by some of his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, he was the only man who could have achieved this endeavour. As HARCOURT, a keen and interested looker-on, wrote to him, "You are the skilful sportsman who has brought your game to the bag."

Whilst yet with us in the Commons HENRY FOWLER did conspicuous service to his Party and—conjunction that does not necessarily follow—to his country. His place has not yet been filled.

Business done.—Debate on foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland.

OUR AWAKENERS.

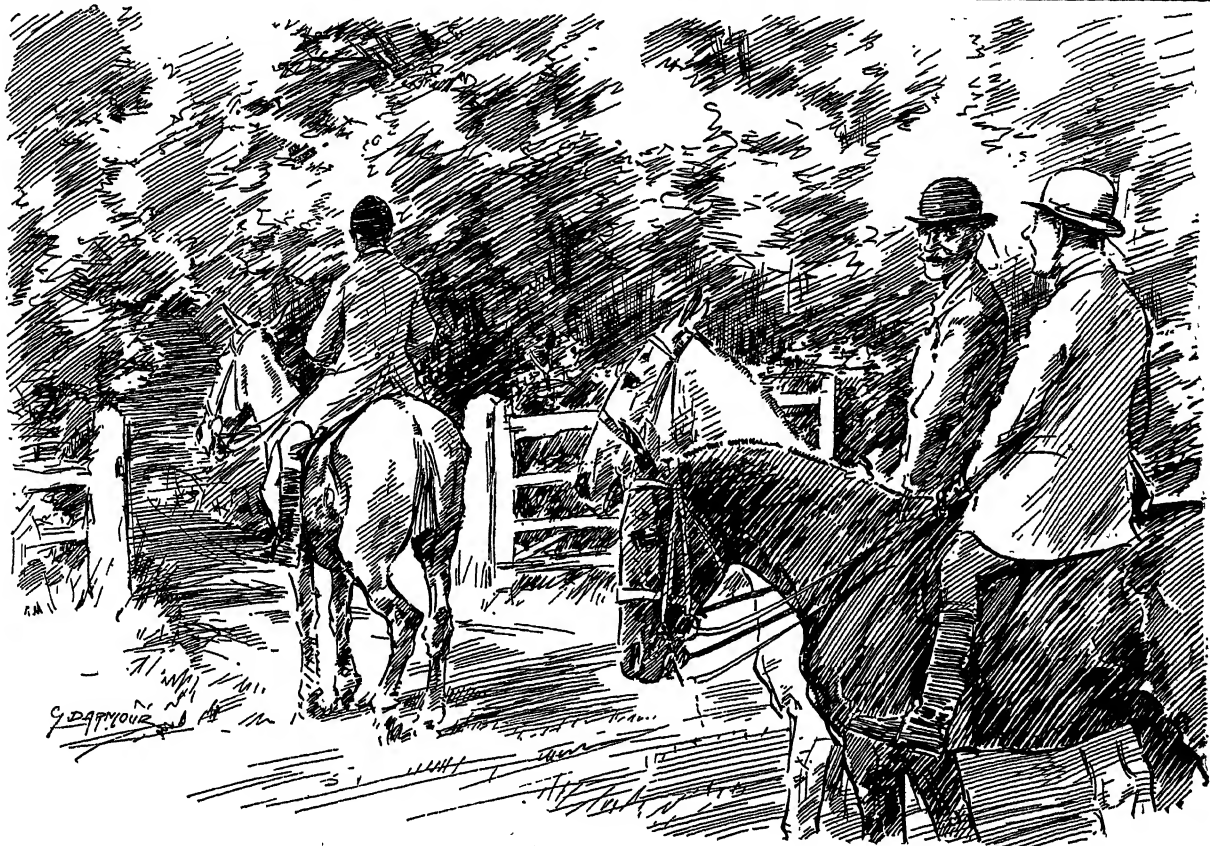
(*Vide Evening Papers Passim.*)

MR. OTIS P. THRUSTER, who gave the afternoon's address at the International Hustlers' Congress on last Thursday afternoon, is the founder of the School of Business-Booming at Buffalo, and also of Thruster's Vim School in London.

The basic laws of Business-Booming, Mr. Thruster observed, are four in number:—

- (1) Do yourself justice.
- (2) Do the other fellow.
- (3) Get there first.
- (4) Get on or get out.

As regards (1), Mr. Thruster observed that no one could do himself justice who did not do himself well. No one could expect to have a *mens corpore sanum*, as the Roman poet PLUTARCH put it, if he continuously disobeyed the law of physical well-being and failed to stoke the human engine properly. There were thousands of



Candid Friend (to M.F.H.). "I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR CUB-HUNTERS, JACK."

M.F.H. "THEY'RE VERY USEFUL HORSES; YOU SEE, WE CAN EITHER RIDE 'EM OR EAT 'EM."

business men who only spent 9d. on their luncheon and then complained of brain fag.

As for (2), competition was the law of life. The real brainy man of business looked his opponent straight in the eye and did him in it. The weaker went to the wall because he needed something to lean up against. It was a merciful compensation and involved no hardship. The strong man, unlike the actor, needed no props. He stood up on his own ten toes and looked the whole world in the face, a boomster and a man.

The third law was perhaps the most important of all. As ELLA WHEELER WILCOX had remarked in one of her most inspired lyrics:—

"You must quicken your pace if in running
life's race
You intend to attain the first flight;
For the man who gets left is by fortune
bereft,
And seldom or never goes right."

In business there were no second prizes. It was a case of *Et tu Cæsar aut nihil fit*.

Finally they were confronted with the law of Kearyism, "Get on or get out." In other words, if a boomster ceased to boom he ought to quit instead of blocking the way for others.

THE BLESSED LAW OF COMPENSATION.

["I never hear a nursery rhyme or an old saying but it comes to me, in this age that trade and politics have made so sordid, like a little cool breeze into a stifling town out of some far quiet hills."—*Lord Dunsany in "The New Review."*]

The times are out of joint and—cursed spite!—

Do what I will I cannot think them right.

If I look out into the market place,
Alas! I hurriedly avert my face
Lest what I see, above or underneath,
So sordid, shall on edge set all my teeth.
Yet, when my soul despairs of every-
thing,

If I but hear some prattling infant
sing—

*Dickory, Dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
I feel upon my fevered brow a breeze
From some far quiet hill, blown for my
ease.*

It's just as bad to watch the knavish
tricks

Of those who play the game of politics.
Men in the highest offices of State
Lie, shuffle, limehouse, twist, equivocate.

The Opposition, to their lifelong shame,

Play just the same disgustingly low
game.

Yet hark! Amid the party hurly-burly
There sings a little child (its hair all
curly)—

*Baby, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.
My drooping wilted soul revives again
Like some poor parched floweret after
rain.*

Hard is the poet's lot who has to sing
These present days of sordid huckster-
ing.

Sad is his soul observing with a sigh
The sights that greet his twentieth-
century eye,
The Shopman and the Statesman, both
of these
As like in double-dealing as two peas.
And yet—and yet—sometimes a still
small voice
Is heard that makes the poet's heart
rejoice—

*Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.*

Ah, yes! however out of joint the times
There's ever help at hand in—Nursery
Rhymes!

AT THE PLAY.

A TRIPLE BILL.

It began with *Overruled*, a sad piece of frivolity by Mr. BERNARD SHAW. The scene was a sofa at a seaport. First it accommodated a man and somebody else's wife; then the man's wife and the somebody else; and concluded, from sheer exhaustion, after an *ensemble* (the ladies seated, the men standing) very tedious and *tourmenté*.

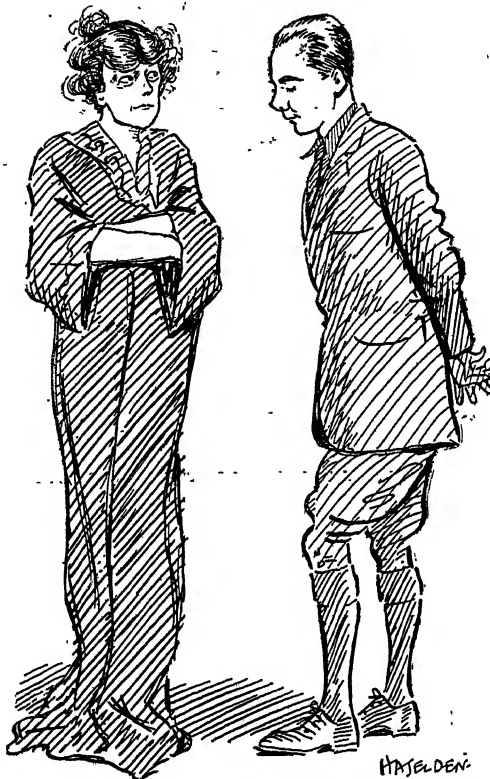
From platitudes we passed to paradoxes in the old manner, with here and there a good thing. There was a little fun about a mutual revelation on the part of the first couple that each was already married. I recall this diversion from a twenty-year-old page of *Fliegende Blätter*—"Ich bin verheiratet!"—"Ich auch." There was some more fun, on a lower plane, about a man's promise to his dead mother; and there was one of those deplorable banalities to which Mr. SHAW occasionally descends—a joke about Mrs. Lumm's Christian name of Sally. But the most typical part of the humour was of a more obscure pattern, as when Mr. Sibthorpe Juno said (unless my poor head failed me from dizziness), "I don't object to people saying I have done wrong; but I do object to their saying that what I have done was wrong." I daresay this sort of thing is well enough on paper when you can worry it out; but the stage, as Mr. SHAW knows well and rejoices in his knowledge, is no place for the bandying of such dark pleasantries. "Stop footling," said somebody, "and let's get to dinner;" and this was the best thing said.

As for movement, the actors, of course, had no chance; and the performance had the air of an amateur drawing-room entertainment.

The piece was received with the polite tolerance due to Mr. SHAW's repute.

Followed *The Widow of Wasdale Head*, by Sir ARTHUR PINERO, a romantic costume "fantasy" of an amazing futility. Looking back, I cannot think how I contrived to sit it out. The young and comely widow, who kept an inn, was suspected by an admirer of secretly entertaining, every Friday night at 10 P.M., an amorous visitor. With mighty rumblings the local mountain (*Wasdale Head*) gave promise of an arresting parturition, but it was the most ridiculous of mice that emerged. It was just the stolid ghost of her husband, who, at the blast of a horn,

made his hebdomadal reappearance with the idea of giving her agricultural hints for the management of her crops and live-stock. He stood at a considerable distance and their relations (taken very seriously) were of a purely platonic order. Finally the dull lover, his suspicions removed, secured the heart of the lady (charmingly played by Miss MARGERY MAUDE), and the last of the ghost was seen through the wall, about to vanish—none knew whither—on a white mare. The best thing in the play was the wind, which whistled very well indeed.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (to Mr. DONALD CALTHROP, *Eton and Oxford*). "Thank Heaven, you are true to stage traditions. I was afraid you might be Harrow and Cambridge."

The piece was received with the polite tolerance due to Sir ARTHUR PINERO's repute.

Then, at last, there came Mr. BARRIE's *Rosalind*, with Miss IRENE VANBRUGH to play it exquisitely. It contained—what the other trifles had omitted—the illustration of an actual idea. Not perhaps a very new one, since the advanced age of some of our ever-green actresses has always been recognised by everybody except themselves and their very young adorers. But Mr. BARRIE, as usual, brought a nice novelty to the presentment of his theme. Mrs. Page, the famous actress, is "resting" at an obscure lodging, dressed in sloppy clothes, hugging the rare delight of feeling her full age ("forty

and a bittock") and posing before her landlady (clever Miss HELEN HAYE) as the mother of herself. Here she meets one of the "boys," who has only seen her hitherto in her war-paint, and (this being a play) he fails to recognise her. To him she reveals her secret, well kept from the audience till within a few seconds of its disclosure. Then comes a telegram from her manager recalling her to the stage; the dormant passion revives; and a swift readjustment of herself at the toilet-table restores her to the twenties.

There is the old blending of tears and laughter which we have come to expect from Mr. BARRIE; the sudden fall from pathos to bathos. But he touches nothing which he does not adorn with his own perennial freshness, and his play just saved the evening from being a fiasco. O. S.

NOTES ON FURNISHING.

Of course if you are not in the "movement" it becomes a simple matter. You merely walk into What's-his-name's or the Thoroughbred Furnishing Co. (after sinking past the corps of gentlemen-at-arms guarding the portal), prostrate yourself before the immaculately-dressed Peer of the Realm who is lying in wait for you behind the third roll of cork lino on the left, and buy as you are bid.

But remember one thing—when buying that saddlebag suite for the dining-room don't be put off with imitation plushette; insist on the real thing—there are no just-as-goods.

And so to Brixton.

But let us suppose you are in the movement, right in. Alt Tootingen is no longer for you.

Chelsea has eaten into your soul, Hampstead is thine, and the Garden Cities of the plain. Painted milking-stools and bamboo easels have become an abomination. Yours shall be the House Beautiful.

The painters and paperhangers have departed, leaving nothing to remind you of their odorous reign but a copy of last night's "2nd extra." All is now ready. Forward the fumed oak for the dining-room. How well it looks. No deep red paper on the walls to furr the tongue and retard digestion, but a cool harmony in green and white. To the north and south may be—there probably are—more desirable havens, but so far as east and west are concerned—well, hame is best, at least according to the motto inscribed on the

beam over the fireplace. You have done your duty, no less. Do not lose your temper with the casement that will not open. Summer is coming next year, and the wood will shrink. Wait and see.

While waiting, come to the drawing-room, and it's ho! for the white wall-paper with the vieux-rose spots, and for the pea-green carpet and the pink silk curtains. How admirably the polished mahogany stands out; and the silver cup that Uncle James won at the Podbury Fat Stock Show seems to have an added value against the dark rosewood overmantel. The prints in their archaic frames, the old Sheraton writing-table you picked up, are not genuine; never mind, you think they are, and they give the right feeling, and feeling is everything.

We are now in the bedrooms. Yes, wooden bedsteads are much pleasanter to the eye than brass and iron ones, though they possess none of those nice big cool knobs to suck of a morning after a night of pain. To elude the bottom drawer of the inlaid dressing chest, lie on your back and use both feet. It is much more effective than the wiggle-wobble action with the hands, and relieves the feelings.

Don't worry about the kitchen. The maids aren't in the movement, anyhow.

TWIN CAREERS.

[Being an attempt by a depressed Law-student, after reading very carefully through his examination paper and realising his incapacity to solve any of the problems put to him, to evolve the life stories of A. and B. who are named as the principal actors in all the incidents described in the several questions and are invariably the designing or suffering individuals referred to in the hypothetical circumstances set forth.]

OF all the men I never knew

And hope that I may never meet
The Messieurs A. and B. are two

Whose goings-on were hard to beat.
In complex quarrelsome affairs,
Were ever lives so rich as theirs?

A. started as an infant; B.,

A tailor, claimed of him to pay
His bill for clothes (a luxury?),

Which naturally nettled A.,
Who thereupon procured a knife
And called on B. and took his life.

De minimis non curat lex,

And B. was soon alive again
And, in a new and gentler sex,
Alleging loss and mental pain
From breach of promise. A. it was
Of whom the damage was because.

B. chose that moment (why?) to drown,
And A., who happened thereabout,
Although he didn't push B. down,
Was careful not to pull B. out,



Commissionaire (to old lady who has been examining all the placards). "STEP INSIDE, LADY, AND SEE THE MOST MARVELLOUS—"

Old Lady. "OH, ARE THERE MORE INSIDE? WELL, WELL, I THINK THESE ARE QUITE MOVING ENOUGH FOR ME, YOU KNOW."

And thanked his stars and said, "Good-bye!"

But B. was such as do not die.

When A., supposing twice for all
He'd ended B., as well he might,
Proceeded then to build a wall
And block a very ancient light
(A most expensive form of sport)—
You guess who sued the wretch in tort.

Trustee, employer, mortgagor,
Debenture-holder, agent—these
Capacities and many more

A. tried, but there were always B.'s
Who crossed his path and always
scored. . . .

A. died intestate, bankrupt—bored;

And died for good, and B. was left

His tenant (irony!) in tail,
Whose arson, bigamy and theft

Did for a little while prevail,
Till, by a stroke of righteous fate,
B. came to bar his own estate.

From a local paper:—

"The monthly meeting of the Kendal Botanical Society was held at the Library on Monday when the members listened to an interesting account of the life history and structure of British Misses by Mr. James A. Martindale, of Stavely."

But it takes a bigger and bolder man than Mr. JAMES A. MARTINDALE, of Stavely, to fathom their minds.

A CALL TO ARMS.

EVER since the passing of the Finance (1909-1910) Act, 1910, I have been exercising myself to discover a means of humiliating its authors and avenging the unhappy faces and lives of my friends. Two years I have given to the task—years of such utter devotion to thought that my brow is still sodden, like a washerwoman's fingers, from the constant application of cloths, and to this day I cannot approach a cup of black coffee without trembling. I am now able to announce that my scheme is perfected. I take this opportunity of thanking many unknown friends who have awaited the result of my labours with such patient interest, and with their kindly sympathy cheered me in my moments of darkness, at times when a less powerful intellect would have broken down completely under the continuous strain.

There is one thing further I should like to say. In publishing my discovery now for the first time, I think I can fairly claim that the credit is entirely my own. If merit is ever going to be rewarded, the least I can expect, when the Conservatives come again into power, is the refusal of a peerage; yet, if there is nothing else for it, I would accept two seats in the Cabinet, for myself and a friend. One other thing. Josephine particularly asked me to mention that she, for her part, has decided upon the post of female assessor to the Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice, which no doubt could be arranged; and that her young brother, Algernon, rather than hang about home after leaving school, would prefer a stake in the country as Junior Lord of the Treasury—or was it the Admiralty? I forget; I believe she said Admiralty, because of the greater likelihood of there being money in it, with the Conservatives in office again. I think that is all, unless I put in a good word for a cousin on my mother's side, who as Inspector to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries could find more opportunities for sport than in his present employment.

Now to begin at the beginning I propose to take you back to last summer, i.e., August, 1911, when I was lodging with Mrs. Jones at a place by the sea. Perhaps you don't know Mrs. Jones. But if you do and have ever rented her rooms, you will probably have heard from her own mouth a remarkable epic, the Odyssey of her late husband: how, after a brief but singularly crowded matrimonial career, he left sundry small pledges on the hands of his widow, though considerably more in the hands of his pawnbroker; how

none of the former possesses any redeeming feature worth mentioning, evil being transmissible through the male line only; and how the buffetings of fate have reduced her from comparative affluence to the letting of lodgings to handsome young gentlemen at a place by the sea. Little did she dream, as she was bringing in breakfast one morning, surrounded by several small demons, somewhat like those that appear in the Bacchanal procession on the front page of this issue, only dirtier, that the eye of the twentieth century would soon be fastened upon her. For it was then the idea first entered my head, and led me to wonder how much there was in it. Did I say breakfast? I should have said tea, because I remember now that that afternoon it was raining.

Every father, of course, will recall that passage in the Act where it says, I think, that, for purposes of income-tax, all persons with sixteen children shall be entitled to claim a rebate of £160, those again with fifty, a rebate of £500, and so on and so on. Very well; now here is the master-stroke, here is where intellect tells. I propose that all unmarried Conservatives—say, roughly, six million—should bind themselves solemnly by covenant to marry the six million widows with the largest families, before the close of the current financial year. . . . Friends, in response to your repeated and generous calls of "Author!" I beg to thank you for your kind applause. Yes, that would be a nasty one for the Government, indeed! I leave you to imagine the chaos, the panic, the utter disruption of forces, that such concerted action must surely entail. But help is urgently needed. Who will help? One man cannot do it alone. As pioneer of the movement, I would most gladly, nay proudly, have led off the first widow; but Josephine has put her foot down upon that. She contends, I admit with some reason, that my foremost duty, both to myself and my party, is to remain unfettered, unhampered, for the great work that now lies before me. Does anyone know of a bachelor who is prepared to throw himself heart and soul into the cause? If so, let him communicate with me at once, as it is most important. One word more. I need scarcely remind you that in all intrigues of such magnitude little expenses mount up so rapidly that a sovereign is gone almost before the change has had time to get warm. It is a delicate matter, and I will leave it at that. If there should be a surplus, I thought of applying it to the cost of inserting announcements of the weddings in the Liberal papers. But what a revenge!

THE WATER-COLOUR.

IT might have helped to fill a space
On some relation's spare-room wall;
It might have shone in pride of place
Upon a missionary stall,
Where Charity—that covers sin—
Or Hospitality had shed
The laurels that you yearn to win—
But, no! you sent it me instead.

And, as I scan this curious view,
It "furiously gives to think;"
The upper-half is mainly blue,
The lower—various shades of pink;
And none, I ween, should ever name
The purport of these mystic tones,
Were it not printed on the frame:
"An Eastern Landscape—Doris Jones."

But I, whose fate it is to know
The drabness of a desert land,
Who look from out my bungalow
Across infinities of sand,
Could wish that you had sought a
theme
In brae and burn, in tree and turf,
Or fixed an exile's fading dream
Of cloud-swept down, of wind-swept surf.

For one who's seen a tropic sky
And knows by heart its sickening hue
Must needs admit it's white and dry,
But, Doris, *never* liquid blue;
And as for sand, the beastly stuff
That gets into your eyes and nose,
It may be yellow, white or buff,
But never this ethereal rose.

And yet I'm glad you didn't send
This symbol of a maiden art
To any caustic critic-friend
Who boasts a less romantic heart;
For he'd have scanned it with a frown
And placed it in a bottom-drawer,
While I—I'll hang it upside down
And call it "Sunrise off the Nore."
J. M. S.

The Chameleon.

From a serial in *Home Chat*:—

"With a bound the little Marchesa sprang to her feet. Dashing her cigarette into the fender, and gathering her white silk wrap about her, she stood there, her brown eyes growing bigger and bigger. . . .
"A mist of tears swam in the Marchesa's child-like blue eyes. . . ."

Should the Marchesa make any further change of eye in the next instalment we will announce it to our readers.

"Cardiff people, who have grown accustomed to seeing the Springboks strolling about, have been greatly impressed by their physique, though they probably do not know that the eight forwards who played against Monmouthshire on Saturday weighed two and a-half tons."—*Western Mail*.

Eight forwards of 50 stone apiece could impress almost anybody.



First Workman (disgusted). "THEM BLINKIN' FURRINERS COMES A 'OBNOBBIN' WIV US IN THE TOOBES AND 'BUSES AND, LUMME, THEY GITS TO TORK HENGLISH VERY NIGH AS GOOD AS ME AND YOU, BILL; NOT 'ARF, THEY DON'T!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Royal Visit to India* (MACMILLAN) the Hon. JOHN FORTESCUE gives an animated account of the expedition of KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY to the greatest dependency of the Crown. Mr. FORTESCUE has earned and is still earning great renown as the historian of the British army, and his narrative of the Indian visit is, if a fault may be hinted, unduly coloured by prejudices engendered by the studies in which he has for so long been honourably engaged. *O que j'aime les militaires* might be his motto, for he loses no opportunity of exalting the Indian soldier at the expense of the Indian civilian. His views, in fact, are those of a military autocrat of a somewhat rigorous type. He charges Lord WILLIAM BENTINCK with having "injured the discipline of the Sepoys still more by abolishing the punishment of the lash in native regiments, in the face of unanimous advice to the contrary both from Europeans and Indian officers." I seem to remember that when flogging was abolished in the British Army military men were almost unanimously opposed to the change. Would any of them care to revert to the old and brutal system now?

In regard to English history as a subject of education for Indians, Mr. FORTESCUE evidently regrets that he was born too late to modify the events of the past. "The most eloquent passages in English history and oratory," he says, "are those devoted to conflict with Royal authority, the dethronement of Kings, and the conquest of what is called civil and religious liberty . . . In any case the classical incidents of English history do not furnish sound models for good citizenship in India." Mr. FORTESCUE must have

been studying *The Pious Editor's Creed* in *The Biglow Papers*. He seems to think that "libbatty's a kind o' thing thet don't agree with" Indians. In fact they must not even read about it. May I suggest, by the way, that it was the war of the Austrian, not, as Mr. FORTESCUE states, of the Spanish, Succession which is remembered for the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, &c.? With this slip of his pen my faultfindings cease and I may conclude by congratulating Mr. FORTESCUE heartily on having written a very brilliant and entertaining record of a memorable expedition and a great ceremonial.

The odd thing about Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is that he appears to possess two entirely distinct literary personalities. There is the teller of brisk tales, not too probable, with plenty of bustle and a happy ending, like *Vivien*, for example. There is also the writer who specializes in clever and quite merciless exposure of certain abnormal types of character. Well, in *General Mallock's Shadow* (HUTCHINSON), both these gifted authors appear to have collaborated, with a result, as you might suppose, brilliant but a little disconcerting. I have an impression indeed of Mr. MAXWELL, the mind-dissector, bursting in upon the other one. "My dear fellow," says he, "I've just thought of a splendid idea! What about an old general, broken and disgraced after some incident in a frontier war, living in lonely retirement, and brooding over it? From being a man with a grievance he would slowly develop monomania, and thus gradually become insane. Eh? How does that strike you for a novel, my boy?" "Rotten!" says the other, "unless, of course, you could manage to work in a happy ending." "I might," the first answers, "if you wouldn't mind writing that part." So they set to work, and turned out a book

that for three-quarters of it is as hauntingly clever and depressing as *In Cotton Wool*, and for the remaining quarter develops into a perfect riot of felicity and sentiment. But of course it took some doing. When the strikes began at the local mines, and we were told that the men "showed an ugly temper," I first began to suspect the presence of Mr. Vivien MAXWELL. Later, when he took sole command, I confess I gave myself to his guidance with delight, and enjoyed his happy transformation-scenes to the fullest. In short, a story, you observe, to suit all tastes.

SOCRATES, the friend and enemy of my youth, was the very last person I expected to meet in a modern novel. If I had ever conceived the possibility of the *rencontre*, it was to hope that it would never occur, since the atmosphere he carried with him would necessarily be so full of bitter memories as to spoil the novel. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has shown me my mistake in *The Street of the Flute Player* (MURRAY), the action of which takes place in the year of the first production of *The Frogs*. I have now come to the conclusion that the brilliant and gay, splendid and inconsequent Greeks of the classical period must have been the best fellows and the most delightful company in the world. To have attended a little more at school and to have made their proper acquaintance, when opportunity offered, must have been to get a much more accurate idea of the relative importance of art and commerce, business and pleasure, and to learn to live in the glorious present without worrying over the precarious future. But the book is not only a lesson, it is a story of incident and love, and the romance of *Diomed*

and *Nitétis* is all the more charming because one is made to feel that in days when everyone was inspired and none plodded it must have been so much more worth while to love and be loved. The dialogue is a little disappointing in parts, which I attribute to the author's having failed to catch always the spirit of contemporary humour. I do not care to think that old Athens was made to laugh so easily as he would have me at times believe.

The Hon. Mrs. JULIAN BYNG, who has emerged from her mask and published a new novel, *Barriers* (HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM), under her own name, ought to know more about soldiers than I do. Yet I hope that, if I had lost a leg in the service of my country, I should be more inclined to wave the other one about in the open than to shun human society (my old regiment in particular) and become a morbidly introspective recluse like her hero, *Southminster*. One expects a soldier to accept these chances as part of the great game and not develop the bitter cynicism which might be excusable in a man whose nature had been warped by a trick of Fate at his birth, or an accident in which his honour was not concerned. On another point, too, I can only very grudgingly bow to Mrs. BYNG's judgment. She probably knows more than I do about the effect of thunderstorms on the nerves of a woman whose system is highly

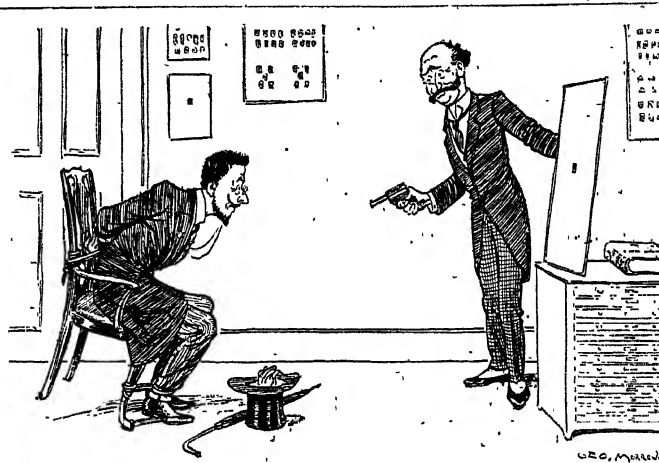
charged with electricity. Yet, for myself, I would never have believed that so common a manifestation of weather could have such a devastating effect on the moral character as occurs in the case of her *Clover Feilding*. Here is a girl whose record of self-respecting independence and virginal aloofness has been established over a matter of some 150 pages; yet suddenly, under the influence of an electric disturbance, following upon an eerie experience of marshland mists, she returns the passion of a man whom she does not love, and in the very house of another man whom she adores. I have a suspicion, possibly unfair to her, that Mrs. BYNG has had certain exceptional traits and temperaments under observation, and that in transplanting them into other types and environments she has overlooked the change of conditions. But the rest of her characters are drawn with great probability, always excepting the wicked Mrs. Craven, whose lurid conversation clearly lies (as is only proper) beyond the pale of the author's experience.

Readers of *Barriers* must not be put off by the author's leisurely method, relieved by one solitary episode and its active results. One is conscious of the enjoyment she takes in an increased facility of expression, traversing and retraversing the old ground with a sense of delight in her medium. Her feeling for the beauty of the marshland that lies between the low tide and the Norfolk coast has lost nothing of its former freshness. It is a great pity that a book so full of intelligence and quick understanding should be marred by the most desolating punctuation. For this the publisher's reader must be allowed a heavy share of my pedantic indignation.

Since, for so long a time now, not to know

Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has been to argue oneself unknown, it is hardly surprising that she should have been tempted into a volume of reminiscences. Let it be said at once that many greater names have been put to less readable books. Mrs. TWEEDIE's is called *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life* (JOHN LANE), and the title has the merit of exactly describing the contents. The notable persons who are at least mentioned fill nine pages of index, and about many of them the writer has some quaint or characteristic story. One thing you will note about Mrs. TWEEDIE's lions; she seems to have found them, those of whom she gives personal recollections, in an amiability which speaks volumes for the charm of the tamer. Even WHISTLER, for example, and W. S. GILBERT, those formidable monsters, roar you in these pages as gently as any sucking dove.

But, after all, the chief interest of the book lies not so much in the great people and events that the writer encountered as in the revelation it gives of a brave and energetic woman cutting her way to success in the face of obstacles. That lends it a dignity of its own, and for that at least it deserves to be read with consideration and respect. Every page of Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE's recollections breathes the content of one who has "arrived" through her own exertions, and doesn't mind showing that she appreciates the fact.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

A HOSPITABLE BUT CAUTIOUS PHILATELIST PERMITTING A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN COLLECTOR THE PRIVILEGE OF GLANCING AT HIS FAMOUS FIVE CENT RURITANIA, VALUE £14,000.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Dutch Government, it is announced from the Hague, has decided to observe strict neutrality during the Balkan war, and an official declaration to that effect will be published shortly. This should dispose of the fear that the troops of any of the combatant Powers would be allowed to ambush its enemy in Holland.

The newspaper which published a page of photographs the other day, entitled "The Horrors of War," caused some offence locally by including among them the portrait of a distinguished Balkan statesman.

Even graver was the mistake in a provincial journal which, in an article on Montenegro, referred to the "Crown Prince Danleno."

Close upon the heels of a statement in *The Tailor and Cutter*, to the effect that the Montenegrins favour the wearing of white spats, comes an announcement in *The Evening News* that many Oxford and Cambridge men are keen to go out to the war as dressers at a salary of £2 a week.

"I suppose you have a camera with you?" remarked KING NICHOLAS to a British war correspondent to whom he had granted an audience; and, on being answered in the affirmative, his Majesty said, with a hearty laugh, "Fire away!" KING NICHOLAS, who, to his regret, was not allowed to go to the front, apparently thought this was better than not being shot at at all.

One of the rules issued by a certain Balkan Power for the guidance of war correspondents says that such persons "may be suspended at will." Not, we trust, from the nearest tree?

The traffic problem is becoming more difficult every day. Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM is now recommending persons who wish to keep fit to revert to the hoop of their childhood.

We felt sure that the statement that Mr. ASQUITH had in a telegram deliberately referred to "My Government" would prove to be incorrect. The slight to Mr. REDMOND would have been too marked.

"I would not become a member of the House of Commons for anything in the world," says Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST. This show of consideration for the members of that institution is a clever move, and is said to have gained for her not a few supporters.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has referred to Fleet Street as "that glorious street which leads to Paradise." Amusingly both the Strand and Ludgate Circus are taking to themselves the compliment,

The presentation of colours to the Islington National Reservists in Finsbury Park on the 19th inst. was not such a success as it was hoped it would be, owing to the fact that when the men paraded it was discovered that the flag had been mislaid. But for this hitch, the function, we understand, went off very nicely.

What's in a name? Something, apparently, for the question of the pianos supplied to the Guildhall School of Music was raised at a meeting of the Court of Common Council by Councillor DORÉE. Meanwhile we are curious to know whether he has the support of colleagues named Mifa, Solla, and Ceedo.

The band of the 1st Battalion Worcestershire Regiment played to the convicts in the grounds of Parkhurst Prison the other afternoon. It is hoped later on to arrange a series of dances with lady convicts.

Colonel KEENE mentions in a letter to *The Express* that a friend of his, during a visit to Germany, was invited to inspect one of the local National schools. He asked one of the boys what he was going to do when he grew up. Without the slightest hesitation the answer came, "I hope to help to win London for the Emperor." But surely this has happened already. Unless appearances are deceptive in the City, the average British merchant is now a German.

A contemporary mentions a floating cinematograph theatre in Netherlands Har-

bour, Capetown, as being something of a novelty, but a company-promoter informs us that it is nothing of the sort, picture palaces being floated in England every day.

Mr. L. C. DOCKER has been selected as the Unionist candidate for Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. DOCKER was a famous cricketer in his day and has played for Derbyshire and Warwickshire. This should mean an easy victory for him in a leg-bye-election.

The New Arm.

"The battleships are at present flying at the entrance of the Bosphorus."

Bradford Daily Argus.



Street Vendor (to lady lost in dense fog). "MAP OF LONDON, LIDY?"

which each looks upon as a tardy act of justice.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER, who was to have played *Hamlet* next month, stated recently that he had never seen or read the play. We understand he was most interested when he heard it was by SHAKESPEARE.

A dramatic journal advertises for sale the original manuscript of a famous play by Mr. G. B. SHAW at £2,000. The figure seems a bit high when one reflects that it would probably be possible to purchase for the same sum original manuscripts of 100 quite fresh plays that have not yet been produced.

THE WORKING MIDDLE-CLASSES.

[With a word of felicitation to the Faculty on the CHANCELLOR'S offer, now being considered by the British Medical Association, of an additional half-crown, making a grand total of 8s. 6d.]

We always said his heart was right;
That he who swore he would not flinch
From the pro-proletariate fight
While there's a landlord left to pinch—
That, once you roused his generous rage,
Once the high task was fairly tackled, he
Could not refuse a living wage,
Not even to the Faculty.

Long time—for it was here a case
Of public money, not his own—
Long time he wore a grudging face,
Then took the following lavish tone:—
"What, shall our schemes incur a hitch
(Like ships, with gallant tars to man 'em,
That rust in port through lack of pitch)
For half-a-crown *per annum*?"

"Is eight-and-sixpence (net)," he cries,
"Too large and round a yearly lump
To pay the leech whose art defies
The pip, the measles and the mump;
Who wrestles with bacillus-broods
Through summers parched and blight of chill
Yules
(The eight-and-six, of course, includes
Two bob; we'll say, for pilules)?"

Such was his gracious tone, and yet
It must have cost his heart a pang
To bid the expense be blowed and let
A further two-and-six go bang!
Would he have named a sum so tall
Had not his spies, concealed in ditches,
Reported on the wherewithal
Lurking in landlords' breeches?

But you, ye Docs., be well rejoiced,
Not for this paltry extra pelf,
But that your lowly craft is hoist
Level with Labour's noble self;
Think what it means, what cause for swank
(Fill up and clink your medicine glasses!)—
This minim wage, this right to rank
Among the "working" classes.

O. S.

La Basse Finance.

[It is reported that a Socialist Bank has been started in the United States with Socialist directors, officials and *clientèle*.]

"The People's Anti-Capitalist Corporation" is about to be floated with a capital of fifty millions. It is promoted with the object of exterminating capitalists, abolishing dividends, absorbing unearned increments, appropriating undeveloped land, and for other largely altruistic purposes.

Disorder prevailed yesterday at the statutory meeting of the "Brotherhood of Commercial Honesty." The assets were divided after a severe *mêlée*.

Metropolitan Coppers remained idle.

"BIRMINGHAM ARCHITECTURE.

VIEWS OF LORD MAYOR."

Daily Mail.

The whole object of urban architecture, as we understand it, is that there should be a good view of the Mayor from every window.

JANE EUPHEMIA.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "we live in stirring times."

"Now I wonder," said Francesca, "whether I have ever heard or read that remark before. Somehow, do you know, it seems just faintly familiar. Perhaps it was in MILTON or CHAUCER. Yes, I think it must have been in CHAUCER."

"Francesca," I said, "you are pleased to be light-hearted. But I repeat it: we live in stirring times."

"Well," said Francesca, "I admit they do stir. I've noticed it myself."

"I was speaking," I said, "of the war in Turkey."

"And I," said Francesca, "was speaking of the housemaid. She has given warning."

"Given warning?" I said. "Now why has she done that?"

"It was a desire to better herself that led her to the dreadful step."

"Better herself!" I said with scorn. "Bettering is of the spirit; but she desires more money. The woman is a base materialist."

"And," said Francesca, "the worst of it is she doesn't know it."

"But she ought to know it," I said.

"Well, you go and tell her. She will, of course, pretend not to understand you, or she will say she's got to make her living same as everybody else, and if she don't look after herself nobody else will, and then where 'll she be?"

"And this," I said, "is what England is coming to!"

"Peoh," said Francesca, "do you suppose this is the only country where housemaids leave their places? They're doing it in France and Germany at the rate of a hundred a minute, and as for America, it is just one gigantic universal warning, only, of course, they call it something else and pronounce it much better. Anyhow *your* sacred comfort won't be disturbed. You won't notice the change. I'll undertake to say you don't even know the housemaid's name."

"Oh, Francesca," I cried, "how you wrong me! Not know the housemaid's name? Her name, of course, is Jane."

"Her name," said Francesca, "is Euphemia."

"No, no," I continued with growing enthusiasm, "her name is not Euphemia. No housemaid's name was ever Euphemia."

"We shortened it to Effie," said Francesca.

"Nonsense," I said, "you shortened it to Jennie."

"No," said Francesca, "we lengthened it to Eff."

"Your levity," I said, "does not excuse your ignorance. Talk to me about housemaids, indeed! Why, whenever I go to my dressing-room in the course of the morning to fetch a handkerchief, I find a housemaid there."

"And how do you deal with the intruder?"

"In the only way," I said. "I smile pleasantly and say 'Don't move. I have only come for a boot.'"

"A handkerchief," suggested Francesca.

"It is sometimes a boot," I said. "At any rate I say 'Don't move. I have only come for'—whatever it may be."

"It might be a guitar or a suit of armour. You *do* open up possibilities."

"But," I went on, "before the words are out of my mouth or the smile is off my face she has always vanished, leaving behind her a duster, a brush and a dust-pan."

"And," said Francesca, "if you would only put your boots on when you dress, and remember your handkerchief—"

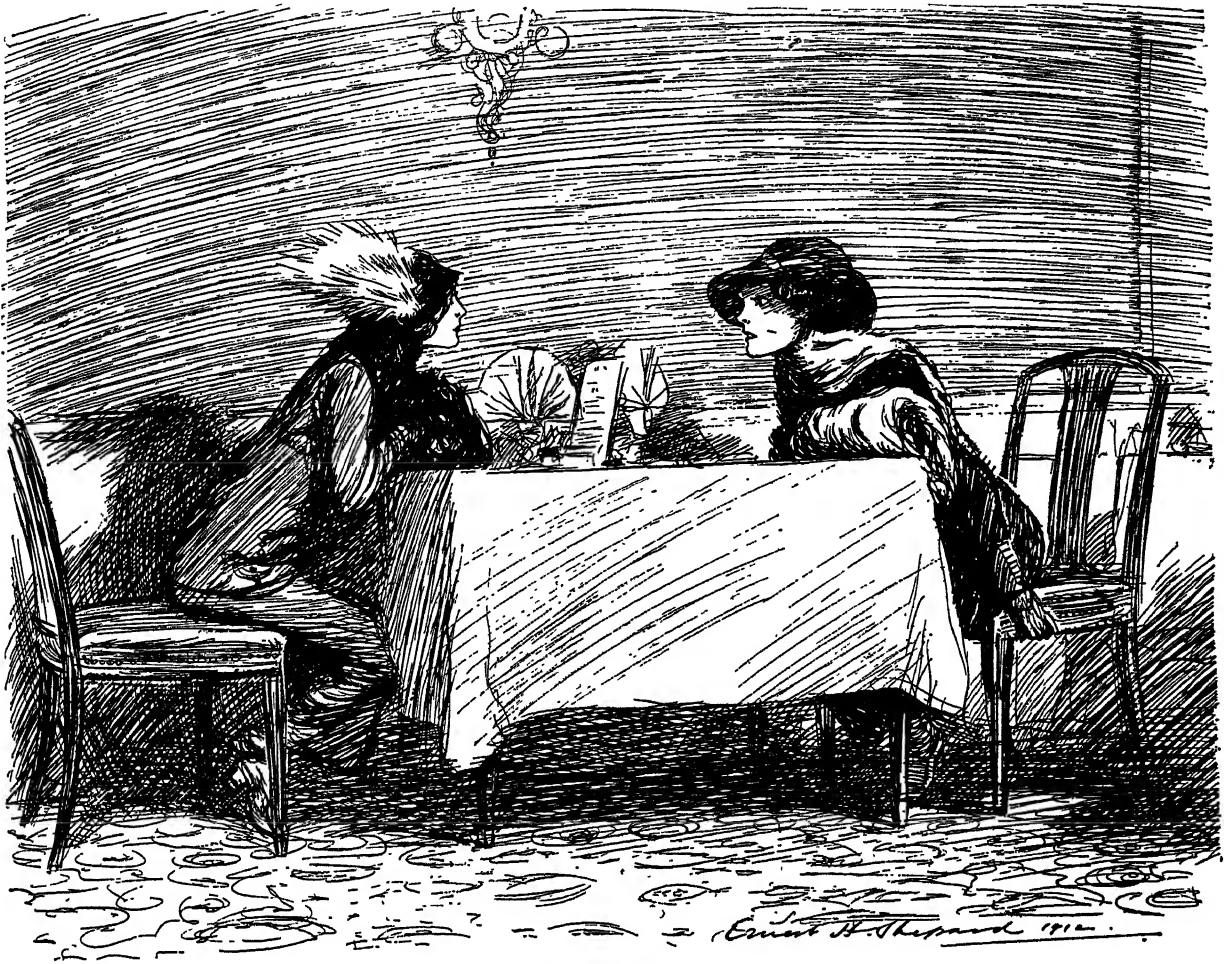
"It is because I remember my handkerchief," I interrupted, "that I meet her."

"If you would only forget to leave your handkerchief upstairs, these *contretemps* would not happen."



THE BAIT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "SURELY HE OUGHT TO TAKE THIS ONE!"



THE SPLIT.

Budding Suffragette. "I SAY, PRISSY" (with intensity), "ARE YOU A PETE OR A PANK?"

"No *contretemps*," I said, "could possibly be shorter."

"But the work is interrupted; and if your room weren't properly tidied who would be blamed?"

"Not you, Francesca," I said warmly. "Never you. I should mention the matter to you and you would mention it to Jane, and Jane would then remember where she had left her duster, her brush and her dust-pan. There would be no blaming of anyone."

"And that," said Francesca, "would be very unjust, for the whole fault was yours."

"Francesca," I said, "I do not like this readiness to accuse. It is unlike your frank and generous nature."

"And you call that argument," said Francesca.

"No, Francesca, I do not, and I should scorn to do it. Let me, however, continue my life-story of a housemaid. Francesca, why do housemaids frequent passages? I swear to you that I have never gone along a passage anywhere without finding a housemaid in it on her knees. Once, when I went on a deputation to the HOME SECRETARY, I saw one in that attitude in the Home Office. It was a pretty little touch of nature in a Government department." "Government departments," said Francesca, "want as much cleaning as everything else."

"Much more; they are more important places, and they attract more dust. But after what I have said, dare you accuse me again of being ignorant of housemaids?"

"No," said Francesca, "I dare not; and what is more, I

entrust you from this moment with the management and control of all housemaids in this house."

"Francesca," I declared, "this is too much."

"No, dearest," said Francesca, "it is not enough; but such as it is I offer it to you. I am now going out. Euphemia—"

"Jane," I said firmly.

"Jane Euphemia will be here in two minutes to settle her affairs. I leave her to you;" and with this she actually went out at the door.

"I shall raise her wages," I shouted after her.

But on second thoughts I went out through the garden window. I do not know what happened to Jane. R. C. L.

Matrimonial Happiness.

"Bees can fly very fast, and for a long time, without taking any rest. They can see a great distance, and when they are away from their wives they fly up in the air, and look for the direction of their habitations."—*Weyford People*.

Even after dinner they can hardly bear to wait a moment before joining the ladies.

First Steps to Pan-Atheism.

"With him, as with so many others who have passed for political philosophers in their day, *c'est le premier ne . . . pas qui coûte.*" Article on Rousseau in "The Morning Post."

Once you get over the first negative, you can deny almost anything.

FROM MY BALKANY.

BY WILLIAM THE TRUOX.

(A Remarkable Article of Intimate and Exclusive Knowledge.)

It is exceedingly fortunate for my good friends, the news-loving English public, that I have spent so much time in the Balkan States. I might so easily have gone somewhere else. Let me, as concisely as possible consonantly with the acquisition of a living wage as a journalist, tell you some (although by no means all) of the things I know. For to tell all would be to betray the confidence of very august persons.

It is not within the scope of the present article to discuss the vexed question of Macedonia, a question which the King of MONTENEGRO once declared to me had only been properly understood by one Englishman—the late Mr. GLADSTONE. I doubt if there is now, beyond myself, a living diplomat in the whole world who has completely grasped the question. On one of the many visits I have paid to the Balkans I was charged by the Foreign Office to have audience with the various rulers and endeavour to obtain from them their personal views upon the best settlement of the Macedonian trouble. I asked the King of MONTENEGRO if he would allow his son, Prince MIRKO, to become ruler of Macedonia, but His Majesty gave a flat refusal, observing in epigrammatic verse:

"Mirko miching mallecho
César de bello Gallico."

KING PETER of Serbia and KING FERDINAND of Bulgaria both suggested the appointment of an English Prince, whose identity I must not disclose. But when the personage in question was approached he politely declined to rule over such a disturbed and distressed state, a diplomatic secret which, I believe, has never before been published, and which shows how Great Britain has constantly endeavoured to establish peace in what has wittily been called the "powder-magazine of Europe."

But to come to the States themselves. Serbia, I think, most interests me, and my intimacy with KING PETER is a

byword there. "Peter Pan," I call him, and he calls me his "Truex" Bill. If you visit Belgrade under the wing of a diplomat—or, better still, a diplomat's charming wife—you will soon be in a veritable vortex of gaiety, for all the legations entertain lavishly. When the war is finished Serbia will be a popular country for tourists, and Ribarska, a health resort, will rival Biarritz, the King of which, by the way, is one of my oldest friends, as Sir EDWARD GREY will tell you any day

I need hardly say that I have respected his wishes, for Old Christmas Carol, as I call him, is a fine fellow. KING FERDINAND, or "Two-in-the-Bush," as I call him when we are alone, is not so popular as he might be; but personally I find him very affable and as an entomologist he is above reproach.

But I suppose that my dearest friend among these warring monarchs is NICHOLAS of Montenegro (or Black Mountain). I shall never forget my first ten minutes in Cetinje. I arrived

after dark at the primitive little hotel, and had delivered some official dispatches I had brought from home to the British Minister, when, while removing the dust of travel in my room, a loud knock came at the door, and there entered a gentleman in scarlet coat embroidered with gold, blue breeches, white felt gaiters, and a perfect arsenal of weapons in his belt. He saluted gravely and bade me welcome in Montenegroid, a language which fortunately I knew perfectly. Need I add that it was the KING? Since when we have been like brothers, and he lets me call him Nikki-Tikki with impunity. Still I must confess that now and then I have found his tendency to drop into verse in my praise a little trying. Prose is best, as the Emperor MENELIK once remarked to me at Addis Abeba.

(To be discontinued in our next.)



Jones (inspecting lodgings). "OF COURSE THERE'S A BATH?"
Landlady. "OH, NO, SIR; TAIN'T AN 'YDRO, SIR."

you like to ask him. KING PETER informed me that he had visited every Spa in Europe without finding relief, but on trying Ribarska he was immediately cured. I may add that I hold an honorary commission in the Ribarska Spahis. The uniform is superb.

Now for Roumania. In my ignorance when I first visited that country I classed it as a Balkan state until KING CAROL of Roumania, as I sat with him one day on the horse-hair sofa in his private cabinet in Bucharest with my arm round his neck, rebuked me, saying: "Please do not ever refer to us as being a Balkan people. We have nothing in common with them."

require unusual weight and strength, like rugby; thus being open to any fairly good swimmer; it also tends to develop good watermanship and endurance."—*Chicago Daily News*.

The rains of September have been exaggerated in America.

"A strange visitor to our shoes has been found . . . in the shape of a huge basking shark."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

We would not be in the writer's shoes for a good deal.

"Important Notice.—M—E—supplies all Classes of Domestic Servants with good personal characters."—*Advt. in "The Times"*.

We wondered where some of them got their good characters from.



Mistress (to new butler). "OH, JAMES, I FOUND THIS BOWL CHIPPED AND CRACKED IN THE PANTRY THIS AFTERNOON."
James. "I AM NOT THE CULPRIT, MADAM; I NEVER CHIPS NOR CRACKS. WHEN I BREAKS I SMASHES UTTERLY."

STILL ARMED.

OR, A LITTLE WARNING TO ONE LATELY BETROTHED.

You say that vengeance is a sweet carouse,
 And I was ruthless over my affair,
 Harping on Thestylis (to-day my spouse).
 Then come on, Thomas, squat in that arm-chair;
 Take out your pipe;
 Here are the matches; tell me what's her type?

Blue eyes or dark? and where you met her first,
 And how your mere acquaintance swelled to love;
 When did the manly declaration burst
 Forth from your lips? The gown she wore was dove,
 The moment dawn?
 Charming (a sigh, a sigh, Tom, not a yawn!).

I well remember how I bored you stiff
 Night after night amid the smoke-cloud's whirl
 With my young raptures. It was on a cliff,
 Was it, when you said "Dearest," to the girl?
 She seemed in doubt;
 You pressed your vantage and put fears to rout.

There's my brave Thomas! Do I know her name?
 Miss Simpson. Yes, it is a heavenly sound.
 Your life seems different since this great thing came,
 You tread the pavements like enchanted ground.
 When's it to be?
 Not settled just at present? Deary me.

Let the slow hands droop round the clock to 12;
 I am your servant, helpless in my pew;
 Deep in the pockets of your bosom delve,
 Drag out her photograph, which does not do
 Justice, of course,

To one so lovely; let your voice grow hoarse,
 But get it over, get it off your chest,
 In one long sitting; if you come again,
 You shall not find me vanquished and suppressed,
 Propping my weary eyelids ope with pain;
 I shall show fight,
 I shall indeed; the matrimonial plight

Is not defenceless; listen to my words:—
 You might suppose this meagre little flat
 No better than a score where London herds;
 But oh, how wrongly! When you crossed the mat
 You entered plumb
 Into the blest realms of Elysium.

Bother your old Miss Simpson; nay, resume;
 But, if you come again, upon my life,
 You shall hear all about our drawing-room;
 You shall be shown the larder by my wife;
 Thomas, by Jove,
 I shall expound to you the kitchen stove! *EVOE.*

"We want an English teacher to live in the House to-morrow, from 1 to 2 p.m."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*
 The appointment is not sufficiently permanent to tempt us across the Atlantic.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

[As we drink it in through our daily paper].

GREAT TURKISH VICTORY.

100,000 SERVIAN CAPTURED.

TURKISH DELIGHT.

(From our Special Correspondent at the Back.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday.

A GREAT Turkish victory at Tszgkuv is officially announced here. 100,000 Servians are reported to have been captured. The town is rejoicing at the news.

Some idea of the magnitude of the conflict in progress may be gathered from the telegram which we print above from our special correspondent. It seems that no less than 100,000 Servians have been compelled to lay down their arms. To view this in its proper perspective the reader should study the following list of

HISTORIC SURRENDERS.

Tszgkuv	100,000 Servians.
Plevna (1877)	44,000 Turks.
Sedan (1870)	83,000 French.
Ulm (1805)	23,000 Austrians.

It is apparent at once that the Servians have suffered a disaster of the first magnitude.

GREAT SERVIAN VICTORY.

100,000 TURKS CAPTURED.

SERVIAN REJOICING.

(From our Special Correspondent at the Back.)

BELGRADE, Monday.

A great Servian victory at Tszgkuv is officially announced here. 100,000 Turks are reported to have been captured. The town is rejoicing at the news.

Some idea of the immensity of the strife in progress may be gathered from the important telegram which we print above from our own correspondent. It appears that no less than 100,000 Turks have been forced to hoist the white flag. To view this in its proper perspective the reader should study the following remarkable list of

HISTORIC SURRENDERS.

Tszgkuv	100,000 Turks.
Tszgkuv (1912)	100,000 Servians.
Plevna (1877)	44,000 Turks.
Sedan (1870)	83,000 French.
Ulm (1805)	23,000 Austrians.

It is clear that the Turks have suffered a disaster almost unparalleled in history.

OUR SPECIAL MAP OF THE WAR APPEARS ON P. 5. READERS SHOULD CUT IT OUT AND PLACE IT WITH THE TWENTY-ONE OTHER MAPS OF THE WAR THAT WE HAVE PUBLISHED.

BULGARIANS ADVANCE.

200,000 TURKS IN WAITING.

From our special Miss in Balk

HELVETIA KENT.

The Bulgarians are officially reported to be advancing. 200,000 Turks are in waiting for them at Vrmitz [Vrkitzi] —HELVETIA KENT.

The news sent to us this morning by our special correspondent, Miss Kent, the first woman war correspondent that has ever been at the back, will give our readers some idea of the huge proportions of the struggle now in progress. Miss Kent tells us that a defending army of 200,000 Turks is drawn up at Vrmitz [Vrkitzi] prepared to resist the progress of the attacking army. What this means is best realised when we consider the defensive forces at the disposal of the invaded country in other historic conflicts.

In the historic Etrusco-Roman war the defensive army in the first stages of the conflict consisted of 3 Romans, viz:—Horatius Cocles and two others.

In the Græco-Persian war the first defensive measures at Thermopylæ were entrusted to Leonidas and his 300 Spartans—a total of 301 altogether.

These remarkable figures are best grasped if put out in tabular form:—

War.	Country on Defensive.	Troops at its disposal.
Etrusco-Roman	Rome	3
Græco-Persian	Greece	301
Turko-Balkan	Turkey	200,000

It is immediately apparent that this is one of the greatest wars in history.

GRAPHIC COMMENTS.

(Our daily vivid article by the famous ambidextrous pen - and - swordsman, "Penya Linesman.")

For full three weeks the "dogs of war" have been loosed, and yet a shroud ("of thoughts," as Byron, fighter in an earlier Eastern struggle, said) hangs over the area of operations. Through the "misty morn" of old Autumn there seems to come to us, "like a tale of little meaning," the slow-dropping notes of battle; as it might be the rattling of some heedless urchin who draws his hoop-stick across the area railing. So "*Bella, horrida bella*" pursues its stark way, nor heeds the dull moan of women. "*Bella*," verily "*matribus detestata*."

To get to business, however. Once more there is no definite news from the front, and the position of the vivid writer who has to deliver a column of words—"*littera scripta manet*"—upon nothing, is pitiable. That the war correspondent should be muzzled, his "occupation gone," is of small account.

"War's glorious art" demands it; so even old Paul Kruger knew. "The art of war," said Napoleon, "is to mislead the enemy"—Austerlitz had not else been Austerlitz. A press telegram may go from the Bulgar line at Kirk Kilisse to Carmelite Street, and back to the Turks at Kirk Kilisse; 'twere as wise to entrust a secret to a woman.

That there should be no news from the war correspondent, then, is one thing; but that there should be no official news is another. For this is to rob the vivid pen-and-swordsman of his bread; it is to make a mock of the graphic commentator. A thing beyond forgiveness.

Meanwhile the Turk is still the Turk. Indomitable stands the Crescent. By the narrow pass of [fill in later] pour "through slaughter to a throne" the mighty armies of the invader; beneath the frowning heights of [consult war map] are marshalled the sullen hosts of the Cross; in the plains of [—] rings out the "brazen throat of war"; what time the Mussulman, grim and patient, bows his head in prayer to Allah. Then, his orisons over, leaps he upon his mighty steed and thunders into the fray. Well, an he must fall, let him take one handshake from an old soldier of a nation who stood his comrade on the bloody snows of Russia. Will he, nill he, this be his epitaph: Than the Turk no braver gentleman ever butchered a woman or burnt out a village.

Other War News on pp. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. A. A. M.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

The Standard has published a photograph (not a snapshot, apparently, but a posed group) with the heading, "One good turn a day," and, below, the legend:—"Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, an American millionaire, and uncle of the Countess of Craven. Priding himself upon doing one good turn a day he yesterday redeemed from pawn blankets and underclothing belonging to a poor woman in the East End, the mother of a numerous family. Mr. Martin is shown leaving the pawnshop." We notice in the picture that the philanthropist's left hand, almost concealed, is in a position from which it cannot get a view of his right hand. We take this to be symbolic of his desire to hide his good works from the public; and we are confident that he shares our shocked astonishment at the way in which these things get into the press.

ACCOUNTS DELIGHTFULLY RENDERED.

I HAVE discovered a new Shop—or rather Stores—with a most ingratiating way of composing its bills. Not that any process (except a premature and miraculous receipt stamp) could make a bill essentially and *au fond* other than what it is—a detestable thing. But since apparently there must be bills it is pleasant to get them made readable not only on the chance of discovering an arithmetical inexactitude, but for their own sake as—more or less—literature.

As a rule I do not look at bills. What I see of them is a huge figure representing the gross total of a great number of them; but, chancing to glance at one the other day, my eye met the following item:—

1 Partridge that has been hung long enough to be suitable for Sunday lunch 3/6

"Why all this?" I asked of the *châtelaine*. "Yes," she replied, "isn't it odd? They always repeat my words in their bills." "And how long have we been dealing there?" I asked. "About three weeks," she said. "And you never told me!" I remonstrated. "In this grey world, you never told me. Let me see some other specimens, I implore you."

She brought them, and I was charmed. I read:—

1 dozen absolutely new-laid eggs, with the dates legibly on them, brown for choice 2/-

and

1 really tender duckling (the last wasn't),

and

A shoulder of Welsh mutton just large enough for four persons 3/2

Such bills as these are not only reminders of what you owe, but of what you were. They are biographical.

"Splendid," I said. "Now, we will really put them to the test." So we drew up an order which, among other things carefully described, included "a pork-pie, about 2 lbs., not the kind with crust like plaster of Paris, but a soft short crust into which the flavour of the meat has found its way."

"There," I said, "that will beat them." But I was wrong. When the bill came in, in a neat clerkly hand on the blue paper was written, without the faintest sign to indicate whether the writer was a humorist or a machine, this item:—

1 pork-pie, 2 lbs., not the kind with crust like plaster of Paris, but a soft short crust, into which the flavour of the meat has found its way 2/4

Who would ever choose to deal anywhere else?



"HULLO! THAT'S A NICE LITTLE BEAST."

"WELL-BRED, TOO. HE'S GOT TWO FLAWS, THOUGH."

"HAS HE? LOOKS MORE LIKE A BUNGALOW."

IN CAMERA.

NARCISSUS by his woodside well,
Enchanted by the matchless grace
And beauty of his mirrored face
And yielding to some amorous spell,
In love with his own likeness fell;
His tragic end let others tell.

A photo hangs beside my chair,
Just done by Blank of Baker Street:
A pretty girl with smile so sweet
That, were I but a man, I swear
I'd venture all a mortal dare
To win a maid so witching fair.

That photo's me; I'm forty-eight;
I can't conceal that teeth and hair
Have seen renewals and repair;
My figure, too, betrays its date,
For, though I wage grim war on weight,
Yet nature's hard to subjugate.

Three beauty specialists or more
Have failed to clarify my skin
Or check my too redundant chin;
I count my wrinkles by the score;
Yet, like that ardent youth of yore,
My lovely likeness I adore.

"Beside shot and shell, Generals Ganvier and Fevrier will take their heavy toll."—*Special Correspondent of "The Pall Mall Gazette" at Constantinople.*

We have always disliked these officers, and we make a point of going into winter-quarters till Generals Guin and Guillet are available.

Our Serfs.

"The Countess of Warwick has intimated to the tenants of her estates in Takely, Canfield, and Thaxted, Essex, that she is having them sold by auction."—*Manchester Guardian.*



A. S. C.

Bystander. "WOT IS IT, COCKY? FULL INFANTRY EQUIPMENT COM-PLITE WITH RIFLE; MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION O' 'OSS-FITTINGS IN THE RIGHT 'AND AN' SPURS—IS IT TRAWNSPORT?"

Military Maid-of-all-Work (wearily). "GUESSED IT IN ONE!"

MR. PUNCH'S A. B. C. OF THE WAR.

FURTHER developments indicate the desirability of the following supplementary list of places and personalities that have leapt into prominence in connection with the war in the Balkans:—

BELLOC, H.—Famous *Franco-British* free-lancer, eye-witness and crusader. See *The P. M. G.* for 2012 A.D. for his account of the present struggle.

CADBURY, WILLIAM.—An alias of the famous Albanian chieftain Kokovitch.

CARMELITE HOUSE.—Headquarters of the Scare-liners of the North Sea.

COE, CAPTAIN.—Notorious guerilla cavalry leader in the service of the famous Pacificist chieftain, M. Kokovitch.

GARVIN PASHA.—World-renowned strategist and war-lord. The only man of whom the GERMAN EMPEROR is afraid. Has superseded Clausewitz and Von der Goltz.

JOB, OLD.—Renowned guerilla leader acting as second-in-command to Captain

COE. Famous for his services as a recruiting officer, in which capacity he has trebled the forces of M. Kokovitch's retainers.

LINESMAN.—Chief of the Military Staff of the Carmelite Army. Known by his intimates as "Headlinesman."

QUEUX, W. LE.—Champion revolver-shot and confidential adviser to all crowned heads.

SPENDER, GENERAL ALFRED.—Commander-in-chief of the Bagshot Division.

TITCHIKOFF, LITTLE.—Famous Koutso-Vlach leader and step-dancer.

VAILE, P. A.—Renowned expert in the flight of missiles, trajectory, &c. Descendant of the Vailes of Tempe.

YOUNG, FILSON.—Famous humanitarian commentator. Decorated by the KING OF ITALY as the greatest living master of Italics.

"Hot Stuff."

"Mr. Quinborough's rendering of 'My Pipe' was pathetic in the extreme and it is hoped he will make his monologues more tropical in the future as there is ample scope for it just now."—*Ceylon Independent* on a recent theatrical performance in Colombo.

THE COMMON ENEMY.

IN view of the number of wars in which the Ottoman Empire has become involved, the following special Army Orders are about to be issued at Constantinople:—

(1) In future, all military recruits will be requested to state against which country they prefer to fight. Preference will be given to those having personal grievances against one or more of the coalition.

(2) Distinguished service in the field will be rewarded by a new method of promotion. If, for instance, a man should show particular valour against Montenegro, he will be promoted to do service against Serbia, and if he should again distinguish himself against the last-named he will be honoured by a permit to fight against the Bulgarians. This scheme of promotion does not embrace the Hellenic Department. Those who distinguish themselves against the Greeks will have to go on distinguishing themselves against the Greeks.



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

["As I write, the greatest battle of the century is raging. . . . Though I am the recipient of the utmost courtesy . . . I am not permitted to expose the actual disposition or objective of the troops."—*Extract from despatch of "Our Special War Correspondent."*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, October 21.—To T. W. RUSSELL came one moment of pardonable pride. That it chanced to be illusory did not detract from spasm of rare exultation. On his legs replying to string of inquiries with respect to recent outbreak of cattle plague in Mullingar. One touch of foot-and-mouth disease makes Mr. GINNELL and HARRY CHAPLIN kin. They "take it" in directly differing ways; converge in attack on VICE-PRESIDENT OF IRISH BOARD OF AGRICULTURE in respect of his dealing with



BIG GAME HUNTING—PHENOMENAL BAG!

Nineteen cattle, three pigs and one goat to Mr. T. W. RUSSELL.

the matter. T. W., making vigorous response, incidentally remarked, "The number of animals being slaughtered to-day is nineteen cattle, three pigs and one goat."

Here broke in a ringing cheer. Started from Benches below Gangway on Ministerial side; taken up by crowd above Gangway; echoed from Irish camp.

Slight flush mantled countenance of VICE-PRESIDENT. Looked round cheering crowd with kindling eye. Pleasant to meet, howsoever tardily, with approbation approaching heat of enthusiasm. Perhaps a little odd that the particular sentence just uttered should lead to unwonted outburst. Since he held present office had said many more pointed things received with chilling silence. Whether it was the three pigs or the one goat, or peradventure the combination, that in some mysterious way

touched chord of emotion in habitually stony breasts, he didn't know. Too well pleased to make inquiry.

As he paused awaiting subsidence of the storm of cheering, became conscious of someone approaching from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Half turning he recognised the PREMIER, back at his post after long absence consequent on illness.

All a mistake about the doomed goat, the three predestined pigs and eke the nineteen fated fat stock. The swift, sudden outburst of cheering was a welcome to a chief whose personal popularity increases as the years pass. But half-an-hour later T. W. had a genuine triumph. Questions over, BATHURST rose announcing intention "to make a personal statement." Crowded House instantly agog. Questions of state policy all very well in their way, but fade in interest compared with "a personal statement." BATHURST a little disappointing. Explained at considerable length that having last Friday made virulent attack on Irish Agriculture Department and all its works he had straightly bolted, not, as T. W. suggested, in order to evade reply, but with intent to catch a week-end train. Now complained that in his absence the VICE-PRESIDENT had replied to his criticism.

Protest and complaint listened to with sympathetic cheers from Unionists who don't love a former champion of their cause gone over to the enemy. BATHURST resumed his seat with pleased consciousness of having rather distinguished himself. When SPEAKER rose he thought he was going to let T. W. have it. "Instead of which" the right honourable gentleman, with quite unusual heat, denounced "Members who make speeches thirty-five minutes long and then go away before they have heard the answer."

Long time since a Member has been so severely snubbed from the Chair.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill.

Wednesday.—"Daffodils that come before the swallow dares" this year remain after the swallow's flight. Consequence disturbing in House of Commons. Latest criminality for which CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER is held responsible is appearance, on Insurance Stamp, of the daffodil instead of the leek as emblematic of Wales.

Nothing escapes eagle glance of TULLIBARDINE. Fell upon this new departure. Sternly challenged CHANCELLOR to explain. LLOYD GEORGE weakly shelters himself behind precedent of investiture of PRINCE OF WALES at Carnarvon last year, when the daffodil displaced the leek. TULLIBARDINE not

to be put off with sophistries of that kind. Since he raised the question has been looking it up in Oxford Dictionary. In that convenient waist-coat-pocket manual he finds the leek defined as "a culinary herb, ally to the onion [nothing to do with the MAD HATTER's newly discovered friend in Southern Nigeria], but differing from it in having the bulbous part cylindrical and the leaves flat and broad."

Pondering over this TULLIBARDINE bound to admit that it does not, at least on face of it, disclose connection with a secret Land Tax Committee or other nefarious undertakings which have their birth at No. 11, Downing Street. One never knows. However it be, he finds quoted a passage from *The London Gazette*, dated 1722,



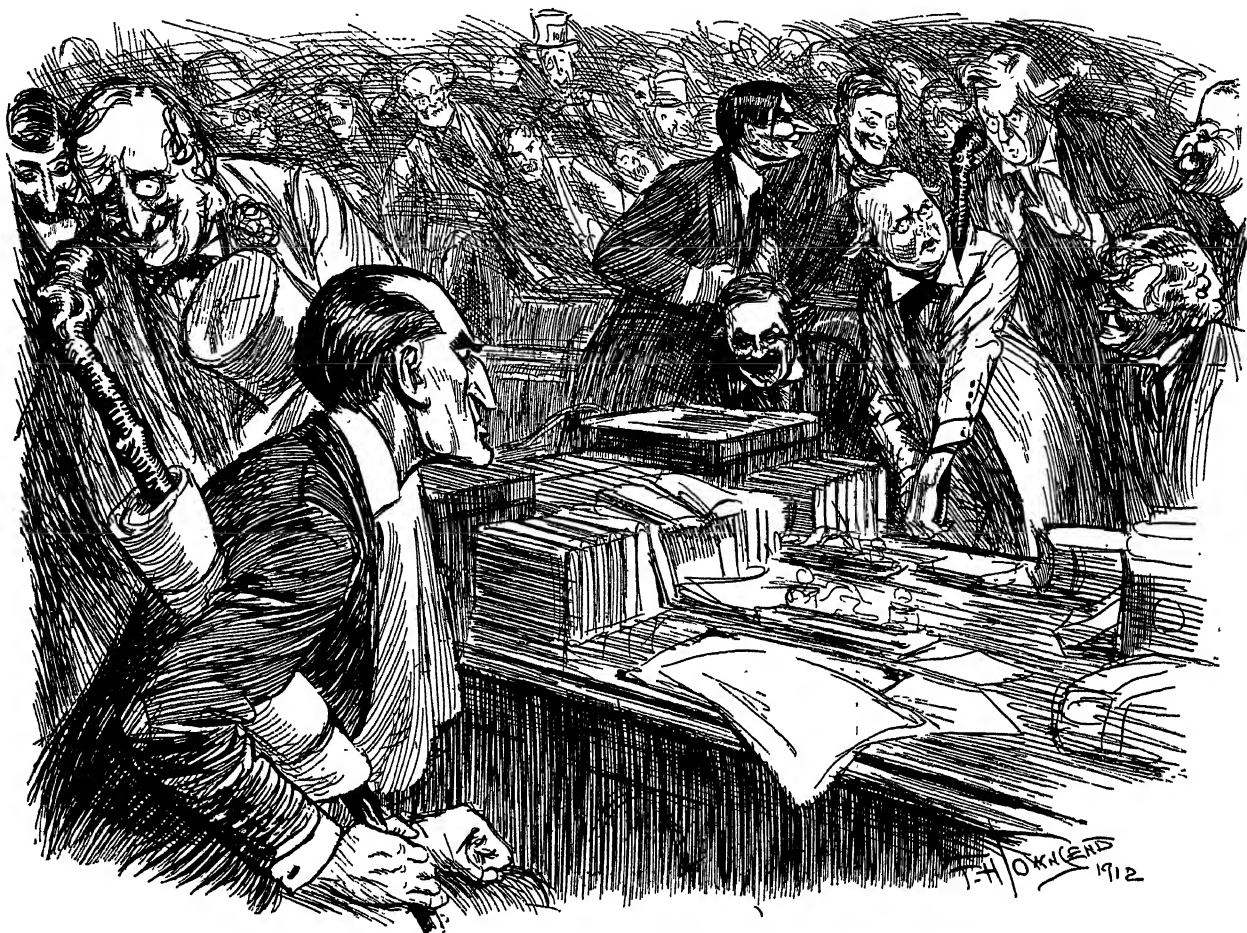
TULLIBARDINE, anxious to avoid civil war in the land, wants to know "why the daffodil instead of the leek?"

describing a ceremony wherein it is stated, "All the Company wore Leeks in Honour of the Princess of Wales." This testifies that at that time, more than a hundred years after *Henry V.* was written, the leek was recognised as national emblem of Wales. As WHISTLER, if he were still with us, would ask, Why drag in the daffodil?

TULLIBARDINE doesn't mean to let the matter rest where evasive reply of CHANCELLOR left it. Returned to subject to-day; may recur to it to-morrow.

Business done.—Clause 3 of Home Rule Bill added with assistance of Closure. Captain SNODGRASS CRAIG beginning to take off his coat. Warned by CHAIRMAN that an interruption made by him was not on a point of order, ominously replied, "I am rather getting past the time when I care over-much whether I am in order or not."

Friday.—Nice question arises in connection with blackthorn presented



THE BLACKTHORN MANIA.

"Is it in order for right honourable gentlemen to bring these bludgeons into the House?"

to GENERAL CARSON, K.C., by the revolutionary forces in Ulster. With native, irresistible tendency towards preservation of peace, a body of Ulster Nationalists forthwith presented a similar weapon to the WINSOME WINSTON. "The question is," as the SPEAKER sometimes remarks, Is it in order for right honourable gentlemen to bring these bludgeons into the House whilst debate is proceeding?

Doubt arises in connection with a Standing Order going back to duelling days. Time was when heated argument in debate was followed by withdrawal to cool precincts where controversy was renewed and concluded sword in hand. It is among things not generally known to the new Member that a relic of those good old times remains to this day in the thin red line that runs down the matting on either side of the floor of the House, a short pace beyond the Benches. What he does know, or will quickly learn, is that if, in excitement of debate, he steps outside the line, he is interrupted by angry shouts of "Order! Order!"

Possibly some who shout do not

know that the line was originally drawn in order to keep quarrelsome Members at a distance of more than a sword's length from each other's throats. Other times other manners, or lack of them. The old order is preserved to extent that when, as sometimes happens, Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are permitted to stand at the Bar presenting a petition, the Sword-bearer is compelled to leave his weapon at the door with stray umbrellas that may have there congregated.

There is, of course, difference between a shillelagh and a sword. The former was not in view when the edict was drafted and put in force. But in strong hands it might do equal damage. Hear from SARK that the delicate matter has for some time engaged attention of the authorities.

Business done.—Discussion on proposal to appoint additional Judge.

From the Agony column of *The Statesman*:—

"Come back Loo, as it cannot last, and you are my Jimer."

We are returning.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

(A few racy reminiscences of Public Men and Women, after the style of "The Daily Citizen.")

The Chancellor and the Bun.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was walking with Lord DEVONPORT the other evening along the Embankment when he was tripped up by a little girl from the gutter who darted between his legs in pursuit of a penny bun. As soon as he had recovered himself Mr. GEORGE stooped and, poking the bun out of a puddle, impaled it on the point of his umbrella and handed it back to its owner with a smile. This informal introduction led to a few words of conversation, and it turned out that she was a little Welsh lass from Llandwy-gyfyhwnnollen.

The Duke and the Beater.

On the occasion of his recent cover shoot (which resulted, we understand, in the usual large catch of game) the Duke of — was lunching with his friends in a country lane, when his eye fell upon one of his beaters who was seated under a neighbouring hedge voraciously

consuming bread-and-cheese. The Duke walked over to the man and questioned him.

"Why are you so hungry?" he asked, not unkindly.

"I had to breakfast overnight," was the reply.

"How was that?"

It transpired that, there being no cottage vacant on the estate, the man had to start at four in the morning in order to arrive in time for the first beat. Emboldened by the sympathy of his Grace he blurted out at last the naked truth.

"If I were a pheasant," he said, "I would not have so far to walk."

"If you were a pheasant," retorted the Duke, "you would run more risk of being shot!"

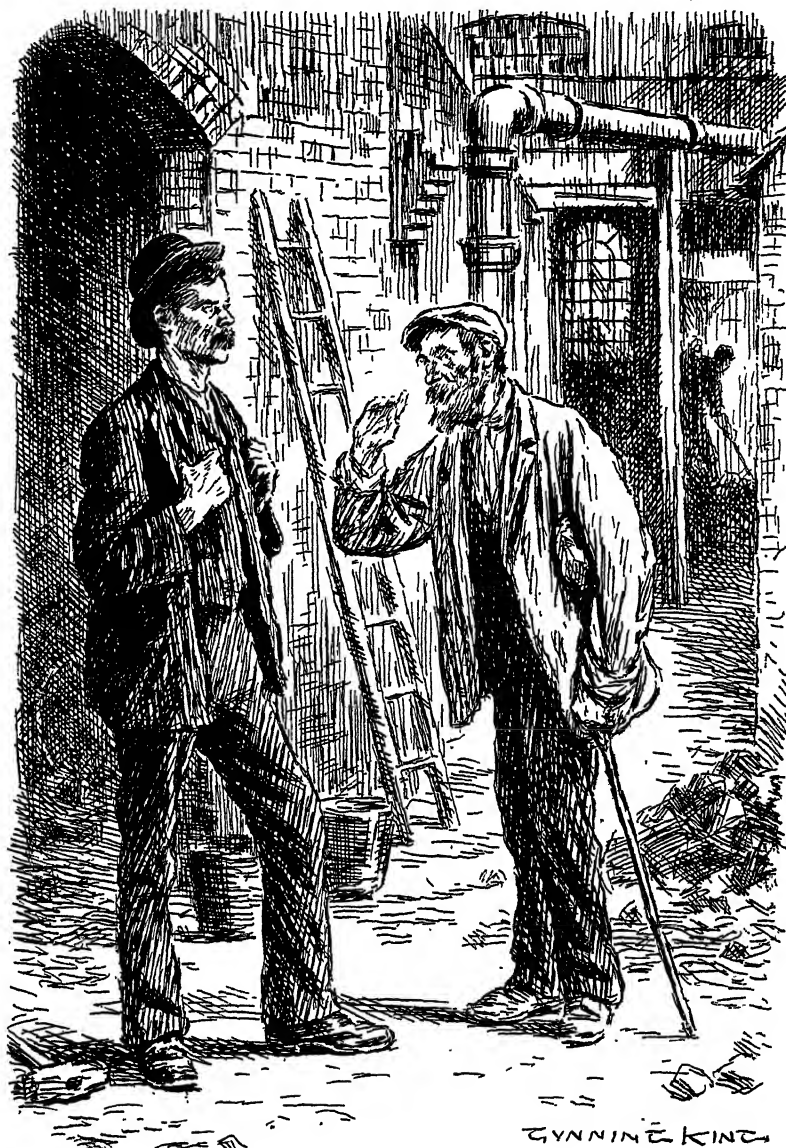
Keepsakes of a Comedian.

Of all the many myriads who have fallen under the spell of HARRY LAUDER, the Scottish comedian, and who throng every part of the house when he is in the bill, it is probable that very few have ever taken the trouble to ask themselves what is the source and origin of his Blairgowrie bonnets. This leading item in the great humourist's make-up is not imported, as might have been supposed, from Scotland. There is a small dark outfitter's shop in Cheapside, kept by a burly Aberdonian (whose father was a gillie) where Mr. LAUDER buys at least one Blairgowrie bonnet every week.

Naturally the shopkeeper is proud of his distinguished customer, and on being questioned why so many bonnets should be necessary, it appeared—I mean to say, it transpired—that Mr. LAUDER never used the same one for more than a week, simply because they were being continually stolen. The truth of the matter is, of course, that they are taken by his many admirers as mementos. No "Burns Night" south of the Tweed, in Canada or even in distant New Zealand is now considered complete without one of the lost LAUDER bonnets, which is generally worn by the Chairman.

A Suffragist among the Hens.

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST, who is probably best known to our readers on account of her activities in connection with the W.S.P.U., has recently enrolled herself among the company of those who keep fowls. In taking this step she has merely followed the example of many other men and women who have adopted this hobby. It seems—or rather it transpires—that the birds are kept in a specially constructed run at the back of the house, enclosed on every side with wire netting, and that, in addition to



Foreman. "AND CAN YOU USE A SHOVEL?"

Applicant. "CORSE I CAN. I CAN COOK A BIT OV 'AM ON IT."

their ordinary food (grain for the most part), they are kept supplied with a quantity of grit.

Miss PANKHURST was asked by a friend not long ago if she kept her pets solely with a view to fresh eggs.

"Not at all," was the reply. "As a matter of fact they seldom lay. But they are the most soothing, companionable creatures. They are a perfect mental rest."

Mr. Warner as Laundryman.

MR. P. F. WARNER, on the occasion of his opening a bazaar the other evening in Islington, told a capital story illustrating the vicissitudes of the M.C.C. team when touring in Australia. "I once found myself," he said, "at a little up-country station in a remarkably awkward fix. Most of my luggage had

gone astray and my washing, which was to have been forwarded from Sydney, had not turned up. In a word I had not a single clean handkerchief in my possession. I could find no member of the team who was willing to lend me one and, as the match was due to begin in an hour and I could already hear from the hotel windows the first outburst of the preliminary 'barracking,' there was nothing for it but to wash one myself. I made shift to boil some water on a spirit lamp which I always carry with me, and succeeded—to the intense amusement of the team—in utilizing a heated kitchen poker as an iron. I doubt if half-a-dozen of the spectators on the field detected any shortcomings in the result."

AT THE PLAY.

"TANTRUMS."

ONE has often heard complaints of the cutting-down of SHAKSPEARE for the purposes of modern stage-pageantry, but it is rarely that anyone has the hardihood to expand him. I remember meeting in Naples a resident Englishman who confided to me that he had often felt that SHAKSPEARE had not made enough of his opportunities in ANTONY's finale:—"I am dying, Egypt, dying;" and that, in leisure moments of exile, he had ventured to compose an addendum. Fearing the worst, I tactfully shifted the conversation to another play and so away from SHAKSPEARE altogether. But he was not to be denied, and, taking up a commanding position on his own hearthrug, he had me, being his guest, at his mercy. I suffered much, and this terrible experience was recalled to me by Mr. FRANK STAYTON's attempt, at the Criterion, to revise the conclusion of *The Taming of the Shrew*. It seems that Katharine's submission and her advice to other women to "vail their stomachs," might well, in real life, have been a womanly ruse to cover an attack which would in the end have reduced *Petruchio* to pulp. In *Tantrums* (dear old-fashioned word!) the young millionaire husband (U.S.A.) sets up to starve his shrew into surrender by representing to her, after marriage, that he is a clerk on a mere pittance. Well knowing the true facts, she accepts the lie with a cheerful countenance, and undertakes the wifely duty of cooking for him. In the issue it is the husband's stomach that, after much nausea and indigestion, has to "vail" itself in perfect humility.

There was very little useful action in the play apart from the incidental smashing of mantelpiece crockery, designed to illustrate the domestic habits of the shrew in her maiden state. Even the descent of a large vase on to the head of a stranger in the street, and his consequent introduction to the lady who discharged it, did not materially contribute to the scheme, as the gentleman was anyhow on his way from America to marry her at sight on the strength of a photograph. The best achievement of all took place off the stage. It was the catching of the 2.20 Continental express from Charing Cross by a couple who had been married in Liverpool the same morning.

One or two things worried me. I asked myself, for instance, whether a

new bride, on arriving with her husband at her Paris hotel at 11 P.M., commonly proposes, even if she is a shrew, to go out for a promenade in the streets alone? And do people, I wondered, when they want to get away by a fire-escape ladder, climb up instead of down, even if there is nothing aught?

I confess that I laughed three or four times; but this wasn't nearly enough for a farcical comedy. Also, the unrelieved hardness of the shrew in the domestic circle set me against her at the start; and Miss MARJORIE DAY had not quite enough piquancy to carry off her long and rather emaciated dialogues.



Mr. CHARLES MAUDE (*Vansittart*) to Miss MARJORIE DAY (*Virginia*). "Isn't it just bully the way the author scores off the other fellow who wrote *The Taming of the Shrew*? Shakspeare's *Petruchio* never thought of disconnecting the telephone!"

As for Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, his part as the husband stood badly in need of an exotic accent, and he had none to speak of. "I'm an American," he stated. "I shouldn't have thought it," said she. And she was right.

I could have done with much less of these two—excellent actors as they are—and a deal more of Mr. CLARENCE and Miss BOUVIERE as the girl's parents, and Miss BARTON as her maid. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER, playing the shrew's sister, gave a very natural picture of the charm of manners that appeals to the provincial bosom; and Mr. PERTWEE's French waiter was as Gallic as you could want.

There is an idea in the play, but the whole thing needs fattening, if it is not to perish from inanition. O. S.

MUSIC-HALL NOTES.

SINCE Mr. HARRY LAUDER undertook to play *Hamlet* (an engagement unhappily postponed through ill-health) certain celebrities of the halls, determined not to be outdone, have made arrangements to interpret several well-known characters of the legitimate drama in the near future.

It is rumoured that Mr. GEORGE ROBEY has long been hankering to play the part of *Elizabeth* in *Drake*. That Mr. ROBEY's impersonation of the Virgin Queen would be a notable one there can be no doubt. Those who have seen this genial humourist's gems of mediæval characterisation consider that his methods would revolutionise the school of acting at His Majesty's.

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. H. B. IRVING will surrender his part in *Everywoman* to LITTLE TICH before long, as it is felt at Drury Lane that this change would brighten up the piece considerably.

Middle. GABY DESLYS has, we understand, signed a contract to play *Buntz* as soon as Miss KATE MOFFAT wishes to relinquish the part.

Miss MARIE LLOYD is reported to be busily engaged in negotiations for a Shakspearean season at the Court Theatre, where she intends to open with *Romeo and Juliet*, herself playing the part of the fair *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Mr. GEORGE CHIRGWIN. The event is much looked forward to in dramatic circles.

"The Clerk next read the following letter:—'Dear Sirs, Re the old Cemetery in Denne-road. I write on behalf of the Churchwardens to state we think it desirable to make a change in the cutting of grass and keeping in order, as B— is now getting very infirm. We have given him notice to expire at Christmas.'" *West Sussex County Times*.

A remarkably callous order, which we hope will not be obeyed.

"A clerk in the Leipzig Mortgage Bank has been condemned by the Court to pay a colleague £40 and an annual allowance of £30 as compensation for injuries to his nervous system caused by a blow in the neck which his colleague dealt him in jest while he was stooping over his desk."

Edinburgh Evening News.

If that colleague's sense of humour does not desert him he will soon be able to retire on a comfortable income.

SELF-HELP.

MR. JOHN AYSCOUGH writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to explain a curious misunderstanding that has arisen about the title of his new book, *Faustula*. It appears that a writer in *The Pall Mall* headed his "very fine review," in which he called it "a better book than KINGSLEY'S classic masterpiece, *Hypatia*," with the words "*Ave Flos Martyrum*." Result: The Secretary of *The Times Book Club* has written to Mr. AYSCOUGH inquiring as to his book, *Ave Flos Martyrum*, for which subscribers are asking, and Mr. AYSCOUGH accordingly begs the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* to let his readers know the facts of the matter. The example of Mr. AYSCOUGH'S modest intervention is, happily, not likely to be thrown away on his brother novelists, as we gather from the subjoined letter, which has been kindly forwarded to us by the Editor of *Prime Cuts*.

To the Editor of "*Prime Cuts*."

SIR,—The Librarian of the Bodleian writes to me about a book of mine entitled "Golly! what a Book!" for which visitors to that historic institution are clamouring. As these demands are obviously due to the splendid notice of my new novel, *Magnifico Pomposo: a Tale of Cuba*, which appeared in *Prime Cuts* of October 20th, where the reviewer remarked that Sir WALTER SCOTT had never written anything like it, I ask you to be so kind as to state that "Golly! what a Book!" was the heading of your reviewer's critique, and that the title of my novel is *Magnifico Pomposo: a Tale of Cuba*.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN SELFE LAUDER.

THE MANIFESTO MANIA.

(Suggested by recent excursions into the gratuitous and the inane.)

SIR,—We, the undersigned, who were unable to support Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill, are now convinced that the encouragement of Irish tobacco affords an adequate guarantee of the removal of any source of danger to the Empire which might arise from the grant of self-government to that distracted island, and are therefore prepared to lend our support to the passage of the present Bill.

We are, Sir, Yours, &c.,

JONAH BIFFIN, ODO RAFFERTY,
JOSEPH PONKS, LEONARD PRINGLE,
ADA BOAKES, DAVID BODGER.

SIR,—In view of the deep-seated industrial unrest at present threatening to paralyse our Commercial System, we, the undersigned, wish to express

our conviction, as the result of careful consideration and experiment, that no solution of the problem will be enduring which omits to provide all working men earning a wage of less than £2 a week with free admission to all the theatres and cinemas in the United Kingdom, each ticket to carry with it free refreshment to the amount of one shilling.

We are, Sir, Yours, &c.

HARRY HOB0, (REV.) SILAS WAMBLE,
MALDWYN GUPPY, HOSEA TOWLER,
VICTOR WEAKLEY, LETTICE PRAED,
WOLLEY GOGGIN, THEODORE TIBBITS.

SIR,—We, the undersigned, though unable to support Lord ROBERTS in his advocacy of universal compulsory

National Service, are unhesitatingly of opinion that, unless the practice of deep breathing is rendered obligatory on every adult male in the United Kingdom, the safety of the islands will be seriously imperiled.

We are, Sir, Yours, &c.,

ERIC SLOPPERTON, JEREMIAH WIGLESWORTH, JANETTA BLOGG,
MARCUS BAMBERGER, OFFLEY DRABBLE, HECTOR McLURKIN.

"His host is an old Etonian and Middlesex cricketer, and he often partners him at golf and plays cricket on the links at Datchet and Stoke Poges."—*Tatler*.

"Fore!"

"All right; just wait till I've finished the over."



Chatty Waiter. "THE RAIN 'LL BE 'ERE IN A MINUTE OR TWO NOW, SIR."
Customer. "WELL, I DIDN'T ORDER IT; I'M WAITING FOR A CHOP!"

THE VALUE OF EXPERT EVIDENCE.

JAMES CRUNDLE, the Wolchester General Draper, is one of the successes. He went into the business, he will tell you as he welcomes you into his commodious premises, when he was fourteen, and attributes his achievement, of converting a shop into a national emporium, to punctuality and plod. Myself, I put it down to genius. Anyhow I couldn't have done it myself.

My wife has a passion for general drapery, and none of our household can venture on an expedition into Wolchester but what she has a commission for that one.

"If you are going into town," said she to me, "will you take these two patterns to Crundle's and match them for me?"

I realised my unhappy position at once. "This is the beginning of a long and bitter quarrel, Belinda," said I. "Whatever I do it will be wrong. How much will you take in cash to settle at the start and let me off?"

"Do your best," said she, "and I shall be satisfied."

"My doubts," said I gloomily, "are of the gravest."

The girl at the counter and I managed the first pattern all right, for the original material was Crundlean. But they were sold out of the second lot. "Send for the departmental manager," said I, keeping calm in a moment of stress.

The departmental manager said that not only were they sold out of the stuff, but that no more could be got, since the original block, dye, loom, letterpress, whichever it was, was destroyed.

"Then," said I, "I must see Mr. James Crundle."

I was glad at this point that I have always nodded to Mr. Crundle when I have met him in the street, preferring that others should know that I know him, rather than that Mr. Crundle should know that I know that I know him but am weak enough not to know him lest others should know that I know him (if you follow me). On this occasion I went to the length of shaking hands with him.

"I went into this business when I was fourteen," he began.

"Quite," said I. "But I am comparatively new to it, and I want your help."

I explained the position to him and made many valuable suggestions. His suggestions were less valuable but more practical. They amounted to this, that Belinda must go without.

"Mr. Crundle," said I, "are you a married man?"

He was.

"I don't suppose that even a wife would venture to argue with *you* about the matching of materials for servants' aprons, but conceive the general position with other particulars; yourself, say, commissioned to match a—slice of beef, piece of butter, or drop of chicken extract."

Mr. Crundle put his fingers together and made the conception.

"Something," said I, "must be done. Mr. Crundle, you are a success in life."

He denied this, but showed signs of reviving his first youth.

"Men have risen to be bishops and generals, admirals and judges by triumphing over the follies of men. You have risen to be the leading draper in England by triumphing over the follies of women."

"Will you step up into my private room?" said he. "There we shall find peace, quiet and privacy, and also pens and paper."

We stepped up and Mr. Crundle drafted a memorandum. He handed it to me and I read with admiration. I handed it back to him.

"Sign, please," said I, infected with the atmosphere of the place.

* * * * *

Before I had even opened my defence, Belinda had started to convict and sentence me. "I wish," said I, "to hand in a statement," and I produced the memorandum.

"I, the undersigned James Crundle," read Belinda, "having since the age of fourteen years been in the business of general draper, hereby certify that in the matter of a certain pattern for material now produced and shown to me and exhibited to this memorandum and stamped with the official seal of Crundle's, Limited, and in the matter of the executory trusts wherewith Thomas Bostock, Esquire" (me) "was intrusted to match the same, every effort has been duly made to carry out the said trusts and that the terms thereof have not been complied with owing to circumstances over which the said T. Bostock had no control, that the said failure is due to *force majeure* or the King's enemies, and that the said T. Bostock has done his best."

Belinda examined the document from all points of view, and even looked at the back.

"I was sure you would muddle it somehow," she said; "I suppose I shall have to go myself."

* * * * *

"Alpine Winter Sports. Rooms booked in London."—*Advt. in "British Weekly."*

We shall stick to our old plan of having our rooms in Switzerland.

THE BIRD IN THE ROOM.

A ROBIN skimmed into the room,
And blithe he looked and jolly,
A foe to every sort of gloom,
And, most, to melancholy.
He cocked his head, he made no sound,
But gave me stare for stare back;
When, having fluttered round and round,
He perched upon a chair-back.

I rose; ah, then, it seemed, he knew
Too late his reckless error:
Away in eager haste he flew,
And at his tail flew terror.
Now here, now there, from wall to floor,
For mere escape appealing,
He fled and struck against the door
Or bumped about the ceiling.

I went and flung each window wide,
I drew each half-raised blind up;
To coax him out in vain I tried;
He could not make his mind up.
He flew, he fell, he took a rest,
And off again he scuffled
With parted beak and panting breast
And every feather ruffled.

At length I lured him to the sill,
All dazed and undivining;
Beyond was peace o'er vale and hill,
And all the air was shining.
I stretched my hand and touched him;
then
He made no more resistance,
But left the cramped abode of men
And flew into the distance.

* * * * *

Is life like that? We make it so;
We leave the sunny spaces,
And beat about, or high or low,
In dark and narrow places;
Till, worn with failure, vexed with doubt,
Our strength at last we rally,
And the bruised spirit flutters out
To find the happy valley.

R. C. L.

Faugh!

"Gentility could not withstand the encroachments of commerce. The Faughbourg St. Germain could not recognise the first Empire."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Nor, we imagine, could the first Empire recognize the Faughbourg St. Germain—not under that name.

"In the Maritza and Tunja valleys grapples of almost equal importance are in swing."
Pall Mall Gazette.

We have seen the Terrible Turk grapple with his man on a stage, but never on a trapeze. This latter is a very dangerous game.

"Rope pearls, not real, 3/6."

Advt. in "The Lady."

This is a terrible blow to us, as we thought we had hit on a real bargain.



Young M.F.H. (whose county is particularly well supplied with foxes, to huntsman from neighbouring hunt which is not), "I WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU ABOUT FEEDING HOUNDS, JACK."

Jack. "BLESS YE, SIR, IF I WAS 'ERE, I'D FEED 'EM ON FOXES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PEOPLE who know Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL best as interpreter of Harrow-on-the-Hill may be surprised to find him with revolver and bowie-knife ranging the prairies of the West. Thirty years ago, however, he tells us in his preface to *Bunch Grass* (MURRAY), he ranched cattle with his brother in a country which he has called *San Lorenzo*, and the present volume is one of the products of that adventure. It consists, apparently, of stray fragments rescued from Occidental magazines, and the material has been left as it was originally printed, so that the book betrays not a few signs of the tenderfoot in literature, as well as in the sterner art of cow-punching. There is plenty of the good raw Californian vernacular, and there are some good yarns in it together with some that are not so good, but all through runs a kind of insular sententiousness that makes it compare unfavourably with the starry models of this branch of letters, with the tales of BRET HARTE, for instance, or those of that great humourist who also travelled West with his brother (and six pounds of unabridged Dictionary) and subsequently wrote *Roughing It*. *Bunch Grass*, in the words of yet another great writer who has also dealt with the Golden State, "is not a bonanza, but there's hoodle in it."

In *Mark Twain* (HARPER BROS.) Mr. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE has produced a biographical monument which in respect of bulk is prodigious. It runs to 1,718 pages of type exceptionally small for book use. Such a work would be all very well for METHUSELAH to have dallied with. In these days of greater hurry and shorter life its record of wearisome

minutiæ is appalling. Had it been half as long the biography would have been more than twice as valuable. It leaves the life of MARK TWAIN yet to be written in fashion that will bring home a fascinating personality to the minds of multitudinous admirers. It is an interesting speculation whether his success would have been as immediate, as universal and as permanent, had he signed his books with his full name, SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS. It is usually accepted as a fact that, amid much else, CLEMENS invented his *nom de guerre*. Mr. PAINE tells us that it was "conveyed" from an older Mississippi pilot, who used it as the signature to contributions confided to local journals. When he died CLEMENS appropriated it and made it world-famous. In the same generous fashion he borrowed from another river-pilot the story of "The Jumping Frog" that gave him his first taste of fame.

MARK TWAIN was one of the few humourists of later days whose conversation in its freshness and quaintness did not fall short of the attractiveness of the printed page. Effect was added by a delicious drawl and a countenance whose stolidity seemed to deepen as his audience shook with laughter. Wandering through the morasses of these three volumes the reader will hap upon many passages which help him to realize the simplicity, sincerity and loveliness of MARK TWAIN. His life was crowned by one of its latest episodes. Finding himself in his sixtieth year financially ruined by commercial connections, he, like Sir WALTER SCOTT, put on again discarded harness and worked till his creditors were paid in full. Striking resemblance in the lives of two great writers is increased by the circumstance that in both instances ruin was brought about by embarkation in the trade of publishing.

Much good reading is to be found in *Queen Anne*, by HERBERT PAUL (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This is a new and revised edition. The first was published by Messrs. GOUPIL AND Co. in 1906, with numerous illustrations. To my regret I cannot remember it, but I venture a guess that the illustrations were reckoned the more important part of the book. Now the letter-press is set free from the superincumbent weight of the pictures and has a chance to speak for itself, a chance of which it makes very good use. The book is an account of the political, literary and social life of England in the time of the Queen whose chief titles to fame are that her country produced many great men during her reign, and that she herself, poor woman, having had seventeen children and lost them all, is now in quite a special sense dead. We all know our HERBERT PAUL by this time—the agreeable crispness of his manner, the short sentences packed so full of meaning that each one may in itself represent a pamphlet or a book, the occasional pleasant discursiveness when a subject particularly attracts him, and the many-faceted brightness of the whole. What Mr. PAUL says of HORACE'S *Ars Poetica* may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to this book:—"It is the familiar epistle of a highly cultivated gentleman to correspondents who can take hints without explanations and can fill up gaps in the sense for themselves. It can never be of any use to readers who try to interpret the suggestive, half-enquiring lines as though they were the finished and formal treatise of an academic professor." I may add that the book is full of sound judgment and excellent sense.

I cannot rid myself of a feeling that I have been badly used. Mr. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD has written a book called *The Blue Wall* (CONSTABLE). It has all the marks of the detective story, which I love. The frontispiece depicts an anxious-looking man in a strained attitude, with moonlight all over him: some of the chapter-headings are, "The House Next Door," "A Moving Figure," "The Face," "A Shadow on the Curtain," and "A Visitor at Night"—oh, yes, and "The Scratching Sound"; I was nearly forgetting that; and on page 32 one of the characters gasps, "Something is going on—some ghastly, horrible tragedy." Promising, I think. There is the heroine, all alone in that sinister house. Her life hangs in the balance, you guess. Not a bit of it. He caught me like that, too. Her life is in no danger whatsoever. All that has happened is that she has contracted the morphine habit and has shut herself up to try to cure herself. If Mr. CHILD thinks it fair to spring an anti-climax like that on a trusting public after twenty-three chapters of bated breath and scratching noises, there is no more to be said; and I turn in wounded silence to Mr. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN, who, curiously enough, asks me precisely the same question as did Mr. CHILD—to wit, "What is it that is happening at that house?" It is all right this time. It was murder right enough—good, honest murder, with a *Holmes* and a *Watson* and clues and poisoned lumps

of sugar and all the rest of it. There is one pleasing innovation in *The Mystery of 31, New Inn* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). *John Thorndyke* is every whit as infallible as *Holmes*, and *Jervis* displays an almost super-Watsonian density, yet never once does the former permit himself a touch of irritability. And that, mind you, was no mean feat, for this is the sort of conversation they used to have:—*Thorndyke*: "You never suspected that the coachman and Weiss were one and the same person?" *Jervis (amiably)*: "No. How could they be? They weren't in the least alike."

Lady Jeffreys, the flighty young wife of *Sir Baldwin Jeffreys*, was detected in a midnight assignation with *Lieutenant Carrington* by her young sister, *Boadicea*. It was the kind of assignation that indiscreet wives do give gentlemen on our virtuous comedy stage—compromising, but Quite All Right Really. However, when *Sir Baldwin* came thundering on the door, his lady had only just time to invent the lie that her sister was the object of the



SPECIAL GOLF-LINKS FOR SHORT-SIGHTED PLAYERS.

Lieutenant's suit. And as, by one of the first dramatic rules, *Boadicea* couldn't deny it, they were betrothed, to the joy of everyone, even including presently the supposed lover himself. But of course such a turn of events did not by any means suit *Lady Jeffreys*, who became furiously jealous, and in order to spoil sport confessed to her sister that the original affair had been—what it wasn't. So poor *Boadicea*, still faithfully following her formula, throw the *Lieutenant* over without explanations. Thus far, as you see, the intrigue has been of the stalest; it works up, however,

to a big scene with a letter, which, if mechanical, is so undeniably effective that I will not spoil your enjoyment of it with any details. I perceive that I have been betrayed inevitably into speaking of Baroness ORCZY'S latest production in terms of the theatre; I should add that for the present it is a novel called *Meadowsweet*, and published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. But if ever a tale was predestined for the footlights this is it. For all the effect of real life created, the characters might as well have talked frankly in dialogue, with stage directions. Two of them, about whom I have not spoken, sound the very abyss of comic relief. But there are some good acting parts; and I certainly look forward to witnessing that letter scene in the last Act.

"The President, sitting with Elder Brethren of the Trinity Mouse, commenced the hearing of an action."—*Bristol Times*.

Of its other relations we distinctly remember the grandfather at Cambridge.

"His face was a strikingly interesting one, and even without his clothes people would have turned to look at him."

Manchester Guardian.

Why "even"?

CHARIVARIA.

"THE bombardment," says Mr. COURLANDER in a graphic telegram to *The Express*, "has stopped, and the moon is rising above Tarabosh, scarred and battered by the shells." This seems to point to wild high firing by some of the combatants.

Arrangements, we hear, are being made by a benevolent gentleman, whereby news as to the progress of the war will shortly be supplied from London to the special correspondents at the front.

"Among the prisoners taken at Kossani by the Greeks," a cable tells us, "were two German officers. Is it possible that these were a couple of the deadly Germs referred to at the beginning of the war, which the Turks, in an official communication from Athens, were declared to be about to use in fighting their enemies?"

"GENERAL FITCHEFF AT WORK.

BULGARIA'S MOLTKE." Thus *The Globe*. It looks at present as if Bulgaria's MOLTKE was doing better than Turkey's VON DER GOLTZ.

Thirty-eight Mexican rebels captured in a skirmish near Saltillo are reported to have been executed without the formality of obtaining their names. We believe this renders their execution null and void.

Mr. J. W. HYDE, we read, has presented the Museum at the General Post Office with a number of interesting relics. Until this intimation, we had no idea that the General Post Office possessed a Museum. The pens which one finds at post offices, also the chained pencils and the blotting-paper, are, we take it, loans from that collection.

Anything which is calculated to make bad blood between England and France is to be regretted, and we are sorry that Mr. P. G. KONDOR, in attempting, in the columns of *The Observer*, to fix the responsibility for the English Post-Im-

pressionists, should support the view that their debt to the French is enormous.

We understand the reason of the spirited bidding last week at Sotheby's for the *Vanity Fair* portrait of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to be the piquancy of the situation. The CHANCELLOR, whose

"A start," we read, "has been made with the erection at Epsom of a new asylum for the London County Council." What, then, is to become of the building they are putting up on the south side of the Thames?

It transpired in a recent action for damages that a spectator at a football match at Cardiff had his knee-cap broken owing to a barrier giving way. While expressing sympathy with the individual sufferer, we cannot forbear to take a sneaking pleasure in the thought that the thousands of sportsmen who are content to spend their afternoons watching our gladiators do also run a certain amount of risk of damage.

"In practical life," says Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT, "there are three things which need handling with extreme care. They are gunpowder, choirs, and boys." What the effect is when the choir boys are brought into contact with the gunpowder the Fifth of November bears witness.

Fifty mayors of seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast of France have passed a motion in favour of taxing all visitors. A similar tax is imposed in many towns in Germany. There it is called a "Kurtax." French politeness will, we are sure, be able to devise a more tactful name than this.

Apparently, after all, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT did not enjoy his American trip. "It is a nice question," he says in *Those United States*, "how many of the opinions formed on the first visit would survive the ordeal of the second." "Ordeal" is an ugly word.

The news from the musical world this week is somewhat baffling. "A set of very jolly and effective Old English Dances by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, heard on Friday," says *Truth*, "constituted the final novelty of the season, while earlier in the week some clever variations on 'Down Among the Dead Men,' by Mr. JULIUS HARRISON, were also well worth hearing." We have a suspicion that there is a mistake here, and that the latter work is by ALGERNON, our Funeral Champion.

CULTURE IN RURAL DISTRICTS.



HOW MUCH LONGER IS THE CRUDE SCARECROW TO BE ALLOWED TO DISFIGURE THE COUNTRYSIDE?



WILL NOT SOME OF OUR SCULPTORS OBLIGE WITH A FEW OF THEIR UNSOLD EFFORTS AND THEREBY ENNOBLE AND INSPIRE THE TILLER OF THE SOIL AND, PERHAPS, PROVIDE A MORE EFFECTIVE BIRD-FRIGHTENER?

spies have been trying to draw landlords, had himself been drawn by a SPY.

According to some statistics given by *The Car* more persons are killed by trains than by motor-omnibuses. Still, the motor-omnibuses must not lose heart: they must remember that the trains have had more practice at the game than they.

OLD Q.

HUSHED the voice of mirth among
Europe's Ministerial purlieus,
Save where someone opes his lung
In a wailing like a curlew's:—
"He is dying! There is no
Chance for dear old STATUS QUO!"

Softly fall the steeléd feet
Of the First-class Christian Nations;
All the Chancellors you meet
Seem to be his near relations;
Murmuring, "We shall miss him. Oh,
How we loved old STATUS QUO!"

Long they'd patched his tender spot,
Long had nursed him in a jealous
Christian spirit, saying, "What
Inconvenience it would spell us
If, one day, a fatal blow
Finished good old STATUS QUO!"

Now the Powers, the Great (and Good)—
All their men and all their horses—
Cannot, even if they would,
Reconstruct his vital forces;
Cannot rectify the low
Pulse of poor old STATUS QUO.

Only they who knocked him out,
Whom his sorry plight he owes to,
They, the little powers, no doubt,
Could revive him if they chose to;
But they won't; they say, "What ho!
We are sick of STATUS QUO!"

But the Others, looking wise,
Talk in concert, all denying
Very flatly their surprise
At his sudden taste for dying:—
"Why, we told you long ago,
All was up with STATUS QUO!"

So the Nations watch and wait,
Anxious each to do her duty
Should a fellow-Christian State
Jump her claim to any bootie,
Any swag that's like to flow
From the loss of quaint old Quo.

O. S.

The Super-Pup.

"Pup puppies, splendid pedigrees."
Advt. in "Northern Daily Telegraph."

The *Saturday Review*, commenting
on a speech by the KAISER, says:—

"He can speak of the deep things without
unction or any offensive at-homeness in
Zion. To be able to speak like that is
worth many blazers."

This is a new and useful currency of
esteem. We hope to be able by-and-
by to appraise the KAISER for a speech
that is worth three O.U.B.C. blazers,
a pair of running shorts (shrunk), a
Putney Tennis Club Tie, a Cambridge
cricket blue, 1894 (a vintage year), a
racquets sweater, and a pair of brogues
(golfing, not Irish).

EFFICIENCY.

Very urgent.

TO PRIVATE PARKINS.

As you have not yet fired your stan-
dard Test in Musketry, this is to remind
you that *Saturday next* is the *last pos-
sible day*, and if you fail to pass you
will not be efficient, and will render
yourself liable to prosecution.

(Signed) J. BLANKY BLANK,
Capt. and Adjt.

I rang the bell and sent to the nursery
for Felicity. It was Felicity who was
responsible. It was Felicity who had
told me in June how splendid I should
look in uniform. In July it was Fe-
licity (and her cat) who had practised
"forming fours" with me on the lawn.
It was Felicity who, on the fateful first
of August, had packed me off to Camp
with my equipment fastened on wrong
way up, and a hot-water bottle (shade
of HORATIUS!) in my kit-bag. It was
Felicity, therefore, who should now
encounter the full tide of my reproach.
The door opened, and my little
daughter came in.

I showed her the alarming document.

"What do you make of that?" I asked.

She gazed at it solemnly.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "you *have*
been and gone and done it."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I
have *not* been and gone and done it.
That is just the trouble: and I blame
you entirely. I knew from the start
these military operations would end in
a cry."

"What's to-day?" she asked.

I enlightened her.

"The day," I said, "is Saturday.
The hour is 3 P.M. Lighting-up time,
4.30 P.M. Venus is an evening star.
Vegetables in season are—"

"Papa," she cried, "we must order
the car round at once."

I looked out of the window.

"I might conceivably shoot by
candle-light," I said, "but working
under such conditions I can hardly
expect to make a good score."

"Can you shoot anyway?" she
asked.

"Shoot?" I exclaimed. "My dear
child! Do think before you speak. But,
as a matter of fact, I shall be a little
out of practice. I believe the last time
I handled a rifle was that evening at
Earl's Court."

"And then you only hit one glass
ball, you know."

"Glass ball, indeed," I cried indig-
nantly. "I shot the running Rhino-
ceros at ten yards—twice."

"Did you? Good. Well, I'll run
up and dress immediately."

"You are not coming," I said. "I
cannot allow it. There may be danger."

Felicity drew herself up and clapped
her heels smartly together.

"If there is to be danger," she said,
"then I am coming as a nurse."

* * * * *

Half an hour later we descended from
the car, I in my immaculate top hat,
fur overcoat and spats, Felicity en-
veloped in what she describes as her
musquashes, with a red cross on her
left arm; and by forced marches across
ploughed fields and over five-barred
gates, we reached the rifle range.

A sergeant attired in khaki was
having his tea in the pavilion.

Carrying our umbrellas at the trail,
we marched in and presented arms.

"Prepare for night operations," I
said.

He responded to my greeting with
little or no enthusiasm. It appeared
that I had no business to put it off till
the last moment; that he had been
there all day, and now would probably
miss his train. We found him quite
brusque, even for a sergeant.

"Come, come, fellow," I said. "Pro-
duce the fire-arm. I am chafing for
the conflict."

He selected a weapon, and we went
out to the firing line. On the way I
made them a short address: "'Would
that we now had here,'" I said, "'but
one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land who do no work to-day.'"

"The fewer men," said Felicity,
"'the greater share of honour. Oh, do
not wish one more.'"

A grunt from the sergeant seemed to
indicate his concurrence with this view.

Presently we arrived at a place where
a piece of dissipated-looking cocoanut
matting was spread upon the ground.

"Lie down," he commanded.

"Lie down?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, lie down," repeated the ser-
geant unmoved.

I turned to Felicity.

"Run back to the car, my dear, and
tell the chauffeur to bring a couple of
rugs."

"Oh, Papa," she protested, "we can-
not afford the delay. It is the time for
prompt action."

"Well, well," I said. "It is the
fortune of War." And giving her my
beautiful hat I prostrated myself with-
out further hesitation.

"Now take careful aim," said the
sergeant, indicating the target. "Go
steady."

"I know all about it," I replied.
"First I give it a slow and well-directed
fire. Then I crawl up closer and give
it a rapid and devastating fire. Then,
under cover of that, I fix my bayonet,
rise with a loud yell and charge it."

He contradicted me—a habit to which
sergeants are all too frequently prone.



SEMI-DETACHMENT.

GAMEKEEPER (*to poacher*). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*innocently*). "I MUST REFER YOU, SIR, TO THE FERRET, WHO IS ACTING INDEPENDENTLY."

THE DISTRESSING DECADENCE OF THE FASHION-PLATE YOUNG LADY.



AS WE KNEW HER TEN YEARS AGO.



AS WE MEET HER TO-DAY.

There is little to describe in a demonstration of musketry. One shot from a rifle is very much like another. It gives a sudden bang when you least expect it and disappears for ever. Nevertheless, I was absorbed in the occupation, and although during the occasional lulls in the din of battle I heard the murmur of conversation behind me I paid little heed to my companions.

But as I was cramming the last rounds of ammunition into the musket my attention was suddenly arrested by an unmistakable sound. The sound of somebody being kissed. Turning smartly round, I was just in time to see Felicity's arms slipping from the sergeant's burly neck. He instantly produced an enormous note-book and buried his head in it.

"All right," he said quickly. "That's good enough. You've passed. You're efficient. Fall out."

Felicity clapped her hands vigorously. "Bravo, bravo," she cried. "You've beaten the record."

I rose, and taking my top hat, which my little daughter had casually laid on the ground, placed it upon my head.

"I had not even finished," I replied with dignity; "but I have had enough. I will cease fire."

Whereupon I took my little daughter's

hand, and giving the sergeant a haughty stare, which, however, I must own, seemed to have little effect upon him, marched her off.

In unbroken silence we returned to the car, I thinking over certain phrases of paternal censure appropriate to the occasion, Felicity doubtless wondering what fate was in store for her.

It was not until we had re-embarked and were under way that I took her to task.

"Now, Felicity," I said, "what is the meaning of this absurd behaviour? You seize an opportunity when your poor father is lying on his face becoming efficient for his country's sake to carry on an outrageous flirtation with a—sergeant-at-arms."

Felicity gazed down at her ridiculous musquash muff. Her eyelashes flickered.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "what ingratitude."

"Ingratitude," I shouted; "what next?"

"Yes, ingratitude," she replied. "My dear Papa, you surely don't imagine you'd ever have got efficient off your own bat?"

"But you said I beat the record."

"You beat a record," said Felicity, "because you never hit the target at all."

N.B.—To THE GENTLE READER—If you are inspired by this article to join the Territorials, please take it with you when you go. This will ensure my getting the credit I deserve. It will also ensure your getting a Christmas Card from Felicity.

P.S.—(By special permission of the author.) Yes, and perhaps you may be a sergeant, too, some day.—F.

Tossing the Blanket.

"During this week the whole of the Candidates for the East and West Wards will be thrown on the Sheet with other Notable Townsmen."—*Advt. in "Warwick Advertiser."*

"Fortunately for the workman, the glass fell perpendicularly, for had it fallen vertically the accident in all probability would have proved serious."—*Taranaki Daily News.*
But a horizontal descent is really safest.

From a catalogue:—

"One Quarter cask containing 14 dozens of —'s magnificent old very Tawny—a wine of suburb quality and finish."
We know that port.

"The Servians have advanced on their 'Anabasis' or march to the sea."

"Daily Mail" leader.

What would "our special Greek correspondent" say to this?

PROFESSOR BILLINGER'S DOWNFALL;

OR,

THE EXTINCT-GAME HUNTERS.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor Billinger, Lord John Kangar, Professor Winterly and Mr. Watson of "The Daily Trail." By Cunning Toyle.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR BILLINGER, the great sporting agent of St. James's Street, was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; and, being both a Rugby International and a pushing journalist, I have seen a good deal. If he resembled anything it was one of those cocoanuts with eyes and beards in greengrocers' windows; but, as a matter of fact, he did not resemble anything or anybody, except in his photograph, where his eyes remind one of those of a famous writer of detective stories. He was, as Lord John Kangar said of him, "so dooced *sui generis*, don't you know." His head was immense and shaggy and red; his arms were like JACK JOHNSON'S; whereas his legs recalled those of a dachshund. To these physical attractions were allied a brain of gigantic power; a colossal egoism, the worst manners in the world, horrible language and a temper like a whirlwind. Visitors

to his sporting agency in St. James's Street left either by the window or an ambulance, or both.

This sounds unprepossessing, but since only Billinger's agency knew where the best pterodactyl shooting and mastodon stalking were to be had, and since I had to do a little of each in order to win Gladys and satisfy the editor of *The Daily Trail* that I was worth my salt, I was forced to call on him. Our interview began in his office and finished in the St. James' Park duck-pond, whither we had progressed locked in each other's arms and rolling over and over to the complete disorganization of the traffic. But—I had secured the shooting!

CHAPTER II.

I pass over my subsequent six months in Charing Cross Hospital and come to the constituents of our party. First, there was Lord John Kangar, the

famous big-game hunter, collector of bibelots, and nut. Next, Professor Winterly, Billinger's bitter rival and a profound disbeliever in the truthfulness of his inventories. Lastly, myself, who was to write an account of everything that happened and send it every night to my paper, no matter how far away from civilization we might be, and incidentally to win Gladys. Whether or not she was really worth winning, I never quite made up my mind; but the motive has a romantic flavour.

CHAPTER X.

Judge of our surprise when, on at last arriving in the centre of South America, four thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon (I am pleased

before. We looked in vain for their bones. After many days' travelling we reached an unclimbable cliff. "We're up against it this time, no bloomin' error," said Lord John. Winterly was silent, but he looked at Billinger with a sardonic expression that said as plainly as words, "I told you so." "Unclimbable, is it?" said Billinger. "Wait a moment;" and drawing out his tobacco-pouch he filled it with free hydrogen from a neighbouring geyser, attached our four saddles to it, and such was the buoyancy of the gas that we were almost instantly at the top of the cliff. I never had a more exhilarating ride. Once there, for at least five minutes Winterly ceased to jibe, such was the success of the experiment.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next thing was to negotiate the impassable gorge which separated us from the estate we were to rent; but this was easily done, and at last, after days of fatigue and danger, we were in the promised land. Having made a fire and enjoyed our supper we turned in, but before doing so I wrote my account of our desperate adventures to date and posted it.

CHAPTER XV.

It was on my way back from the pillar-box that I had the most appalling experience of my life. I met a mastodon. Trained writer though I am, no words of mine can give you any idea of the horror of this creature. At first my limbs were paralysed, but then I turned and fled. Every second he drew nearer, and but for the accuracy of Lord John Kangar's aim I should never have escaped. And here I must say that where we should have been without Lord John I cannot imagine. Certainly not here to tell the tale.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the next day shooting began in earnest. After sighting his rifle on one of our natives, in the plain below, and shooting him clean, as being "almost certainly a bally scoundrel, don't you know," Lord John Kangar put up a covey of pterodactyls and brought down three; while Professor Billinger and I got one each. Billinger, I need hardly say, immediately ate his, raw. Sometimes indeed he seemed hardly



Customer. "'ARF-POUND O' BUTTER."

Shopman. "YES, MUM. THE BEST?"

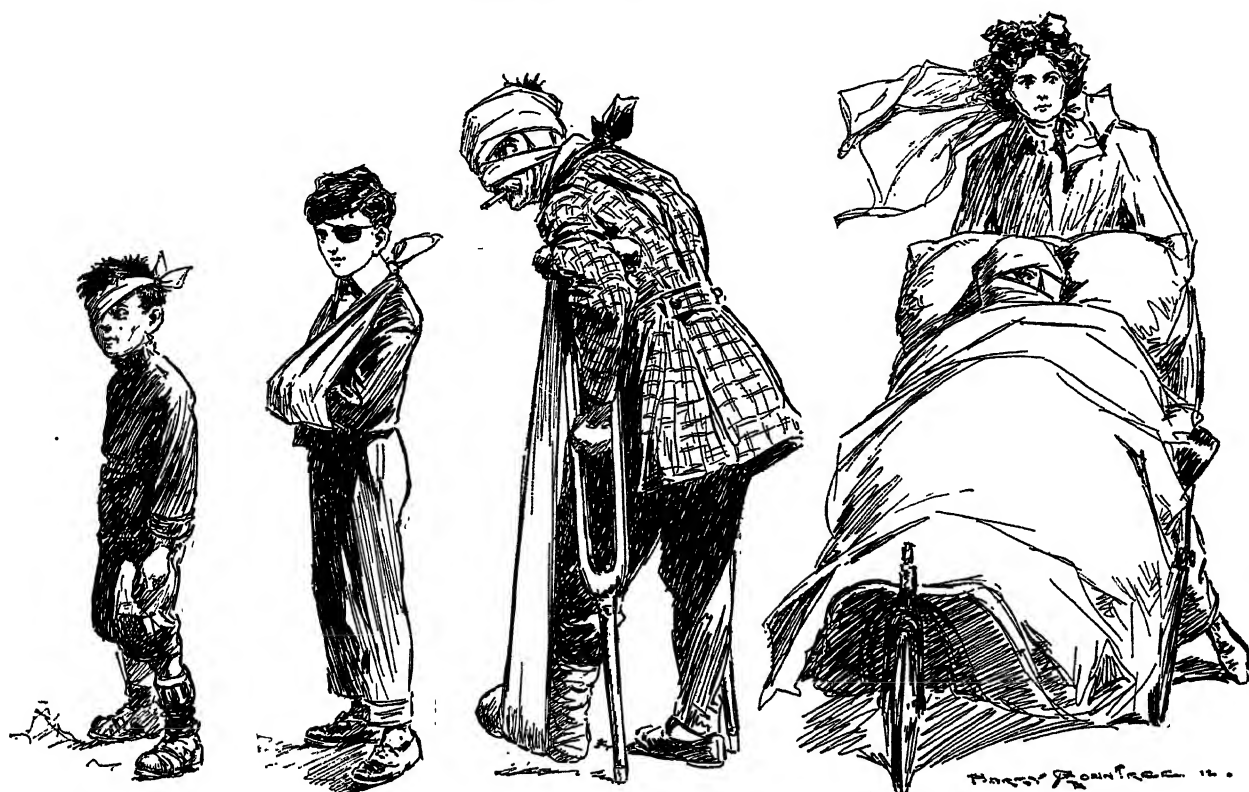
Customer. "NAW, THE WORST; SAME AS WE 'AD BEFORE."

to give no more precise particulars), we found Professor Billinger waiting for us. "Ah," remarked Winterly with his sub-acid humour, "I thought I smelt a liar." "You're another," said Billinger, and it required all the tact and physical strength of Lord John Kangar and myself, exercised for two hours, to separate them. Such contests, both of sarcastic wit and fisticuffs, were of daily occurrence. But, as Lord John, who was a master of current slang, said, "These young fellow-me-lads must be allowed their little scraps—eh, what? Dooced awkward for us, no doubt, sonny, but there it is. What ho!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Having secured a retinue of natives, we pushed on through the primeval forest, where no one except the famous travellers, Harry de Queux and William le Windt, had ever been

FIREWORKS FOR THE FIFTH.



1s. Box.

5s. Box.

GUINEA BOX.

FIVE-GUINEA BOX.

human, always excepting his eyes. Poor Winterly, now that the veracity of Billinger's pre-historic game-list had been proved, was reduced to a kind of pulp and whenever he left the camp had to be carried back by one or more of us.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was on that night, again on returning from the post, that I experienced an adventure so terrible that I can hardly bring myself to write it. Suddenly I was aware of a sound like the shunting of a goods train. Knowing that there could be no train there I was naturally curious, and, peering round a tree, I saw an animal approaching which must have been sixty yards long. It was a diplodocus. My marrow froze within me and again I ran, and again nothing saved me but Lord John's rifle. "My dear Watson," he said, "you really must give up these dooced postal errands. Let the bally paper do without your stuff for one day—eh, what?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was, I think, the next day that we completely exterminated the ape-men, or perhaps it was the day after; at any rate we killed every one—or almost every one—and then took the Tube for the plain again, Lord John having discovered the station.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Queen's Hall was crowded to hear the account of our travels, Sir HENRY WOOD and his orchestra being banished for the night. It was evident that there was to be trouble, amongst the audience being many young women with hammers and numbers of medical students with asafetida and whistles. Professor Billinger was our spokesman. His account of our travels excited only a languid interest, and no one was in the least moved when he liberated a young pterodactyl in the hall. But when he said, in his peroration, that he himself was unique and none but himself could be his parallel, Professor Winterly brought down the house by remarking quietly, "Question." Billinger was thunderstruck. He repeated his statement and Winterly repeated his interruption. At last Billinger inquired what he meant by "Question." "I mean," said Winterly, "that you are not unique." Billinger was speechless; he flung himself at Winterly, but forty scientists on the platform, led by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and Sir E. RAY LANKESTER, held him back. "Produce your proof!" roared the audience to Winterly. "I will," he said, and signed to the attendants, who at once staggered to the platform bearing an enormous

box. "Now," said Winterly, and, opening it, he revealed the King of the Ape-men, a horrible creature exactly like Billinger, even to a cocoanut mark on his left arm.

Winterly's revenge was complete! Rising to the occasion, the audience seized him, Lord John and myself and carried us all round London, while poor Billinger was left with his double, bringing libel actions against the world.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

And what of Gladys? You will not be surprised to hear that after reading a full account of our adventures she decided to marry a less remarkable man.

Sic Vos non Vobis.

[The representatives of the eleven Powers have presented a protest to the Chinese Government against the hypothecation of a part of the salt gabelle, the whole of which is subject to prior charges and pledged in payment of the Boxer indemnity.]

'Twas ever thus in shine or shower;

We never ear-marked in Cathay

A likely source of pelf or power

But 'twas the first to melt away;

We never nursed a salt gabelle

To pay us our indem-ni-ty,

But China, when she knew us well,

Would pledge it elsewhere on the sly.

ONE OF OUR SUFFERERS.

THERE is no question before the country of more importance than that of National Health. In my own small way I have made something of a study of it, and when a Royal Commission begins its enquiries, I shall put before it the evidence which I have accumulated. I shall lay particular stress upon the health of Thomson.

"You'll beat me to-day," he said, as he swung his club stiffly on the first tee; "I shan't be able to hit a ball."

"You should have some lessons," I suggested.

Thomson gave a snort of indignation.

"It's not *that*," he said. "But I've been very seedy lately, and—"

"That's all right; I shan't mind. I haven't played a thoroughly well man for a month, now."

"You know, I think my liver—"

I held up my hand.

"Not before my caddie, please," I said severely; "he is quite a child."

Thomson said no more for the moment but hit his ball hard and straight along the ground.

"It's perfectly absurd," he said with a shrug; "I shan't be able to give you a game at all. Well, if you don't mind playing a sick man—"

"Not if you don't mind being one," I replied, and drove a ball which also went along the ground, but not so far as my opponent's. "There! I'm about the only man in England who can do that when he's quite well."

The ball was sitting up nicely for my second shot, and I managed to put it on the green. Thomson's, fifty yards farther on, was reclining in the worst part of a bunker which he had forgotten about.

"Well, really," he said, "there's an example of luck for you. *Your ball—*"

"I didn't do it on purpose," I pleaded. "Don't be angry with me."

He made two attempts to get out and then picked his ball up. We walked in silence to the second tee.

"This time," I said, "I shall hit the sphere properly," and with a terrific swing I stroked it gently into a gorse bush. I looked at the thing in disgust and then felt my pulse. Apparently I was still quite well. Thomson, forgetting about his liver, drove a beauty. We met on the green.

"Five," I said.

"Only five?" asked Thomson suspiciously.

"Six," I said, holing a very long putt.

Thomson's health had a relapse. He took four short putts and was down in seven.

"It's really rather absurd," he said, in a conversational way, as we went to the next tee, "that putting should be so ridiculously important. Take that hole, for instance. I get on the green in a perfect three; you fluff your drive completely and get on in—what was it?"

"Five," I said again.

"Er—five. And yet you win the hole. It is rather absurd, isn't it?"

"I've often thought so," I admitted readily. "That is to say, when I've taken four putts. I'm two up."

On the third tee Thomson's health became positively alarming. He missed the ball altogether.

"It's ridiculous to try to play," he said with a forced laugh. "I can't see the ball at all."

"It's still there," I assured him.

He struck at it again and it hurried off into a ditch.

"Look here," he said, "wouldn't you rather play the pro.? This is not much of a match for you."

I considered. Of course a game with the pro. would be much pleasanter than a game with Thomson, but ought I to leave him in his present serious condition of health? His illness was approaching its critical stage, and it was my duty to pull him through if I could.

"No, no," I said. "Let's go on. The fresh air will do you good."

"Perhaps it will," he said hopefully. "I'm sorry I'm like this, but I've had a cold hanging about for some days, and that on the top of my liver—"

"Quite so," I said.

The climax was reached at the next hole, when, with several strokes in hand, he topped his approach shot into a bunker. For my sake he tried to look as though he had *meant* to run it up along the ground, having forgotten about the intervening hazard. It was a brave effort to hide from me the real state of his health, but he soon saw that it was hopeless. He sighed and pressed his hand to his eyes. Then he held his fingers a foot away from him, and looked at them as if he were trying to count them correctly. His state was pitiable, and I felt that at any cost I must save him.

I did. The corner was turned at the fifth, where I took four putts.

"You aren't going to win *all* the holes," he said grudgingly, as he ran down his putt.

Convalescence set in at the sixth when I got into an impossible place and picked up.

"Oh, well, I shall give you a game yet," he said. "Two down."

The need for further bulletins ceased at the seventh hole, which he played really well and won easily.

"A-ha, you won't beat me by *much*," he said, "in spite of my liver."

"By the way, how *is* the liver?" I asked.

"Your fresh-air cure is doing it good. Of course it may come on again, but —" He drove a screamer. "I think I shall be all right," he announced.

"All square," he said cheerily at the ninth. "I fancy I'm going to beat you now. Not bad, you know, considering you were four up. Practically speaking I gave you a start of four holes."

I decided that it was time to make an effort again, seeing that Thomson's health was now thoroughly re-established. Of the next seven holes I managed to win three and halve two. It is only fair to say, though (as Thomson did several times), that I had an extraordinary amount of good luck, and that he was dogged by ill-fortune throughout. But this, after all, is as nothing so long as one's health is above suspicion. The great thing was that Thomson's liver suffered no relapse; even though, at the seventeenth tee, he was one down and two to play.

And it was on the seventeenth tee that I had to think seriously how I wanted the match to end. Thomson at lunch when he has won is a very different man from Thomson at lunch when he has lost. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was in rather a happy position. If I won, I won—which was jolly; if I lost, Thomson won—and we should have a pleasant lunch.

However, as it happened, the match was halved.

"Yes, I was afraid so," said Thomson; "I let you get too long a start. It's absurd to suppose that I can give you four holes up and beat you. It practically amounts to giving you four bisques."

"What about lunch?" I suggested.

"Good; and you can have your revenge afterwards." He led the way into the pavilion. "Now I wonder," he said, "what I can safely eat. I want to be able to give you *some* sort of a game this afternoon."

Well, if there is ever a Royal Commission upon the national physique I shall insist on giving evidence. For it seems to me that golf, far from improving the health of the country, is actually undermining it. Thomson, at any rate, since he has taken to the game, has never been quite fit. A. A. M.

From "To-day's Anniversaries" in *The Daily Telegraph* :—

"The White Prince drowned . . . 1120." In the unfortunate sinking of the Black Ship.



SIGHTS THAT HELP TO MAKE LONDON WORTH LIVING IN.

SHORT-SIGHTED AND SHORT-TEMPERED PLEASURE-SEEKER, WHO HAS JUST GOT A MINUTE TO CATCH HIS TRAIN, STANDING AT WHAT HE TAKES TO BE THE END OF THE BOOKING-OFFICE QUEUE.

LA MORT DU CYGNE.

(A North-Western Agony.)

A CONSTABLE is standing by;
He does not think my brain is gone;

He sees no madness in my eye
As I approach the swan;
He simply says, "Here is a gent
Of rather soft and easy bent,
Who loiters here without intent;
I do not deem it to be my
Business to move him on."

He does not know the bard beneath
The humdrum tenant of the flat;
He does not see the laurel wreath
(I wear an old squash hat)

As morn by morn with lumps of cake

I feed the swan that swims the lake—

Perhaps you think it a mistake
To call a pond on Hampstead Heath
So proud a name as that?

I do not care; the point is this,
That tears of pity course in rills
When I behold the Cockney's bliss
On these Arcadian hills;

Their hearts are filled with comic cuts,
Their spirit moves in sordid ruts,
They shy away at cocoanuts;
Romantic sense is what they miss;
I mean to give them thrills.

Full sudden on the breezes borne
An ecstasy shall round them play,
A wonder shall entrance the morn
Of next Bank Holiday;
And Alf shall say, "What-ho" to Liz,

"That is a rare old shine, that is,
It beats the concertina biz;
Twasn't a blooming motor-horn,
It's that there duck, I say."

For lo! I shall have lured the bird
(So unsuspectingly he feeds)
With poisoned doughnuts. And the herd

That all too seldom heeds
The heavenly fire, the voice of song,
Down to the water's edge shall throng
(Bringing their cocoanuts along)

With pallid lips, with hearts upstirred,
To where amidst the reeds

The wild strain echoes, as on starred
And moonlight-silvered waters wan
It swelled aforetime, ere the hard
Commercial years crept on.

And, rising out of this, will be
Some trouble with the L.C.C.
Which ought to prove a puff for me:—

"Astounding case at Hampstead. Bard
Assassinates a swan." EVOR.

Our First Aid Classes.

Extract from an essay:—

"There are four cures for a cold in the head;
the first two I cannot remember, but the other
two are fortunately well-known."

"I was not beyond the reach of English
newspapers; in fact I used to see the Parish
edition of the *Daily Mail* nearly every day."

Hilghworth & Sevenhampton Parish Magazine.
One has not lived until one has read
the "Society Notes" in the *Hilghworth
& Sevenhampton Daily Mail.*

"A poverty-stricken peasant named Timotieff, in the Yenisel district of Siberia, has just discovered a large quantity of gold under his hat."—*Peak Downs Telegram.*

Compare "Brain is Money" in our series of "Talks with the Young."



Husband (with bad cold, reading out war news to his wife). "I SEE THE BULGARIANS HAVE TAKEN—A-A-TCHER-T-TISHAH!"
 Wife. "OH, NO, DEAR; I THINK THAT MUST BE A MISTAKE—THEY TOOK THAT PLACE LAST WEEK."

FROM THE BACK SEAT OF WAR.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MRANJA, October 30.

I.

THERE is a sudden commotion in the market-place. Bright eyes pop up above apples, grapes, red wine, white cheeses, tomatoes the size of plums, and plums the size of tomatoes, for there is a sound of horsehoofs in the distance. News from the front! At last we are to know the truth! A buzz of conversation arises, and a cheese is knocked over.

But it is only a farmer's wife, late in from the country, seated in a prehistoric vehicle, which also contains apples, grapes, red wine, white cheeses, tomatoes the size of plums, and plums the size of tomatoes. The voices die away and the bright eyes disappear, but pulses continue to beat quickly, for we have had a taste of War.

I purchase a tomato for my lunch, and pass on. The tomato is no larger than a plum, but in war one must shrug one's shoulders at hardship.

II.

I have ridden out a mile from the town in the direction of Muskub!

A straight, dusty road stretches before me; to the right lies a long, low, white building; to the left another building,

equally long, equally low, and equally white. In the distance a motor-car is speeding. Surely . . . but a close examination through field-glasses reveals the fact that it is moving away from me. Still no copy!

An old man, slightly bent and a little bowed in the legs, approaches. His boots are dusty, though it rained only a fortnight ago, and his nose is hooked. He carries a basket; perhaps he may bring news of the War.

I address the man in English, in French, in German, but he shakes his head. I speak a few words in Welsh, and say "Good morning" in Esperanto, and still he only mutters something in what I strongly suspect to be Serb, a language with which I am not acquainted. But a War Correspondent is not thus easily baffled. Consulting my compass, I point approximately in the direction of Yanitza. He turns, shades his eyes with his disengaged hand, looks, and shakes his head. I imitate with my fingers the motions of two armies meeting in battle; again he shakes his head. I point to the basket; he opens it and offers me an unripe tomato, which I politely decline. Nerv- ing myself for a great effort, I dash forward, emulating the movements of cavalry advancing into action and at the same time emitting from my mouth

a very fair imitation of big guns booming several miles away.

I look round. The man is gone. The language of signs has failed me.

It is the fortune of War.

III.

The Press Censor sits in his office—a cheerful, smiling little man, who receives my telegram with infinite courtesy.

Suddenly he speaks a few words to the orderly beside him, who instantly produces a shining knife. The whole thing has occurred so quickly that I have barely time to pull out my pen, and my heart hammers against my ribs as I snatch off the cap.

The orderly picks up the blue pencil and sharpens it carefully. I sheathe my pen and go out.

IV.

Sentries carrying rifles appear at the street corners. It is nearly ten o'clock, and at ten o'clock, by order of the Generalissimo, lights must be extinguished and every citizen must retire within doors. Such is martial law!

Above me the stars shine, but the moon has either not risen or has sunk. A sentry coughs.

The lights go out and the streets are dark. Still the stars shine and there is no moon. In the distance a clock strikes slowly ten times.

It is ten o'clock.



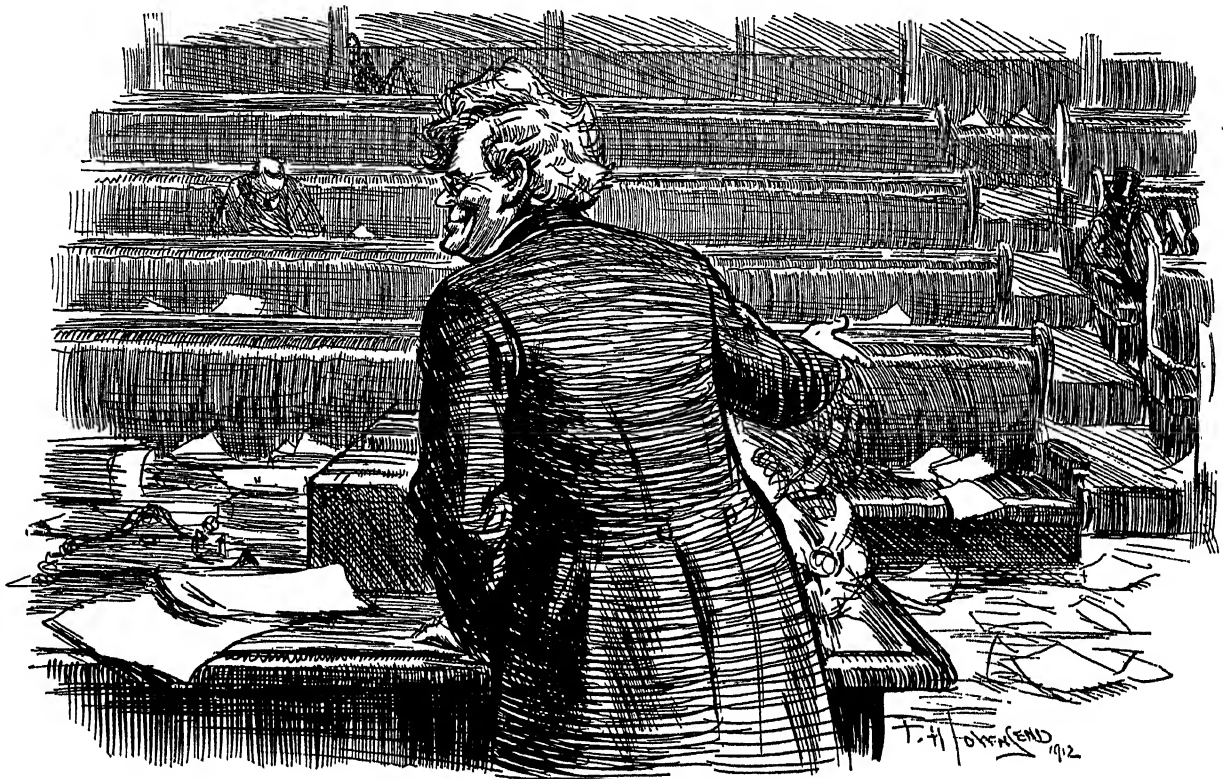
THE WATCHERS.

AUSTRIA (*emerging from the sick-room*). "POOR OLD STATUS QUO! I WAS VERY MUCH ATTACHED TO HIM. I SHALL BE CHIEF MOURNER."

RUSSIA. "AH, WELL—IN THAT CASE I TOO SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO CONSOLÉ MYSELF."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. "Sir, it is matter for painful regret to me that the Closure should curtail the arguments of the eager and crowded ranks that face me."

House of Commons, Monday, October 28.—Interesting treatise might be written on subject of extinct volcanoes in House of Commons. On historic occasion DIZZY (in Opposition) touched upon it. With characteristic lightness he confined his observations to occupants of Ministerial Bench and did not carry them beyond a single sentence. There are some score of men even in the present House who would supply material for a chapter in suggested biographical work.

Take for example the Member for Holderness Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire. On his appearance in the House a dozen years ago A. S. WILSON at once assumed the leading position natural to the modesty and energy of youth. His activity was to some extent fettered by political situation of the hour. One of the choicest fruits of Khaki election, he, on taking his seat, found himself a unit in overwhelming majority under leadership of PRINCE ARTHUR. In such circumstances, there is applicable a familiar nursery dictum. Good Ministerialists, like good children, may be seen but should not be heard.

It was after the great *débâcle* of 1905 that A. S. W. found his opportunity. Returned again by a dis-

criminating and faithful constituency, he was one of a minority without hope, temporarily without a leader. Here was his chance, and he made the most of it. "Are we downhearted?" the decimated Opposition feebly asked each other. Stridently the negative sounded from back Bench above Gangway to left of SPEAKER, where sat the realised hope of the Holderness Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire. With light heart he confronted triumphant Ministers seated in gateway of their overcrowded camp. By questions pertinent and impertinent, by interruption of ordered speeches, by inopportune outbursts of ironical cheering, he kept the Unionist flag flying.

Of late years a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. Although, with reasonable measure of regularity, his face was seen in the familiar quarter, his voice was never heard.

Spell broken to-night by fresh testimony of Ministerial tyranny. Suddenly the volcano, regarded as extinct, burst afresh in flame. At four o'clock this afternoon House resumed Committee on Home Rule Bill, taking in hand Clauses V. and VI., with knowledge that, if discussion were not concluded at 10.30, aid of guillotine would be invoked. Still engaged upon discussion

of one of half a hundred amendments to Clause V. when fateful blade fell. Amendments ruthlessly cut away; Clause added to Bill.

Then the soul of A. S. WILSON stirred within him. The silence of several sessions was broken. "Do you call this fair discussion?" he inquired, addressing himself pointedly to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. No reply forthcoming, he supplied it. "It is a perfect farce," he roared.

Having once more found his voice, he used it with even greater effect when in due course Clause VI. was submitted from the Chair, without a moment's discussion of the many amendments that filled the paper.

"Not one word of discussion," A. S. W. remarked. That was perhaps obvious. What followed made amends for anything approaching the commonplace. Bending forward in his seat, unconsciously making with left hand gesture as if drawing a toga more closely over his shoulder, he stretched an accusing forefinger towards faltering figures on Treasury Bench opposite, and declaimed the following lines:—

Go and tell the country you are not allowing Free discussion on the Home Rule Bill.

Something in stinging melody of the lines, emphasised by dramatic action,

that reminded Sir WILLIAM ANSON of outburst of the great Roman who heard passed upon him sentence of banishment:—

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From constant contact with the things I loathe?

These unpremeditated literary coincidences always interesting to scholars.

Business done.—Two more Clauses added to Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday, 6.30 P.M.—Again in Committee on Home Rule Bill. Clause VII. dumbly waiting arrival of guillotine. Amendment raising question of working of Lord Lieutenant's Veto to Bills passed in Irish Parliament moved from Opposition side. FETHERSTONHAUGH on his legs supporting it. He was, he forlornly said, asked to trust the majority of Irish people endowed with privilege of self-government. With record of past thirty years in his mind, how could he?

"The story of those thirty years," he added, "is one of boycott, outrage, intimidation and murder."

This he said, turning towards seat of Irish leader below Gangway, speaking in dispassionate voice and manner, as if he were asking him to pass the salt.

"Was it BURKE who said you cannot frame an indictment against a nation? FETHERSTONHAUGH can."

Thus SARK, in meditative mood, glancing round array of empty Benches. This the ninth day of Committee on Bill. Opposition loudly complain that allotted period is all too short for work of such supreme importance. And what use do they make of it, such as it is? Only part of Chamber with any gathering of a crowd, any flicker of animation, is the Strangers' Gallery. Innocent public, taught that fabric of Empire is in danger of being riven to its centre, struggle for places whence they may watch a fight scarcely less momentous than that going forward at this very hour in Thrace. Remembering Ulster Day with its excited crowds, its wooden armament, its Royal salute to barristers out on the warpath, they reasonably anticipate something lively, probably tragic. A blackthorn bout across the Table between GENERAL CARSON, K.C., and WINSTON would be the very least they might look for.

Behold the scene they gaze down upon. On Treasury Bench sit two

Ministers, one (St. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL) yawning, the other (WILLIAM JONES) smiling. HARRY CHAPLIN has Front Opposition Bench all to himself. Brought down with him sheaf of notes. Occupies spare time by covering himself with loose leaves as if he were one of the Babes in the Wood. Immediately behind him stands FETHERSTONHAUGH lamenting his countrymen's unconquerable tendency to murder and rapine. Above Gangway behind Treasury Bench sit two Members forlornly apart. Below Gangway on same side are eleven, six being of the Labour class who have no call to afternoon drives in the Park, nor desire to stroll about the Terrace. The Irish Nationalist camp is deserted, notably by its captain. A

interrupted address, Members who had pleased the WHIP by running in to "make a House" pleasing themselves by incontinently strolling forth again.

Yet it would be difficult to exaggerate importance of business to the fore, involving vital interests of the Empire betrayed by a reckless Government that will not allot more than twenty-seven days to Committee stage of their iniquitous Bill.

This, as already mentioned, is the ninth day.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill ran narrow risk of being counted out. On division taken at 10.30 P.M. 540 Members voted, giving Government majority of 114. Not even the odd 40 had heard the debate throughout.



"As if he were one of the Babes in the Wood."
(RT. HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.)

thin black line of British Members runs along Front Bench below Gangway on Opposition side. On Benches behind that on which rounded contour of HARRY CHAPLIN's figure is steadily disappearing under scattered pages of his manuscript are seated as many as ten Members, chiefly from Ulster, each evidently on the spot to take advantage of opportunity to make a speech.

This condition of things continuing through next hour, a count was moved. For anxious moment there appeared risk of farce terminating in tragedy of House counted out, by reason of impossibility of keeping within hail forty Members to assume the virtue of interest in the debate even if they had it not. By desperate effort of Government Whip grotesque conclusion averted. A quorum was mustered, avowed by the SPEAKER and verified. Whereupon BUTCHER resumed his

THE SECRET FLAME.

ALL well-furnished houses should have boxes of wooden matches scattered about them wherever the eye may fall, nestling on every ledge, crouching in every cranny; softly and gently they should insinuate themselves into the hand of the smoker without conscious effort on his part; it is only so that the train of lofty thought can continue uninterrupted. It is the invariable habit, however, of domestic servants to take away all boxes of matches but one out of a room, and hide them carefully in the remotest grottoes of the kitchen.

I explained all this at some length to Elmira, and she said, "Mary will get you another box of matches if you ring the bell, dear." I was justly annoyed.

"When the great Sir WALTER RALPHIGH," I began again, "returned from the newly discovered continent of America, he brought back with him two priceless boons, potatoes to cheer the soul of woman, and tobacco to solace the heart of man. In those barbaric days, however, it was still necessary to replenish the fire of the sacred hearth-pipe with a red-hot coal held carefully in the tongs—tongs must have been made to open in those times—and it was not until some extraordinary genius, pacing alone amidst blue-shadowed forests of pines, had been struck with their remarkable commercial possibilities, that a new and better era began to dawn. This man met and confabulated with two other master minds: the one had travelled abroad, and gazed upon the terrible grandeur of the sulphur mines of Sicily, possibly also had read

the *Inferno* of DANTE, the other had spent hours rowing about in the moonlit sea, watching the phosphorescent water drip from the quiet oar blades. Out of this union of mighty spirits came the great discovery. Thenceforward illimitable foison—" But Elmira had gone away to order the dinner.

That morning I went out stealthily, and bought a dozen boxes of Cygnet Pine Vestas and locked them up carefully in the drawer of my writing-desk.

A few days afterwards, when Elmira came to dust it (this, of course, cannot be entrusted to a servant), she tried to open the locked drawer. "Hallo! what's in there?" she said. "Nothing," I answered, blushing rather guiltily. "Nothing—only some old things I was going to burn."

Elmira turned rather pale. She did not speak, but I feel convinced that this is not the end. Next time that I am out in the evening there will be a rather dramatic little episode in our flat. The door of my study will open very softly, the light will be switched on, and Elmira will appear in her dressing-gown with her hair down. I don't know why, but somehow this appears to be the correct costume for crises of the sort. She will go to the opposite end of the room in a crouching attitude, and look behind the window curtains. Then she will say, "Hist!" lay her finger on her lip, and steal up to the desk. She will have a gimlet or a bradawl, or possibly an adze in her hand. There will be a very tense moment indeed while she fumbles noisily with the lock, and once she will look round over her right shoulder with a guilty start. . . . Then at last the drawer will burst open, and she will find—well, I have told you what she will find. But it will not be the regulation packet of love-letters, dust-covered and yellowing with age. And the audience, if it has in its veins the blood I credit it with, will demand its money back at the door.

BACON'S SYMPHONIES.

THE wide range of works hitherto attributed to other authors but now incontestably proved to have emanated from the brain and pen of the omniscient BACON has been further enlarged by a momentous discovery, details of which have been communicated to us by the famous composer, Professor Bilger.

Briefly stated, the discovery amounts to this, that BACON=BEEHÖVEN+BACH.

The proofs are as follows:—

If we take the name FRANCIS we find the letters F, A and S stand for the



Blood (to the latest in Commissionaires). "OH—ER—COULD YOU GET US A—TAXI, OR—HAY-WAGGON, OR SOMETHING?"

key signatures of three of BEEHÖVEN'S symphonies, viz.: No. 6 in F, No. 7 in A, and No. 3 in E flat, or Es in its German equivalent.

But the surname BACON is even richer in corroborative evidence. For not only are the initial and final letters (B and N) identical with those of BEEHÖVEN, but the intervening letters A C O stand for Associate of the College of Organists.

Again, BEEHÖVEN was born at Bonn, which obviously stands for B(ac)ONN. His Christian name was LUDWIG, which, when separated into its component parts, "(my) Lud" and "wig," points with irresistible force to the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lastly, the identification of BACON

with the Leipzig Cantor leaps to the eye when the two names BACON and BACH are set side by side, the "H" having been added merely as a blind.

Professor Bilger is also inclined to believe that BACON was SPOHR, but the chain of evidence is not yet complete. He has however shown that BACON is "Speck" in German, and "speck" in English = "spot," the difference of which from SPOHR is so slight as to be negligible.

"The export of Irish eggs last year to the United Kingdom was the second largest in total quantity and value, amounting to 6,488,776, and the value is returned at £2,940,227."—*Liverpool Echo*.

This makes an omelette rather an expensive affair.

AT THE PLAY.

"CALLISTO" AND "THE LITTLE DREAM."

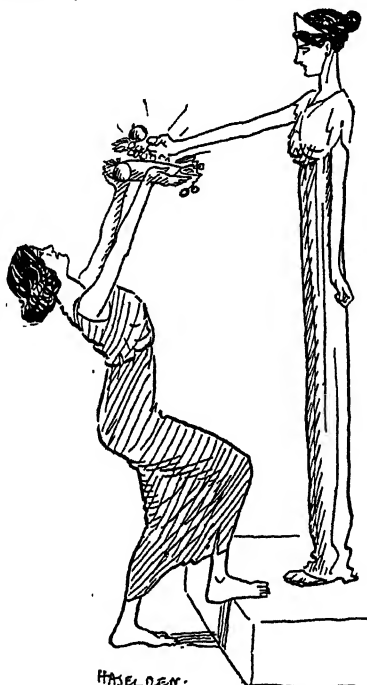
WHEN the first scene of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT'S Ballet without words showed us an Academy for Young Gentlewomen (kept by *Artemis*) going through their callisthenics with a very perfect propriety, I wondered a little what the author was doing in so correct a company. But when one of the pupils *Callisto*, was rusticated for unsociable conduct, and to her, in her solitary depression, entered a piping Faun (Mr. FRASER OUTRAM), who executed a delightful MAURICE dance, I recognised my HEWLETT, and was confident that the young lady would shortly be consoled. (I hope, by the way, that *Callisto*, in her subsequent home-life with the Faun, hinted to him that there should be a more obvious collusion between his pipe and the orchestral flute.) Miss MARGARET MORRIS was really excellent in all moods—virginal, amorous, maternal—for *Callisto* becomes the mother of the dearest little boy-girl (Miss IRIS ROWE)—and finally dolorous and repentant. A charming dance-suite and very well suited to the capacity of Miss MORRIS' pupils.

I cannot honestly say the same for Mr. GALSWORDY'S *Little Dream*. On paper it would probably be pleasant enough, but for stage purposes it was too full of impracticable allegory. Its motive was the moral contrast between the appeal of Nature's solitude and the attractions of the life of the town. The two were typified in the solid flesh by a native guide and a mountaineering tourist from the gay city—each in love with a soft-spoken and very ladylike cow-girl, resident among the Dolomites. They were also represented, with equal solidity, by two local peaks, the Cow Horn and the Wine Horn. Taking turns, with the limelight alternately on each to show which was supposed to be speaking, these two dangerous peaks threw off a deal of sombre rhetoric illustrative of their respective points of view. I never rightly understood, by the way, the nice distinction drawn between this pair of natural excrescences—why one mountain should represent the aloofness of Nature, and the other (no less a part of Nature) should typify the whirl of human society.

Anon, on the wings of a dream, we were conveyed to the haunts of fashion. Here a veritable orgy of incongruities met our astounded gaze. There was the ladylike cow-girl from the Dolomites; a mute in classical drapery; a Florentine mandolinist; the mountaineering tourist in full twentieth-century evening dress with white waistcoat; a goat-god

from the period of Pan, and several symbolic dancers of no particular era. It was like a canvas by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE. As for the goat-god, I think he must have drifted in by mistake out of Mr. HEWLETT'S ballet. I was not surprised that the health of the cow-girl from the Dolomites visibly declined in this riotous atmosphere. My wonder was reserved for Miss MARGARET MORRIS, that so intelligent a lady should have chosen an allegory that offered so few natural openings to her company of dancers.

Mr. GALSWORDY'S allegory was followed by a selection from a generous



"O, take the nasty fruit away,
I won't have any fruit to-day."

Callisto Miss MARGARET MORRIS.
Artemis Miss WINIFRED DURIE.

programme of isolated dances. It suffered a check, I understand, from the intervention of the London County Council, who insisted on putting the children to bed by 10 P.M. Another difficulty was the darkness of the auditorium, which compelled me to step out into the lighted passage if I wanted to identify the item in the programme. Miss KATHLEEN DILLON danced a very charming "*Sylphide*," but the best performance was Miss MARGARET MORRIS'S very vivacious rendering of (I think) an "*Arabesque*" of DEBUSSY'S, though she danced with bare feet on a soft carpet when the music wanted the ring of heels on a hard floor.

She was good, too, in funereal vein, but "*The Death-Dance of Graine*" was too protracted for a spectacle of grief. Indeed there was too little interpretation of actual dance-music, too much of mere

mimetic movement. All ended with an extremely decorous "*Bacchanale*," which, apart from Miss MORRIS'S share in it, might have figured with acceptance in the programme of any school-girls' entertainment—parents admitted.

I venture to compliment the Mistress of the Ceremonies. Miss MORRIS has a youthful and gracious figure (would I could say as much of all our "*classical*" dancers!); a most intelligent face, not given to vacant smiling; a fine suppleness of limb; and an instant sensitiveness for the suggestions of her theme. And, if she cannot impart all her trained gifts to her young pupils, she has at least taught them something more than the first principles of an art which can never be learnt in perfection without ripe experience and the development of individuality. And by that time the gift of youth, the best gift of all, is so often gone.

O. S.

"TWO FOR MIRTH."

(*The Magpies of St. James's*.)

PRED daws that flit
And flirt your tails
Among the grit
And soot that sails
Upon our urban breezes,
Each wintry morn
Your moods I mark
Where all forlorn
St. James's Park
Shows little else that pleases!

Though walking to
My daily desk,
Your jet-black blue,
Your picturesque
Pure white amid the dreary
Rain-sodden air
And fallen leaves,
Oh, jolly pair
Of dapper thieves,
Seem admirably cheery!

"For sadness one,"
The saying went,
"A pair for fun
And merriment;"
So, friends of dainty feather,
The oracles
Of happy Fate,
Of kindly spells
And fortunate,
I hail you both together!

And cheered of mind
I go my ways,
Though chill the wind
And though the day's
As sombre as a Quaker,
Since here you pry
Upon the grass—
Good luck, say I
For all who pass
Through good St. James's acre!



Notoriously "Hard Funder" (commenting on his new horse). "FINE PERFORMER HE IS, TOO. JUMPED THREE GATES WITH ME THE OTHER DAY."
 Lady (innocently). "REALLY! BOLTED, I SUPPOSE?"

CORRESPONDENCE RE-ARRANGED.

(1) *Acknowledging the Receipt of a Wedding Present.*

DEAR MADAM,—Yours of the 23rd inst. to hand, with enclosure.

In thanking you for the same, we venture to mention a small matter. The mark on the bottom of the salver is not entirely distinct, and we are left in doubt as to whether it is the official Lion (indicating sterling silver) or another mark, pointing to someone's Patent Plate. In the circumstances we have deemed it wise to submit the article to an assayer, and we hope that his report will be to hand shortly.

Should our expert's view be as favourable as we hope and trust it will, we take this opportunity of reminding you that our Silver Wedding will be celebrated on the 25th day of November, 1937.

Thanking you for your kind favours in the past and respectfully soliciting the honour of their continuance in the future,

We remain, dear Madam,
 Your obedient Servants,
 MORRIS AND MORRIS.

(2) *To an Insurance Company.*

DEAREST,—All the long and tiresome formalities which have stood between us are now nearly at an end. In a word, you have, sweet, accepted all my proposals and we go through life together, its sorrows as well as its joys, its sickness, maladies, broken limbs, loss of eyes, fires, thefts from private residences and professional premises, shipwrecks, riots, mutinies, blockades, Acts of God and attacks of Foreign Princes. So far from parting us in the future, these things shall only draw us closer together. And, lastly, when the ultimate bond shall be sealed, I place my Life in your dear hands and think the annual sum of £23 13s. 4d. which I have settled upon you but a small price to pay for the many blessings and boons you are about to confer upon me.

Forgive me if I touch on a melancholy subject, but at this solemn time I must refer to that event, the mere idea of which is repulsive to both of us. When I die, my own, swear to me that you will not instantly forget all about me and all the promises you have made. But I feel assured.

Your JOHN.

(3) *Answer to a Money-Lender's Letter.*

Mr. John Morris greatly regrets that, owing to the pressure of prior and long-standing engagements, he is unable to accept Mr. Levinstein's kind invitation to call on him personally at his office and negotiate a loan for any sum from five pence to five million pounds.

(4) *Answer to an Invitation to Dine.*

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your memo. of the 23rd ult., our client, Mr. John Morris, instructs us to inform you that he has placed the same in our hands and given us authority, as his solicitors, to represent and protect his interests. This, we take it, includes not only the accepting of service of notices, etc., but also the duty of entering an appearance for him, when the proper time comes. With reference to the latter, will you be so good as to inform our Mr. Tibbs, who will attend to the matter, whether the occasion is such as to necessitate a white waistcoat?

Trusting to hear from you in the course of a post or two,

We remain, etc.,
 TIBBS AND TIBSON.

ZACYNTHUS.

I NOTICE that Mr. PLOWDEN, of the Marylebone Police Court, has been giving his views on the various tests of drunkenness and that he doesn't think much of those usually applied by the doctors—which is another blow to that suffering profession.

I happen to be in a position to give Mr. PLOWDEN some valuable help, for I possess the diaries of the Rev. Augustus Strongitharm, formerly of St. Paul's College, Oxford, who served his College and his University in many capacities, and was noted among his contemporaries for a dry and genial humour. At first sight there would not appear to be a very close relation between a College Don and the subject of drunkenness, but it must be remembered that Mr. Strongitharm was for some time a Proctor, and was thus brought into collision with many noisy young men, flown with insolence and wine, at a period when Oxford had not yet adopted the temperate methods of to-day. Mr. Strongitharm, it will be seen, had his own tests and found them very successful.

Here are some extracts from his MS. volumes:—

Nov. 5, 185.—Usual Town and Gown disturbances, but nothing serious. Intercepted a party of ten undergraduates. They fled, leaving one in my hands. He swayed a great deal from side to side, as well as backwards and forwards, so I asked him to repeat after me the words "my eldest brother is a rascal." At first he refused, saying he was not there to have his family insulted. Afterwards pleaded he was an only son, but finally consented, and did fairly well. Being asked to spell the word "rascal" he laughed loudly and made the attempt, saying with great solemnity "r—a-l-s-c-a," and adding that he knew he'd got the "l" in all right, and didn't care about the rest. He must be admonished.

Nov. 18, 185.—Salter, the youngest Fellow, distresses me by his inability to carry his wine like a gentleman. In Common Room to-night he grew noisy. Finally, to test him, I asked him if he had read *As You Like It*. Replied that he knew the blessed thing by his blessed heart. Told him to say quickly—

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.

A ghastly failure. He then retired in dudgeon. The story will be all over Oxford to-morrow.

May 26, 185.—Bump suppers everywhere. Had a most lively and amusing evening. Met ten oarsmen, five being carried pick-a-back by the others. Engaged them in conversation and found them in a rather genial state of melancholy. Asked them one after another to repeat after me—"The British constitution is suited to British citizens and the constitution of Zacynthus is suited to Zacynthus's citizens." None of them got clear through the first three words, but they all insisted on repeating the whole passage and laughed heartily at one another. We broke up with three cheers for Zacynthus.

I have numerous additional examples if Mr. PLOWDEN would like them.

From an account in *The Daily Mirror* of "B.-P.'s" wedding present to his wife:

"The lettering is in green and gold. On the left side is a boy scout sitting at ease on his staff."

A common editorial feat.

"Advertiser, having £4 Income, requires Partner £1500 to £2000."

Advt. in "Scotsman."

A very natural desire.

SUGAR.

[A suggestion has been made that men should take to eating sweets instead of drinking alcohol. The results are said to be the same.]

AWAY, O juices of the grape, away!

To you and all strong waters, white or red,
I have been loyal, I regret to say,

For many a year; but now your spell is dead.
I do recant; and, from this present day,

I shall eat sweets instead.

I shall no longer, howsoever I pine,
Tackle the noonday dram or vinous lunch;

It shall suffice me, even when I dine,
Some saccharine substitute alone to munch;

Nay, I will conquer a strong taste of mine
For midnight brews of punch.

For there is news that gives one much to think,

News that the faculty has noised abroad,
That all the cheer and stingo of the Drink—

The alcoholic drink—is but a fraud;
That sugared almonds, be they white or pink,

Do just as well, when gnawed.

I am a faddist, and embrace this fad,

And, though it something try me at the first,
Some chocolate (how cheap) when I am sad,

Some acid-drops (how simple) when athirst,
Will do—and these combined will give a glad

Feeling when on the burst.

And why? 'Tis known that lovers of the grape

Put on a bibulous aspect plain to see,

Which has too often cooked their amorous goose,
Maids jibbing at the same; and it may be

That the bland sweet may work, with temperate use,
A dulcet spell on me.

And when that sugaring process is complete,

And I am sweetened for the privilege,
Of Julia then this boon will I entreat

(Ah, heaven!) that I may take a box and pledge
Her with a sweet, both from and to the sweet,

She having kissed its edge. DUM-DUM.

HOOTS!

IN a dissertation on the hooting nuisance, Mr. FILSON YOUNG writes as follows (the italics are his): "*Let the sounding of horns be prohibited for one month, say, in the Mayfair area, and then let the corpses be counted. I don't think there would be many.*"

Quite by chance we obtained in the palm court of the Hotel Cecil a quaint transatlantic view of the suggestion. "I have just seen in one of your evenin' noospapers," said a shrewd-looking man, "the smartest advertisement I have ever read on this side. Here it is, Sir—right slap in among matter, and printed in eyetalics so's to look like a li'erary extract which is too good to miss. Yes, Sir, I guess this Mayfair undertaker of yours is the slickest burier you've got; and if I ever die in this country I shall send for this FILSON YOUNG. I'm a business man, and I'd like to be buried by a business man."

War Note.

"The Isle of Man," we read, "has proclaimed its neutrality." This is a nasty set-back for the Greeba Castle contingent which Mr. HALL CAINE had thought of raising for the siege of Tarabosh.



First Vendor of Besoms. "I DON'T KNOW 'OW YOU SELLS 'EM FOR A PENNY. I STEALS THE 'AFTS, I STEALS THM BIRCH, AND I STEALS THE BINDIN'S AND 'AVE TO ASK TUPPENCE." Second Vendor of Besoms. "I STEALS 'EM READY-MADE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GALSWORDY'S new volume of collected comments of life and letters is happily named *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Mr. HEINEMANN'S windmill decks its title-page. It is a sober, restful and gentle book. Through it shines, with almost too intimate a sense of personality, so that one seems somehow to be eavesdropping, the sensitive, perplexed temperament of the fastidious and reflective weaver of exquisite words. One will place the studies according to one's bent. That of the two German brothers, bootmakers, with their splendid pride in their craft and their ultimate financial failure, is a beautiful sombre piece of portraiture, lighted with a human tenderness. The shafts of biting irony in "My Distant Relative"—the inveterate discreet sponger on aunts and others, who feels so strongly that the poor are being demoralised by having things done for them and thereby losing their fighting power—hits the very gold. It is written in a mood entirely characteristic of the maker of *The Silver Box*. "The Black Godmother," which describes a stupid unintentional cruelty to a dog, is almost too poignant in its revelation of the writer's tenderness for the dumbly suffering. "Memories," another dog study, will delight those who recall *John*, the spaniel of *The Country House*. But one runs on. There are deeper matters of criticism, speculation and protest; delicate matters of fancy. A rebuke to scribblers in the matter of overwriting themselves is given in "Wanted—schooling." And it is really jolly to find so fastidious a writer approv-

ing, by example, the tactful splitting of infinitives, which we all find so entirely convenient and are all too much of, literary snobs to commit—save by accident. After all language was made for man, not man for language!

Never having travelled in Andalucia, or for the matter of that in any other part of Spain, I am, I conceive, exceptionally well qualified to comment on *The Guadalupe* (CONSTABLE), a book written by PAUL GWYNNE. It does not, however, require a very large ignorance of the country described to appreciate Mr. GWYNNE'S book, for it has qualities that must commend it even to the most extensive Spanish travellers. It is the work of a man who is not only shrewd and observant, but also sympathetic and humorous—humorous, that is to say, without ostentation. He tells us that anything we like in his *olla podrida* is due entirely to his assistants. He gives a list of them, which includes CERVANTES (believed by some, he says, to have largely assisted BACON in the writing of *Don Quixote*), VELASQUEZ, MURILLO, and, in addition to these spiritual companions, DON ANGELO PIZARRO Y CABAS, who lent his corporal presence and who, though being made in the outer semblance of a brigand, possessed the most constant and patient kindness the author has ever met with in man. In reading this book I have found myself drawn almost insensibly by a spirit of agreeable banter from page to page and from chapter to chapter. I should have liked to linger at Villahueca or Villaharta, two neighbouring villages whose inhabitants detest and despise one another with an intense local patriotism. "The things that Villahueca knows of

Villaharta," says Mr. GWYNNE, "are enough to make every white-washed cottage in the latter place blush vivid rose-colour. Villaharta has a church without a steeple. And why? Because the people of Villaharta are so stupid that, when the steeple was half-built and they had no more material, they began pulling out the stones from underneath to place them on the top." Villaharta, on the other hand, knows that the inhabitants of Villahueca are sulky, ignorant, boorish, idiotic and immoral. Mr. GWYNNE approves patriotism and says "be hanged to the brotherhood of man." The book is agreeably and appropriately illustrated, but I failed to discover the name of the artist.

There is an undoubted fascination in the spectacle of an unpunished criminal doing good with his ill-gotten gains. Even if the gains were gotten considerably after his crime, and have no connection with it, the charm is almost as great. Such a central figure made the fortune of that most effective of melodramas, *The Silver King*; and might have done as much for Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' latest novel, *Mary Pechell* (METHUEN), if the writer had shown greater reliance upon him. But the story of *Richard Caryll*, and the delightfully ingenious fraud that started him on his career of fortune, are hardly (to my mind) handled for half what they should be worth. Thus the disclosure, when at last it comes about, loses in effect. For all that, *Mary Pechell* is a pleasant enough story, in its quiet way, and full of pleasant quiet folk. Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES is becoming something of a specialist in love-tales, and the present gives her scope for two

well-contrasted examples—that of *Mary Pechell* herself, hesitating between the suits of *John Ryman*, the virtuous egoist, and *Richard Caryll* (and eventually selecting, in the last chapter, that one whom you can probably already guess)—and the companion picture of dear old *Miss Rose Charmwood*, whose girlhood's love returns, as such persons do in books, to clasp her to his elderly breast. This, to do it justice, is an incident very tenderly and engagingly told. But, as I say, my favourite figure was *Caryll*, and I have only against him the feeling that as a most promising criminal he hardly represents quite the "source of innocent merriment" I had been led to expect.

According to the fat red book that tells me who everyone else is, one of "KATHARINE TYNAN'S" favourite recreations is talking to a good listener. One of mine (the others are golf and Sir JOHN BENN'S speeches in the L.C.C. debates) happens to be listening to a good talker. And that is just what I felt I was doing when I read her *Honey, My Honey* (SMITH, ELDER). For Mrs. HINKSON has so truly this gift of the good talker or story-teller that it doesn't much matter what she talks about. There is no need for her to tickle your palate with the newest problem of modern life. She can breathe freshness into characters and topics that have been used over and over again, as a clever needlewoman

will take an old-fashioned gown and turn it and twist it and gore it and busk it (I speak under correction) till it is as good as new, and need not fear to walk down Bond Street side-by-side with the latest creation of the most popular *modiste* of a hobble-skirted day. So that I mean no disrespect to her last book when I say that in her pleasant story of English country-house life she has used a good deal of old material. We all know the beneficent will that unfortunately never was signed, and the sweet daughter about to be sacrificed to an elderly husband to pay her father's debts, and even the homely New England Poppas and Mommas who come and settle in our ancestral homes, and how we look upon them as intruders till our young men and maidens fall in love with their fascinating fairy-like daughters and strong clean-shaven sons. We could all write about them, and marry them off in assorted couples, and make everything end happily and reasonably without going an inch outside our recollections of the produce of Grub Street. But we couldn't do it—that's where the good talker comes in—with the charm and

freshness of Mrs. HINKSON'S writing, which I personally find very soothing and recreative in the midst of a world that is full of trouble and bad novels.

There is an obvious danger in writing a book the farcical humour of which is mainly derived from the narrator of the story professing to be a fool, and with regret I have to say that Mr. EDWARD BURKE, in *Bachelors' Buttons* (JENKINS) has not overcome it. In fact, *Edward Delland* taxes my credulity to such an extent that I am inclined to say that no

one outside a lunatic asylum was ever quite so absurd as he was. We are asked to believe that this man, who, until he inherited a fortune, had been a master in a boys' college for seventeen years, did not know enough—generally speaking—"to come in out of the rain." Women simply scared him out of the few wits he had, and when he went to a registry office to engage servants he thought that he had to give *his* character, and performed other amazing (but not amusing) exploits while he was there. Neither can I say much in favour of the girl who married him; she was certainly robust enough and would have been a perfect terror in a mixed hockey match, but her feminine qualities left me cold. Among the crowd of disagreeable or eccentric characters, one village girl, *Melia Hamm*, is drawn so vividly that I hope in his next book Mr. BURKE will give up caricaturing duchesses—yes, there's a duchess—squires, and parsons' wives, and give us some real studies of the poor.

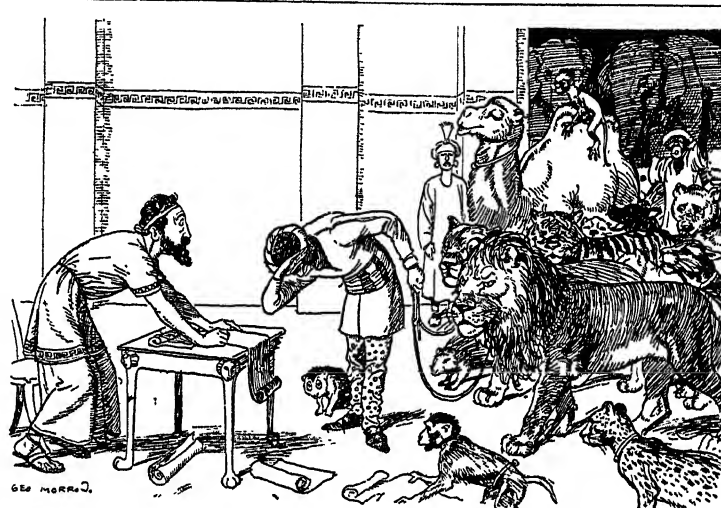
"ELECTRIC PALACE"

MR. PHILIP TONGE

will recite Tennyson's famous poem of 'THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.'

To-morrow afternoon arrangements have been made for the survivors to visit the theatre."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

We are sure Mr. TONGE will not be as deadly as that.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.
ALEXANDER THE GREAT SENDS ARISTOTLE A FEW SPECIMENS OF THE FAUNA OF ASIA TO ASSIST HIM IN HIS GREAT WORK ON NATURAL HISTORY.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE would have expected *The Irish Independent* to sympathise with an oppressed nation, and we must confess that it gave us something of a shock a few days ago, when glancing at our contemporary, to come across the following lines:—

"ON TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

BURGLARS' FINAL OBJECTIVE."

The Turks are said to be extremely annoyed with the so-called Powers, who declared, before the war, that in no event would either side be allowed to gain any permanent territorial advantage. The only reason, they say, which kept them from assuming the offensive was their reliance on this statement.

It is said that an influential group of young Scots is endeavouring to persuade Sir EDWARD GREY to put in a claim for Kirk Kilisse when the settlement comes.

Quite the most pathetic sight we have seen for some time confronted us, the other day, on the shelves of a second-hand bookseller's shop, in the form of a volume entitled "Is War now Impossible?" The price of it was absurd.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL announced last week that the question of the introduction of a penny postal rate between Great Britain and France is under consideration. Germany is said to feel flattered that the privilege of corresponding with her subjects is apparently acknowledged to be worth more than twice that amount.

WANTED AT ONCE.—Detectives of miniature stature, able to conceal themselves inside pillar-boxes and breathe in that confined space. Apply to The POSTMASTER-GENERAL. (Advt.)

Dr. MACNAMARA, in a speech at Camberwell, admitted that he had had "nerves" when addressing the House of Commons, and he attributed it to a feeling that somewhere in the House there was probably someone who knew a great deal more about the matter

under discussion than he himself. Yet we know certain Cabinet Ministers who are never nervous.

"The King motored yesterday morning from Newmarket to Chippenham Park, and an early move was made to the coverts. The birds rose well." We always make a point of doing this in the presence of Royalty.

We learn from the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* that Police-Lieutenant BECKER has been chosen president of the "Death House

entire question of the feeding of our police needs overhauling. It is not creditable that on ordinary occasions it should be left to the splendid public spirit of the cooks of the Metropolis to see that the men do not starve.

"What is a wordless play, Father?" "A wordless play, my son, is apparently an unspeakable production."

The Banner of Bacchus, which was borne in the Lord Mayor's procession as one of the emblems of the Vintners' Company, was, we hear, greeted at several points with loud cries of "Hooraysh!" by reverent tipplers.

"Some men," says the Fashion Expert of *The Evening Standard*, "are under the impression that if they are 'in mourning,' their evening ties should be black. This is wrong." But we do not so much object to these men as to those who, to judge by their ties, are in half-mourning.

"CYCLING NOTES BEAUTIES MISSED BY THE MOTORIST."

Thus a contemporary, and the statement is confirmed by a couple of young ladies who write to tell us that more than once, while crossing the road, they have escaped a motor-bike by a hair's breadth.

Autumn Fashions.

"The elder bridesmaids wore dresses of amethyst silk taffeta and black picture hats to match, and wore breeches the gift of the bridegroom."

People's Weekly Journal.

From the Daily Orders of an Indian Cavalry regiment:—

"The Commanding Officer wishes the inside of the men's horses to be whitewashed." How many a vain wish each one of us has uttered!—and life still goes on.

The Natal Advertiser, announcing the discovery of a skeleton, says:

"We understand that there is a mark on the skull, which bears the appearance of a button-hole, but of course there is only bare speculation to go upon."

My dear Watson, it is perfectly simple. The man lived on the top of a hill, and used a stud to keep his hat on in the wind. Pass the hypodermic syringe.



S.W. Stanley.

THE TERROR OF BOND STREET.

"PIPPA PASSES" (NEW VERSION).

Club" at Sing Sing Prison by eleven of his fellow-prisoners who are also under sentence of death. No one, we are sure, will grudge Lieutenant BECKER any little compliment of this sort.

A telegram from Lima, Peru, informs us that Lieutenant DEVILLA has been arrested by order of the Minister of Justice on a charge of complicity in the Putumayo rubber atrocities. If callousness of name means anything they have got hold of the right man.

The Police Review publishes a protest against the lack of provision made for supplying constables with food on big occasions such as strikes and state functions. It seems to us that the

THE PERFECT GOLFER.

As a set off to the life-like portrait, drawn in *Mr. Punch's* last issue, of Thomson, the very human golfer, who ascribes his failures to his opponent's luck and his own liver, I am tempted to submit a slight sketch of the perfect match-losing temperament as I observed it—for the last time, I hope—in the person of that paragon of golfers, Gabriel Goodwin.

When we met on the first tee yesterday his face wore an extreme pallor, the result of a recent nasty attack of influenza.

"Going strong?" I asked, for I am not in the habit of making concessions to the health of my opponents.

"Never fitter in my life," he answered cheerily.

"Been playing much lately?" I asked.

"No," he said; "but I'm always better after a rest. I ought to do pretty well to-day."

He drove off and topped the ball badly. As it approached the cross-bunker a brave smile lit up his filmy eye. "Serves me right," he said genially. Then, as the ball scrambled over and lay clear beyond, "Tut! tut!" he said with a frown; "just my luck!" I responded with a hard low drive that should have travelled 250 yards at least, but it caught the bunker full in the face and fell in.

"Just your luck!" he said, and was obviously pained. And indeed I could see that he took little pleasure in winning the hole with three strokes to spare.

On the second tee he sliced hopelessly into the rough. "Funny thing," he said; "it isn't as if I wasn't feeling fit."

I followed suit in the same direction. "A bit off colour—what?" he said sympathetically.

Both balls were lost. He left his caddie to search for his, and came over and found mine for me. His own was never retrieved.

"All square," I said. I saw no occasion to refer to his bad luck, but he clearly felt that the thing might be weighing on my mind, so he just said, "Mine was much the worse shot; and, anyhow, if I'd found my ball I doubt if it would have been playable."

At the seventh green (he was now three up, in face of the most execrable fortune) a marvellous recovery from a bunker laid his ball dead.

"Good," I said, for I could afford to be lavish, having something in hand this time. "Pure fluke," he answered.

I had three putts for the hole and scratched the first two of them.

"I'm afraid you're not in the best of health," he said.

"Oh, I'm all right," I answered snappily.

I had still a four-foot putt to win the hole and missed it. "Have it again!" said Goodwin; "I put you off by telling my caddie to keep still."

"The hole is halved," I said coldly.

After the turn, where he was five up, he visibly tired, and once or twice he swayed as if he would fall. Indeed, at the thirteenth hole, where a gallant brassey shot just trickled him into the water-bunker (two strokes later I hopped it with a fluffed iron, without protest on his part or comment on mine) a touch of vertigo nearly toppled him in while he was fishing his ball out. "Anyhow, it wanted washing," was all he said.

At the sixteenth hole, after an unparalleled run of luck, I had him down to one. Every time that I just fell short of a bunker he would say, "Well judged!" and when I scraped through he would say, "Hard luck! Took all the run off your ball!"

At the seventeenth he could hardly stand, and missed a 9-inch putt. "All square!" I said, on a note of triumph. "Anybody's game," he replied brightly.

At the eighteenth he was within a foot-and-a-half with his third. I had to play the odd from fifteen yards away, and the match was as good as over. At the best I could only hope to halve it. I putted desperately and lipped the hole, laying him a dead stymie. He had two for a half, and his plain business was to take no risks. But a gay smile broke over his wan cheek as he called aloud for his niblick. "One seldom gets a chance of trying this stroke," he said, "and now's an excellent opportunity."

I breathed a short sharp prayer that he might knock me in and remain outside himself.

He did.

"I've often wanted to see that done," he said, with a rippling laugh.

"My game!" I said.

"And well deserved," said he, as he offered me the price of a first-class ball.

"But we had no bet," I said.

"Oh, but surely we had," said he.

Being flushed with victory and in a generous mood, I hadn't the heart to deny him.

* * * * *

"How did you get on with Goodwin?" said the Secretary after lunch.

"Oh, I won all right," I said.

"Then you've made him a happy man. If there's one thing he enjoys more than winning, it is being beaten."

"Well, next time," I said, "I think I'll play with someone who makes excuses on the score of health, and blames his luck and complains of mine and hates losing. You get more

satisfaction that way. There's no fun in beating these inhuman angels. I'd as soon whack an indiarubber bogie."

O. S.

THE SNOW-WHITE LIE.

He is sixty-five years of age and usually looks it. A tall ruddy man, with a great shock of iron-grey hair, and, though walking a little creakingly, as sons of the soil must do in later years, he is still active and powerful, but—sixty-five. . . .

Now sixty-five is all right if you have a good master and have been in his employ for a long time; but sixty-five is the devil if you are seeking a new job. And Old Jack, as we have thoughtlessly called him (Heaven forgive our want of prescience!), after seeming to be as deeply rooted here as any tree, was, three weeks ago, suddenly told that he would not be wanted after that Saturday. For how many years he had lived in this village and done his daily task on the same farm, I cannot say, but certainly for nearly forty, and never an hour off for illness in all that time. And now he had to go; find a new master, a new cottage; begin again.

He tried near about, day after day, for a week, but to no purpose, and then began to extend his view, giving up all hope of remaining among his old neighbours, and one evening he brought me an advertisement clipped from a paper. "Would you mind answering that?" he asked; for Jack did not want to be beholden to his late employer for anything, and he is one of those fortunate creatures who can neither read nor write.

So I answered it. I said that I had known Jack for so long; that he was sober, willing, agreeable, capable and all the rest of it; and that he had been dismissed through no fault of his own but because the farmer was making changes all round. And I added, "he is fifty-eight." And last night Jack came to tell me he had got the place.

Jack's serious trouble will come when it is time to draw his old-age pension; mine, when I confront St. Peter at the Gate.

* * * * *

"The Stockholm *Tidningen* announces that the Nobel prize for literature will probably be awarded to M. Anatole, France."

Sunday Chronicle.

Also ran: Mr. Jack, London.

"Medical Man, married, resident in the Canary Islands, will be pleased to look after anyone desiring to stay in a warm, sunny climate. Every comfort can be secured."

Advt. in "The Times."

Not bad, as far as it goes, but does he give pocket-money?



MUTUAL SOLACE.

MESSRS. TAFT AND ROOSEVELT (*to one another*). "CHEER UP! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. I MIGHT HAVE WON."



"WHAT KIND OF A PAIN IS IT, DARLING?"

"A BIG ROUND PAIN WITH JAGGY EDGES!"

TO MESSRS. STAPLETON, FURNISHERS.

(A little reminder in verse.)

Sirs,—As I write these lines (November 5)
The war-god thunders at the Golden Gates,
The hills are carried by the Bulgar's drive,
And we have not yet had your Mr. Bates
To lay our carpet. Possibly the woe
That fills the huge dominions of the Turk
Has made the transport business somewhat slow,
Has checked you in your far-off Orient work.
The shrieks that rose when Kirk Kilisse fell
Startled the caravans from Smyrna bound,
There in the azure ford we know so well
From posters in the Electric Underground.
As when they hear beneath the Syrian skies
The music of the bulbuls (nightingales),
The salt tears trembled in the camels' eyes
And on the beach they dropped their corded bales.
They jibbed; they seemed to say, "The bloom is gone;
Byzantium totters; what are druggetts now?"
The man who rides the mule said, "Hup, get on!"
(In Turkish)—but he knew not Why or How.
This must have thrown your business out of gear,
And many a priceless rug of Persian pile
May have been pinched by some low privateer,
The merry Grecian tar; one knows his style.
I should not wonder if the nice young men,
Immaculately dressed, serene and suave,
Who showed me round your shop—October 10—
Are clothed in sackcloth now and cease to shave.

I should not wonder in the wild dismay
That fills them as they read their morning press
(Troy fell, and Carthage also had its day),
If they have overlooked my flat's address.

But come, Sirs, we are Britons, we have made
Through stolid commerce in the teeth of storm
Empires that ALEXANDER never swayed—
I shall be much obliged if you perform

The promise that you gave, though Europe frown
And Asia tremble, and no more defer
Coming to lay the little carpet down
On our spare bedroom floor—the Axminster.

EVOE.

"It seemed the height of audacity to attempt the white loser, but he did so, and while the red ball seemed to remain motionless as his own dropped into the pocket he made a quick gesture of appeal with his hand to the marker, whose favourable decision received immediate response in a broad smile of gratification."—*Daily News*.

The stationariness of the red ball after our attempt at a white loser does not worry us. What we hate to see is the white ball remaining motionless.

From a letter in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*:

"Have I not cause to complain, if having given say £880 for a house, I am told that, owing to the presence of these undesirables, I can only expect £6000 on a resale?"

Certainly. Any Scotsman would.

"4/- Postal Order sent with your worn umbrella to D—, will be returned same day equal to new."—*Advt. in "Irish Independent."*
We frequently get the creases in our postal orders taken out in this way.

"INSTINCT."

(An Instinctive Perversion of an evening at the Duke of York's Theatre.)

THE FIRST ACT.

A sitting-room in the house of the well-known American Surgeon, Bradford Mandover, M.D., F.R.S.

Enter Walker.

Walker. I've come to see the doctor.

Mrs. Walker (slightly ruffled). I don't quite know what my position is in this house. In my last place housekeepers didn't have to answer bells, like any common servant. But I say nothing of that. What I do say is that, whether I am your wife or not—and the author is none too clear upon the point—you've no business here. Get out.

Walker. I've come to tell the doctor about his wife's goings-on with this young poet.

Mrs. Walker. You brute! My mistress never goes on.

Walker. Wait till you've read this letter he's written her. It's the rough copy of the one she's going to get to-day. I picked it out of his fireplace.

Mrs. Walker. A likely story!

Walker (loftily). If you'd never been a student of the drama, Mrs. Walker, you'd know that that sort of thing is *halways* happening.

Exit with dignity, followed by

Mrs. Walker.

Enter Mrs. Mandover and her brother-in-law, Arthur Mandover, M.D.

Mrs. Mandover. To continue our discussion about doctors—I must say I think they are ignorant butchers.

Arthur (quietly). Did I ever tell you the story of how my brother, at the risk of his own life, failed to cure one of his patients?

Mrs. Mandover. Dozens of times.

Arthur (annoyed). Oh! (Hopefully) Still, the audience hasn't heard it.

Mrs. Mandover (rising). Then you must tell them some other time. You'll have plenty of opportunities of talking before the play's over. Here's Amy, and I must see her alone.

Exit Arthur. Enter Amy Vane.

Amy. Well, I saw the poet and I gave him your message.

Mrs. Mandover (eagerly). What does he say?

Amy. Refuses to return your letters and says he must see you once more to say good-bye. Here's a fair copy of the assignation. He spilt the ink over the first draft.

Mrs. Mandover (reading the letter). Amy, it's for to-night! I mustn't!

Amy. He'll kill himself if you refuse. At least, he said so, but men are so uncertain. You never can trust them.

Mrs. Mandover. Oh, I shouldn't like that! Rather than he should kill himself, I will see him. We haven't too many poets in America. (Reflecting) Now where can I see him at half-past eleven to-night?

Amy (trying to help). In the greenhouse? On the croquet lawn? In the butler's pantry?

Mrs. Mandover (doubtfully). No-o-o, no-o-o-o. (Suddenly) I have it! In my bedroom!

Amy (a little surprised). Aren't you thinking of Mr. HENRY KISTEMAECKERS' other play, dear—*The Turning Point*? At the St. James's, you know?

Mrs. Mandover (with simple dignity). Why do you grudge me a bedroom scene, Amy? Is there any reason why I shouldn't have one too?



Big-handed Bradford. "Another word and I'll fall on you."

Bradford Mandover Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Mrs. Mandover Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE.

Amy. Of course not, dear. Only it seems so funny of Mr. KISTEMAECKERS. To keep on and on.

Mrs. Mandover. Really, I cannot help that. Well, then, you will arrange it for me? Thank you, darling. And if there's ever anything I can do for you—if, for instance, you want to marry my brother-in-law . . . and take him right away . . . well, you know how glad I shall be to help you in anything.

Exit Amy.

Enter Bradford Mandover, M.D., F.R.S.

Mandover. Ah, I wanted to see you.

Mrs. Mandover. Well?

Mandover (grimly). I've just been talking to Walker and, er—(decides not to kill her)—I'm going to take you to Switzerland to-morrow for your health.

Mrs. Mandover (staggered). Just you and I—alone?

Mandover (sternly). Quite alone.

Mrs. Mandover (seeing a ray of comfort). Not even your brother, then?

Mandover (surprised). No.

Mrs. Mandover. Oh, well, that's something, anyway.

CURTAIN.

THE NEXT TWO ACTS.

The scene is the same, but the door at the back, leading into Mrs. Mandover's bedroom, has a way of opening. The hour is late.

Mandover. Arthur, I was calm in the First Act, but now I'm going to let myself go. You've never seen me really angry. (Rushes up and down the room.) There! That shows you! My primeval passions are roused! I am a savage!

Arthur (putting the tips of his fingers together). It would be interesting at this point to discuss what is meant by the veneer of civilisation. It won't take more than twenty minutes. My view is this. I hold that instinct is largely the product of—

Mandover (succumbing to the instinct of antagonism which Arthur arouses in everybody). You are quite wrong. Civilisation . . . (They discuss it exhaustively) . . . But, good heavens! All this time my wife may be walking about the park with the poet!

[He seizes a revolver and dashes out.

Enter Amy.]

Arthur (accusingly). You have taken the poet to my sister-in-law's bedroom! (Amy draws herself up.) It's no good looking indignant; I know everything.

Amy (to the audience). And I used to think I liked him once!

Arthur. My brother may be back at any moment with his revolver. It is a matter of life and death that the poet should be got away immediately. That being so, I will devote the next ten minutes to telling you what I think of your behaviour in this matter. (Putting the tips of his fingers together.) In the first place—

[The bedroom door opens and Mrs.

Mandover appears in great distress.

Mrs. Mandover. Oh! oh! Nothing like this ever happened in a St. James's Theatre bedroom!

Amy. What is it?

Mrs. Mandover. When I told him I was going away to Switzerland he fainted and hit his head against the washstand! He is dying!

Arthur (having entered the bedroom, diagnoses the case rapidly, and returns). And only Bradford Mandover, M.D., F.R.S., can save his life!

Enter Bradford Mandover, M.D., F.R.S. Amy and Arthur, recognising that Mr. AUBREY SMITH and Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE are in simply tremendous form, decide to let them have the stage to themselves;

Mandover (fiercely). Where is he?

Mrs. Mandover (surprised). In my room. (*Hurriedly*) But all quite harmless, just like the bedroom scene at the St. James's.

Mandover (leaning over her). The truth, woman! Do you love him?

Mrs. Mandover. I don't know. I like him because he's so different from you. Your great big hands are always cutting people open—ugh, horrid!—while his write beautiful poetry. I shut my eyes and I seem to see your huge hands, red with blood, cutting and cutting and cutting. I'm like that. Your immense hands—

Mandover (distinctly annoyed). Say another word about the size of my hands and I shall give you a push.

Mrs. Mandover. Well, there it is. I adore being with him, and it makes me feel ill to think of you. Which do I really love?

Mandover (still a trifle piqued). My "great big hands" are now going to make your poet feel ill.

Mrs. Mandover. Oh, Brad, I almost forgot! He hit his head against the washstand when I said good-bye to him. Arthur says that only an operation by you can save his life. You will try, won't you?

Mandover (nastily). Wouldn't you love me better if I wrote some beautiful verses to him?

Mrs. Mandover. Coward and beast! I hate you! (*Enter Arthur.*) Oh, Arthur, he's going to kill him.

Arthur (putting the tips of his fingers together). I think not. As I pointed out to him in the First Act, the instinct of a highly civilised—

Mandover (in despair). Oh, I can't listen to this!

[*He rushes wildly into the bedroom.*]

Mrs. Mandover. Brad! Brad! (*After a pause*) How blind men are! Any woman would see at once that I love Brad. When a woman tells a man that his hands are three sizes too big and that it makes her feel ill to think of him, it *always* means she adores him. Oh, and I've just remembered something. What I— By the way, is the door open?

Arthur. Yes, it's all right. He can hear.

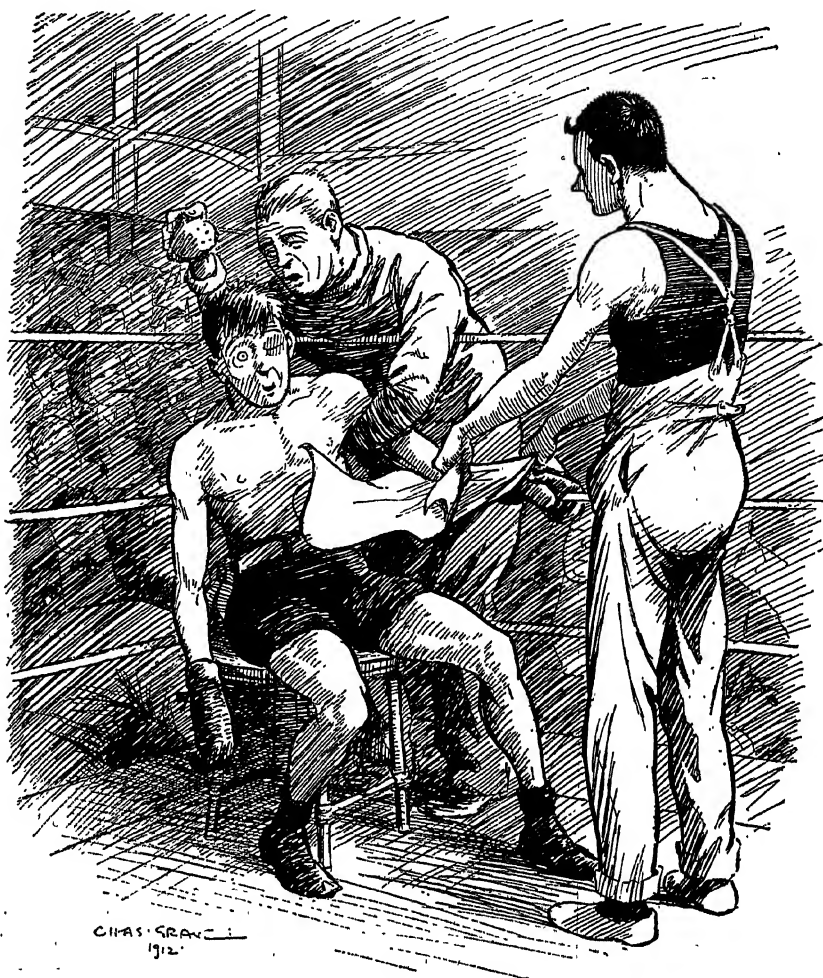
Mrs. Mandover. Well, what I really meant to say just now was that I only loved the poet with a *Mother's* love. I regarded him as a great big child—Brad's child. (*Turning round in surprise*) Oh, Brad! I didn't know you were there!

Mandover (beaming from the door). Excuse my shirt-sleeves, dearest, but I am just about to operate!

CURTAIN.

And so to sweet "*Rosalind*."

A. A. M.



Second. "WOT YOU WANT TO DO IN THE NEXT ROUND IS KID 'IM. 'OP ABOUT AND SMILE, YOU KNOW, AND, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET 'IM SEE THAT 'E'S 'URT YOU."

COON-CAN.

HAPPILY for friends of music
Songs that made, in days of yore,
Many glad and just a few sick
Now are to be heard no more;

When a dame in scanty clothing,
Standing near a limelight moon,
Sang, while we were faint with
loathing,
Songs she named from thee, O coon!

Did she guess, when deep dejection
Seized upon us at thy name,
It would one day claim connection
With a fashionable game?

When arboreal relations,
Squatting on some mountain ridge,
Tired of playing Poker-Patience,
Found they could not master Bridge,

Did they hail thee as inventor
Of a pastime all their own?—
"Let us show each social centre
Rules as simple as Pope Joan.

"Shunning all the wiles of Poker,
Bluff and all the facial arts,
Make we the obliging Joker
Two of spades or ace of hearts.
"No one now need feel dismay at
Guests too many or too few;
Here's a game we all can play at—
Something every coon can do."
Thanks to thee for substituting
Game of skill for dismal chant;
Making clear to Upper Tooting
What Coon can and what Coon can't.

"FEROCIOUS SUFFRAGIST.
DOG WHIPS A SCHOOLMASTER."
Nottingham Guardian.

"In spite of all our efforts," writes
Jones minimus, "the Italian greyhound
refuses to learn this trick."

"It was unanimously decided to present the
hon. treasurer and hon. secretary with an
harmonium in recognition of their services for
the past year."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*
Harmonium duets will be features of
the coming local concert season.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've just been putting in a week or two with Jack and Dot Flummery at Flummery Park. Jack's brothers, Dick and Tom, belong to the Open-Air League now, and there were some other members of the League among the people down there. Their goings-on, my dear, are utterly and absolutely ricky! They had a row of cots stood in the shrubbery, piled with blankets, and there, if you please, they pretended to sleep—each of them providing himself with a big umbrella in case of rain! At breakfast they made a great show of being ravenous, of feeling much better than *nous autres*, and, generally speaking, of being very sorry for everybody else. But they looked wretched! Someone asked if they wouldn't have some brandy before tackling their brekky, and one specially nippy morning I said I supposed they'd dreamed of discovering the North Pole over again. Dick said, in his most superior manner—and the open-air manner, Daphne, is distinctly inclined to be priggish—"Open-air people never dream." "No, poor things, I suppose not," I answered. "To *dream*, one must be *asleep*!"

The way they forced their open-airhood down our throats was, we agreed, a little bit insufferable. For instance, one evening, when we were having some music, someone sang an old Scotch song, "O wert thou in the cauld blast, I'd shelter thee" (one must be either Scotch or ragtime now), and some of the open-air people got on their hind legs and said the song was drivel, that the person in the "cauld blast" evidently belonged to the Open-Air League and knew what was what, and that the blighter who came doddering round with his offers of shelter was some blithering indoor idiot!

Talking of ragtime, it really has been quite a serious symptom. I hear that at St. Agatha's the other Sunday the congregation drifted into ragtime while singing a hymn, and the dear rector reproved them from the pulpit when he began to preach; but before he'd finished his sermon the dreadful thing had seized him too, and he was *preaching* in ragtime.

I've a simply dilly bit of news for you. This, my dearest, is to be a *sideways* winter! The draping, the trimming, in fact the whole effect of the new gown is at one side, and, of course, the coiffure and headgear follow suit. *Par conséquent*, front faces are quite *quite* out, and if you haven't *something* of a profile,

you'd far, *far* better be dead! You must decide which of your profiles you like best, and be dressed and *coiffée* for that side.

Some fortunate creatures have two distinct profiles in different styles, and both presentable. Babs, for instance, has a *retroussé*, saucy profile, and a straight, serious one; so she can have two perfectly distinct styles according to which side she dresses for! With the sideways frock, jewellery and peltry have fallen into line and reserve all their best effects for one side. Oh! and another frightfully important thing—the sideways toilet has brought with it the sideways *walk*. All the forward walks—the glide, the stride, and the little frivolous pit-pat—are *tombés dans l'abîme*, and we're all proceeding *à l'écrevisse*. Your Blanche is generally considered to be the best exponent of the new walk. (Proclaim it not from the house-tops, dearest, but I've got a big crab and take lessons from him every day.)

The Bullyon-Boundermere woman went to have some sideways frocks made lately, and, after turning her two profiles—they're both equally past praying for—to Olga, said, "Now which profile shall I choose? Which side shall I have the draping and trimming of the gown at?" Olga felt herself in a deep, deep hole. She looked at the two profiles, and then her artistic conscience gained the day and she said, "I think I should advise madame to have the draperies and garniture *derrière de la robe*." "Which side is that?" asked the B.-B. woman.

Another leading feature of this autumn is the passing of the girl and even of the young married woman. It's immensely correct just now to be *old*, and there's quite a small rage for grey hair. If *years* haven't made you old, why, you must get there with a grey wig and burnt cork, and, if you want to be utterly and absolutely, you must stoop a little, carry a gold-headed stick, and sprinkle your chat with such phrases as, "In *my* young days"; "I don't know what the world's coming to," and so on. Yesterday Popsy Lady Ramsgate was discussing the elderly *yogue* with some of us—from the standpoint of a juvenile, of course, or it wouldn't be Popsy—and she wound up by actually daring to say, "It's an absurd fashion, but I suppose one must follow it, and, if grey hair's *de rigueur*, why, there's nothing for it but to wear a wig!"

"Or *not* to wear one, as the case may be," said Beryl.

Norty says this is going to be a distinctly lively session at Westminster. First there's Scotland, where the Picts

mean to separate from the Scots and set up for themselves. Then, he tells me, Norfolk and Suffolk and a heap of other counties are going to demand the revival of the Heptarchy, and intend to have their own Witenagemote (N. says, for *his* part, he thinks a Witenagemote sounds a distinct improvement on the House of Commons, where wit is conspicuous by its absence!) *Outre cela*, my dearest, the people of the Isle of Wight and Hampshire, where the Jutes originally settled, are going to give notice that for the future they will consider themselves *Jutes*, have Jute Home Rule, and talk nothing but Jute. It will be a long business, I daresay, for, as Norty says, before the Heptarchy people and the Jutes can speak their own languages they'll have to learn them, and it won't be a *bit* easy to find anyone to teach either Jute or Hep.

Everyone in town just now is going to the Natural Theatre, a quaint little barn of a place, but with a great mission. It is a reaction against the elaborate mounting of plays, against the modern form of drama, in short, against almost everything. There are no carpets, curtains, cushions or pretty-pretties of any kind. The audience sit on plain wooden benches. The stage scenery is drawn by children on big slates, there are no footlights, the stage being lit by a candle or two, and no make-up is used. The management say they are there to show "common-place, everyday life, where common-place things happen and common-place things are said."

They say no author who writes for them is to "grin over the shoulders of his characters and let off epigrams," and no actor is to "get between a character and the audience by making points and by elocutionary effects." Nothing particular ever happens in the plays, but they call a spade a spade to any extent, and so the Natural Theatre is always full! There are no Acts and no curtain to come down, and one would never know when the play is over (for it gives no clue to that itself) if it were not for a voice calling out from the darkness at the back of the stage—"That's all—get out!"

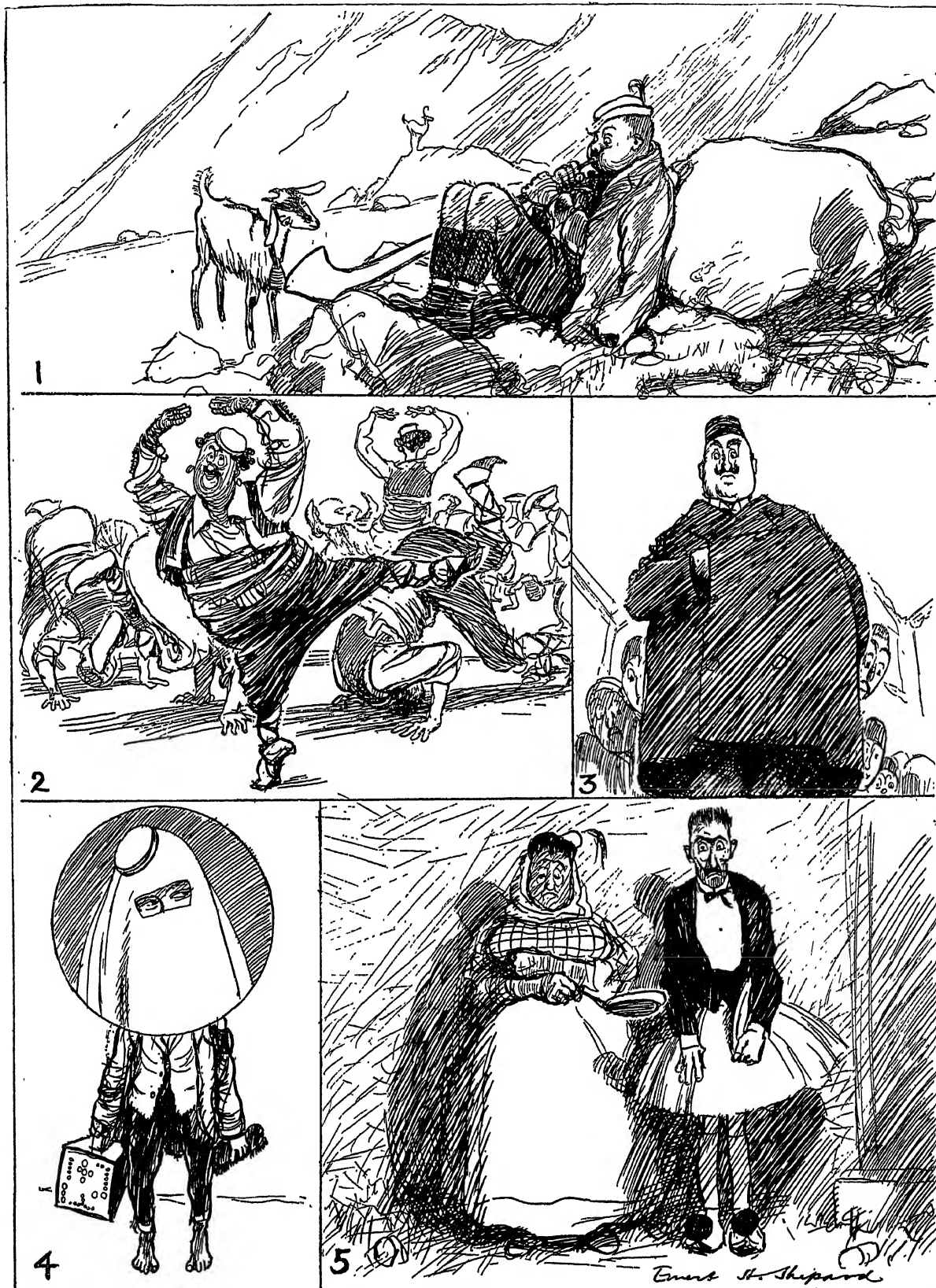
Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"There were about 6,000 spectators, and amongst them was the Prince of Wales, whom I saw with a couple of his college chums strolling down to the ground just like any other eager young fresher. What a democratic thing this sport is, in that one common bond of interest unites the heir to the Throne with its meanest subject."—*Daily News*.

A little unkind to one of his companions.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

(Kindly lent from the stock-in-trade of some of our contemporaries.)



1.—TYPICAL SCENE AT THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE (THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF ONE OF THE BELLIGERENTS.) 2.—PEASANTS DANCING THE KPRILPROJ IN THE BASHI BAZAAR AT USKUB. 3.—THE EX-STATION-MASTER AT KIRK KILISSE. 4.—LULE BURGAS BOOT-DEACK. (INSET, A SIREN OF THE SANJAK.) 5.—STAFF OF THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE AT LARISSA (ON THE WAY TO SALONIKA).



Earnest Citizen. "THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR, THERE'S YOUR BRITISH PUBLIC. GIVE THEM SOMETHING REALLY GOOD AND THEY SNIFF AT IT; BUT GIVE THEM SOMETHING RISKY AND, LOOK, YOU COULDN'T GET A SEAT IF YOU TRIED."
His Wife. "THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYING, DEAR."

"HOIST ON HER OWN PETARD."

GABRIELLE came in to see me, looking fresh and beautiful—Gabrielle, I mean. She covered the book I was reading with a leaflet explaining why Militancy is essential, patted me on the cheek and dropped into a chair. Gabrielle is a Pank, but a very attractive Pank.

"Still smashing windows?" I queried. "I didn't come to discuss politics, uncle," she said, "but to remind you that to-morrow is my twenty-first birthday."

I am not one of those who deny that women can be businesslike.

"I had not forgotten it," I answered, "and I have already sent you, with my best wishes, a present which I hope will prove worthy of this truly memorable occasion. It should reach you in the morning."

"Oh, you perfect uncle!" cried she. "Do tell me what it is."

"Not at all," I began to protest, and, as I did so, realised how helpless I was. There is something about the modern girl . . .

"I decline absolutely to move an

inch from this chair until you tell me," announced my niece.

I surrendered. "Do you remember, Gaby," I asked, "what your weak-minded uncle gave you when you attained the age of ten?"

"Perfectly," said she. "You gave me ten coins—a farthing, a halfpenny, a penny, a threepenny bit, a sixpence, a shilling, and so on—and I honestly believe it was the best birthday present I ever had."

"I hope you will find this even better. To tell the truth, Gaby, I was in a difficulty, and it has caused me a lot of worry. I wanted to give you something handsome, you see, in view of the unique nature of the festival, but for the life of me I couldn't think what I couldn't consult you because I wished it to come as a surprise, and that is why on second thoughts I'm not going to tell you anything more about it now."

"Go on," said Gaby.

"Very well," I agreed meekly after a pause. "I have sent you twenty-one Postal Orders—one for a shilling, one for two shillings, one for three shillings, one for four shillings, and so on."

A smile flashed into her face and vanished. She gripped the arms of her chair.

"You registered them?" she demanded.

"No," I confessed. "I thought that would tend to spoil the surprise, you see. Perhaps it was unwise, but one trusts so implicitly in the Post Office nowadays—"

"And of course you posted them in the pillar-box at the bottom of the street."

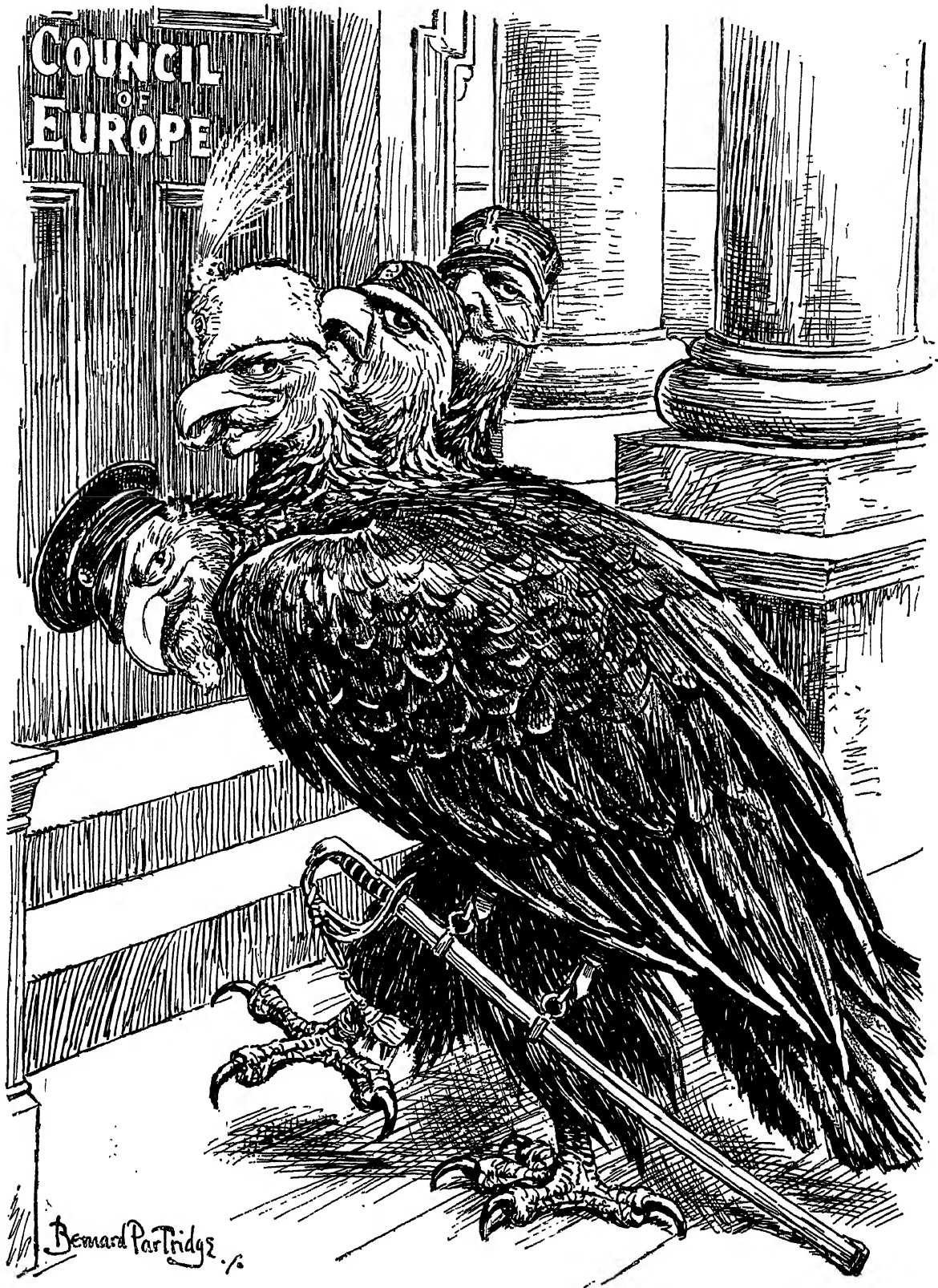
"Yes," I admitted. "Just a quarter of an hour ago."

"And ten minutes ago," said Gabrielle tragically, "I poured about half-a-pint of corrosive acid into that pillar-box!"

"Captain Henry Le Scelleur, of the Swansea steamship Yukon, reported that at 7.10 on the night of October 28, when steaming up the St. George's Channel they passed a floating star. They searched for some time to secure this danger to navigation."

South Wales Evening Express.

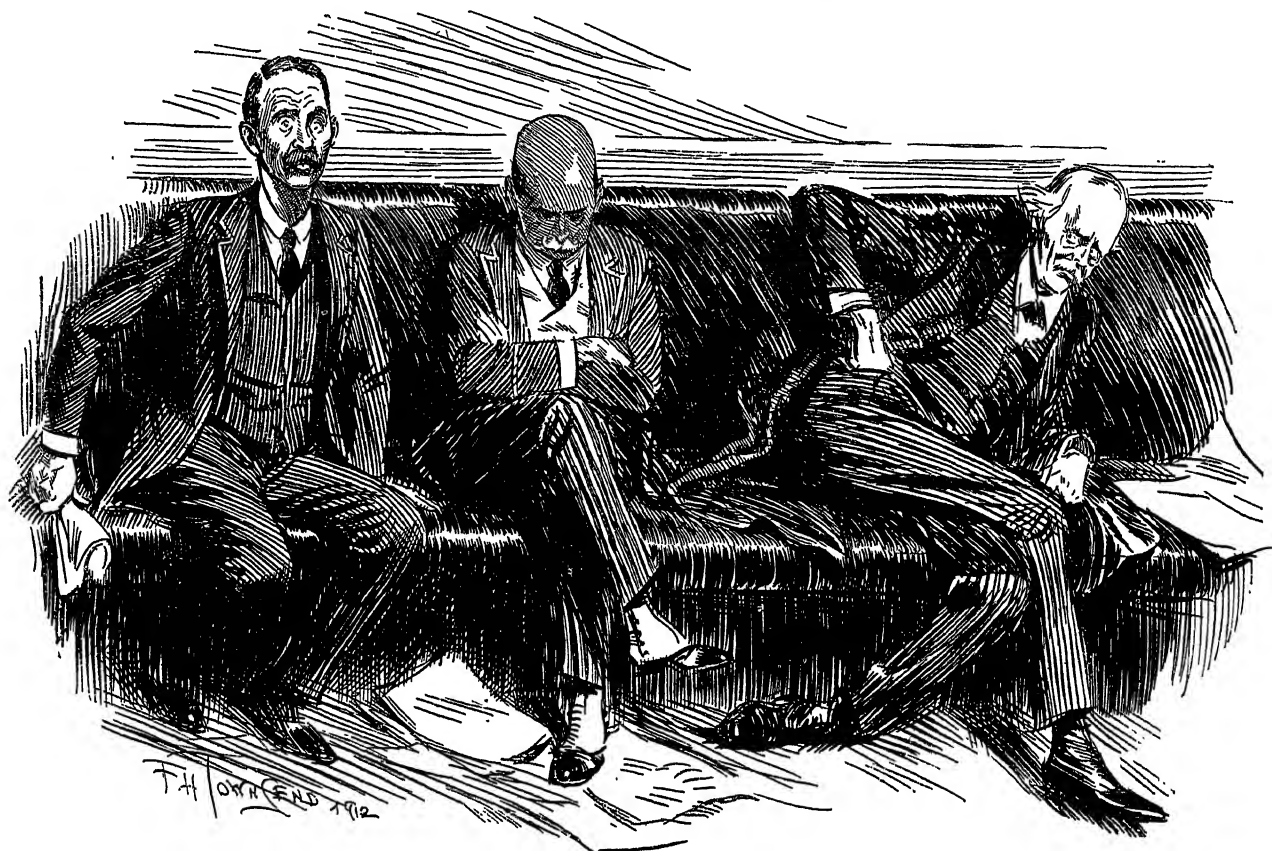
This is a very common optical illusion, due to reflection, which ought never to take in an experienced sea-captain nowadays.



THE NEW EAGLE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PRINCE ARTHUR (complacently reflecting during Home Rule debate). "Poor old DONAR! That's the worst of being a leader—one has to keep awake!"

House of Commons, Monday, November 4.—"It is a curious position we're in on this Bill," said BONNER LAW just now; "discussing academically, as if we were a debating society, questions like Proportional Representation and Woman Suffrage."

This reflection presents with simple force a view of the extraordinary, unprecedented character of debate going forward from day to day in Committee on Home Rule Bill. All know what was expected when the business began. Seemed probable that the riots which marked passage of Bill of 1893 would be exceeded in respect of eruption of temper and spilling of gore. And here we are night after night boring each other to death with vain repetition and debating - society disquisition on abstract questions.

The only man who keeps the flag flying is Captain SNODGRASS CRAIG. Only the other night, as recorded at the time, he gave notice to whom it might concern that he was beginning to take off his coat. To-night at Question-time he went straight to the point.

"Is the PRIME MINISTER," he asked,

"now prepared to announce the steps he intends to take to attempt to force the loyalists of Ulster to submit to a Nationalist Parliament proposed to be set up under the Government of Ireland Bill, against their expressed determination and the terms of the solemn league and covenant they had entered into?"

There you have it. No circumlocution. No beating about the bush of proportional representation, canals in the planet Mars, and the like. Amid the sleepy haze that lies low over the House the glorious Ulster Day is in peril of being forgotten. Dim are memories of its martial pomp, its deadly wooden guns, its royal escort of middle-aged barristers bent on breaking the law. This simple question flashes it all back again. At last attention is focussed on real issue, the actuality evaded by all this talk round and round about the inane.

With another in seat of PREMIER this swift confronting of the House with stern reality might have led to noisy scene. Bitter contemptuous reply from Treasury Bench would have set Ulster aflame. Nationalists below the

Gangway, "grown mouldy for want of a bating," would have joyously stepped in. The green would have been carpeted with wigs. ASQUITH not the man to play up to that game. In fewest words he icily answered it was impossible for him at present stage to add anything to statements made by him "on June 11th and July 3rd."

Nobody happened to have in waistcoat pocket cuttings of these precise answers. It followed that none could criticise their purport, condemn or approve their conclusions. Whilst Members were wondering what was said "on June 11th and July 3rd," next question was called on. House safely landed once more among humdrum conditions.

Business done.—Twelfth Night in Committee on Home Rule Bill. Clause IX. considered.

Tuesday.—Quite a relief after long course of Irish debate, with Wales waiting close at hand for next turn, to have good old Scotia take the floor for howsoever brief interlude. Added charm was certain mystery that enveloped incident. So the mists encircle the brow of Ben Nevis, or, falling on the

breast of Loch Awe, temporarily obscure its beauty.

Business arose upon cluster of questions submitted by Mr. HOGGE, relating to internal management of Scottish Universities. For the Southron there was some fine confused feeding in this haggis of interrogation, with its reference to inclusive fee, extra mural schools, the constitution of Universities, and the authority of their governing bodies. Mystery deepened by allusion to "my Lords." With characteristic thoroughness, Mr. HOGGE, going the whole animal, dragged in repeated reference to this possibly coroneted, certainly cryptic, body.

At each repetition, KINLOCH-COOKE pricked up his ears. "My Lords?" Had the questions anything to do with the Preamble of the Parliament Act, that lasting testimony to the perfidy of iniquitous Government? If it were so it would be desirable that he should closely follow the conversation so as to be ready at proper moment to put Supplementary Question calculated to make the guilty PREMIER sit up.

His concern in the matter, being that of an outsider, was nothing compared with the growing excitement of SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, to whom the doses of interrogation were administered. HOGGE's questions extended on the paper from No. 38 to No. 41 inclusive. In each one prominently figured reference to "my Lords." As he stolidly proceeded with his catechism, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND winced at every repetition of the title, as if CATHCART WASON, sitting on a Bench behind him, were secretly touching him up with a red-hot poker.

To relief of House, wrought up into state of painful tension by the mirk mystery of the thing, climax was reached in HOGGE's concluding question, "And whether he can say what the attitude of my Lords is towards the extra-mural schools?"

SECRETARY OF SCOTLAND leaped to his feet with sudden vigour suggestive of exaggerated energy on part of CATHCART WASON.

"Who are 'my Lords,' anyway?" he fiercely asked.

Effect among his countrymen below Gangway of this confession of ignorance added to painfulness of episode.

Murmurs of regret, tempered by tone of incredulity, broke forth. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND not to know who "my Lords" are! Mr. PRIB rose to full height of occasion.

"If," he said, bending look of stern

reproof on the unhappy Minister, "the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND will refer to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, volume iv. page 960, he will find full particulars."

That left nothing more to be said, and House straightway resumed Committee on Home Rule Bill.

Business done.—Proposal to give women votes in election of Irish House of Commons negatived by majority of 173.

Friday.—During week PRINCE ARTHUR has pretty regularly looked in, lounging awhile on Front Bench, whilst debate on Home Rule Bill trudged along. For the epicure in holidays the spectacle adds zest. "Only for the grace of God



"Beginning to take off his coat."

(Captain "SNODGRASS" CRAIG.)

there goes John Wesley," said the great Methodist regarding a malefactor on his way to the gallows. Glancing at BONNER LAW, whose official position demands some show of regular attendance, at least one interposition per sitting in the dreariest debate, PRINCE ARTHUR applies to himself the complacent reflection. Only for the grace of his resignation, he might to-day have been in BONNER's boots. As matters are ordered he may drop in when he finds it convenient, depart when he pleases, and, since there is no imperative call on him to take part in current debate, he is spared the weariness of closely following it.

Curious, by the way, to note what comparatively little stir is occasioned when he joins in debate. When, in the ripeness of his intellectual power and his Parliamentary supremacy, he

amazed the world by resuming the status of a private Member, it was anticipated that his occasional incursion on the scene of former triumphs would create profound sensation, critically influencing decision on question discussed. There was something of this on his first reappearance at the Table. It has almost entirely disappeared. Since House got into Committee on Home Rule Bill he has spoken some half-dozen times. Listened to, of course, because he is a polished speaker and an interesting character. But his rising has not created expected wave of emotion or even that quick movement of concentrated attention which greets a favourite speaker interposing on ordinary occasion.

This largely due to circumstances of the hour. The wet blanket of debate round foregone conclusion of Home Rule Bill deadens influence even of his commanding personality.

Business done.—Time-table for progress of Welsh Disestablishment Bill submitted and discussed. [With reference to quotation given above, SARK tells me that what WESLEY really said was, "Only for the grace of God there goes George Whitefield." That has additional point. I prefer the generally accepted version. It is more Christian in its humility.]

"It is now apparently clear that the number of prisoners that fell into the hands of the Allies at Kirk Kilisich has been greatly exaggerated, and it would appear that the total number on every side of the Var Vlung battle-line is about ten thousand."—*Western Daily Press*.

So far no other paper has even heard of this battle.

"We have it on the highest authority that no announcement, official or otherwise, can be made as to Egypt's neutrality in the present war until a decision on the subject has been arrived at."—*Egyptian Mail*.

Only on the highest authority could we accept this.

"Among the speakers was Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., who said that women would be for the most part on the side of the angels. . . . Damage roughly estimated at £1,000 was done by Suffragists to the windows of eighteen shopkeepers in New Bond-street."

"*Morning Post*" Summary.

We should prefer them on our side.

"In fact, it would almost appear that certain journals of the type under discussion are incapable of keeping their heads above water except by stooping to wash dirty linen in order to tickle the ears of the groundlings."

China Republican.

As a performance this method of keeping the head above water is good, but it is unnecessarily elaborate.



"HAUD MA HEEM-BOOK, TAMMAS, AN' I'LL SHOW YE THAT SHORT APPROACH O' JAMIE BRAID'S."

TOUCHED.

[If the Prisoner, on arraignment, pleads "Guilty," there is in the ordinary course of criminal trials no occasion for Prosecuting Counsel to do or say anything. If, on the other hand, he pleads "Not Guilty," it is the duty of Counsel to open the case and call the evidence.]

He was no sudden-tempted youth,
No first-offending soul;
He very rarely told the truth,
He very often stole.

His spirit felt no wild alarm
Nor was his mind bereft
When policemen took him by the arm
And charged him with a theft.

He was the sort who neither loathes
Nor loves nor fears the Law:
He took the solemnest of oaths
With no pretence of awe.

And, if twelve foolish jurymen
His many lies believed,
He was not greatly joyed, nor, when
They didn't, deeply grieved.

He did not curse or weep or scoff,
He did not loudly blame
The Judge that would not let him off;
He took it as it came.

Once only did a Counsel's speech
Affect his hardened heart,
Which, as a rule, was past the reach
Of skilled forensic art.

A timid, stuttering boy, who held
The prosecuting brief,
It was for him his pity welled
In altruistic grief.

His shaking hand, his sweating face
Were things so sad to see,
To ease the strain and end the case
The man withdrew his plea.

ENTENTE.

THERE are certain London streets even in one's own district that one never uses; and eminent, in my case, among these is that one, to me nameless, which runs parallel with St. Martin's Lane, a little to the eastward. It has a cheap printer's at one end, opposite an eye hospital, and it runs away into small shops and model dwellings.

Well, I chanced to be there the other night taking a short cut from *Rosalind* to the Strand, and found myself in a little crowd surrounding a large brilliantly-lighted motor-car. Why the crowd

waited, I did not know nor ask; it was enough to make one of them and wait too; for that is life. And then, after a minute or so, from the Coliseum stage-door, which I observed for the first time, emerged a polite foreign gentleman in evening dress followed by a volatile foreign lady with a mass of dark red hair and strong animated features. The little crowd palpitated and cheered, and the bolder ones among us said, "Bong swaw," or "Veev Sahrah."

While the famous lady was smiling and bowing and waving her hand, and the gentleman was looking self-effacing, and the chauffeur was putting his deadly machinery into working-order, I walked on, and at the corner, between the cheap printer's and the eye hospital, stood a costermonger with a barrow of apples. I reached him just at the moment when the motor-car, illuminated like an excursion steamer, passed. Being a gallant creature and accustomed to the time-table of tragédionnes he barely looked up from the sale of two Ribstons as he called out in a hearty London voice, "Good night, Sarah!" and again was immersed in trade. "Sarah Burnhard," he explained to his perplexed customer.

A SHOOTING ACCOUNT.

I AM going to shoot at pheasants on Tuesday next, and, as usual, I am beginning to wonder how much I really enjoy the performance. I am not referring to the humanitarian aspect of the question, for in that I feel I haven't even a keeper's dog's chance. Of course, as soon as you begin to think of it, you're bound to acknowledge that you've no mortal right to take or to attempt the life of anything in that blundering uncertain way. On the other hand there's your sporting primeval spirit and there's your day in the open air and the leash of birds you take home, and your jolly old friendly shooting boots and the grand glowing tired feeling after dinner. However, as I say, we won't talk of the humanitarian aspect or the compensations that can be set against it. We will talk of ordinary shooting and assume it to be all right. And that's exactly where the trouble is: my shooting is now so very ordinary, and the missing of a bird stirs me to such gloomy fits of ill-temper that even the Irish stew or the pigeon-pie at luncheon cannot console me. Still, there it is: I'm going to shoot on Tuesday; I accepted the invitation with enthusiasm, and now, although the cold fit is on me, I've got to make the best of it.

It's a curious thing how little one can judge a man's shooting capacity from his externals—until he begins to shoot. There's a man I know who has large dreamy eyes and haggard lines in his cheeks and forehead. His hair is long and untidy and his moustache straggles, and he generally wears a sage-green tie in a flannel collar without a gold safety-pin. Everybody would put him down as a poet or some rubbish of that sort, but everybody would be wrong, because he's in a London Bank, and he's quite incapable of missing any bird that comes within range of his gun. I know another man who looks as sturdy and strong as a hippopotamus. His face is red and his cropped whiskers are also red, and his manner is the bluffest thing I ever came across, and when he shakes you by the hand he makes your bones crack. He's got an old retriever dog, too, whom he controls by nicking the nail of his thumb against that of his middle finger, and he can load his own cartridges. A sportsman, you say at once, and a dead shot. Not a bit of it. He can't hit a haystack. I can honestly say that, bad as I am, I'm better than this barbarian fraud, though he seems to enjoy himself just as heartily when he misses as other men when they hit.

How would it be to set out your shooting account with your host in the way that accountants and men of that sort employ? It might be done in something like the following form:—

ROBERT HALL (Guest) in a/c with JOHN BERKS (Host).

Cr.	£	s.	Dr.	£	s.
To one day under the open sky	100	0	To one hour of rain, when everybody said, "Let's go on and finish it"	50	0
To some birds scientifically hit	1	0	To many birds missed	20	0
To one lunch and sloe-gin	1	0	But there was no pigeon-pie	5	0
To getting tired	1	0	To having sun in eyes	20	0
To good dinner	2	0	To being in cover where you couldn't see a thing	20	0
To one breakfast	10		To going to sleep after dinner in the smoking-room	10	0
To being motored to station	10		To dressing in a hurry and being late for breakfast	5	0
To balance	34	0	To leaving pyjamas behind	10	0
Total	£140	0	Total	£140	0

Of course you can add plenty of other items, but the above will do as a sample.

A BACHELOR OF LOVE-LETTERS.

["Love-letters between young men and women students under the proper supervision of the teacher are advocated by Dr. Arthur Holmes, of the University of Pennsylvania, as an excellent method of teaching literature."—*Daily Press*.]

HELEN, when I deposit at your feet

A heart which you have bound in silken fetters,
May I observe, without undue conceit,
That you might travel far and never meet
With one who could indite more perfect letters?

Study them well, I beg: from start to end
Their love is decked with copious quotation
Of classic authors; note their careful blend
Of style and passion; let me too commend
Their unremitting zeal for punctuation.

Mark their unblemished syntax: you will find
Not one infinitive that's suffered tmesis;
No words of mine are thickly underlined
To lend them meretricious weight; my mind
Abhors excessive aposiopesis.

No doubt you're moved to wonder whence has come
This singular accomplishment; the fact is,
At college, when I studied for *Litt. Hum.*,
Although my labours touched the minimum,
To English prose I gave a deal of practice.

There was a certain Sophonisba Brown,
And once a week love-letters I'd address her,
And she to me. Nay, dearest, do not frown;
Their goal was but a gent in cap and gown,
A frigid-blooded, erudite professor.

My breast was yet unsmitten, fancy-free;
No chains of love availed to intertwine us.
My compositions soon returned to me
Adorned with various cryptic formulæ
Ranging from α + to γ —.

So, Helen, with my heart my skilful hand
You've captured for your own—a priceless trophy.
But, if you can appreciate the brand,
One thing in simple justice I demand:
Think kindly of that *vile corpus*, Sophy.

"THE INSURANCE ACT.

CLUB PRACTICE A CURSE.
SIR JAMES BARR DISGUSTED."

(*Glasgow News*.)

Country visitors should linger outside the Constitutional Club any morning from eleven till one, and they will hear Sir JAMES conducting the club practice. It is rather a long curse, involving as it does all the Cabinet Ministers and their relations, and some of the members are a little slow in getting the rhythm correctly. It is this slowness which has tried the patience of Sir JAMES; but "disgust" is too strong a word to use.

Impending Apologies.

I.
"The energies of the 'divine Sarah' seem inexhaustible. She is now torturing the provinces in person."—*Ashbourne Telegraph*.

II.
"In addition to the disadvantage which they experienced from the weather the visitors were entertained to luncheon at the park by the cricket association."—*Manitoba Free Press*.

"Again, for an instant, she raised those wonderful eyes to his. He studied the thickness of the lashes as they fell once more to her lap."—*Truth* "Queer Story."

Like leaves in Vallombrosa.

DID BARNES WRITE BARRIE'S PLAYS?

A WELL-KEPT secret has at length been divulged by the dramatic critic of *The Westminster Gazette* in his reference last week in that paper to "Mr. BARNES's delightful comedy 'Rosalind.'" It is many years now since Mr. BARNES, disguising his identity under the pseudonym, "J. M. BARRIE," began to charm theatre-goers by his whimsical and artistic plays, and it is a question whether his admirers at this late date will consent to recognise him by his real name.

How Mr. BARNES came to adopt the name of "J. M. BARRIE" is not certain; one theory is that in his boyhood he knew a youth of that name, hailing from Kirriemuir, N.B., and that a friendly exchange of names was made between them.

Certain enthusiasts are declining to admit that Mr. BARNES is identical with Mr. BARRIE himself, and a BARNES-BARRIE controversy is beginning to rage. "Did BARNES write BARRIE's plays?" is the question that is troubling the minds of some, while an equal number of minds are wrestling with the problem, "Is BARRIE the author of BARNES's plays?"

A well-known baronet has given up all his engagements in order to devote his whole attention to the important subject. He has spent the last two days in Kirriemuir, where the real J. M. BARRIE is supposed to have lived. "Remember JAMIE BARRIE?" exclaimed an old lady in a mutch with whom the Baronet conversed. "Ay, I remember the wee birkie, sittin' in his little blacks in the kirk, drinkin' in the meat of the meenister's discourse. And is it likely that a bairn wi' sic upbringings wad gie himsel' to play-actin' and the like? Ay, I knew the bairn; he was a sicht too clever to be wastin' his time writin' books, and when Mistress Macpherson read me a bit of *A Window in Thrums*, 't was ca'ed, I said to her 'Losh, wumman, oor Jamie never wrote sic or'nery rubbish; ye've been deceiv't.'" Largely owing to this conversation, the baronet is preparing a pamphlet to be entitled "BARNES is BARRIE," and to be published at 12s. 6d.

Much indignation has been caused in Kirriemuir by the arrival of a foreigner, declaring himself to be a Professor, who intends to drag the Kirrie river in the hope that something may be found not later than Friday next to establish his theory of the correct solution of the problem. At the time of going to press nothing had been discovered.

An amusing incident took place in Kensington Gardens last Friday. A



Helpful Herbert. "I SAY, DIDN'T YOU FIND THAT WEED-KILLER I GAVE YOU WONDERFUL STUFF?"

Persevering Percy. "WELL, IT DIDN'T KILL THE WEEDS, BUT I THINK, WHEN I DIG THEM UP, IT SAVES THEM MUCH PAIN."

charming young lady rushed up to a short, shy-looking gentleman who was smoking a large pipe, and said, "Oh, would you be so kind as to put your autograph in my book?" Greatly perturbed by the request, the gentleman had not the presence of mind to refuse, and, seizing the pen offered to him, wrote, "Samuel Barnes," much to the lady's dismay and disappointment.

"Osculations could not be so frequent nor smart without being brought about by active buying or selling. Yesterday's noon prices compared with those of to-day are almost identical."—*Manchester Evening News*.

Our buying price after lunch is just the usual pair of gloves.

"The country churchyard where the rude forefathers of Hamlet sleep."

Literary Monthly.

It must have been from them that *Hamlet's* uncle got his rough ways.

"Dr. Turner and a nurse have arrived by torpedo-goat from Gibraltar."—"Times" Correspondent at Tangier.

Personally we prefer travelling by a submarine hydraulic ram.

"Wanted, by respectable Couple (boy and baby). Accommodation for large camp."

Advt. in "Sydney Morning Herald."

We cannot imagine a more respectable couple than this.

"The emine, and a black velour hat, encircled Kenelm and Lady Digby . . . Sir Princess was wearing a long coat of tailless mother of the bride."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

We simply cannot keep up with the fashions.

Notice in a Nottingham shop window:

"LADIES COMBINATIONS.

This is a line we cannot repeat."

We hardly like to say it once.

THE PRIVILEGE OF EMINENCE.

THE agents of a lady well known in the musical world recently communicated to the Press her experiences with a "musical marauder" as a warning to other stars of the musical firmament, adding the following admirable postscript: "It has just occurred to us that these incidents might conceivably be construed as an 'advertising paragraph.' We assure you that such is not the case. Madame — is too well known to adopt such means."

We have already received several similar notifications, from which we select the following:—

Elaine Runnymede, the famous child pianist, whom the GERMAN EMPEROR wittily called the Patti of the keyboard, has lately had a curious experience. While she was walking across the links at North Berwick, a tee-shot, driven with great violence, hit the tee-box and bounding off to fine slip struck her on the elbow. The golfer, who immediately rushed backwards to make his apologies, turned out, by a remarkable coincidence, to be none other than the Grand Duke Raphael of Russia, who has the lowest handicap of any member of the house of Romanoff. On learning his identity Miss Runnymede at once experienced a welcome

cessation of the pain, and an invitation to tea with the Grand Duchess soon restored her to her normal virtuosity. Concert-Direction Nathaniel Meyerbeer (sole agents for Miss Elaine Runnymede) are aware that this information might possibly be misconstrued as a piece of *réclame*. There is not the slightest ground for so ignoble a suspicion. Miss Elaine Runnymede, who has been kissed by four Emperors, is the last person in the world to endeavour to make any capital out of her casual acquaintance with a mere Grand Duke.

A regrettable incident (we are informed by Messrs. Pougher and Blower, the well-known dramatic agents) recently occurred at Marienbad Hall, Windsor, the country residence of Sir Herbert Samson, the famous tragedian. While Sir Herbert and Lady Samson were entertaining a number of their friends at tea, an orang-utan which had escaped from a travelling menagerie

made its way into the stables and was only dislodged by the united efforts of all Sir Herbert's four footmen, whose appearance after the struggle (as they were in livery and powder at the time) was most distressingly dishevelled. As the orang-utan escaped and has not yet been captured, Messrs. Pougher and Blower have thought it desirable to send these facts to the papers by way of warning to other members of the aristocracy who live in the neighbourhood, and may not be so well equipped with male retainers in case of a visit from the unwelcome intruder. The suggestion which may conceivably be entertained by some vulgar minds that this humane warning is dictated by a craving for publicity carries its own refutation with it. *Non tali auxilio Samson eget,*

mask, and was armed with a Blüthstein overstrung revolver. Concert-Direction Leiermann cannot too emphatically insist on the fact that in issuing this warning Mr. Bamberger is solely actuated by humanitarian motives on behalf of artists less richly endowed than himself. It is pleasant to know that Sir Pompey is going on well, and was able to eat a poached egg yesterday.

A STORM IN A PIGSTY.

THE strictures of the Archbishop of York on contemporary fiction, which he described as "hot, panting and bleary-eyed," have caused tremendous excitement in literary and publishing circles, and already Dr. LANG has been obliged to secure police protection against several infuriated fictionists who have vowed to stab him to death with their stylos.

Mr. Offley Garbidge, the famous psychological romancer, writes: "Dr. LANG's remarks are altogether barbarous. When I wrote *The Devil's Delight* my temperament and respiration were normal and my vision pellucidly clear. But this is not a matter which concerns me chiefly, for my reputation is sufficiently established to take care of itself. His abuse is really aimed at the great public which reads

my books by the million, and at the critics who have compared me favourably with BALZAC, FLAUBERT and DE MAUPASSANT.

Messrs. Broader and Blewer, on being interviewed by our representative, expressed great indignation at the observations of the Archbishop. "What," they asked, "does this obscurantist prelate want? Does he think that an enlightened democracy will rest content with such mawkish fictional pabulum as that provided by the Early-Victorian Sentimentalists? Let the preacher stick to his pulpit. The business of the conscientious novelist is to explore the drains and dustbins of humanity in the best interests of moral hygiene."

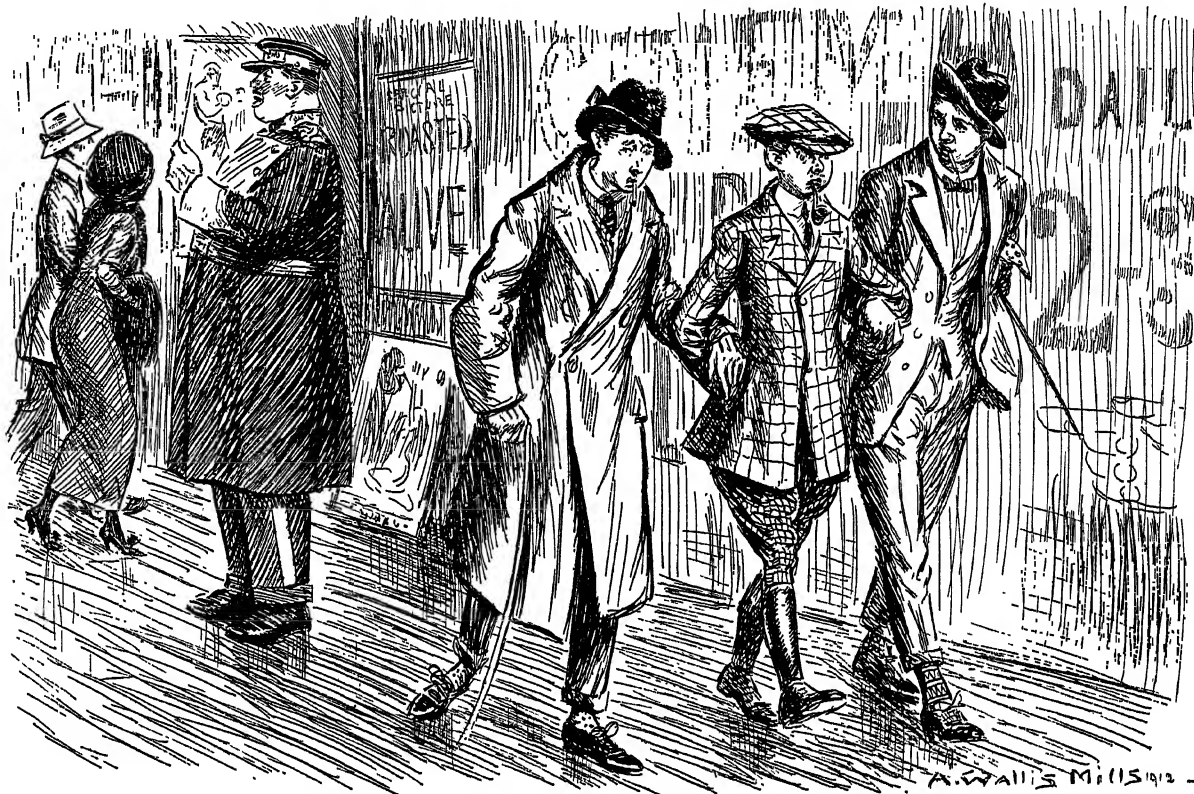
Messalina Muck, the renowned feminist writer, says: "These archiepiscopal fulminations leave me cold. No novelist worth her salt is interested in anything that is normal. The delineation of virtue may be left to imbeciles and mattedoids."



Fare (soliloquising). "WHAT I ALWAYS ENJOY SO MUCH IN THESE THINGS IS THE DELICIOUS FEELING ONE HAS OF ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE AND PRIVACY AS ONE RUSHES ALONG."

as Messrs. Pougher and Blower happily put it.

Mr. Hans Bamberger, while recently returning from the country seat of his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.G.S., in his motor car, stopped at Metheglin Castle to lunch with the Duke of Wiltshire. The party included one Prince of the Blood, two belted Earls, and several Bishops. Shortly after leaving the Castle, at about 3.45 p.m., Mr. Bamberger was held up by an armed footpad who threatened to shoot Sir Pompey unless Mr. Bamberger at once handed over £1,000. Fortunately, Mr. Bamberger happened to have the money with him, and a terrible tragedy was thus averted. But the man is still at large, and Mr. Bamberger has authorised his agents, Concert-Direction Leiermann, to issue a warning to his brother artists to be prepared for similar extortions. The robber was a tall man with piercing eyes, who wore a black leather suit and



First Suburban Nut. "I SAY, YOU CHAPS, DID YOU SEE IN THE PAPERS THAT THE ROTTEN OLD CENSOR IS GOING TO STOP CRIME BEING SHOWN AT THE CINEMAS?"

Second Suburban Nut. "AND DOG-FIGHTS!"

Third Suburban Nut. "AND PRIZE-FIGHTS! WHY, DASH IT, IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE ONE INTO THE TERRITORIALS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I REMEMBER meeting some chapters of *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol* (JOHN LANE) in the pages of a popular magazine, and the pleasant impression they then left has only been increased by re-reading them in this collected form. Mr. W. J. LOCKE has shown himself equal to the rather difficult task of creating a consistent character in a number of short stories. *Aristide* indeed is a worthy companion to any in the author's gallery, and his adventures, joyous to the verge of improbability and a little beyond, are always the greatest fun in the world. See him outwitting a rogue of a picture-dealer, smoothing the course of true love, and incidentally putting five hundred pounds in his own pocket, all by one amazing stroke of impudence. That is "The Adventure of Kind Mr. Smith." Elsewhere we find him adopting (for a space) a foundling, reconciling husband and wife, and even—once only—himself the victim of swindlers. And throughout he is the same merry, kind-hearted and wholly mercurial soldier of fortune whom (I think) Mr. LOCKE specially delights to draw, and (I am quite sure) the circulating libraries will take to welcoming arms. Only in the last adventure, where *Aristide* is caught in the toils of a rather unreal domesticity, did my faith in him waver ever so slightly. Married existence in the English suburbs—no, Mr. LOCKE, I cannot think you meant me to believe this! Magazine readers have no doubt their demands, but I for one shall not sacrifice to them the reality of such a beloved vagabond.

I have just been having the most delightful visit to America in the company of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. The vehicle in which the trip was made was a volume called

Those United States (MARTIN SECKER), and, in simple honesty, I never yet met any collection of printed pages that conveyed so vivid an impression of actuality. Nobody, I suppose, needs to be told at this period of time that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is gifted with an eye for the effective detail. Two continents are enriching him for it at this very moment. Naturally therefore this makes him the very man for a transcriber of the emotions produced by strange places and people. I have never personally seen the United States, but this book has for the first time made me waver in the hitherto fixed determination that I never will. Perhaps this is because wherever he goes, on great liners, in trains, and hotels and institutions, the author fastens unerringly upon the human interest of the scene; and human interest is a wonderfully reassuring thing. It can even rob of its terror such a spectacle as the interior of the chief telephone exchange in New York or the palace of an insurance king. I wish I could quote to you some passages in the book, but that is not possible. Moreover, the fascination of it is cumulative; once begun it holds you like a romance, even like one by the same author. The chapter on a journey by the New-York-to-Chicago train is in especial an epic of modern travel. On the whole, I came away from my visit with a firmer conviction than ever that, if *Those United States* are a wonder, this Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is very certainly another.

My Love and I, says in effect an intriguing announcement of the English publishers (CONSTABLE), is the work of a well-known (American) novelist, who prefers to adopt, because of his autobiographical references, the pseudonym of "MARTIN REDFIELD." The author indulges himself in some rather flamboyant diction, as when, in describing a young lady bringing in a newly bought hat, he speaks of her as

"really happy in that she carried a bandbox and was so fain of it that she had to open it in the hall and show me her fruit, plucked from the tree of life." Accepting or discounting this imaginative idiosyncrasy of style, which tends to mask a real sincerity and thoughtfulness, one can enjoy a quietly interesting story, carefully planned and told. *Martin*, making an early literary success, marries a woman whose coldness, shallowness, suburban outlook and petty avarice are hidden from her adorer by her beguiling beauty. He later finds his real affinity in *Ellen Tracy*—meets her in an enchanted garden, a sentimental variant of the rendezvous in *The Brushwood Boy*—but under the inspiration of her generous demand that he should be "splendid" cleaves honourably to his wife and little son, checkmating the imperturbable, crass constancy of rich, owlish *Cousin Tom*, a would-be lover. The beauty, distinction, and courage of *Ellen* are well expressed. And there is another charming character, a pattern of patient unselfishness, *Mary Owen*, with which the author makes amends for any eccentricities of style (it was *Mary* who was carrying the bandbox). There is throughout a strange striving after the expression of the tragedies and glories of literary endeavour that would be pretentious if it were not so obviously sincere.

The underlying theme of Mr. RICHARD BAGOT's book, *Darneley Place* (METHUEN), is the theory that a person may be unconsciously influenced in his actions by the will of another not necessarily alive. I call this a theory because I suppose none can take the risk of stating it as a fact, except by proxy.

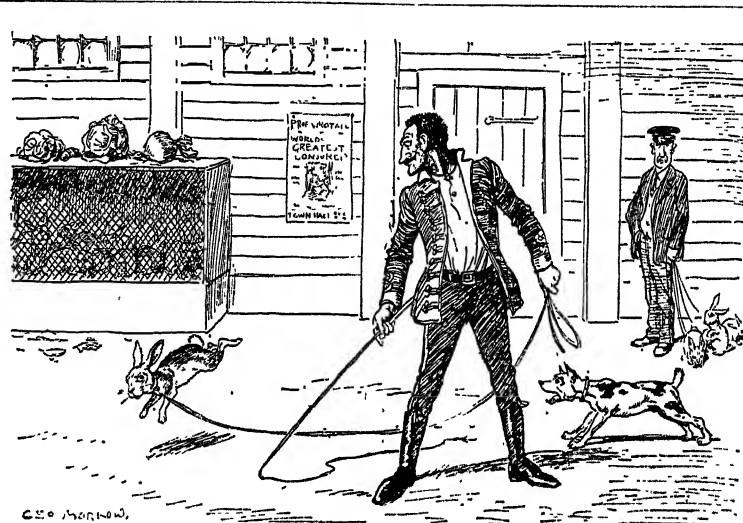
And Mr. BAGOT does not actually do even that. He sets two very delightful people discussing it, one from the religious standpoint, the other from the scientific, and they are mutually convinced to the extent of not being able to find any other explanation of what happens. The first is *Cardinal Lelli*, a shrewd, kindly adviser of all who bring him their troubles. The other is *Professor Rossano*, who mingles his penetrating arguments and his conversation generally with good-humoured sarcasms, unless he chances to be correcting proofs, when he sends everybody, from the *Princess*, his daughter-in-law, downwards, to the devil. Various complications are worked out by a number of very lovable people who live and love in very lovable places—chiefly in Italy—with the sinister shadow of a Sicilian vendetta in the background. The young couple are eventually brought together by Influences (with a capital letter, since there is something occult about them) which— But I have already tackled the influence question. Mr. BAGOT gives such generous measure—there is quantity as well as quality—that I can tell no more of the tale than that. And sample threads do not give much of an idea of the pattern. It is too well woven.

I commend *The Rough and the Fairway* (HEINEMANN) to all golfers. It is "An enquiry by the Agenda Club into the

problem of the Golf Caddie." Those who are interested in the solution of the difficulties of "blind alley" occupations will welcome this very sound and honest piece of work. It gives statistics, drawn from a large number of representative clubs in the neighbourhood of London, of the rates of caddies' payments, their hours of employment, their ages and the conditions under which they work. It records the efforts already made by a few golf-clubs to improve these conditions and to find employment and instruction for caddies in their long waiting hours. It shows that the very circumstance of enforced idleness, which is apt to demoralise the caddie and unfit him for subsequent employment at home or in the colonies, offers opportunities for training and education which are denied to most boys of his class engaged in other fields of labour; and it modestly offers suggestions as to the best means of utilising these opportunities. The relations between caddie and player should be something closer and more personal than those that are commonly recognised between employer and employed; and no one can read this little book, so happily

entitled, without a fresh sense of the responsibility that these relations impose upon all good golfers. Give me the fair way rather than the rough.

He was in many respects an unpleasant person; but I could not help feeling a little sorry for *Marcus*, the Centurion, when, like Mr. *Smee* in *The Newcomes*, he stood, "looking steady, you know, as if he was going to see whereabouts he should hit Boadishia." He had no chance at all. There she was, that slim, radiant girl, painted bright blue and jabbing



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
A TRAINER BREAKING IN WILD RABBITS FOR CONJURING PURPOSES.

at him with a six-foot spear. An awkward situation for *Marcus*. However, he had murdered her fiancé, so perhaps pity is wasted on him. Eventually he got it—literally—in the neck, and *Boudicca*, with the satisfying feeling that her duty had been done, married her second-in-command, *Alawn*, and went off to live happily in the forest. That is the main theme of the spirited narrative which in his novel *Boudicca* (OUSELEY) Mr. C. H. DUDLEY WARD has woven round the picturesque personality of the "British warrior queen" (for *Boudicca*, despite the spelling, is none other than Mr. *Gandish's* Boadishia). It is a story full of thrilling movement, and—to me at least—atmospherically convincing. I know a great deal now about the manners and customs of the ancient Britons, and it is extremely interesting to note how some of the quaint old practices survive to this day. "When you have lived in this country a bit longer, *Geminus*, you will be amazed at some of their customs. He . . . had a passion for borrowing money. He wished to borrow from me, and repay in the next world." Not fifty yards from Bouverie Street have I met again and again the descendants of this rugged old ear-biter whose very name is lost in the mists of the past. The formula, it is true, is now "till Saturday," but the system remains unchanged. And there are people who do not believe in heredity.

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that the discovery should have been made last week, in course of excavations at Delphi, of a beautiful statue of Victory is looked upon by the Greeks as a happy augury. It is certainly remarkable, as an illiterate correspondent points out, that this should have been unearthed almost at the same moment as the statue quo was being buried.

It is not strictly true to say that not a single victory can be placed to the credit of the Turks. The war correspondents attached to the Turkish Army had to acknowledge themselves completely beaten by their hosts.

ABDUL says it is quite like old times having all those pretty foreign warships about.

Several Members have been complaining that they voted in favour of the flogging amendment to the Criminal Law Amendment Act by mistake. Still; better to do good in error than not at all.

The request that the instrument and the frame by which flogging is administered to prisoners should be exhibited at the House of Commons makes one wonder whether the Whips are beginning to find Members intractable. Taken in conjunction with the recent defeat of the Government the incident is certainly significant.

The Duke of BEDFORD's proposal that the House of Lords shall not reject the Home Rule Bill but stand aside and throw on the Government the responsibility of bringing it into operation, is said to have the support of Mr. REDMOND.

In a letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. THEODORE MAUNDER describes the Mentally Deficient as "the children who never grow up." Poor Peter Pan!

"All lotteries," says a daily paper, "are illegal in this country, and no announcements concerning them are allowed to appear in our columns." How comes it then that our contemporary permits itself to publish marriage announcements?

From South Africa comes the news that some English ladies were pic-

nicing recently near Hell's-Gates, Kamache, when they were suddenly confronted by a lion. He looked at them for a moment, roared, and then turned tail. We have easily guessed what he mistook them for.

As the result of a recent fire at a dairy, the proprietor is now advertising a salvage sale of milk slightly injured by water.

René Paroisse, *The Express* tells us, was arrested the other day at Viarmes,

Persons who are executed so seldom survive that we were interested to read in a contemporary last week an interview with "A Spanish professor who has been endeavouring to carry on the educational movement in Spain started by the late Señor FERRER, whose execution for treason caused such a sensation throughout Europe, and who is now in England on a visit."

Happening on an old reference to the performance of *Oedipus* in Greek at Cambridge, a dear old lady who had seen Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's production asked who was the clever gentleman who had translated it into that language.

The Western Daily Press on Mr. BALFOUR:—

"The old war horse was evidently ready to make a skilful stroke with the rapier whenever it should be necessary."

We realise now what a deadly business a cavalry charge can be.

"And yet if I were Laurence Sterne I could almost drop a tear. Never again will a bride pass through the glass doors. Never again—But I must be stern."—*Mr. Lewis Lind* in "*The Daily Chronicle*."

Does that mean he is going to cry?

"During the week 'Hamlet,' 'The Third Light That Failed,' 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' and Bernard Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' have been performed."

Manchester City News.

The second-named play is our favourite. The great scene in the last Act, where the hero asks for his money back, always brings down the house.

"CONSTANTINOPLE.—None of the Powers has yet replied to the Porte's request for meditation."

New York Times.

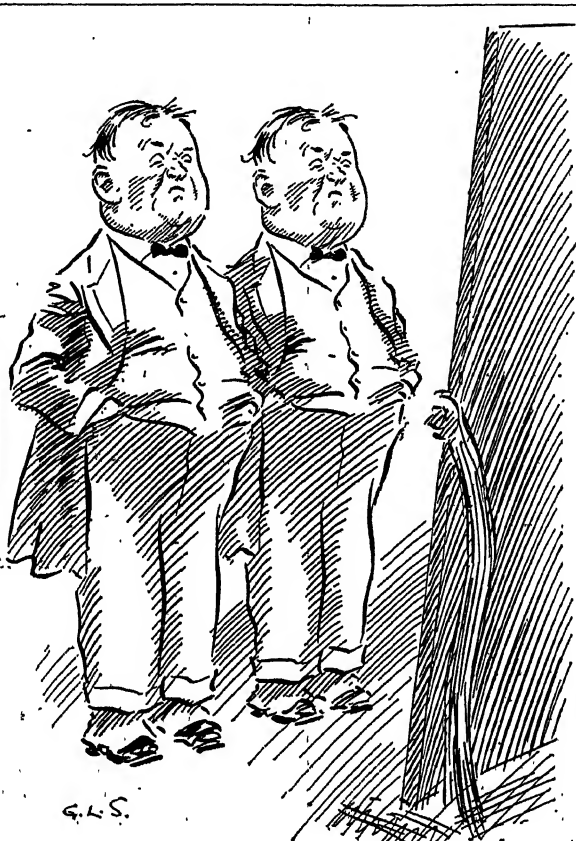
Therefore we take it upon ourselves to inform the Porte that the Powers are meditating.

The Revival of Tattooing.

"The bride wore a dress of grey cashmere, trimmed with silk fringe, and was silk and hand embroidered."—*Somerset Standard.*

It is rumoured that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY will be known in future as the Member for the Snap Division of Middlesex.

CONSTANT ENQUIRER. No, the one and only war correspondent at the Bulgarian front, Lieutenant WAGNER, is no relation of the famous opera-composer, the late Richard Wegener.



Discontented Twin. "PRETTY ROTTEN LUCK ON ME. I SHOULDN'T SO MUCH MIND HAVING A FACE LIKE MINE IF IT WASN'T SO BEASTLY LIKE YOURS."

Brittany, in the act of flinging his wife out of a third-storey window. It is, however, only fair to René to mention that his wife was responsible for the situation, she having annoyed him by serving insufficiently cooked potatoes.

Speaking at the Queen's Hall last week on the subject of religious work in Canada, Principal LLOYD said that there was a real need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bishops. But what about "Our Pets' League"?

This is an age of specialisation. Not only do we have a play devoted to a Glad Eye, but last week we read an account of a Glad Eye Ball.

THE WAR IN THE NEAR WEST.

["When war swiftly appears and great armies sweep onwards to a succession of rapid victories, the blood of every martial nation tingles with responsive excitement."—"Times" Leader, Nov. 14.]

WHEN Balkan warriors, breathing fire,
And rightly feeling rather perky,
March slithering on through seas of mire
To pluck the remnant plumes of Turkey;
When Islam, beaten out of breath,
Back to her last defences scrambles,
And the last sortie goes to death
From Adrianople's shambles;—

What wonder if the wind of war
Should fan to flame the flickering embers
Resident in the fiery core
Of martial-breasted British Members,
And giving way to sudden heat,
At risk of seeming rude and vulgar,
They too should emulate the feat
Of FERDINAND the Bulgar?

If roar of cannon, sharp and stern,
Now belching forth the doom of Byzant,
Echoes on lips that cry "Adjourn!"
Is that a marvel? No, it isn't.
With yon example how, at need,
To fight a tyrannous legislature,
Boys will be boys, the bull-dog breed
Confirm its bull-dog nature.

Nor was it strange in this affair
Modelled upon the Balkan tale, if
They went for poor "Old CROMWELL" there
As though he were the Moslem KALIPH;
Nor if, his "resolution" gone,
Lost in the loud incessant bicker,
He took the part of Sick Man on
And visibly grew sicker.

No blood (thank Heaven!) was spilt like wine;
They used no weapons known to science;
Merely the human voice divine
In ordered volleys flung defiance;
Wit was their only sword and dirk
(And far too blunt to hurt a fellow),
Their weightiest missile just a work
Of reference, bound in yellow.

But, see, the morrow makes amends
(Let dogs delight in being snarly,
Our mouths were built for better ends!)
And MR. SPEAKER calls a parley;
So on the none-too-glorious page
Recording that preposterous shindy
Both guilty parties, purged of rage,
Agree to write *Rescinde*!

O. S.

Forthcoming Apologies.

I.

"Have luncheon on Monday in the grill-room of the Hyde Park Hotel and you will meet there almost every man and woman in society who is really interested in horseflesh."—*World*.

II.

"The General Secretaries have been—the Rev. E. A. Berry, Vicar of Pleasley Hill; the Rev. C. Lea-Wilson, Vicar of Old Radford; the Rev. P. H. Ogle, Vicar of S. Nicholas', Nottingham; and Mr. W. E. Radford. The brains of the whole business have been supplied by the Organising Secretary, Mr. T. H. Baxter, of the Missionary Leaves' Association."—*Southwell Diocesan Magazine*.

AFTER OLYMPIA.

THIS is the year of the Cheap Car for the Man of Moderate Means. My means are moderate enough, heaven knows, but it appeared to me before I visited the Show that I could just manage a useful and reliable car, complete and ready for the road, for about £200.

It is just as well that I went to the Show, because previously my ideas about accessories were all wrong. Just lamps and a horn, I thought . . . And these, according to the advertisement, were included in the £200.

But there is a little fat policeman, it seems, who stands on the radiator cap and waves his arms. He, I realise now, is essential.

And an electric horn. I am filled with contempt for the squash-bulb horn. The very name gives it away. Squash-bulb. You see how impossible it is, or you would if you heard the same gentleman pronounce it at the Show that I did.

And a "loud-speaking" telephone, which magnifies, so they told me, the teeniest whisper into a veritable shout. That would be too jolly. I should never tire of using it.

And an electrical arrangement which, upon a button being pressed, makes a little platinum grill red hot and enables one to light a cigar or cigarette with ease.

And lamps which eliminate the ultra-violet rays. How extraordinarily lucky I was to have the importance of eliminating these rays brought to my notice before it was too late.

And another electrical arrangement which warms the steering wheel and the foot-mats, illuminates the clock, speedometer, etc., boils a pan of water, and would doubtless cook a chop and wash up the dinner things if required.

And scores of others. Altogether they came to just about £200, and the problem now is to decide whether I shall buy the car or the accessories. On the whole I incline to the latter, for, at any rate, they would be useful and amusing about the house, while a car without them is unthinkable. They all told me that.

A PLEA FOR RECOGNISABILITY.

DEAR SIR,—I am a Hagios Stratian. If you look on the map you will find in the Ægean Sea a sort of nettlerash of pink spots. Hagios Strati is one of these.

Perhaps you can tell me to whom I belong. News filters through slowly to little rural spots such as this, and we Hagios Stratians are in a sad state of perplexity on this point. Until a few months ago our breasts remained untorn by any such doubts as these. We went about in fezes and under a happy conviction that we were Turkish subjects. The younger ones of us had been unquestionably so all their lives. And then a cruiser and a torpedo-boat came to our shores, some odd-looking men with moustachios landed in our town, there was a little business with flags, and we were told that we were Italian.

Just as we were getting used to this we were informed that some treaties and things had been signed, giving us back again to Turkey; and within another few short days a fresh torpedo-boat arrived and we were invited to regard ourselves as Greeks!

And now, Sir, we hear of secret clauses and other incomprehensible things which declare that we are really Austro-Albanian. Is it never going to stop?

I am, Yours perplexedly,
ALI GUGLIELMO POKOLOPOS PASHA.

"Vacuum for sale; almost new."—*Advt. in "Hampstead Express."*
It would be something to keep our studs in, anyway.



SERVIA AT THE SEASIDE.

SCENE—*Durazzo-super-Mare, Albania.*

OLDEST INHABITANT. "MAKING A LONG STAY HERE, SIR?"

SERVIA. "OH, IT DEPENDS." (*Sotto voce*) "ARE YOU MUCH TROUBLED WITH TWO-HEADED EAGLES IN THESE PARTS?"



WHAT WE MISSED AT OLYMPIA.

EXHIBIT OF LIVING MODELS FROM WHICH THE DESIGNERS OF MOTOR-HORNS DRAW THEIR INSPIRATIONS.

THE UMBRELLA TREE.

An exercise in the facile manner of one of the "Best Sellers" of the day.

[With acknowledgments to the Author of *The Upas Tree* and *The Rosary*.]

PART I.

THE sun was streaming through the "Glacier" panes of the old Tudor grange: It fell on the boyish curls of the famous novelist, Donald East; it fell on the regal form of his beloved Ellen, the wealthy heiress in whose hall he had hung up his hat; it illuminated the old motto which some idle visitor had scratched on the "Glacier": *Ad hoc*.

"I often wonder what that means, Donnie," said Ellen, as she took off her spurs, for they had been rabbit hunting. "My darling," said Donald, his boyish face all aglow, "like a breakfast sausage, Greek is a great mystery."

Ellen was silent. There were times when Donald's merry humour got on even her well-ordered nerves.

"Darling," he continued, "I want to go to Portuguese West Africa. I want

to lay the scene of my new novel there."

"Very well," she said, suppressing a sigh, "I'll write the usual cheque. And on your way back I wish you'd look in at Bayreuth and get me a German flute."

"I will, darling," said Donald, "if you will give me the money for that, too."

"But be sure of one thing," said the beautiful Ellen, as she signed another cheque, "do not go near my cousin, Sir Rupert Malatesta, who has made Bayreuth his home. For he is both bold and bad. He wears evening dress in the morning."

PART II.

It was six months later. Donald was seated in an arm-chair in the room of Sir Rupert Malatesta, at Bayreuth.

"Ha, ha! So I have you in my power," hissed Sir Rupert, removing his cigarette in order to bring his teeth close together.

But Donald did not hear, for he was in a high fever; he was also too much engrossed in playing with his wife's cheque-book, which he called "Baby Balance."

"Here is a letter from Ellen for her miserable nincompoop," Sir Rupert went on, lighting another cigarette. "It says that you are a father. But shall I give it to you? Never. Malaport that you are! Did I not love her first? No, I will increase the fever which you caught in Portuguese West Africa, and send you home to die. Ha, ha—to die!"

Again Donald did not hear, so wrapt was he in "Baby Balance."

"You clown," cried Sir Rupert, "I mean to kiss Ellen again."

PART III.

Two days later Donald East reached Liverpool Street Station, where all the porters knew him by name.

"Have you come from the Hook, Mr. East?" asked the obsequious inspector.

"Yes," said Donald; "did you think I had come from the Eye?"

It was such humour as this that helped his amazing popularity, but the inspector knew in a moment that he was suffering from Portuguese West African fever.

Donald rushed through London in a taxi, caught his train, and was quickly

at the old Tudor grange, where Ellen waited for him.

They shook hands casually, and Donald handed her her German flute.

"By the way," he said, "before I go to my room, I wish you'd look at 'Baby Balance,' and sign another dozen blank cheques."

Not a word about his fatherhood!

Ellen was in despair. Was this her Donnie?

"I wish you'd sign them now," he added.

"Donnie," said Ellen, "you are utterly, miserably, boundingly, rapaciously, evilly, loathsomely and lastingly avaricious."

Donald looked at her in pained surprise, and a moment later had flung from the room in a towering rage, using language calculated to make his great-aunt Louisa of sacred memory turn in her grave.

Donald placed himself in a valuable Florentine chair, before the costly Venetian mirror in his room, and began to fondle "Baby Balance." Then he remembered what his beautiful wife had called him.

He said the words over slowly to himself, with a capital letter for each: Utterly, Miserably, Boundingly, Rapaciously, Evilly, Loathsomely and Lastingly Avaricious. He wrote them, and behold their capital letters spelt umbrella.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "The Umbrella Tree at Lorenzo Marques. It was under that that I first felt queer. I'm an Umbrella Tree. Ellen is right. I'm avaricious to the core. You"—he pointed to his reflection in the mirror—"you're avaricious to the core. You've got to be stopped. Take that!"

And, so saying, he flung the valuable Florentine chair at the costly Venetian mirror.

There was a terrible crash.

PART IV.

It was six weeks before Donald came to himself, and when he did he was on the beach at Margate, on Christmas Eve, watching the bathers.

"Ellen," he said, "I must go to the old Tudor grange all alone, to work out this Umbrella Tree problem and see how I can, from this moment forward, live solely on my own earnings."

"Very well," said his beautiful wife.

No sooner had he gone than a letter arrived for Ellen from Sir Rupert Malatesta, confessing all, explaining all, and repenting. "My dear wronged

"Come, Donnie," said his beautiful wife, "and see your second son."

"My second son!" exclaimed Donald. "Twins! Great Scott. But what does one say to a second son?"

"One says 'Blessums,'" said his beautiful wife.

Donald looked bravely at his second son, for he too was a changed man, and he had no more fight in him; but when his beautiful wife invited him to see the third he broke down.

"It's no good, Ellen," he said. "Although I make twenty-thousand a year by my pen, my own income won't support such a family as this. I must be an Umbrella Tree again. In other words you must continue to help to support the family."

"Donnie," said Ellen, "the inexorable law of the Happy Ending forces me to agree. None the less, you are utterly—"

But Donald stopped her mouth with a kiss. "Ad hoc, darling," he said.

The Golfer's Vade-Mecum.

From the sale catalogue of a recent Art Collection:—

"Lot 153.—A Battersea enamel box containing three caddies . . ."

"Commander Diadoque states that the Turkish Army has retired from Salonika."—*Exchange*.

We don't know what the GERMAN KAISER thinks of this French adaptation of *Diadokos*—Greek for Crown Prince—but we have unimpeachable autho-

rity for the statement that in the recent telegram of congratulation, concluding with three *Hochs*, which he sent to his royal sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of GREECE, he did not address her as *Madame Diadoque*.

• From the *Western Pacific Herald's* description of a fancy-dress dance:—

"Clowns (Messrs. M. J. Gallagher, J. Bish and N. Levy). Second only to the immortal Garibaldi."

It was GARIBALDI'S war-cry, "Here we are again!" which used to strike such terror into the hearts of the Austrians.



Travelling Lecturer for Society (to one remaining listener). "I SHOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU, SIR, FOR SO ATTENTIVELY HEARING ME TO THE END OF A RATHER LONG SPEECH."

Local Member of Society. "NOT AT ALL, SIR. I'M THE SECOND SPEAKER."

cousin," he concluded, "I am a changed man. I will never don evening dress before 6.30 P.M. any more." Having read this letter, Ellen flew in a motor-car to get to the old Tudor grange first.

"Come, Donnie," she said as she met him at the door, "and see your son."

"My son!" he exclaimed. "But what does one say to a son?"

"One says 'Diddums,'" said his beautiful wife.

Donnie gazed long and earnestly at the tiny creature so exactly like himself.

"I am glad to have seen it," he said simply.



"I THINK JOHNSON MUST BE WINNING; HE'S GOT HIS TAIL UP."

THE PASSING OF THE "NUT."

WITH the falling of the beech leaves through the ruined woods and bare,
With the wailing wind of autumn comes a voice that whispers, "Tut,
There is nought that lives for ever; he was wonderfully fair,

But Adolphus is departing: we are pretty nearly shut
Of the cut
Of his stylish coat and trousers and the ointment on his hair;
Hazel-optic'd hamadryads, let us sorrow for the 'nut'!"

Fallen, fallen are his fathers: the inexorable scythe
Smote them in their bloom and swept them to the dim
Lethæan trough.

Where is now the "masher" sleeping, the mustachio'd
'and blithe?

Where the "swell," the heavy-whisker'd hero of the
urchin's scoff?

Where's the "toff"?
Where's the— Nay, I cannot tell them, not a quarter,
not a tithe,

Only this I know, that Chronos, old cartoonist, took
them off.

Are not *his* days also numbered; shall he die not as did
they?

Shall the squirrels of Nepenthe not consume him at the
last,

And his husk be left to moulder in the trampled forest way
With the fir-cone and the acorn and the sweepings of
the mast?

Only cast
Just an eye upon his Homburg, it is purpling for decay,
And the splendour of his neck-wear is too lovely to be fast.

He shall die, but there are others. As the crocuses re-flame
When the daughter of Demeter new arises in the Spring,
He shall seek him a successor; but ah! what shall be his
name?

Never mind, if I the poet may be privileged to sing
Of the thing
As it puts the blushing peacock to a novel pang of shame
And invites the blue-cheeked mandrill to salute it as a king.

Shall its waist be loose and baggy, or elaborately thin?
Shall its trousers clasp its ankles and be tied beneath the
sole?

Shall the amaranthine beardlet be induced upon its chin?
Shall the glory of the beaver have a place upon its poll?
Shall it roll?

Or with delicate progression, as if hurry were a sin,
Shall it grace its Piccadilly on a matutinal stroll?

Nay, I cannot tell you these things, but I know that
Father Time

Is devouring the beloved; I can almost hear the scrunch
As Adolphus, the bespatted, the resplendent, the sublime
(Like the kernel of a filbert that a person has to munch
For his lunch

At the restaurant of EUSTACE) is receding to a clime
Where these fancies are forgotten—save in former vols.
of *Punch*. Evon.

"The ramble on Sunday from Glossop to Dunford gave considerable
pleasure to those who took part in it, even though the wind on the
moorland and hills was strong almost to boisterousness. But the
wind was friendly, for when it ceased the rain came down in a
pitiless torrent, and it was a thoroughly drenched party that sat
down to tea at the Railway Hotel."—*Manchester City News*.

We do not grudge them their simple pleasures.

"There may be things we do not know."
"Daily Telegraph" leader.
Why this absurd diffidence?

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

(As revealed in the Magazines.)

I.—THE HEIR.

MR. TREVOR PILKINGTON, of the well-known firm of Trevor Pilkington, fixed his horn spectacles carefully upon his nose, took a pinch of snuff, sneezed twice, gave his papers a preliminary rustle, looked slowly round the crowded room, and began to read the will. Through forty years of will-reading his method of procedure had always been the same. But Jack Summers, who was sharing an ottoman with two of the outdoor servants, thought that Mr. Pilkington's mannerisms were designed specially to annoy him, and he could scarcely control his impatience.

Yet no one ever had less to hope from the reading of a will than Jack. For the first twenty years of his life his parents had brought him up to believe that his cousin Cecil was heir to his Uncle Alfred's enormous fortune, and for the subsequent ten years his cousin Cecil had brought his Uncle Alfred up in the same belief. Indeed Cecil had even roughed out one or two wills for signature, and had offered to help his uncle—who, however, preferred to do these things by himself—to hold the pen. Jack could not help feeling glad that his cousin was not there to parade his approaching triumph; a nasty cold, caught a week previously in attending his uncle to the Lord Mayor's Show, having kept Cecil in bed.

"To the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, ten shillings and sixpence"—the words came to him in a meaningless drone—"to the Fresh Air Fund, ten shillings and sixpence; to the King Edward Hospital Fund, ten shillings and sixpence"—was *all* the money going in charities?—"to my nephew Cecil Linley, who has taken such care of me"—Mr. Pilkington hesitated—"four shillings and ninepence; to my nephew, John Summers, whom, thank Heaven, I have never seen, five million pounds—"

A long whistle of astonishment came from the ottoman. The solicitor looked up with a frown.

"It's the surprise," apologised Jack. "I hardly expected so much. I thought that that brute—I mean I thought my cousin Cecil had nobbled—that is to say, was getting it all."

"The late Mr. Alfred Linley made three wills," said the lawyer in a moment of expansion. "In the first he left his nephew Cecil a legacy of one shilling and tenpence, in the second he bequeathed him a sum of three shillings and twopence, and in the last he set aside the amount of four shillings and

ninepence. The evidence seems to show that your cousin was rapidly rising in his uncle's estimation. You, on the other hand, have always been a legatee to the amount of five million pounds; but in the last will there is a trifling condition attached." He resumed his papers. "To my nephew, John Summers, five million pounds, on condition that, within one year from the date of my death, he marries Mary Huggins, the daughter of my old friend, now deceased, William Huggins."

Jack Summers rose proudly from his end of the ottoman.

"Thanks," he said curtly. "That tears it. It's very kind of the old gentleman, but I prefer to choose a wife for myself." He bowed to the company and strode from the room.

It was a cloudless August day. In the shadow of the great elms that fringed the Sussex lane a girl sat musing; on its side in the grass at her feet a bicycle, its back wheel deflated. She sat on the grassy bank with her hat in her lap, quite content to wait until the first passer-by with a repairing outfit in his pocket should offer to help her.

"Can I be of any assistance?" said a manly voice, suddenly waking her from her reverie.

She turned with a start. The owner of the voice was dressed in a stylish knickerbocker suit; his eyes were blue, his face was tanned, his hair was curly and he was at least six foot tall. So much she noticed at a glance.

"My bicycle," she said; "punctured."

In a minute he was on his knees beside the machine. A rapid examination convinced him that she had not over-stated the truth, and he whipped from his pocket the repairing outfit without which he never travelled.

"I can do it in a moment," he said. "At least, if you can just help me a little."

As she knelt beside him he could not fail to be aware of her wonderful beauty. The repairs, somehow, took longer than he thought. Their heads were very close together all the time, and indeed on one occasion came violently into contact.

"There," he said at last, getting up and barking his shin against the pedal. "Conf— That will be all right."

"Thank you," she said tenderly.

He looked at her without disguising his admiration; a tall, straight figure in the sunlight, his right shin rubbing itself vigorously against his left calf.

"It's absurd," he said at last; "I feel as if I've known you for years. And anyway I'm certain I've seen you before somewhere."

"Did you ever go to 'The Seaside Girl'?" she asked eagerly.

"Often."

"Do you remember the Spanish princess who came on at the beginning of the Second Act and said, 'Wow-wow!' to the Mayor?"

"Why, of course! And you had your photograph in *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, and *The Sporting and Dramatic* all in the same week?"

The girl nodded happily. "Yes, I'm Marie Huguenot!" she said.

"And I'm Jack Summers; so now we know each other." He took her hand. "Marie," he said, "ever since I have mended your bicycle—I mean, ever since I have known you I have loved you. Will you marry me?"

"Jack!" she cooed. "You did say 'Jack,' didn't you?"

"Bless you, Marie. We shall be very poor, dear. Will you mind?"

"Not with you, Jack. At least, not if you mean what I mean by 'very poor.'"

"Two thousand a year."

"Yes, that's about what I meant."

Jack took her in his arms.

"And Mary Huggins can go and marry the Pope," he said with a smile.

With a look of alarm in her eyes she pushed him suddenly away from her. There was a crash as his foot went through the front wheel of the bicycle.

"Mary Huggins?" she cried.

"Yes, I was left a fortune on condition that I married a person called Mary Huggins. Absurd! As though—"

"How much?"

"Oh, quite a lot if it wasn't for these confounded death duties. Five million pounds. You see—"

"Jack, Jack!" cried the girl. "Don't you understand? I am Mary Huggins."

He looked at her in amazement.

"You said your name was Marie Huguenot," he said slowly.

"My stage name, dear. Naturally I couldn't—I mean, one must—you know how particular managers are. When father died and I had to go on the stage for a living—"

"Marie, my darling!"

Mary rose and picked up her bicycle. The air had gone out of the back-wheel again, and there were four spokes broken, but she did not heed it.

"You must write to your lawyer to-night," she said. "Won't he be surprised?"

But, being a great reader of the magazines, he wasn't. A. A. M.

"The Liberal Whips watched each other like tigers watched their prey."

Dundee Courier.

MR. PERCY ILLINGWORTH (eyeing Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN hungrily): "Mine's a wing."

OUR THEATRE CORRESPONDENT CATCHES THE WAR FEVER.



Skelton

Saturday, 5.30.—THERE HAS BEEN HEAVY FIGHTING AROUND CHARING CROSS. THE ATTACKING FORCES ARE THROWING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ENTRENCHMENTS OF THE ALDWYCH CONTINGENT WITH A DESPERATE HEROISM, WHILE THE LATTER ARE RETALIATING WITH ALL THEIR FAMOUS FIGHTING POWER.



Skelton

Saturday, 5.45.—IN THE EXTREME WEST-END OF THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS THE "DRAKES" ("HIS MAJESTY'S OWN"), HAVING FORCED THEIR WAY UP THE HAYMARKET VALLEY, ARE THREATENING TO OCCUPY THE IMPORTANT CHAIN OF TEA-ROOMS BETWEEN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND ST. JAMES'S STREET.



"WILL YOU SEND TWO POUNDS OF DOG-BISCUITS, PLEASE? 'WHO FOR?'—WHY, THE DOG, OF COURSE!"

AND AFTER?—WHAT THEN?

(Being Our Own Contribution to the Symposium of Intelligent Forecasts.)

WE are enabled to give to-day (most fortunately and to the intense relief of our readers) a complete and detailed survey of the present position in European politics, resulting from the sudden and surprising events in the Near East. We have this on the Highest Authority (Our Own). We can vouch for every one of the new facts here disclosed. The first point that we wish to make is that the Powers—contrary to common belief—are waiting on events. In the meantime the one outstanding hopeful sign is that they remain on the friendliest terms. Sympathetic messages of courteous goodwill and kindly advances toward a closer inti-

macy are passing daily between them. While events are moving so rapidly it would, it is felt, be premature to consider what steps will have to be taken in eventualities which have not yet arisen and are not (in the opinion of some observers) at all likely, in the immediate future, to arise.

With these few words of introduction we may at once embark upon a full consideration of the position. We may say without hesitation that no definite result to the "conversations" now proceeding may be looked for at present. The Powers—to tell the simple truth—are waiting on events, feeling that it is better in the interests of the maintenance of European peace to allow circumstances to shape themselves before dealing in detail with situations which have not occurred. Should, for

instance, the Turks by a tardy recovery succeed in rolling back the Balkan invasion and thus re-creating the *status quo*, the whole problem, regarded from a territorial point of view, would have to be reconsidered in the light of new facts. If, on the other hand, the Allies reach Constantinople, as the final outcome of the surprising incidents of the past few weeks, other aspects of the situation—it is not too much to say—will be thrust into prominence. Meanwhile in the momentous negotiations which are daily going forward among the Powers it would appear that nothing is more urgently insisted upon than the desirability of marking time. That is a wise and statesmanlike view. The problems of Salonica, a very ticklish question, and of Albania, another very ticklish question, are still in the future. In dealing with the whole question of Turkish supremacy it must always be remembered that it is one thing to take territory from Turkey; it is quite another thing to be allowed to stick to it. There need be no confusion there.

Perhaps in conclusion a few words about the position of some of the Powers and their individual attitude will not be out of place. Great Britain, then, while still acting loyally within the Concert, and therefore avoiding an independent line of action, is understood to be pressing for delay. France, while absolutely maintaining her hearty co-operation with the other Powers, and thus avoiding an independent point of view, is all in favour of deferring action. Germany, while disparaging any infringement of the general harmony, and thus avoiding an independent train of thought, is eagerly advocating what we may call a policy of pause.

There we must leave it. The most hopeful sign at the moment is to be found in the amicable sentiments with which the future is awaited.

One of the Bhoys.

"MUSTAPHA PASHA (Delayed in Transmission.)
ARRIVED IN DUBLIN TUESDAY NIGHT."

Irish Times.

The temptation to spend a few days in Paris on the way—but there! we mustn't blame him.

From the rules of the Winchester Badminton Club:—

"Any Members striking a shuttlecock with his or her racquet while lying on the floor, shall be subject to a fine of 3d."

We have often gone full length on the floor in the card-room to get to a shooter, never dreaming that we were infringing any rule by it.

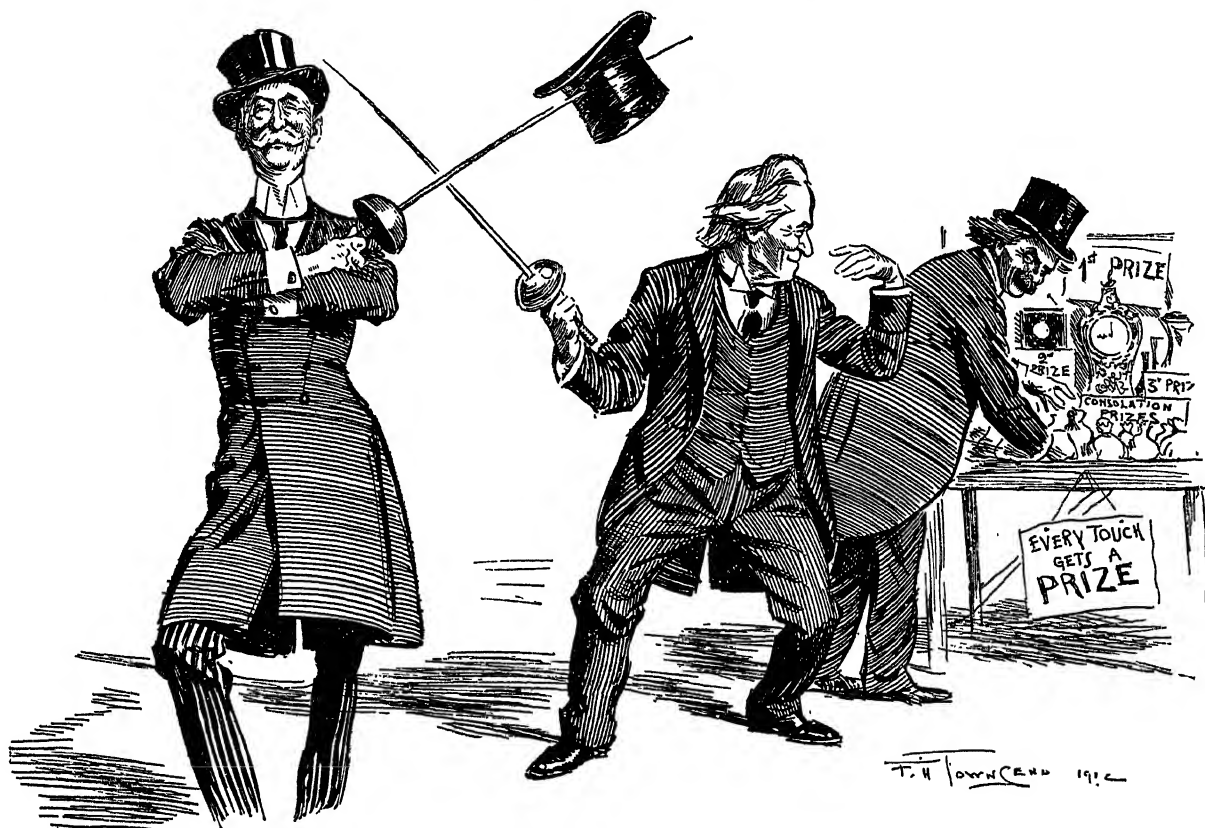


THE WRONG SOLUTION.

MR. ASQUITH. "DON'T THINK I LIKE THE EFFECT OF THIS, AFTER ALL; SEEMS ONLY TO INCREASE THE IRRITATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"MAÎTRE" ASQUITH. "Touche! I'm touched, David, but it's not a good hit. Give BANBURY a bag of nuts."

House of Commons, Monday, November 11.—"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery used to say to *Pip*.

Ministry, having thus far got through Committee on Home Rule Bill with majorities averaging 100, defeated by majority of 21 in House of 434 Members. Amazing victory due to strategy commonplace in conception but cleverly worked out. Business on hand was Report stage of Resolution governing financial clauses of the Bill. Arranged that division should be taken somewhere about seven o'clock. As to result there was no ground for anxiety on Treasury Bench. In Committee the Resolution had been carried by a majority of 121. This exceeded the generous margin declared night after night, even went beyond actual numerical strength of Ministry.

Why therefore should faithful Ministerialists bother? Sick to death with tiresome iteration of talk avowedly designed not to amend but to obstruct the Bill, why should they waste a precious hour or two of week-end holiday in order to be in their places? So they stayed away, some 170 all told. When they arrived in good time for seven-o'clock division, they found the lights were fled, the garland

of financial Resolution dead, and the crowd, one-half abashed the other jubilant, departed.

Surprise admirably manœuvred. As soon as question of accepting Committee's Resolution put from the Chair BANBURY casually stepped in with amendment. It did not appear on the Paper. Was apparently one of those inspirations that without premeditation flash on busy brain of City Baronet. Nothing in appearance of House suggested peril to Bill. As usual, when Order of Day was called on—the business being discussion of revolutionary Bill striking at heart of Empire—Members with one accord arose and strolled forth to Lobby.

BANBURY rattled on unheedful of familiar aspect of empty Benches. No one on Ministerial side scented danger. One significant incident, remembered after, might have aroused suspicion. LONSDALE, seconding BANBURY's amendment, contented himself with uttering formal sentence. In ordinary circumstances he would have contributed his full share to speech-making that would have occupied the sitting up to stipulated hour when guillotine came into operation. Further evidence of there being something in the wind

was supplied by abstention of Unionists from prolonging debate. MITCHELL-THOMSON said a few words following POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S contemptuous rejection of Amendment. Then unwonted silence fell on Benches to left of SPEAKER. Had barest suspicion of plot existed in Ministerial ranks it would have been easy to defeat it. Needed only to put up succession of speakers to delay division till the dallying week-enders arrived in number sufficient to save situation.

To vary a familiar tag, Whom the gods would destroy they first make blind. Ministerialists saw nothing unusual till they beheld Clerk at Table, having compared return of figures brought from Division Lobby by the Tellers, hand the paper to the blushing BARONET BANBURY. It did not need the wild shout of triumph that went up from Opposition Benches to tell that the Government had been defeated.

Business done.—Amendment to vital Resolution of Home Rule Bill carried against Government by 227 votes against 206. On motion of PRIME MINISTER House straightway adjourned.

Tuesday.—Colonel YATE still bubbling with complacency over part played in organised demonstration of petitions

presented against Welsh Church Dis-establishment Bill. Others in charge of rolls of paper rose from their accustomed places to announce particulars. Not so the old campaigner. His usual seat is in comparatively obscure background of Opposition Benches above Gangway. His special mission justified full share of what on the stage is known as limelight. Accordingly, by forced march rivaling that of the Bulgarians on Lule Burgas, he reached Gangway and took possession of COUSIN HUGH's corner front seat. This the centre of attraction, the very pivot upon which attention of crowded House turns. RANDOLPH recognised this when, thirty-two years ago, he shouldered BERNESFORD HOPE out of the seat and therein installed himself.

Delightful to watch and hear the Colonel make the most of strategical position thus temporarily annexed. As matter of fact, presentation of petitions to House of Commons is the extreme of futility. They have no more influence upon debate and decision than has a feather floating downward from one of the galleries. They are ignominiously thrust into a bag hanging by the Clerks' Table and are not further heard of except in not unfamiliar cases where discovery is made of batches of bogus signatures. To the Colonel his mission was as momentous as if he were presenting a Budget or introducing a Reform Bill. As in loud voice he cited particulars of each petition committed to his charge, he paused a moment and looked fixedly at the SPEAKER as who should say, "What do you think of that?"

Case-hardened by long occupancy of Chair, Mr. LOWTHER managed to conceal any emotion that may have welled in his bosom. Perhaps acute ear caught something like a gulp in his voice when, the recitation completed, he said, "The honourable Member will please bring the petitions up to the Table."

As for the Colonel, his mission accomplished, he marched with soldierly tread to the Table, dropped his rolls of paper into the unsympathetic bag, and retreated to his accustomed seat on back bench.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill temporarily shelved. Criminal Amendment Bill takes a turn.

Wednesday.—Opened quietly enough. PREMIER moved Resolution rescinding Vote of Monday night. BONNER LAW in vigorous speech denounced procedure as dishonourable, cowardly, tyrannical, revolutionary and destructive of Parliamentary customs established and maintained through 300 years. Insisted that,

being defeated on what was admittedly a vital question, straightforward course was to resign.

This view of situation approved with thunderous cheers by Opposition. PRINCE ARTHUR listened with far-away look. Situation a little awkward for him. As PREMIER reminded House, seven years ago PRINCE ARTHUR, then head of the Government, had refused to resign when beaten in the division lobby, the very course now exciting the righteous indignation of his Party. ASQUITH mainly justified his action by citation from PRINCE ARTHUR's speech in 1905. If mud were thrown at the



Colonel YATE has a mission.

erring Minister to-day, some flakes must stick to his predecessor of 1905.

Some of his old supporters must have remembered this and regretted the personal pain inflicted on sensitive nature. To do them justice, the main body were able to ignore disagreeable facts. They were out to harry ASQUITH, and they did it with a will. It was BULL who applied the match to the conveniently handy train of gunpowder. Summing up the indictment against PREMIER he bellowed, "He's a traitor!" SPEAKER insisted on withdrawal of unparliamentary phrase. He declined. Taking BULL by the horns, so to speak, SPEAKER commanded him to withdraw, which he did, cheered on his way to door by Opposition now blazing with excitement.

Shortly after, ATTORNEY-GENERAL appeared at Table with intent to reply upon debate; met by persistent cries for adjournment. After vainly attempting to restore order SPEAKER

suspended Sitting for an hour. Members returning, refreshed by hasty meal, more than ever resolved to prevent discussion of PREMIER's motion, shouted ATTORNEY-GENERAL down. SPEAKER recognising impossibility of restraining disorder, adjourned the Sitting till to-morrow. Opposition went off triumphant. As they filed out pelted Ministers with missiles improvised out of stray copies of Orders of the Day.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—When Questions were called on, the House presented appearance rarely witnessed. With Home Rule Bill in Committee average attendance through a Sitting seldom exceeds four-score. This afternoon the throng, including Strangers, probably mustered 600. Every seat on floor of House was appropriated; side galleries on both sides packed; a crowd elbowed each other at the Bar; Gangway steps and steps of SPEAKER's Chair eagerly competed for as coigns of vantage; Peers struggled for places in their Gallery with the ruthlessness of ordinary mortals; Strangers' Gallery peopled to topmost range of benches.

Little attention paid to Questions which ran their ordinary course; replies occasionally inaudible amid rise and fall of conversation. Excitement deepened when hand of clock pointed to third quarter of the hour, signal for taking in hand business of the day. This set forth in notice on paper of PREMIER's intention to move that the House forthwith resume discussion of the Resolution rescinding hostile vote on clause of Home Rule Bill.

What would happen when PREMIER stood at the Table? Ministerialists regarded with concern the sorried ranks opposite which yesterday shouted down ATTORNEY-GENERAL and compelled adjournment.

What actually happened was the unexpected, a not unfamiliar occurrence in House of Commons. SPEAKER rose presumably to call on PREMIER to move his Resolution. This would no doubt be signal for repetition of yesterday's clamour. But the SPEAKER had another task in hand. Assuming that no party or section desired to witness renewal of yesterday's lamentable riot, he suggested that, with opportunity for reflection and consultation, another method of procedure might be devised that would avoid such calamity.

PREMIER, briefly accepting suggestion, moved adjournment till Monday. BONNER approved, and before the vast assembly quite realised what had happened it was dispersing.

Business done.—The SPEAKER saves the situation.



First Citizen. "EXCELLENT!"

Second Citizen. "ONE OF THE BEST BEFORE-EXECUTION SPEAKERS I'VE EVER HEARD."

THE MIRE WORSHIPPERS.

O DODDERING *temporis acti*
Laudator, why must you repine,
 Like a host who appears in a black tie
 Whenever he bids you to dine?
 The leaders of life and of letters
 Long since have your ruling defied,
 Yet you aim at reforing the fetters
 That crippled their stride.
 The aged, the weak and the toothless
 May need to be nourished on slops,
 But the young, the robust and the
 ruthless
 Can thrive on the toughest of chops;
 Yet you seek to enforce upon feeders
 Who always at table go "Nap"—
 The army of ravenous readers—
 A diet of pap.
 An age that is feebly fastidious
 Is nearing the end of its race,

And another that welcomes the hideous
 Is rapidly taking its place.
 Why then, to encourage the purist,
 Who stands for a day that is dead,
 Should we ban the unflinching Futurist
 Who stands on his head?
 We are weary of Deans who are
 dismal,
 Of archiepiscopal fudge,
 Of prejudice blind and abysmal
 Usurping the rôle of the judge;
 Too long has the sensitive sinner
 Been checked by the cry of "You
 mayn't!"
 We welcome him crowned as the
 winner
 On top of the saint.
 You seek to imprison and fine us
 Because we are ever agog
 In painting the *homo porcinus*
 To go the whole horrible hog—

The hell that a hangman has fancied,
 The dreams of a scavenger's wife,
 And all that is noisome and rancid
 In Love and in Life.
 Belittling our vision as blear-eyed
 Because it is fearless and free,
 You calmly profess to be clear-eyed
 Because from corruption you flee;
 You make of the art of Selection
 A fetish through thick and through
 thin;
 We cherish the charm of infection,
 The savour of sin.
 Undaunted by clerical strictures,
 Uncurbed by censorial chains,
 We paint in our books and our pictures
 The glory of dustbins and drains;
 And, nobly refusing to follow
 The call to ascend and aspire,
 We hold it far wiser to wallow
 In worship of mire.

UNDER TWELVE.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "you do not seem to be aware that to-morrow morning we are to leave this house on a visit to your mother."

"Generous man!" said Francesca. "He has a startling piece of news and he imparts it. One good turn deserves another. Let me tell you that we are taking the four children. Their names are Muriel, Nina, Alice—those are girls—and Frederick, who is a boy."

"But," I said, "the packing—"

"The packing," said Francesca, "is in a very advanced stage. A stout butler is even now preparing to kneel or sit or lie on various trunks and boxes which will not submit to be locked without the imposition of his weight. There is a reserve of some hundredweight of housemaids. The sandwiches are ordered. The children, poor darlings, have their gloves ready and mean to wear them. The stable-boy, summoned from his mysterious lair, is already shedding an aroma of hay over the scene. Oh, yes, the packing is all right. You need not fuss."

"I was not alluding," I said, "to *your* packing. The packing of women is an easy matter, for their trunks are mountainous and their hat-boxes—"

"We will not discuss their hat-boxes," said Francesca with dignity.

"No, but we will discuss my two suits of clothes. One is brown, the other is of blue serge. I cannot make up my mind which to wear and which to pack."

"But you do not pack yourself," said Francesca.

"No, I shall travel unpacked and free. I have never yet submitted to be packed."

"That," said Francesca, "is the funniest thing you have ever said. Ha-ha!"

"Francesca," I said, "do not let your appreciation carry you away. And remember that I will not be ha-ha'd into silence. When I give a humorous turn to the conversation—"

"Oh," said Francesca, "it was a humorous turn, was it?"

"Yes," I said, "it was. It was humour, not wit."

"It was certainly not wit," said Francesca; "and it will not help you with your packing, which somebody else always does for you."

"Francesca," I said, "you do not state things accurately. You are unfair. This very-afternoon I have put out my white ties and my handkerchiefs—yes, and my knickerbockers and my green knitted waistcoat, the gift of one who in happier days—"

"Oh, bother!" said Francesca.

"So be it," I said. "Happier days shall not again be mentioned. How many not-happier days are we to be away from home?"

"Mamma said 'the inside of a week at least,' and I accepted for six days."

"The invitation was curiously worded," I said. "But are six days 'the inside of a week at least'? Does not one day answer more strictly to the 'least'? Francesca, we shall outstay our welcome and offend your mother."

"Mamma," said Francesca, "meant six days, and I accepted for six days because I knew she meant it."

"Francesca," I said, "you amaze me! How do women guess these things? There is an idea abroad—"

"If it's abroad," said Francesca, "for heaven's sake don't disturb it. We don't want imported ideas. None of your Free Trade in ideas."

"Francesca, you shall not deride Free Trade."

"Many people do," said Francesca. "And if we get Tariff Reform I hope they'll begin with the railways. Have you got the money for the tickets?"

"That," I said, "is one of the important things I have seen to. I have also reserved a compartment in the 10.30 train. We shall be seven, including nurse. That will mean four full-tickets and three half-tickets, in other words five tickets and a half."

"No," said Francesca, "it will mean three full-tickets and four half-tickets, in other words five tickets only."

"Muriel," I said, "is now twelve years old. She must have a full-ticket."

Francesca gasped. "What!" she exclaimed, "do you seriously mean to tell me you are going to take a full-ticket for a child like that?"

"But she was twelve years old a fortnight ago."

"And therefore," said Francesca, "she is still in her twelfth year."

"No," I said, "she is in her thirteenth year."

"That is impossible. She cannot be at the same time twelve and thirteen."

"Let me explain," I said. "When she had her first birthday she was one year old, and—"

"It's no good," said Francesca, "going back to the beginning of the world like that. I say she's in her twelfth year, and as long as she's that she can travel on a half-ticket. Besides, she's not a tall child for her age, and it's size that counts."

"But the railway company says it's age. She's over twelve—"

"And that," said Francesca, "is just what she isn't till she's thirteen, and not even you with all your extravagant ideas can pretend she's that."

"She's not under twelve," I said wearily.

"You won't make it true," said Francesca, "by saying it over and over again. It's ridiculous to take a whole-ticket for a baby like that. And the idea of spending unnecessary money on a rich railway when there's so much poverty about is repulsive. You shan't do it."

"She's over twelve," I said. But Francesca had gone to pack.

R. C. L.

APPLE-GREEN PLATES.

THE prettiest colour that ever was seen
To set off a muscat or red tangerine
Is the ancient and honourable real apple-green.

So, if you eat apples or raisins or dates,
In fact any fruit out of gardens or crates,
They taste much the nicest off apple-green plates.

Their colour's so quaint and the magic it brings
Is the kind that contrives the most marvellous things
Such as April in orchards and old Chinese kings.

Their colour's as fresh and its charm is as high
As the green of a leaf on a blue-and-white sky
When over the orchard the cuckoos go by.

Their colour's so old that it's captured a tang
From green Chinese dragons of horrible fang
That lived "in the reign of the Emperor Hwang."

But mostly to me their enchantment assumes
Rep curtains and firelight and spicy perfumes,
And pleasant old ladies in house-keepers' rooms,

Who kept them in cupboards where Fancy still spreads
Sweet almonds and raisins and brown ginger-breads
For boys "who had ought to have been in their beds."

So these are the reasons I ask of the Fates
That, should I eat apples or raisins or dates,
I may eat them for always off apple-green plates!

LITERARY NOTES.

Showing what a strong flair for topicality is possessed by the publishing trade.

IN view of the fact that KING FERDINAND of Bulgaria is a confirmed botanist, Messrs. Bills and Moon beg to draw attention to a new work of fascinating interest on English wild flowers which they are issuing.

Messrs. Watto and Cinders announce for speedy publication a new edition of Miss Sarah Codgit's ingenious little work, *Eight Hundred Anagrams of "Constantinople."*

The probability that in the near future the SULTAN will make a flight into Asia should create a warm welcome for Mr. Ernest Geety's *Across the Hellespont in an Aeroplane* which Messrs. Shortmans will soon put forth.

A new edition of Mr. Jules Verdant's famous *Letters from a Beleagured City* is reported to be in active preparation. It is true that the city in question was not Adrianople, but Paris; still, the conditions are sufficiently similar to warrant, in the opinion of Long Jane, the publisher, this new impression.

Messrs. Stouter and Odder have nearly ready a remarkable travel book of great topical interest by the Rev. Silas Morne, in which the popular pastor of Plimpton describes his summer wanderings in the Tyrol, a mountainous district very similar to the Balkans in its physical and social conditions. The work is entitled, *Not Very Far From the Near East.*

As a suitable acknowledgment of the fact that Bulgaria is the country whence otto of roses is largely exported, Messrs. Offley and Tosher are about to issue an *édition-de-luxe* of STEVENSON'S *Prince Otto*, with pink end-papers, and illustrations by Mr. LASZLO, who is the nearest approach to a Bulgarian artist they could secure at short notice.

From the office of *Rural Happenings* a monumental work on *The Pig in Health and Disease* will shortly be issued from the pen of Mr. Rashleigh Trotter, Professor of Porcology at the University of Chicago. A peculiar interest attaches to the work from the fact that the Obrenovitch Dynasty in Servia, which was so rudely overthrown by the house of Karageorge, was originally founded by a pig-jobber, a trade which has always been held in high repute in that country.

"Shakespeare—'our own,' as the Germans call him—is still a potent box-office attraction, 1,042 of his plays having been produced."

Observer.

This beats the record of our own KISTEMAECKERS.



East-end Clergyman (anxious to interest lady in his parish). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE LIFE THESE POOR PEOPLE LEAD? AWFUL, ISN'T IT?"

Society Lady (who thinks everything a craze). "DREADFUL! I'D NO IDEA. BUT ISN'T IT RATHER OVERDONE?"

LYRA HEROICA.

HAIL to thee, possible champion, solid and beefy and strong!
Striding the earth like a goddess, whacking the pellet along!
What if your hands should be horny? what if your hair isn't curled?
Pressmen are watching your doings and flashing them over the world.

Hail to thee, turbulent sister, tattered and tousled and torn!
Nymph in a country of satyrs, chased by a constable-faun!
What if your parents disown you? what if your purpose should fail?
Is not your name in the Court and the Visitors' Book in the jail?

Hail to thee, old-fashioned damsel, elegant, sweet and refined!
Nothing has made you notorious; tell me, my dear, do you mind?
Wouldn't you rather the poet crowned you immortal in song?
(Note by the lady referred to: Alfred, old sport, you are wrong.)

Idle Thoughts about Idle Fellows.

"And there is this to be said for Idle roach, if they grow and thrive as they do in the Idle, one of the swiftest rivers in England, what will they do in the calm and peaceful waters of a motionless lake?"

What, indeed? MR. LLÖYD GEORGE might do worse than turn his attention to the Idle Roach as soon as he has finished with the Idle Rich.

LIVE AND LET DYE.

STANDING in the early morning sun at my mirror a few weeks ago, I was running my fingers through my hair, vaguely conscious that I had seen my face somewhere before, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a sinister streak in the general ebony. Hitherto, by retracing my movements on the previous evening and aided by the distinctive characteristics of colour and length common to hairs, I had been able to clear up satisfactorily any misgivings I may have entertained upon the matter. But the previous evening I had stayed at home; the evening before that I had opened an important debate in our local parliament; and the plot thickened as I remembered that on the evening before that again I had been at the club, because that was the evening I lost my last sixpence at snooker, and had to walk home. That takes us back to Tuesday. On Monday—now what did we do on Monday? Perhaps, after all, we need not pry into that; it will suffice to say that by a careful process of exclusion I was forced to admit that the hair was my own, and—yes, you have guessed the rest.

At first (that was in the early days, understand, before I had begun to suspect the worst), I put it down to having eaten something that had disagreed with me; or possibly to the autumnal frosts, which had already acquired a nasty nip in the early mornings. So far all

was plain sailing, but the question was, what was to be done? I decided to conceal it, for the moment, behind a couple of black ones that happened to be near, and trust to a little more care on my part in the matter of diet and warmer under-clothing, for soon restoring it to its natural colour. A week later the infection had spread to another; and where, but a fortnight ago, all was as black as my hat, the number of grey hairs had risen to two, though, happily, still in a minority. But, the iron having once entered into their souls, they sank into a decline, from which they never rallied, and four days after the poor fellows were dead. I pulled them out tenderly and put them into the fire. This, I learned subsequently, was the very worst thing I could possibly have done. And thenceforward I had no peace. Each morning that I went to my mirror there was so much weeding to do that I got tired of pulling them out.

I was sitting with my family, quietly talking of politics, when the truth came home to me. Every detail of that scene is indelibly burnt on my brain. I remember the puppy was stretched full length on the hearth-rug, and on his whiskers a fragment of paper which he had been chewing when sleep overtook him, and I wondered whether the Lake of Geneva is really as deep as they say it is. And then I knew. To all outward appearance I am still in the heyday of youth. If you were to meet me in the street, you would turn round and say, "There goes a man with youth in its glorious flower and with hope his handmaiden!" But, in my heart, I know I am growing older, running rapidly to seed. Already thirty-one per cent. of my life is flown.

any more of my exploits in the fields of heroism and romance would scarcely be fair to my biographer. You will read about it all in due time.

To proceed: love shall fly past me to his hangar with a rush of gilded wings, as Anacreon has it, for the thread that bound him is no longer young and glossy and black. Farewell, Josephine! Farewell, thou best and fairest of women, second only to I forget how many just now, who sittest in thy bower overlooking the Park, yet sittest in vain, for it shall never be said thou hast married a greybeard. But thou art yet young (comparatively, that is), and very soon someone will come along who is worthy to fill my place—no, not so very soon, but still in time.

In the old days we have been very happy, Josephine and I. But the deed I am about to commit will sever us for ever. No more shall we go a-nutting, with the small boy I had bribed with a bag of Barcelonas to walk in front and throw down on the pavement the empty shells she so delighted to crack under those dainty feet of hers. But there!

And now, dear friends, farewell! It is my simple wish that you go on enjoying yourselves, as if nothing had happened. But remember this. Who was it who let you into the secret of the cosiest of all London's sitting-out places, the tube staircases? Me. Whose bright intellect was it that suggested to you the value of a strong right arm



"EASY WITH THAT WASHING, LIZA; YER MAY 'AVE MY DRESS SHIRT IN IT."

Next year it will be thirty-two, and so on, adding one for each year till you come to a hundred. But something tells me I shall never live to a hundred. Perhaps, if I were a life-tenant, an annuitant, or anything of that sort, I might, with the prayers of others, struggle on into the nineties; but, lacking encouragement, I have none of that obstinate vitality. Good-bye, then, to physical perfection, good-bye to strength, good-bye to beauty, though the wrench in this case is not quite so hard! Looking back on my life, I am at least thankful that there have been passages in it that I am not altogether ashamed of, e.g., when at great personal risk I rushed up and prevented a horse from running away, for which I was presented with an illuminated address by the carman; and again, when I was honourably mentioned to the Royal Humane Society, which never properly followed up my letter. To tell you

in protecting *your* Josephines' waists from the draughts that wander up and down those deep solitudes all day? Mine. Whose name and address did I tell you to give, if ever you were summoned for obstruction? Yours. And now farewell!

* * * * *
I think I have completed all my arrangements. On Thursday afternoon I have an appointment to sign my will; the same evening I have to see a man about a mowing machine; and on Friday I go to the barber's.

"When I am dyed, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me."

But stay! What do I see in the far distance? Is it not a faint glimmer of hope? It is. Josephine . . . hairdresser's . . . Wednesday afternoons. Heavens! what if Josephine has hers touched up, too, occasionally, here and there! Someone bring me my hat and let me go to her mother at once.



THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.

"SOME GRIEFS ARE MED'ICINABLE."—*Cymbeline*, Act III., Scene 2.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is a rare bookish fragrance that exudes from the leaves of Mr. Gosse's *Portraits and Sketches* (HEINEMANN). There are portraits of such men of substance as SWINBURNE, AUBREY DE VERE and MANDELL CREIGHTON, and sketches of such literary ghosts as "ORION" HORNE, "FESTUS" BAILEY and "INGLESANT" SHORTHOUSE. The SWINBURNE memories are delightful and affectionate: in particular of that all but fatal episode at Etretat, when the little poet and foolhardy swimmer was carried out by the tide, rescued—a most casual stroke of chance—by Captain VALLIN of the *Marie Marthe*, and wrapped in a spare sail, whereout he preached to crew and captain of the splendours of Republicanism and spouted VICTOR HUGO to them. The mad Englishman! And one likes the lady who played "Three Blind Mice" to him, representing it as a just-discovered, very ancient Florentine ritornello. SWINBURNE, enchanted, "found that it reflected the cruel beauty of the Medicis." It is also pleasant to hear of the recurring comedy of the poet sitting about with his latest manuscript obtruding from his breast-pocket, obviously waiting to be invited to read it and habitually replying when so invited, "I had no intention in the world of boring you with it, but since you ask me—" The whole book is an occasion of intercourse with that type, none too frequent in an age of hasty writing and overprinting, the authentic, leisurely "man of letters."

As the laurels wither on the temples of the epistolary muse we look more and more for the merely human and personal interest in the correspondence of the great as they pass away from us. GEORGE MEREDITH lived on to a time when even in country villages you may see men hastening to catch the winged feet of Mercury as he clears the box. But so large

and prodigal was his genius that it may well be doubted whether the readers of these *Letters* (collected by his son and published by CONSTABLE) will find much cause for regret in the fact that many of them were evidently penned with haste. For if he wishes to look at a finished fabric of the master-weaver, he has only, after all, to turn to the romances upon his bookshelves; and even in these stray fragments and patches that were lavished upon particular friends there is much to remind him pleasantly of the manner of those classics. In letters to WILLIAM HERDMAN, to LORD MORLEY, to Admiral MAXSE, to Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD, to Mrs. JANET ROSS, one may seize MEREDITH at his jolliest, at his most nonsensical, or, again, in his acutest, his deepest, his most intricate moods; one may pass from the flamboyant flippancies which he showers on his "Friar Tuck" to the wonderfully beautiful words in which he writes of the death of his wife. There are letters too, of course, of peculiar literary and political interest—it is impossible to refrain from mentioning one addressed to M. ANDRÉ RAFFALOVICH, containing a marvellous appreciation of CARLYLE. But whilst many are naturally written to the editor of this book there are all too few which contain references to those other children of his—*Harry Richmond*, *Evan Harrington*, and the rest. MEREDITH seems to have worried far less than R. L. STEVENSON about his characters, though there is one letter written to this other maker of tales in which a confidence is breathed on the subject of *Diana of the Crossways*. On the whole, so eminent are the recipients of these missives that I have a fancy picture of the superior mien, the arrogant intellectual airs, of that Dorking postman whose privileged duties embraced the collection of the correspondence dated from Box Hill Cottage.

It does not often fall to the lot of Junior Counsel, as now, to pass sentence upon a County Court Judge, otherwise

than *in camera*. It is therefore with some personal satisfaction that I reprimand His Honour JUDGE E. A. PARRY for a split infinitive on page 304 of his *What the Judge Saw* (SMITH, ELDER). For the rest, though I am tempted to give it His Honour hot, just for the fun of the thing, honesty forces me to confess that I derived infinite entertainment and some profit from his eloquent and breezy work. His pages are full of delightful anecdotes, very few of which are familiar, and there is a sequence in the whole which makes for the most comfortable reading and enables one to form a vivid impression of the life and career of a successful lawyer, things by no means devoid of excitement and romance. His Honour complains of the unblushing sycophancy usual in the demeanour of the Bar to the Bench. To give him what he asks for, I note a naïve egoism and self-satisfaction in his opinions, especially when they refer to himself. The Bench, in his opinion, was not faultless while he was at the Bar; the Bar is not faultless now that he is on the Bench. Again, when he leaves the judiciary and speaks from the point of view of a legislator, his proposed reforms are, to my thinking, nonsense; except when they are deliberately nonsensical and then there is something in them. Which said, it must be accepted as a genuine expression of opinion when I add that His Honour possesses a large fund of humour and a rare gift of words, both of which may be seen in this work in full play.

The Correspondence of Sarah Spencer Lady Lyttelton (MURRAY), edited by her great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. HUGH WINDHAM, is one of the pleasantest and most amusing books it has been my good fortune

to read for many a long day. Lady LYTTELTON became lady-in-waiting to QUEEN VICTORIA in 1838, and in 1842 was made governess of the royal children, a post which she retained until 1850. The letters in this book prove her to have been a woman exceptionally endowed with intelligence, with kindness and with humour. She is never malicious, but what she writes is always interesting. She has an unerring eye for the little laughable things which, even in royal Courts, make up so large a part of human intercourse. In 1838 she writes from Windsor, "We are alone now, several ton weight of Royalty having departed." In 1841 she describes with inimitable *verve* how, during a drive to Woburn Abbey, Mr. ANSON quite unintentionally "knocked off Lord HEADFORT's hat, always worn with a jaunty *tapageur* slant on the top of his hair (suspected of being false)," and how Lord HEADFORT "sat down for a good while on a basket full of currants put into the carriage for luncheon." In 1845 she gives us a pretty picture of the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT. The QUEEN, as it appears, had by a false report been accused of *Verdiesslichkeit* ("crossness," not "irksomeness," as the editress translates) when they were travelling abroad, and it was judged right to tell her the story. "Of course she (the Queen) listened with an air of meek endurance, as usual, and said she feared she might have looked cross from fatigue and shyness, before she reached Coburg, but that it was dreadful to have it interpreted into ingratitude. . . . The Prince advised her

(on her saying, like a good child, 'What am I to do another time?') to behave like an opera-dancer after a pirouette and always show her teeth in a fixed smile. Of course he accompanied the advice with an immense pirouette and prodigious grin of his own, such as few people could perform after dinner without being sick, ending on one foot and t'other in the air." I have only to add that the book is crammed with amusement, not forced, as is often the case, but woven into the very texture of the letters.

I have to confess to a perhaps churlish dislike and suspicion of the practice of puffs preliminary as printed by publishers upon the covers of books submitted to my critical notice. To be told that a novel was written to amuse a friend, "without thought of public or publisher," or found in a cloak-room, or fished out of the Thames, is invariably, so far as I am concerned, to be prejudiced against its contents. That is one reason why *Windyriddle* (JENKINS) failed to satisfy me. I admit willingly that Mr. W. RILEY's pictures of the inhabitants of his Yorkshire village, and still more of its heather-clad landscape, are drawn with skill and sympathy. But, like the historic farmer with

the claret, I could only feel that the interest of *Windyriddle* got me "no forrader." It is written in the first person by a young lady named Grace, who deserts a boarding-house in Chelsea to establish herself in a cottage on the moor. Grace appears to be a press-photographer—an occupation now to fiction—and her experiences and emotions are written in so obviously feminine a style as to lead me to suspect that "Mr." RILEY is a *nom de guerre*. Though of course this



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

THE SHOP-WALKERS' CLASS AT HARRIDGE'S TRAINING FARM.

may be merely his artfulness. To sum up, those who care for a tale of simple happenings, told in a manner that at its best is tenderly sentimental, and at its worst not wholly free from sloppiness, will rejoice in *Windyriddle*. The others can keep away.

In *Adam's Orchard* SARAH GRAND

Explains, unless I much mistake her,
How all may make, who farm our land,
Six hundred pounds a year per acre;
And, but for one important flaw,
The scheme round which she builds her story
(HEINEMANN) might be backed to thaw
The frost in England's rural glory.

But no—the folk who work it out
Are too exceptionally gifted;
The type, at least, is not about
In country spots where I have drifted;
And so, its higher worth distilled
To nought that carries much conviction,
Remains a bulky mass of skilled
And readable, though wordy, fiction.

Esperanto again?

"Worked on the one side is his monogram, and on the other 'Pro nece loco et crece.'"—*Somerset Standard*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now stated definitely that the Palace of Peace at the Hague will be opened next year. The TSAR, to whose initiative its erection is largely due, has, it is said, promised to be present unless prevented by war.

Certain of his supporters have been likening Mr. ASQUITH to OLIVER CROMWELL. Seeing that the latter was the Protector, and the former is irreconcilably opposed to Protection, the comparison is not very apt. Moreover, CROMWELL had his Ironsides, while Mr. ASQUITH—to judge by the Government's Indian policy—favours Silversides.

The Daily News, with splendid loyalty to the Government, is determined to make the outlook for the success of the Insurance Act appear as rosy as possible. Last week it announced the half-yearly meeting of the "British Home and Hospital for Insurables."

The Spectator suggests that, if Sir WILLIAM LEVER has not already come to any decision with regard to the future of Stafford House, he might consider the possibility of letting it be the official residence of the PRIME MINISTER. Mr. BONAR LAW says it would suit him admirably.

By-the-by, we hear that there is yet another proposal as to a suitable residence for the PRIME MINISTER, and it is said to emanate from Suffragette quarters. The suggestion is that the nation should acquire for the purpose a certain Palace, situate at Sydenham, which is made entirely of glass.

"KAISER OPENS HUGE DAM" reports a newspaper. It seems a mischievous thing to have done, for the water, of course, must have simply poured through the opening.

A contemporary, in referring to the injustice done to a widow who was required to take out a fresh licence for a dog, her late husband's licence not having yet expired, publishes a letter from a correspondent who says:—"This is, however, only an ordinary illustration of the manner in which

the middle classes are bled at every pore by officialism." Surely the word should have been "paw."

One day last week a number of Welsh visitors sang songs in chorus on the terrace of the House of Commons. It is rumoured that they may have to whistle for their Disendowment Bill.

Messrs. VEDRENNE AND EADIE, we read, have recently acquired one or two

cannot help thinking that, when the Nation has been thoroughly aroused on the question, an overwhelming majority will be found to be in sympathy with the residents.

It is stated that London has twenty-one Gloucester Streets, and the L.C.C. is now trying to think out new names for them. Why not sell to private citizens, by public auction, the right to have these streets named after them?



OUR WORDLESS SPECTACLES.

Exasperated Reinhardt. "ERE, COME OFF IT! GIVE THE CULTURED CLAWSES A CHARNST."

additional plays for the Royalty Theatre. While it is hoped to produce these during the lifetime of the authors, this must of course depend on the run of *Milestones*.

It is proposed that the theatre *queue* should be abolished. The managers seem to have little to say in its favour, and playgoers, with few exceptions, dislike it. In fact the *queue* seems to be the tail that wags the dog.

Residents in Cross Street, Ratcliff, are, we are told by *The Express*, objecting to the proposal to re-name that thoroughfare Periwinkle Street. We

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[It is suggested that no novels should be published for five years, so as to give the public a chance of catching up with the present glut. The poet foresees other advantages in the idea.]

O SEASON of joy and of gladness,
Descend on us, hasten to start;
Let novels of varying badness
No longer encumber the mart.
I am sick of the Follies of Fashion,
The strife 'twixt the Tec. and the Tough,
The details of Glorified Passion,
And kindred hot stuff.

The public, deprived of its fiction
To fit all its various moods,
May pine for poetical diction,
And I can deliver the goods;
The pensive, the gay, the censorious,
Each one I'll endeavour to suit,
A Milton, it may be inglorious,
But far, far from mute.

My verses complacently stringing,
I'll tickle the taste of the times,

Each month to the publisher bringing
My regular revel of rhymes.
To you will the bard be beholden
When poverty ceases to vex,
O age that will surely be golden,
O lustre of cheques.

"Most amateurs break down when they have to use the 'rest.' In the first place, they usually hold the rest in the left hand, with the result that it wobbles as the stroke is made and the cue is diverted. The cue should be placed flat on the table with the left hand not holding it, but pressing on it."

Ideas.

Then grasping the rest firmly in the right hand the young player can easily make his cannon with the butt end of it.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

II.—THE STATESMAN.

ON a certain night in the middle of the season all London was gathered in Lady Marchpane's drawing-room; all London, that is, which was worth knowing—a qualification which accounted for the absence of several million people who had never heard of Lady Marchpane. In one corner of the room an Ambassador, with a few ribbons across his chest, could have been seen chatting to the latest American Duchess; in another corner one of our largest Advertisers was exchanging epigrams with a titled Newspaper Proprietor. Famous Generals rubbed shoulders with Post-Impressionist Artists; Financiers whispered sweet nothings to Breeders of prize Poms; even an Actor-Manager might have been seen accepting an apology from a Royalty who had jostled him.

"Hallo," said Algy Lascelles, catching sight of the dignified figure of Rupert Meryton in the crowd; "how's William?"

A rare smile lit up Rupert's distinguished features. He was Under-Secretary for Invasion Affairs, and "William" was Algy's pleasant way of referring to the Bill which he was now piloting through the House of Commons. It was a measure for doing something or other by means of a what d'you call it—I cannot be more precise without precipitating a European Conflict.

"I think we shall get it through," said Rupert calmly.

"Lady Marchpane was talking about it just now. She's rather interested, you know."

Rupert's lips closed about his mouth in a firm line. He looked over Algy's head into the crowd. "Oh!" he said coldly.

It was barely ten years ago that young Meryton, just down from Oxford, had startled the political world by capturing the important seat of Cricklewood (E.) for the Tariffadicals—as, to avoid plunging the country into Civil War, I must call them. This was at a by-election, and the Liberatives had immediately dissolved, only to come into power after the General Election with an increased majority. Through the years that followed, Rupert Meryton, by his pertinacity in asking the Invasion Secretary questions which had been answered by him on the previous day, and by his regard for the dignity of the House, as shown in his invariable comment, "Come, come—not quite the gentleman," upon any display of bad manners opposite, established a clear right to a post in the

subsequent Tariffadical Government. He had now been Under Secretary for two years, and in this Bill his first real chance had come.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Meryton," said a voice. "Come and talk to me a moment." With a nod to a couple of Archbishops Lady Marchpane led the way to a little gallery whither the crowd had not penetrated. Priceless Correggios, Tintoretos and G. K. Chestertons hung upon the walls, but it was not to show him these that she had come. Dropping into a wonderful old Chippendale chair, she motioned him to a Blundell-Maple opposite her, and looked at him with a curious smile.

"Well," she said, "about the Bill?"

Rupert's lips closed about his mouth in a firm line. (He was rather good at this.) Folding his arms, he gazed steadily into Lady Marchpane's still beautiful eyes.

"It will go through," he said. "Through all its stages," he added professionally.

"It must not go through," said Lady Marchpane gently.

Rupert could not repress a start, but he was master of himself again in a moment.

"I cannot add anything to my previous statement," he said.

"If it goes through," began Lady Marchpane—

"I must refer you," said Rupert, "to my answer of yesterday."

"Come, come, Mr. Meryton, what is the good of fencing with me? You know the position. Or shall I state it for you again?"

"I cannot believe you are serious."

"I am perfectly serious. There are reasons, financial reasons—and others, why I do not want this Bill to pass. In return for my silence upon a certain matter, you are going to prevent it passing. You know to what I refer. On the 4th of May last—"

"Stop!" cried Rupert hoarsely.

"On the 4th of May last," Lady Marchpane went on relentlessly, "you and I—in the absence of my husband abroad—had tea together at an A.B.C." (Rupert covered his face with his hands.) "I am no fonder of scandal than you are, but if you do not meet my wishes I shall certainly confess the truth to Marchpane."

"You will be ruined too!" said Rupert.

"My husband will forgive me and take me back." She paused significantly. "Will Marjorie Hale—" (Rupert covered his hands with his face)—"will the good Miss Hale forgive you? She is very strict, is she not? And rich? And rising young

politicians want money more than scandal." She raised her head suddenly at the sound of footsteps. "Ah, Archbishop, I was just calling Mr. Meryton's attention to this wonderful Botticell—" (she looked at it more closely)—"this wonderful Dana Gibson. A beautiful piece of work, is it not?" The intruders passed on to the supper-room, and they were alone again.

"What am I to do?" said Rupert sullenly.

"The fate of the Bill is settled to-day week, when you make your big speech. You must speak against it. Confess frankly you were mistaken. It will be a close thing, anyhow. Your influence will turn the scale."

"It will ruin me politically."

"You will marry Marjorie Hale and be rich. No rich man is ever ruined politically. Or socially." She patted his hand gently. "You'll do it?"

He got up slowly. "You'll see next week," he said.

It is not meet that we should watch the unhappy Rupert through the long-drawn hours of the night, as he wrestled with the terrible problem. A moment's sudden madness on that May afternoon had brought him to the cross-roads. On the one hand, reputation, wealth, the girl that he loved; on the other, his own honour and—so, at least, he had said several times on the platform—the safety of England. He rose in the morning weary, but with his mind made up.

The Bill should go through!

Rupert Meryton was a speaker of a not unusual type. Although he provided the opinions himself, he always depended upon his secretary for the arguments with which to support them and the actual words in which to give them being. But on this occasion he felt that a special effort was required of him. He would show Lady Marchpane that the blackmail of yesterday had only roused him to a still greater effort on behalf of his country. *He would write his own speech.*

On the fateful night the House was crowded. It seemed that all the guests at Lady Marchpane's a week before were in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery or behind the Ladies' Grille. From the Press Gallery "Our Special Word-painter" looked down upon the statesmen beneath him, his eagle eye ready to detect on the moment the Angry Flush, the Wince, or the Sudden Paling of enemy, the Grim Smile or the Lofty Calm of friend.

The Rt. Hon. Rupert Meryton, Tariffadical Member for Cricklewood (E.) rose to his feet amidst cheers.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise—er—"



THROWN OVER.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL. "SORRY YOU'VE HAD TO BE DROPPED, OLD MAN, BUT YOU SEE WE LOST A WEEK OR SO WITH THAT SNAP-PUNCTURE."



Lady (who has upset her jug of milk over gentleman's best trousers). "IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER, THANKS; I DON'T TAKE MILK."

to-night, Sir—h'r'm, to—er——" So much of his speech I may give, but urgent State reasons compel me to withhold the rest. Were it ever known with which Bill the secret history that I have disclosed concerns itself, the Great Powers in an instant would be at each others' throats. But though I may not disclose the speech I can tell of its effect on the House. And its effect was curious. It was, in short, the exact opposite of what Rupert Meryton, that promising Under Secretary, had intended.

It was the first speech that he had ever prepared himself. Than Rupert there was no more dignified figure in the House of Commons; his honour was proof, as we have seen, against the most insidious temptations; yet, since one man cannot have all the virtues, he was distinctly stupid. It would have been a hopeless speech anyhow; but, to make matters worse, he had, in the most important part of it, attempted irony. And at the beginning of the ironical passage even the Tariffadical word-painters had to confess that it was their own stalwarts who "suddenly paled."

As Lady Marchpane had said, it was bound to be a close thing. The Liberatives and the Unialists, of course, were solid against the Bill, but there was also something of a cave in the Tariffadical Party. It was bound to be a close thing, and Rupert's speech just made the difference. When he sat down the waverers and doubters had made up their minds.

The Bill was defeated.

* * * * *

That the Tariffadicals should resign was natural; perhaps it was equally natural that Rupert's secretary should resign too. He said that his reputation would be gone if Rupert made any more speeches on his own, and that he wasn't going to risk it. Without his secretary Rupert was lost at the General Election which followed. Fortunately he had a grateful friend in Lady Marchpane. She exerted her influence with the Liberatives, and got him an appointment as Governor of the Stickjaw Islands. Here, with his beautiful and rich wife, Sir Rupert Meryton maintains a regal state, and upon his name no breath of scandal

rests. Indeed his only trouble so far has been with the Stickjaw language—a difficult language, but one which, perhaps fortunately, does not lend itself to irony.

A. A. M.

QUOT SORORES. . .

THREE spinster sisters came to tea
And talked of books with John and me.

A book we both could recommend
Contained a chapter, near the end,

Which seemed—we thought it best to
state—

Just the least bit indelicate.

* * * * *

After a fortnight had expired,
"How did you like it?" we enquired.

Elaine replied, with needless sting:
"I do not read that kind of thing."

Quoth Grace: "I read the book with
glee—

Omitting chapter 23."

Barbara sniffed and tossed her head.
"The twenty-third was all I read—
And very good it was," she said.

AN "UNQUALIFIED" SUCCESS.

"AND what kind of a doctor did you have?" he asked me.

"Not good," I said. "Capable enough, no doubt: all the letters after his name and so forth; but one of the agreeing type. All doctors can be divided into two groups—those that do what you want, and those that make you do what they want."

The little man braced himself. "Yes," he said, "that's true. And yours took the easy way with you?"

"Always agreed with me," I said. "The result was I had no confidence in him because I was so much below par that I had no confidence in myself. I didn't want it fortified; I wanted it replaced. I wanted one of the commanding men who would be responsible for me: tell me what to do and see that I did it—someone on whose strength I could repose."

"Exactly," he replied. "Ah," he continued, stretching to his full height of some five feet four, "I've always thought I should have made a good doctor of that type. I like to tell people what to do—yes, by jingo! and to see that they do it."

I could believe it, looking at him; and had he not in his day been a famous athlete?

"Upstairs," he went on, "I've got a gold cigar-case with an in-

scription on it, saying—but I'll tell you. I had a very good friend who was very ill—in fact, dying; and, although he was past recognising anyone, his wife sent for me to see him once more before he died. I got there in no time—the house all tip-toe, you know, and hush—and was shown to the bedroom. There he lay, with his eyes glassy and his face like wax, and the nurse and doctor were giving him oxygen. You know how they do it: all the paraphernalia of death. I drew his wife to one side and whispered to know what nutriment Jack was allowed. I knew him so well, you see, and this interested me.

"A little champagne at intervals," she whispered back, 'just a tea-spoonful.'

"What champagne?" I asked in another whisper. She led me to the adjoining room, where on the table was a bottle with one of those mechanical corks in it; and what do you think it

was? Somebody's dry sillery. Good heavens! Sillery."

He stopped for the enormity of the situation to get hold of me, and I nodded intense acquiescence.

"I told her to wait a minute," he continued, "tip-toed out of the room and down the stairs, and was in a cab in a jiffy—it was before the days of taxis—and driving like blazes to the nearest hotel.

"I want the manager," I said, "and the wine-list, quick!"

"Nothing, of course, is quick in such places, but the manager came at last and I made him take me to the cellar, and there I found, all over dust, a bottle of the very best 1889 vintage—Jack's favourite mark—the only one left!

"Back to the house we drove, full

between his teeth, and gradually I worked the whole half-glass into him. And, if you believe it, he rallied from that moment, and he steadily got well, and to-day he's as fit as I am. And here's the cigar-case he gave me to commemorate the cure. See what it says, 'To my old friend Dick, whose prescription saved my life.' We often laugh over it together."

FAME.

I was talking to a cabman on the Brighton Front—a bit of a character in his way—on this and that, changes in the town, changes in locomotion, what's the world coming to, and such topics, when suddenly he laid his hand on my arm.

"Look," he said, "there's someone coming along in the road there who contradicts all you've been saying about Brighton's want of celebrities nowadays. Who do you think he is? Who?" His voice was hoarse, and hushed with importance.

I looked and saw a portly elderly gentleman muffled up to his reddish-grey beard in a black coat beneath a square black hat. He was driving very thoughtfully a trotting horse in an American four-wheeled trap, and beside him sat a stolid groom. Neither looked to the right nor the left.

"Talk about celebrities," said the cabman, "who do you think that is?" and, without pausing for my reply, he continued, in a kind of transport of awe, "That's the owner of Adam Bede."

Thoughts of Hetty Sorrel, Arthur Donnithorne, Dinah Morris crowded through my mind, only to be again dismissed as I suddenly recollected that some important race had been won a week or so before by a horse named after GEORGE ELION's hero.

"Indeed!" I said.

"Yes," the ecstatic cabman replied; "but he doesn't look it, does he?"

And I came away, I hope properly impressed, wondering how a man ought to look in an American buggy on the Brighton Front several days after his horse had won the Cambridgeshire Stakes. But I withdraw everything I said about Brighton not being what it was as the resort of the distinguished.



A FLOWER OF SPEECH.

The Lesser One. "YUS; YOU GIVE ME ANY MORE O' YER SAUCE AN' I'LL TIE YER INTO A KNOT."

gallop, and within twenty minutes I was in the death-chamber again. The doctor and the nurse had finished with the oxygen for the moment and Jack was a shade restored.

"Leave it to me," I whispered to his wife—"and here he rose and rang the bell—"leave it to me," and I opened the bottle myself close to the bed, near enough for him to hear the pop of the cork. Then—he paused again to tell the maid who answered the bell to bring a gold cigar-case from a certain drawer in his bedroom—"then I poured out half-a-tumbler of the wine, and while his wife supported Jack's head—for she trusted me absolutely, good soul—I held it to his lips. 'Jack,' I shouted, 'Jack, it's the real thing—your own special'—and I waved the bottle before his eyes for him to see the name. Well—the maid returned with the cigar-case—"well, with terrible difficulty we got a few drops



THE SAFETY LATHER.

SAFETY RAZORS ARE A VERY USEFUL INVENTION, BUT COULD NOT SOMETHING BE DONE TO RENDER THE LATHERING PROCESS LESS FRAUGHT WITH THE DANGER OF SUFFOCATION WHEN THE OPERATOR'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED? WHAT ABOUT A BREATHING-TUBE?



THE SAFETY SHAMPOO.

ALSO THE SHAMPOO MIGHT BE ROBBED OF SOME OF ITS TERROR BY THE USE OF SIGNALS (OF DISTRESS, AND OTHERS), SO THAT THE VICTIM, ESPECIALLY WHEN HARD PRESSED, COULD COMMUNICATE WITH THE OPERATOR.

JEAMES'S JEREMIADS.

II.

THE orful plan of buildin' shops along our noble Lane
'As failed *pro tem*. completely, though it may crop hup
again;
But R! there's other rocks on witch the Ship of State
may sink,
And since this ucos of Stafford 'Ouse Hi 'aven't slep a
wink.

It ain't that Hi hobject to them as manufactures soap;
Hi use it quite as regular as hanyone, Hi 'ope;
We cawn't dispense with bizness men as caters for our
needs,
And LEVERS 'ave been useful since the days of ARCHIMEDES.

The Morning Post hinforms me that the purchaser hintends
To dedicate the building to patriotic hends;
But it's not the hindividdle, it's the princerple Hi bar—
Thé housting of the hold *rayjeem* that made us wot we har.

Besides, these modern Plutycrats, wot reads *The Daily
Noos*,
Up'olds the most igstrornary and femmynistic views;
And in the 'omes of some of them, where wimmen rule
hunchecked,
The servants is igclusively dromn from the female sect.

Their shofers don't belong to *hus*, and give themselves sich
hairs,
They simply won't hamalgamate with hanyone downstairs;

Besides, they wear moostarshes and they disregard the lor,
Since one of them was flattered in a play by BERNARD SHOR.

Whene'er Hi takes my walks abroad in Mayfair's bewtious
streets,
Hi blush to think of wot 's in store for hother ducal seats;
R me! Some rich tobacconist may realize his wish
To hoccupy the pallis of the 'Ouse of Cavendish!

A Scotch Lior Hoffer named Your 'as said, "Wot 's Yours
is Mine,"
And modern demmycrats declare the right to be divine;
So wot 's to stop an 'atter, wunce you hadmit this plea,
From laying claim to 'Atfield, I raly cannot see.

Too lass, too pass, the sayin' is. Where belted Hearls were
born,
And plush, gold lace and powder were 'abitually worn,
Rich parvynooos oo've made their pile in low hignoble
trades
'Ereafter will be waited on by hendless parlourmaids.

Meanwhiles the Dooks must strive to keep their fambly
mansions hup,
Disdainin' to be terrorised by Sochalistic gup;
And, if they're druv to hennmigrate by Mister GEORGE's
schemes,
At least their hexile will be shared by their devoted Jeames.

"PAPAS BURGAS EVACUATED."—*Yorkshire Post*.
Now they can be cut down for Freddie.

THE MOTOR SHOW.

By our Very Own Expert.

THE Motor Show of 1912 is a thing of the past, and there is nothing now to be done but to wait till November, 1913. This is a truism—a word I always use whenever I have a good opportunity of misapplying it. While we wait, however, there will be no harm in filling up a few columns with reflections, made as diffuse as possible, on the leading events of the Show.

Among many new things at Olympia it was pleasant, on first entering, to recognise the familiar atmosphere of last year, and I am glad to acknowledge the courtesy of the powers that be (1) in retaining the breathing mixture intact and undiluted during the intervening twelve months, so that those who engaged in wordy conflict on this subject last year might meet and settle the matter in the very presence. For my part, I found the air everything I expected and in exact accord with my previous descriptions. It is a rich, dense and tasty blend, of a bright nutty flavour, and of a remarkably low specific gravity that stimulates the action of the diaphragm and promotes the deep breathing so much urged by modern physicians. "Make the gruel thick and slab," says the poet, and the powers that be (2) at Olympia have followed his precept: It is a fattening atmosphere rich in nutriment in a minutely separated, easily assimilated and appetising form. Taken all in all it is a classy (1) breathing mixture, the tobacco smoked last year being of a high average order of merit, conferring distinction upon the oxygen present. Some unkind things were said last year of the failure of the powers that be (3) to maintain intact the original virgin air enclosed when the building was first roofed in; but it is only fair to point out that it is impossible to keep the air inviolate and unpolluted by leakage from outside. Even with double doors and all precautions to prevent draughts, suction is induced by the passage in and out of crowds of people, and, moreover, all these people bring fresh air into the building in their hats, so that, instead of anathematising the powers that be (4) for not preserving the initial air supply in its integrity, I commend them for doing all that is humanly possible to maintain that ideal.

THE WEASEL COY.

Various improvements have been made by this enterprising firm in their majestic 123 h.p. "Great Mogul." Among other things the trip lash flange releasing the tangent trunnion of the bevelled safety-valve spragge has been

fitted with a phosphor-bronze instead of a cop-bronze nut, as it was found that leakage from the accumulators corroded the nut and gave it an ugly appearance when the bonnet was raised. The most important innovation, however, which will lead to a revolution in the details of motor-body construction, is that the stud for holding the hood-strap is turned *up*, instead of down, as formerly, so that it is now possible for the owner to get into his car without ripping out his side pocket.

THE BIMI RUN-ABOUT.

Another new revolution has been effected in this little side-car which, in common with every other car at the Show, was so much praised last year; in fact, as the genial manager (1) of the Company told me with pardonable pride, "Nothing remains of last year's design except the transfer bearing the word 'Bimi.'" The little car will continue to commend itself to motorists. The foot-boards are now so arranged that when climbing a hill the red-hot cylinder will not burn off the motorist's boots, and by a most ingenious device, too complicated to describe, the spark is automatically switched off and the brakes automatically applied just *before* (not after) the steering column crumples up. One common form of fatality is therefore avoided by the little "Bimi." For a trifling extra charge a special guard is now fitted (detachable at will in 14.37 secs.) by which it is made impossible for the tails of the rider's dress coat to get wound up in the driving-hub. This will appeal to classy (2) motor-cyclists who have experienced the inconvenience of arriving at a dinner-party on foot, forty minutes late, with their coat-tails torn off. A handy little "Self-aid" surgical case is supplied with each "Bimi" entirely free of charge, and should form a great attraction, comprising as it does tourniquet, cocaine, brandy, with probe and forceps for locating and extracting sparking plugs, and other necessities.

TRIAL RUN OF A 12-H.P. PIFF-PAFF.

I was glad to accept the hospitable offer of the genial manager (2) of Piff-Paff Limited and Reduced, and experience a run in the Company's 12-h.p. four-cylinder touring car, with two-seater body. This car is fitted with a patent dog-clip on the bonnet, which makes it *impossible* for a dog travelling in the car to lie down on the accelerator or try to jump into the driver's lap, a thoughtful arrangement which should be made standard for all two-seaters. We had a most interesting run, and I was able to make a thorough test of the way these cars can be

handled. Leaving the company's well-known works in Radgrane Street, we took the turning into Palace Road on the second speed, and soon reached St. James's Park, when we were stopped by the gatekeeper, as the exhaust was smoking, due to a defect in the lubricating oil, as the genial manager (3) explained to me. Owing to the hardness of the London water, the radiator boiled as we went up Castle Lane, and eventually we found it convenient to stop in Victoria Street just above the Stores, as the paint was beginning to blister on the bonnet. I may say in passing that the amount of attention the racy lines of this classy (3) little car attracted was quite remarkable. We found the engine at a cherry-red heat, and my genial host (4) informed me that this was an excellent thing, as it ensured that the casting would be thoroughly annealed and correct any tendency to fatigue of the metal. It soon transpired that nothing was wrong, but that the water had drained from the radiator into the crank chamber owing to some displacement of the pump casing by the man who last cleaned the car; and I was lucky to have this opportunity of confirming the claim made by the company as to the ease with which the pump can be dismantled. Very little thought confirmed us in the best course to pursue, and, after one or two attempts from the top with the handle of the jack, my genial companion (5) borrowed the key of the adjoining church and, working from beneath the car, in less than an hour the casing came away, the gland was exposed, and the defect remedied temporarily with brown paper and butter.

The courteous police gave us every assistance by diverting the traffic and maintaining a cordon to keep back the crowd, and we were speedily under way. At Shaftesbury Avenue the little car stopped again; and my genial host (6) explained that the engine had seized up, and called my attention with justifiable pride to the fact that there is not another engine on the market that would have gone so far with the crank chamber full of water as the little 12-h.p. Piff-Paff had done. We were in the neighbourhood of the restaurants, and I had the gratification of returning the hospitality extended to me. When we returned we found a derrick in attendance and the car in mid-air being slung on to a trolley, and one could not but admire the ease with which the work was done and recall the advantage claimed for the light weight of these cars, which, with two-seater body, dog-clip and lamps complete, weighs less than one ton.

FYTTES FOR THE PANTOMIMES,

Being the sort of article that any paper is glad to print at this time of the year.

"TELL you about the Christmas songs?" said Mr. Mendelssohn Browne, the well-known music-publisher. "Why, of course. Sit down." Our special very young man sat.

"Wit without vulgarity," Mr. Browne continued, "that's our motto. The great British public will not for an instant tolerate anything that is in at all doubtful taste.

"First of all, *place aux dames*" (Mr. Browne has been over to Boulogne); "let us take the hero. No self-respecting principal boy will consider she is doing her duty by the management if she does not warble our new topical song, 'A Bit of a Nut—eh what,' and also that patriotic masterpiece, 'Come along and help yourself to Turkey.' That's topical too, of course.

"For the principal girl there is Miss Birdie Twitter's summer success, 'Mother's little tiny Drop of Comfort.' The touching refrain,

'No, it's not a drop of gin that I find my comfort in,
But a tiny little toddler of four,'
will find an echo in every mother's heart."

"And the dame?" asked our very young man.

"He, too, is well supplied. Perhaps you've heard 'Father's put the Lodger through the Hoop,' one of those masterly little sketches of low life that can always command a princely salary. Then again there is 'Percy's grown too big for Father's Pants,' at once humorous, pathetic and wholly true to the best canons of pantomimic art. Listen," and he recited—

"'Percy ain't ungrateful in the ordinary way; Percy's quite a decent sort of kid; Not a word of impudence to me 'e'll ever say 'Cos 'e knows that 'e would cop it if 'e did ('ave a banana).

But I likes to save me money, and the way the nipper grows,
Oh, it doesn't give the 'ousekeeping a chance;

"Cutting down" 'as got to end and the cash I've got to spend,
Now that Percy's grown too big for father's pants."

"By the way," Mr. Browne, who is an enthusiast on his subject, went on, "have you heard 'It's always rather crowded in my heart'? That's going to be popular, too." Our representative pleaded not guilty, and was regaled with the refrain, of which, however, he can only remember—

"There's Tom and Dick and Harry love me quite as much as you,
And of my love they each demand a part;
Still, I'll love you all I can since you ask me, little man,



CLUB REGULATIONS.

Female Voice (on telephone). "IS THAT THE HALL PORTER? WELL, I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU CAN GIVE A MESSAGE TO MY HUSBAND."

Hall Porter. "I AM SORRY, MADAM, BUT YOUR HUSBAND IS NOT IN THE CLUB."

Female Voice. "BUT I HAVE NOT TOLD YOU MY HUSBAND'S NAME YET."

Hall Porter. "QUITE UNNECESSARY, MADAM. NOBODY'S HUSBAND IS EVER HERE BY ANY CHANCE."

But it's always rather crowded in my heart. Good morning."

After a brief pause our very young man found that the last two words, though not part of the song, were supposed to be repeated by the audience. So he repeated them.

From a list of Governesses:—

"18435. English, fl F, fl G, g m (p t), piano and organ, dan, gms, hkp, g acc, in nur, n (cut out), g rder, oorr, age 30, C E, ref 2 yrs . . . £60."

We never know what to say to people like this.

The Fat Boys of Ormesby.

"At an exhibition at Ormesby, near Yarmouth, two bumpkins were shown weighing 5st. 12lbs. and 5st. 9lbs. respectively."

South Wales Echo.

Twin sons of a local blacksmith and only six years old.

"In the stomach of a crocodile which was shot on the Merguan Estate, Madras, were found a python thirteen feet long, two tobacco pipes, a number of pieces of whisky bottles, and a pair of trousers."

Eastern Evening News.

The python seems to have made himself at home.



Philip's Mother (relating to visitor the adventures of Philip's first play). "AND GRANVILLE BERRBOHM KEPT IT QUITE A NUMBER OF WEEKS. THAT WAS A COMPLIMENT, WASN'T IT?"

A GOLDEN BACHELOR.

It is the custom, when a man is wed,
For all his friends to gather round and come
Up to the scratch, as people say, and shed
A shower of gifts on his devoted head,
Which saves him quite a sum.

This is a law to every sterling heart
Most dear and precious; for the happy swain
(Putting the worldly aspect quite apart)
Such open sympathy should send a dart
Of rapture through the brain.

And, for the donors, I may say that I
Have some experience; this way and that,
The mass of articles I've had to buy
Would, taken in the aggregate, go nigh
To stock a fair-sized flat.

It fills me with a joy that never ends,
This privilege; and it has seemed a slight
That I—unwed—could never give my friends
A chance to show how far *their* love extends,
And yield them this delight.

So, having deeply exercised my wit
On the great problem, how a single man
Could heal this injury (and get a bit
Of his own back) I think at last I've hit
Upon a first-class plan.

The thing involves no awkward change of state.
I live a bachelor, and simply say
To those that love me well, that, on a date
Shortly to be announced, I celebrate
My golden single day.

All will be bidden—all who hold me dear --
To the reception; they, I trust, will make
On their part every effort to appear.
There will be presents--that, I hope, is clear--
A best man and a cake.

And when the day has come and all are there,
And when my health's proposed, they will express,
With hearty cheers, that I have done my share;
And may they, by their offerings, take good care
To make it a success!

DUM-DUM.

"Of all this the writer was an eye-witness, as he himself was nearly 'bagged' by a Bulgarian patrol as he retired on Rodosto. The Bulgarians on this flank certainly lost one of the greatest opportunities ever presented to a victorious army in the field. Why?"

The Times.

Why, because if they had captured a *Times* correspondent Turkey would have thrown up the sponge at once.

"The interest on £600,000 at 4 per cent., says the 'New York Herald,' would be £24,000 a year."—*Daily Express.*

Our contemporary never speaks without authority.



Bernard Partridge.

AT LAST!

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



NOBLE AMICABILITY.

WINSOME WINSTON and RONALD McNEILL.

House of Commons, Monday, November 18.—Of the situation created last week, varying monotony of Committee stage of Home Rule Bill, this afternoon was at once the most dramatic and the quietest stage. To ill-regulated mind it suggested memories of a day in the magisterial court of *Mr. Nupkins*, when *Mr. Pickwick* and his friends were brought up under arrest for alleged disorderly conduct. As in case of PREMIER and his Resolution rescinding the BANBURY Amendment there was adjournment followed by transmogrification of the scene. On his first appearance *Mr. Pickwick*, bullied by the Bench, howled at by the crowd, was convicted and ordered to find bail with alternative of imprisonment. Then came adjournment, followed, on reassembling of Court, by honourable acquittal, general acquiescence and invitation to dine with the magistrate.

Meeting to-day after adjournment from Thursday, House again crowded in anticipation of further scenes,

peradventure another division. Even ominously quiet. PREMIER, rising to move his new Resolution, received with cheers from his own side. No provocative response rose from Benches opposite. In studiously calm manner he made plain business statement.



TIM HEALY nipping in with interjection.

Moved discharge of rescinding Resolution preliminary to introducing one which, whilst differing in formal procedure, will be equally effective for purpose designed. To-morrow it will be taken in Committee; reported on Wednesday; and on Thursday Committee on Home Rule Bill will be resumed at point where debate abruptly broke off.

Thus nothing will have happened except loss of seven Parliamentary days, which will be recaptured either at expense of a Christmas holiday, at its best unseasonably brief, or by extension of session in New Year.

When PREMIER resumed his seat, having been on his legs less than ten minutes, profound silence fell over crowded assembly. All eyes were turned upon Front Opposition Bench where BONNER sat amid his colleagues. He made no sign and, SPEAKER submitting Resolution, it was forthwith agreed to. Still Members kept their seats, finding it impossible to believe

that it was all over and in this prosaic fashion. Only when PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY FOR BOARD OF TRADE appeared at Table and began to talk of Light Railways Bill as amended in Standing Committee, they rose and made for the door. At twenty-two minutes past six all was over, Home Rulers and Anti-Home Rulers getting away in good time to dress for dinner.

Business done.—New arrangement consequent on Snap Division of last Monday agreed to without further wrangling.

Tuesday.—House, once more clothed and in right mind, set itself to discuss new formula designed to replace Resolution disfigured by BANBURY Amendment. For eight hours it pegged away, speech following speech with direful regularity. Marked peculiarity of debate was fact that two Irish Members, GINNELL and CLANCY, took part in it, TIM HEALY occasionally nipping in with interjection designed to bring low his compatriots. As a rule the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed now hangs as mute on Westminster's walls as if that soul were dead. Of course it isn't. Current circumstances arise out of shrewd appreciation of opportunity. Home Rule Bill must be got through all its stages in order to be sent on to the Lords as what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Christmas card. Time is short; every quarter of an hour precious. If an Irish Member uses one or more for delivery of a speech he increases pressure and imperils passage of Bill. Accordingly, at what personal cost in individual cases who shall say, the rank and file of Redmondites have sat and listened to others talking, themselves dumb.

SWIFT MACNEILL providentially discovered opportunity at Question time for opening safety-valves. Usually manages to get in a Supplementary Question giving light and leading to one or other or both Front Benches. The rest suffer in silence with heroism that recalls memories of the Spartan boy subjected to attentions of surreptitious fox. Mr. FLAVIN says he is not sure he would not be disposed to strike a bargain about the fox. Certainly the animal making free with your vitals is not a desirable companion. And the pain, taking extreme form of indigestion following upon presence of an undelivered speech, makes a man ready to chance a change.

Whether on the scaffold high or on battle-field they die, Irish patriots have ever been ready to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their country. This self-denial since Home Rule Bill was brought in is less striking in its

manifestation. But in matter of ruthless discipline it has never been excelled.

Debate differed from majority of recent cases by reason of its close application to question before Committee. But Lord! as Mr. PEYFS occasionally ejaculated, how dull it was, occasionally how incomprehensible. At one point CATHCART WASON frankly admitted that the more Irish Finance was discussed the more complicated became the problem. If a statesman of his surface measurement was baffled, what is to be hoped from lesser mortals? BANBURY, who is beginning to fancy himself as a designer of amendments,



BANBURY, with a poor 208, fails this time to annex a bag of nuts.

submitted a fresh one. But he cannot expect, under ordinary circumstances, to repeat his success of Monday week. He gave Ministers consolation of majority of 115.

Business done.—Resolution replacing the one damaged by BANBURY's Amendment carried through Committee by majority of 111.

Thursday.—What I like about House of Commons is the spirit of camaraderie which underlies its constitution, occasionally asserting itself in most unpromising circumstances. It is reasonable to suppose that after incident of yesterday week something of Arctic coolness would have sprung up between the WINSOME WINSTON and that deadly swift bowler, RONALD M'NEILL. On the contrary, SARK tells me it has been followed by exceptionally warm friendship. The two are inseparable. May be seen sitting in closest companionship in the smoking-room or walking

arm-in-arm up and down Terrace. WINSTON has indeed invited M'NEILL to join him on one of his week-end visits to the sea-ports. Whether, once aboard the lugger, M'NEILL will be blown from the mouth of a gun, or whether he will be strung up at the yardarm, is a detail that does not disturb pleasing contemplation of this generous amicability.

SARK gives rather interesting account of how the little misunderstanding of Wednesday arose. Observing honourable (some learned) Members tearing off pages of Orders of the Day, rudely fashioning them arrow-shape and discharging volleys across the Table at His MAJESTY'S Ministers filing out behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, M'NEILL'S mind was suddenly—and therefore perhaps a little hazily—flooded with memories of JENNY GEDDES. He recalled how her three-cornered stool, flung pulpwards in the sacred edifice of St. Giles', Edinburgh, wrought marked effect upon subsequent course of Church history in Scotland. Didn't happen to be a three-legged stool within reach; but there was handy a tightly-bound volume suitable for purposes of missile. This he seized and with well-directed aim very nearly succeeded in catching eye of FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY.

By a fine touch of irony the volume contained directions for the orderly conduct of Parliamentary proceedings.

Business done.—Discussion in Committee of Home Rule Bill taken up at stage where it was dropped eleven days ago.

NATURE STUDIES.

I. (and last—Ed.):

THE WORM.

THE worm is not a noble beast,
But doesn't mind it in the least.

If you despise his lack of limb,
Compare the elephant with him.

Precisely like his massive friend,
He wears a tail at either end.

For him the tiger has no fears,
Nor need he wash his teeth or ears.

Although his weight is less (by tons),
You cannot bribe a worm with buns.

The elephant may ooze conceit,
But can he walk without his feet?

I think I've shown you where the worm
Can beat the noble pachyderm.

"Mr. Lloyd George left Downing Street at about the same time for the gold links."

Eastern Daily News.

"If a couple of diamond studs would induce him not to come back again," writes a Tory, "please let me know."

POLITICAL DEDUCTIONS.

In reply to a question advanced during the Home Rule debates, "Who is going to be Chairman of the Joint Exchequer Board?" Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL in the House of Commons stated that to appoint or name a chairman now would be "counting the chickens before they are hatched."

This item of news appears in *The Daily Express* under the headlines "Home Rule Cat Escapes—Remarkable Admission by a Minister," and is interpreted to mean that the Government do not expect the Home Rule Bill to pass.

Such a brilliant deduction has already stimulated other students of the political situation to put forward conclusions based on apparently trivial remarks.

Thus Mr. BONAR LAW's innocent question, "Do we pay old-age pensions in Uganda?" is understood to mean that, so far from abolishing old-age pensions in the United Kingdom, it is the intention of the Unionist party, when returned to power, to extend the system to all British Protectorates. The news has been received with the greatest satisfaction by the natives of Uganda, among whom birth certificates are unknown.

Again, the epithet "Old Cromwell," which has been applied to Mr. ASQUITH, is considered to possess extraordinary significance. It is thought that the PREMIER himself invented the designation and secretly caused it to be circulated with the object of preparing the ground for a great *coup* by which Parliament is to be disbanded and a Dictatorship established.

Another sensational prophecy is founded upon the words recently uttered by Mr. REDMOND, "The democratic forces are determined to . . . preserve cheaper food for the people." This remark is supposed to indicate beyond question that the whole of the Coalition intends to resign its seats in Parliament in a body and to embark upon the meat-packing and jam-making industries on a large scale.

From *Bachelor's Buttons*, p. 38:—

"This garden requires at least two gardeners."

"And it will have two—me and Angus." For close on forty years I had had to be grammatically correct. Now I take a pleasure in being as much otherwise as possible. Each time I say 'me' for 'I' one of the shackles of the past falls away."

The writer's attempts to talk ungrammatically are pathetic. Once again he has missed it, and the shackles of the past remain. Next time he might try saying "I" for "me."



Foreman Plumber. "I'LL TRY AND GET ONE OF MY LADS TO COME ALONG THIS AFTER-NOON AND PUT THEM TILES RIGHT; BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY YOURSELF, GUVNOR, A-WATCHING THEM THERE BATHS AND PANS—WHY, THEY WON'T BE FULL FOR HOURS AND HOURS YET."

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

[*"The grapes turn to raisins; not wholly doth the dry rose perish."*—*Lang's Theocritus.*]

NANCY she is seventeen,
Seventeen is Nancy,
Merry as a May-day green,
Pretty as a pansy;
Roses red and white hath she,
Hebe's own her shape is,
Newly riped and daintily
Rounded as a grape is!

Benison, ye Days, and bless
Nancy's every morrow
With a peck of happiness
And a pinch of sorrow—
Just enough of summer showers
(Too much sun doth harden)
To engage the fruit and flowers
For an August garden!

One hath said, when Summer's
passed
From the Southern closes,
Raisins are the grapes at last,
Pot-pourri the roses;
Grape and rose, 'tis sad they so
Change with Time's complete-
ness,
Yet a Sage hath bid us know
Both may keep a sweetness!

Howso bonny be a lass,
As the seasons travel
Thus the youngest face doth pass,
Wrinkles come a-ravel,
But upon the proper kind
(Faces such as Nancy's)
Time doth likewise leave behind
What their grace enhances!

Grant me, then, ye Days that fade,
Of your good endeavour,
Autumn sees my April maid
Comelier than ever,
With a heart to be the bowl
Roseleaf Fancy stays in,
And a mellowness of soul
Pleasant as a raisin!

"If a Liverpool man wants up-to-date football information he cannot do without the 'Echo.' Last night's paper was alone in telling Liverpool folk that Bradshaw had sustained a badly-damaged nose."

There was certainly nothing about it in *The Athenaeum*.

"5429 Tablets quickly cure rheumatism; 8 days' treatment 10s. 6d."

Advt. in "Citizen."

We have fallen behind again. This is the fifth day and we have only taken 2613 tablets. We must put in a good day to-morrow.

THE GARVINIZER OF VICTORY.

(With acknowledgments to "The Pall Mall Gazette's" article, "The 'P. M. G.' and the War," Nov. 13th.)

OUR special representative in the Balkans, whose duty it has been to keep in close touch with the belligerent monarchs, sends us the following information by our own service of airships:—

"It is well known," he writes, "that KING PETER OF SERBIA is one of the most unapproachable of men. As soon, however, as he heard that *The P. M. G.* had authorised me to open *pourparlers* with him in Uskub, he sent four of his *aides-de-camp* to beg me to accord him an interview. I at once consented, and was escorted by the entire regiment of Royal Guards to the newly-conquered Palace of the Kara-georgievitch dynasty. The monarch, having helped me to divest myself of my hat and coat, requested me to permit him, on behalf of *The P. M. G.*, to address an ultimatum to Austria-Hungary. He added that the services rendered by *The P. M. G.* to the cause of Serbia were indelibly engraved on all Servian hearts. The public is aware that but for these services the capture of Uskub could not have occurred.

"In other quarters the far-reaching influence of *The P. M. G.* has made itself felt no less sensibly. An experienced and cool-headed diplomat told me smilingly that KING FERDINAND has had *The P. M. G.* War Notes translated into the Bulgarian language, and is accustomed to read them aloud to the Bulgarian General Staff. General SAVOFF, having committed only one paragraph to memory, immediately afterwards gained the victory of Lule Burgas. The General has already expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms. 'Tell *The P. M. G.*,' he said, 'that but for the support given to the Bulgarians by *The P. M. G.* we should never have been where we hope to be to-morrow.' This was said yesterday, but reasons of State forbid me to reveal where the Bulgarian Army finds itself to-day.

"The Kings of Greece and Montenegro are equally enthusiastic. 'If one man,' said KING NICHOLAS, 'could have taken Skutari, that one man would have been'—but I must leave the rest to the imagination of readers of *The P. M. G.* 'We shall make no peace,' said KING GEORGE, 'without submitting the terms to *The P. M. G.*; of that you may rest assured.' Observing that I was rolling up my war-map, His Majesty added with a smile, 'You remind me of PIRRI, who, you will remember, asked that the map of Europe should be rolled up.' This was most gratifying to the representative of a journal which has during this anxious time endeavoured to display those qualities of statesmanship, audacity, resource and genius which are usually, and perhaps rightly, attributed to the pilot who weathered the storm.

"It remains only to mention the Sultan of TURKEY. His Imperial Ottoman Majesty has been able to console himself in his troubles by reading the comments of *The P. M. G.* on the vicissitudes of Turkish affairs. On being told of the Bulgarian advance on Constantinople, His Majesty murmured in a broken voice, 'Where was *The P. M. G.*?' It is quite unnecessary to say more than that. I now propose to visit Potsdam *via* Vienna."

From a bootmaker's advertisement:—

"Our Repairing Speaks for Itself.
Have you heard it?"

Yes. We distinctly remember, last August, hearing several pairs of it going up the aisle of the Wee Free Church at Achmagallagach.

"BOGEY FIVE";

OR, THE CUNNING COUNSELLOR.

FAINT hope, like a fantail a-flutter
In the light of the crimsoning West—
Faint hope, like a lucifer splutter,
Flared up at the last in my breast
As I looked on my new aluminium putter
In the bag with the rest.

Very wrathful and keen were the faces
Of niblick and mashie and cleek,
And my driver made angry grimaces,
And my brassie, that struggled to speak,
He was merciless too; but, demure as the Graces,
Compassionate, meek,

Calm-featured, as lo! when thou peerest
Through forests of pine-trees that mix,
On a sudden there shines at her clearest
The moon—in the maze of my sticks
I beheld him, the crown of the bunch and the
dearest

(By about three-and-six.)

And I said to him, "Son, thou art wiser,
Thy brethren are feckless and daft,
Thou art prince of them all and adviser,
What an if thou art short in the shaft?
So is ASQUITH and so is LLOYD GEORGE and the
KAISER,
Yet look at their craft.

I have been where the water was glassy,
In desolate ruts I have been,
And my third (which was not very classy)
Was entrapped in the boughs of the treen,
And behold with my fourth, a circuitous brassie,
I am still off the green.

The brows of thy brethren are torrid,
They reek with the sweat of the fray,
With the divoted turf they are horrid,
And with lumps of environing clay;
Come up, then, thou bald-head! Thy luminous
forehead
Is lord of the day."

So I spoke and, as erst, when the issues
Of war were debated at Troy,
It was not to the strength of the tissues
Of Ajax, too hot to destroy,
That the victory fell, but the feints of Odysseus,
That artful old boy.

Even so the bright visage that butted
Did all that I prayed it to do;
Even so I sagaciously putted
A pill that ran perfectly true,
And Thomas took four on the green and "tut-
tuted"

(Having got there in two). EVOE.

From an advertisement in *The Times*:—

"Jones's West Monmouthshire School, Pontypool.—Resident Headmaster wanted in January, 1913. Fixed Salary, £400 per annum, with residence, coal, gas, rates, and one maid valued at an additional £100 per annum."

Our cook, having caught sight of this, has given us notice, and is off to Pontypool in the morning.



THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.

"I WILL SHOW MYSELF HIGHLY FED, AND LOWLY TAUGHT."—*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II., Scene 2.

AT THE PLAY.

THE HAYMARKET TRIPLES BILL.

THE mantle of *Bunt*—to say nothing of her crinoline—is a difficult garment to fit upon a successor, and the Haymarket management did well to provide so good a Variety Entertainment to take the place of the dear departed. At the same time I rather wonder that they should have chosen for their chief item one of those strictly Sabbatarian interiors with which, in a different geographical setting, *Bunt* had sufficiently familiarized us.

Indeed, *The Younger Generation* must have been something of a disappointment to those among Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON's many admirers who had looked to him for a note of freshness and distinction. His *Hindle Wakes* introduced us to a new and disturbing problem. The theme of *The Younger Generation*—the revolt of grown-up children against the narrowness of their home-life—is as old and obvious as the everlasting hills. His sense of the values of observed detail is not less fine than before, and there is more gaiety in his humour, but the atmosphere, except when the delightful Mr. PLAYFAIR, as

an exotic uncle, brings in a whiff of outer air, seems always a little used-up.

We are sadly accustomed on the stage to cheap ridicule of the Church, and to exchange this for cheap ridicule of the Chapel is to offer a variant, but not a novelty. And Mr. HOUGHTON makes the mistake, common in the young, of confusing virtue with the excess of it, which is a vice (see WALKLEY on ARISTOTLE). He elects, quite permissibly, to portray some very strait samples of Dissent. But that is not enough for him. He wants us, on the strength of this picture, to laugh at the idea of the Chapel as a centre of social life. Yet, if allowance is made for different temperaments, why should this be any more ridiculous than the idea, for instance, of their temple-worship as the centre of the social life of the Greeks? What would Mr. HOUGHTON have us choose instead? The realistic stage, perhaps? Heavens!

And, when his young man breaks out and gets drunk as a protest against the narrowness of his upbringing, and is made to say in effect, "Human nature demands some such relief; that is the secret of the Salvation Army," surely Mr. HOUGHTON has wit enough not to

imagine that he is imposing on any but the most fatuous of his audience. He is not likely to damage very greatly the credit of the Salvation Army, but he is pretty sure to damage his own, and badly.

Mr. HOUGHTON will please forgive my attitude of heavy father; but he is a writer of unusual talent, and I should be sorry to see him drift into the old ruts, and find content in tickling the groundlings.

Of course he will have an answer ready. He will tell us that he is not personally responsible for the sentiments of these revolting children. But we shan't be deceived by that.

It is hard to judge how much the author owed to his cast. Almost without exception their excellence was extraordinary. The brunt of the work fell upon Mr. STANLEY DREWITT, whose performance was flawless but for the exaggerated unctuousness of his voice. This, and the rhetorical diatribe assigned to the grandmother (Mrs. CROWE), were the only two touches of staginess in an extremely probable transcript of life.

The opening turn of the evening was more frivolous, and made no mention of the Sabbath. Its only moral, if any,

was that when the gods want to deal out poetic justice they are not very particular about their instruments: an impostor will serve as well as a better man. It was an engaging little episode—*An Adventure of Aristide Pujol*, adapted from Mr. LOCKE's new book. It began a little stiffly with a rather too ingenuous device for letting the audience know where they were. But after this it went with a joyous fluency, thanks to the Gallic breeziness of Mr. LEON LION as the undefeatable *Aristide*, and the British bluster of Mr. FEWGLASS LLEWELLYN as the dealer in picture-fakes.

It was followed by *The Golden Doom*, a phantasy by Lord DUNSANY. Outside the door of an Assyrian palace two sentries stood and talked of affairs of state, just as they do outside Buckingham Palace. Entered a little girl who had a boon to ask of the Monarch. The Monarch not being available, she prayed to his door, saying, "I want a little hope!" The exact nature of her ambition was left vague for the time; but it subsequently appeared that what she wanted was a little *hoop*. She was joined by a boy playmate who had just composed a quatrain, which he recited. It was about a purple bird that went up against the sky. He could have made more lines than four, but had run out of rhymes for *sky*. (Lord DUNSANY is clearly a poet, and understands the exigencies of Art.) So the little maiden contributed a fifth line, "I saw him die." It was a foot short, a defect which was quickly pointed out by the author of the quatrain, but the soundness of the rhyme was incontestable. The girl, who had been to a Board School, wrote the five lines on the King's door in local characters with a bit of gold she had picked up, the sentries meanwhile standing a few yards away with their attention diverted. Then the children went away.

Now entered the Monarch, forerun by three nearly naked spies, who executed various evolutions of a strangely serpentine character. The royal notice was drawn to the writing on the door. Who could have done it? Owing to the unpardonable obtuseness of the sentries no suspicion falls upon the culprit. Soothsayers are sent for, and each in turn, as he reads the final line, "I saw him die," receives a shock. All agree that it indicates the overthrow of the kingdom. A few Assyrian incantations are murmured and they go into mourning. The Monarch, recognising with great fortitude that the stars are against him, thinks he might save the situation for his people by a personal sacrifice. So he lays aside

his crown and sceptre and announces his fixed intention of becoming even as one of the humblest of his subjects. Depositing these symbols of empire on the ground and giving strict instructions that they are not to be touched, he enters the palace. If crown and sceptre miraculously disappear by the next morning this should imply that the gods have accepted his sacrifice.

The three spies, who might have been of some use outside, stupidly follow the King into the palace and spend the night there. The two sentries, totally ignoring their obvious duty, immediately go off on remote beats. At dawn the little girl returns, kneels down again before the King's door and says, "I



The Spies. "We know, Majesty, that we are rotten bad spies, but we cost you very little in clothes and less than a poodle in the matter of toilet."

The King Mr. HARGREAVES.

want a little hope.' Rising, she detects the golden emblems, joyfully seizes one in each hand, whacks the crown with the sceptre and bowls it off into the wings like a hoop.

The Monarch, issuing from his palace, finds that his regal gawds have disappeared. Taking no cognisance of the truancy of the sentries, he concludes that the crown and sceptre have been divinely spirited away, and that the stars have accepted his sacrifice.

There was little beauty in the play to take the eye; the dialogue was heavy, and its delivery (if we except the Chief Prophet, Mr. EWAN BROOK) not very satisfactory. But two rather pleasant strains of irony ran through the scheme, shewing (1) that a child's trivial writing on a door may be enough to unseat a dynasty; (2) that it may need a king's sacrifice of his crown to get a little girl the toy that she wants. Issues, in fact, are not always com-

mensurate with their causes. I take this to be the interpretation of the author's symbolism (if I am right in suspecting him of any such motive).

I have not the heart to pursue the subsequent history either of the Monarch or of the little girl. In about ten minutes, if there is anybody in the place who has a little more intelligence than the three spies and the two sentries, her theft will be discovered. What will happen to the Monarch I can only conjecture; but the little girl's position would seem practically hopeless.

"SYLVIA GREER."

In *Tantrums* it was a shrew; and now in *Sylvia Greer* it is a minx. But the earlier play, as I said at the time, had an idea in it; and I could trace none here. Of course it is always pleasant to be told that the most selfish and offensive woman has a sort of a heart hidden away somewhere which threatens to be unworldly; but, when the man who finds it takes his discovery very coolly and doesn't quite seem to know what to do with it, interest lapses. The play went moderately well for two Acts, but crumpled up in the third. What episodes there were did not contribute much to the scheme. A girl had an epileptic fit on the stage and somebody sent the minx an anonymous letter to say that her mother had been no better than she should be. But each of these incidents was just introduced for joy. There was only one really cheerful feature. It was a man who stuttered and insisted on talking golf-shop—well-known weaknesses, both of them, but seldom found in this happy conjunction.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK, as *Sylvia Greer*, has a reminiscent manner. I was constantly reminded of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE. But she has a piquancy of her own, if only she would not work it too hard. Mr. GUY STANDING was attractive as the strong man. He kept his strength under control, and never used it like the rugged giant he was represented to be. I don't think he was ever quite sure why he kept coming in by the balcony at midnight to see *Sylvia*, instead of by the front-door at tea-time.

The popular Mr. LOWNE had no chance, and the other dull or disagreeable parts were played in a manner worthy of a better cause.

Criticism of the author is disarmed by the fact that he preferred to leave his name out of the bill. I dare not probe his reasons, which are sacred. But he is reported to be a writer of established reputation, and we can all guess that something must have happened, even if we can't guess what.

O. S.



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

Old Lady (reading an article on the immediate need of Universal Service). "OH, DEAR! DO YOU THINK THE SAME AS LORD ROBERTS?"
Superior Being. "No, AUNT, I NEVER DID. MY MIND IS QUITE AT REST."
Old Lady. "I AM RELIEVED TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Nest (ARNOLD) takes its name from the first of a collection of short stories by ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, which seem to me to be of very unusual quality. But, then, I am specially susceptible to the good short-story, always far too rare a bird in English fiction. Not that I exactly liked all these; very far from it. On the contrary, one of them, *The Nest* itself, seemed to me, while I admired its diabolical cleverness, so painful and probing that I was induced to question whether any author was justified in writing it. It is about a man who, given a month to live by his doctor, spends that month with his adoring wife in such a state of super-emotional strain that its end—and the discovery that the verdict was false—sees them permanently estranged. Told, as I say, with an almost horrible gift for exposing the recesses of the human character, this tale haunts one afterwards. There are others, however, where comedy is the chief feature. In all of them the adventures are mental rather than physical; and in each you will be struck by some new and arresting turn of phrase, which yet by its aptness avoids the snares of affectation. Thus, women who had been the intellectual companions of the hero are described as "knowing their way about his mind and soul;" and this is but one remembered at random. There will, I hope, be a good welcome for *The Nest* from those who can appreciate fine craftsmanship, and have sensibilities so robust that they need not wince at what it may reveal.

Adam Lindsay Gordon and his Friends (CONSTABLE), by EDITH HUMPHRIS and DOUGLAS SLADEN, is by no means a formal "Life." It is rather an *olla podrida* concerned with the unhappy poet whom Mr. SLADEN calls "the Byron of Australia . . . one of the most romantic figures in literature." Born in the Azores of Scottish parents in 1833, he was educated at Cheltenham College and the Royal Military Academy, whence he appears to have retired under compulsion, went to Australia in 1853, joined the South Australian Mounted Police, became a horse-breaker, married in 1862, was elected a Member of the South Australian Parliament in 1865, rode many steeple-chases successfully, and in 1870, under the stress of financial difficulties acting on a constitution enfeebled by a serious riding accident, he shot himself. Mr. SLADEN has contributed to this book a chapter on Gordon as a Poet, in parts of which, though not in the conclusion, the note of eulogy is pitched too high, and is sustained without sufficient discrimination. Of "The Ride from the Wreck," for instance, he says "The poem was of course inspired by Browning's 'How they brought the News to Ghent'" [he means, I suppose, "How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"] "published ten or twenty years earlier, but in every way is superior to Browning's manufactured article. For in Gordon's poem we have the description, not from an observer but from the man who did the ride, or other such rides, while Browning did not write like a man-at-arms any more than he looked like a man-at-arms." This pertness is ridiculous. A glance at GORDON's poem will show not merely that it was inspired by BROWNING's but that it could never have been written

—at any rate not in that way—had BROWNING abstained from writing his grand gallop. Moreover, if BROWNING's article is to be sneered at as "manufactured," what is to be said of TENNYSON, who did not exactly write (or look) like an Elizabethan sailor-man or a Crimean cavalry-man? And under this test how much would be left of Mr. KIPLING, another of Mr. SLADEN's heroes? The truth is that a great deal of GORDON's poetry, though the open-air quality of it is his own, is in expression merely imitative, now of SWINBURNE, now of BROWNING, or again, as in *In Utrumque Paratus*, of HOOD. Still, when all deductions have been made, there remains a small amount of authentic poetry, purely original in conception and expression, which justifies his claim to a seat on Parnassus. All those who have been attracted by his writings and have heard of his unhappy life and his tragic death will find in this volume much to interest them.

Frederick Hewitt Molyneux, gentleman of leisure, in order to broaden the social outlook of the exclusive *Lady Diana Lester*, whom for ten years—though he has been too lazy to propose—he has regarded as his own property, introduces to her an energetic plebeian, and is promptly cut out by him. There is material for a good, if slight, short story in the idea. Mr. DUNCAN SCHWANN, however, likes plenty of elbow-room, and his *Molyneux of Mayfair* (HEINEMANN) runs to no fewer than three hundred and forty-four pages. When an author pads on this colossal scale, the reader, it seems to me, is justified in demanding that the padding shall be of a high quality. Mr. SCHWANN and I differ on this point. Another point on which we differ is the subject of humour. I have not his sunny nature, and a passage such as this:—"tricks that were absolutely mouldy by the time Ananias told Sapphira she was the tastiest bit of fluff in Jerusalem"—leaves me cold. Nor can I see eye to eye with Mr. SCHWANN in his estimate of the humour of Mr. Molyneux, drunk, throwing the slippers of female fellow-diners at the heads of male fellow-diners; sitting down on a dog-biscuit; or falling into a pond. The only part of the story which seems to suggest that the author, having rid his bosom of much ponderous waggishness, may later on write something approaching good light comedy, is the chapter dealing with the happy and untidy married life of the *Hon. Maurice Lester*, the "nut," and *Julia Delorme*, the chorus-girl. For quite a while the dialogue is on a high level, and then down sits Mr. Molyneux on the dog-biscuit and all is over.

I am at something of a loss how to criticise *The Broad Walk* (CONSTABLE), because, to tell the truth, for a considerable time I was at rather more than something of a loss to determine what it was all about. The fact is that Baroness LEONE AMINOFF is one of the most elusive story-tellers imaginable. The effect of her style is that you

feel yourself plunged suddenly into a company of entire strangers, to none of whom have you been introduced, and none of whom condescends to a word of explanation as to his past or present. When, however, the inevitable strangeness of this has worn off, you will find them exceedingly pleasant. Do not expect them to do or suffer anything whatever, except exist amusingly. Nothing happens from the first page to the last; which is perhaps why I am convinced that the book must be true. It is just a picture of a Russian country family, noble but not wealthy, and a record of their placid, conservative and happy routine. Throughout you will be struck by the pleasing absence of bombs and vodka and hereditary madness—of all the things, in short, which you have probably learnt to consider inseparable from home-life in Russia. To watch Baroness AMINOFF's charming family picnicing in a wood, conspiring over surreptitious gifts to their delightful mother, and troubled by nothing more serious than the tardy completion of a wedding-dress, is to enjoy an entirely new view of what

the leader-writers call the "Northern Empire." As *Bunthorne* said of himself, there appears to be more quiet fun in it than you would suppose.

The gentleman who plays the title rôle in *The Reluctant Lover* (JENKINS), by STEPHEN MCKENNA, is a Cyril Fitzroy, member of a family of more or less impossible poseurs on lines laid down by a late master of flippant paradox, one of whose scintillations—"To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance"—heads the opening chapter. But Cyril, the too-conscious egoist, has better stuff in him, that is gradually brought out by his being made (not a very likely thing at his age of twenty-five) joint guardian by *Lord Darlington* of his daughter Violet. When diphtheria brings *Lady Violet* to death's door, Cyril performs that heroic operation which sometimes saves a patient, and in this case gives him both the life and love of his young ward. The author reproduces amusingly the conversation of that type which says, if not the same smart things, always the same kind of smart things in the same smart way. Perhaps the weak point is that folk of real character don't adopt this rather cheap derivative sort of attitude; also that a continued habit of scoffing at all sincerities and endeavours effectually sterilises the scoffer. The author's sympathies seem generally with the poseurs, if not with the pose. *Lord Darlington*, the chivalrous founder of the *Samurai*, is made rather a bore. Mr. MCKENNA has indeed been less concerned with serious ideas, whether challenging or orthodox, than with the superficial witticisms and railleries of his puppets. But he has certainly succeeded in being entertaining, and (if he be a young writer) of suggesting that he can put more meat and no less seasoning into a better book.

In addressing the Nottingham Lambs last Thursday the PRIME MINISTER very tactfully refrained from all reference to Sir STUART SAMUEL's Mint sauce.



THE MAKERS OF LONDON.
SIR HANS SLOANE DESIGNS A SQUARE.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now realised by Servian statesmen that they made a mistake in not promising Germany that, in the event of their realising their ambitions as to a sea-port on the Adriatic, Germany should have their orders for a fleet.

There was an affecting scene at Belgrade when KING PETER returned, and greeted M. PASITCH, the Premier. His Majesty, after embracing his adviser, wept on his shoulder—where, we understand, M. PASITCH has suffered from rheumatism ever since. This has tended to modify his diplomatic resilience.

No little sensation has been caused by the revelation that wooden bullets were served out to some of the Turkish troops. As a matter of fact the scandal does not stop there. We understand that some of the Turkish Staff were supplied with wooden heads.

Colonel SEELY informs us that he hopes to make a statement before long as to the nature of the assistance which will be given by the War Office to the National Reserve. This confirms the rumour that the War Office has recently discovered a forgotten stock of muzzle-loaders.

"Hi-yei," a contemporary informs us, is the name of a Japanese battle-cruiser recently launched at Yokosuka. It sounds more like a fire-engine.

As Mr. ROOSEVELT appears to be ineligible for one of the pensions demanded for ex-Presidents of the United States, Mr. CARNEGIE is to see whether something cannot be done for him out of his Hero Fund.

It is announced at Newport, U.S.A., that Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT has decided to sever finally his connection with America and to take up a permanent residence in England. Consols unchanged.

We understand that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN's picture "The Mumpers," now on view at the New English Art Club, is to be followed up by canvases entitled "The Measlers" and "The Influenzers."

With reference to the agitation for the abolition of the theatre queue a correspondent asks, Is it true that Manx theatres have no queue?

Messrs. METHUEN announce the appearance of *The Complete Association Footballer*. There has, we understand, been considerable difficulty in finding a complete one, most of them having had little bits knocked out of them.

In an interesting book edited by "VANOC" and entitled *A Day of My Life*

"FASHIONS FOR MEN.
BOOTS FOR THE MUDDY WEATHER."
Observer.

The idea is not so novel as the writer imagines. We have worn them for years to keep our socks clean.

The Central London Railway is advertising Five Shilling Season Tickets for ladies during the month of December. As this line passes under some of the most interesting scenery in London this is something of a bargain, and will no doubt prove attractive to many country cousins.

Reading that Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN's ivories, which have been on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum, are to be withdrawn, a purist writes to say that he always prefers the simple Saxon word "teeth."

"I am a teetotaler, but not a total abstainer," a candidate for a post told the Morpeth Guardians. "When I have a cold the only thing that cures me is a glass of whiskey before going to bed." The temptation to sit in a draught must be enormous.

A person who recently applied for an unrestricted music licence for a cinematograph theatre, suggested, in support of his request, that if the electric light were to fail a song would assist in keeping the audience in their seats. We have known the opposite effect to ensue.

"Did you lock your door at the hotel, Marcelle?" — "Surely, and slept with it under my pillow."
"Cape Times" Serial.

This is one of the things that always keeps us awake.

Weather forecast in *Cork Constitution* :—

"Over the greater part of England no material change will take place during the ensuing 24 years."

Will anybody play us 18 holes in 1936?

"It is being rumoured in Roseau that a sow littered this morning at the village of Mahaut, and brought forth a puppy the shape of an elephant, and another of the shape of a bull dog. The elephant is said to have died a few minutes after litter, but the bull dog is still alive."—*Voice of Dominica.*

This is where our Dominions beyond the Seas have the pull over us. Nothing like this ever happens in Surbiton.



Captain (to hero of opposing side). "WHY DIDN'T YOU PLAY FOR US TO-DAY, BILLY SMIEFF, SAME AS YOU SED YOU WAS GOIN' TO?"

The Hero. "WELL, YER KNOW ME TERMS. I WANT FIFTEEN PENCE FOR A TRANSFER FEE, BUT IT 'LL BE A TANNER SOON."

a Solicitor's Managing Clerk writes as follows:—"What are the matters requiring attention to-day? Ah! Here is the first. A wife seeks dissolution of marriage. . . . I deal with as many letters as I can dispose of readily, then go across to the Law Courts, where I conduct the unhappy wife's case, of course with the assistance of counsel." And yet people talk of the Law's delays!

It is said that there are to be no curves in next year's fashions. Hips will have to be ruthlessly hacked off in order to get the necessary pillar-box appearance, and surgeons are already rubbing their hands at the prospect of an exceptional season.

THE TOSKS AND THE GHEGS.

[To KAISER FRANCIS-JOSEPH, KING PETER, and others whom it may concern. Written after reading a most entertaining and erudite article in *The Westminster Gazette* on the above and other brigand types that make up the variegated population of Albania.]

OLD Dual Monarch, you who don't at all
Approve of Servian thrusters grown ecstatic
Over the loud demand to have a small
Bow-window looking on the Adriatic,
But look for further swag,
Adding Albania to your unearned Bosnian bag;—
And you, KING PETER, who on this crusade
(Purely a Christian warfare, so you term it),
Claim solid recompense for having played
The part of your old namesake, PETER HERMIT,
Saying, "This useful pitch is
The proper perks of Us, the Karageorgevitches;—
And you, ye armchair referees, who shout,
"Albania for the Albanians! Give 'em freedom,
The right to work their own salvation out,
With some good Prince or President to lead 'em—
Either a local Pagan
Or else the usual younger son from Copenhagen;"—
Have you considered what their views may be,
This fancy race of Opera-bouffe banditti,
Lawless as is the incorrigible sea,
Their morals vague, their manners very gritty,
Their dearest home-delight
To lay the unoffending stranger out at sight?
To them, untutored in the Higher Life,
Reading and writing are the work of wizards:
They'd do their voting with the naked knife
Plunged in the opposition party's gizzards;
That, sure as eggs is eggs,
Would be the pointed method of the Tosks and Ghegs.
Their history tells no tale of any tax,
And as for Health-Insurance, our LLOYD GEORGES
Might send their minions forth on pathless tracks
Whistling for stamps in steaming torrent-gorges,
In devious dell or bosk,
And never squeeze a tanner out of Ghag or Tosk.
Taught, every tribal babe, a taste for gore,
They hate each other hard, but hate still harder
The fool who interlopes along their shore,
Suspect of loose designs upon their larder;
Him, as I just now said,
They shoot without preliminaries through the head.
They seldom care to die a natural death,
For he alone, none else, is counted true man,
The right Albanian stuff, who yields his breath
Barging against some law divine or human;
Their modes of crime are many,
The plain vendetta being liked as much as any.
Such are the natives, such the brigand breeds
(Candidates, half of them, for execution),
For whom the pundits, busy with their screeds,
Offer to build a stately constitution,
Modelled on some fair plan—
The Swiss arrangement or the Nicaraguan.
Europe, of course, may shed her silly skin
That PETE or FRANCIS-J. be made Protector;
But, failing this, if they should call me in,
These Tosks and Ghegs, as President or Rector,
I should—I hope with tact—
Convey my fixed determination not to act. O. S.

BEAUTY CHATS.

By Gwendolen de St. Clair.

"HOPELESS."—Why do you persist in using that sad name? I *promise* that, if you persevere with my treatment, you will soon not be able to recognise yourself. In the meantime, as you seem to have a remarkably nice nape to your neck (a *very* unusual beauty!), wear collarless gowns, dress your hair high, and always remember to turn the nape of your neck to anyone you may be conversing with—first giving it a dust with my Beautaline Powder (5s. 6d. per box).

"DISAPPOINTED."—My dear unreasonable Friend! Did I not impress upon you that *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*? And though you complain that so far "it's all *souffrir* and no *belle*," you will soon, *soon* alter your opinion. Try to put more faith in the treatment. Little lines come through giving way to a sceptical attitude of mind.

"HYACINTH."—You *ought not* to find sleep impossible with my Eye-lengthening machine and Smile-producer properly strapped and screwed into place. You evidently do not adjust them according to the printed instructions.

"GWEN."—I am sorry the Eyelashes fell into your soup at a dinner-party. Am sending you another box with needles, silks, etc. Sew them in more firmly this time.

"BABS."—See answer to "Gwen." It may be a little painful, when the Eyelashes are first sewn in, to lift the eyelids suddenly and then drop them in that fascinating way, but you will soon get used to it.

"DOLLY."—Yes, I can give you the broad classic brow and deeply set eyes you admire so much. Write for my Head-widener, Brow-developer, and Eye-pusher-in (the set complete 35s. 6d.).

"MRS. H."—Nothing easier than to turn your short thick throat into a long slender one. Fasten a pair of my delightful little Throat-corsets (£1 1s. per pair) round your throat and lace them as tight as you can bear it. You must, of course, be satisfied with only a moderate amount of breath, and only take liquid food while wearing the Throat-corsets.

"DAISY."—So glad to hear that since using my Beautaline Cream (8s. 11d. per jar) your programme has been full directly you enter the room at the Tootwich Fortnightlies.

"NOBODY'S PET."—For the chronic frown you must have a set of my Beautaline Brow-irons. Heat them and pass them across the puckered brow. For the turned-down corners of the mouth I will send you a set of Mouth-clamps which will give the rosebud shape so much desired. Cheer up! You will soon change "No" for "Some" in your *nom de plume*.

"TOPSY."—I am glad to say I do not often receive such a letter as yours. *Of course* I shall not refund the money, for which you have had such *splendid value*! You say the treatment has made you "much uglier." Judging from your original photo, I should say that was *quite impossible*!

"GRANNY."—Not at all. I take quite as much interest in my older Friends as in my younger ones. A client of about your age whose relations, a year ago, were trying to get her into an almshouse, but who fortunately came to me instead, has just written, asking me to her wedding with a young nobleman in his twenties! I should advise you to have the Sweet-seventeen treatment (inclusive charge £10 10s.). There's not the *least* fear of your not surviving it!

"A large dinner was sent out to the lines" [at Baghchetsh] "yesterday from a leading Constantinople hotel which is supplying the delegates with meals at the expense of the Government.

Osman Nizami, the Ottoman Ambassador in Berlin, will proceed to Baghchetsh to-morrow."—*Reuter*.

It almost looks as if he might miss the first few courses.



CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

TROOPER ASQUITH (to little Miss Llewellyn). "DON'T YOU WORRY, MY DEAR; I'LL WALK YOU OUT ON FRIDAYS, AND PERHAPS LET YOU HAVE AN OCCASIONAL THURSDAY."



He. "THAT'S ARCHIE TEMPLE. VERY GOOD CHAP, BUT BIT OF A RECLUSE. SIMPLE LIFE AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING."

She. "REALLY! HE DOESN'T LOOK A BIT LIKE IT."

He. "FACT! HAD IT FROM HIS OWN LIPS. SAID HE OFTEN DINES AT HOME AS MANY AS THREE OR FOUR TIMES A MONTH!"

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GREAT NEWS.

[Now that the struggle in the Near East appears to be drawing to a close, the public will be interested in the following graphic description of the work of preparing a great daily paper during the earlier stages of the War. Written by one who has no professional connection with any newspaper office, it will be found not only free from technical jargon, but unhampered by the excessive modesty so characteristic of the press.]

IN a room at St. Martin's-le-Grand the wheel of a little brass machine begins to spin and to reel off a narrow ribbon of blue paper. A War Special from Buda-Pesth, *viâ* St. Petersburg, is coming in.

Trembling with excitement, but methodical from force of habit, the operator tears off a length from the tape, lays it face downwards, applies a layer of adhesive paste, and deftly sticks it on a foreign telegram form. Emotion has made him nearly inarticulate, and as he hands the form to an attendant he can say no more than "Battle! Shoosh!" Then, pulling himself to-

gether with a supreme effort, he wipes the paste from his fingers and prepares to tear off another strip of tape.

The attendant pushes the form into an envelope, speeds out of the room and down a long corridor, clearing a kneeling charwoman with a single bound, and thrusts the envelope into a pneumatic tube by which it is shot swiftly into the heart of newspaper land.

There, in a large untidy room, lined from floor to ceiling with books of reference and littered a foot deep with proof-sheets, a group of sub-editors sit in a row playing idly with blue pencils—pale, clean-shaven men, with hawk-like eyes and lean quivering fingers. Suddenly the one nearest the door snatches the envelope from a breathless messenger and tears out the all-important telegram. "*Buda-Pesth, viâ St. Petersburg. A great battle is being fought at Tchrvtz,*" he reads, and a thrill like an electric wave runs from end to end of the line of expectant men.

The duty of the first has finished, and the form passes quickly to the second.

The blue pencil poises and hovers in the air like a living thing, and then swoops down unerringly. The message, as it reaches the hands of the third sub-editor, runs, "*Buda-Pesth, viâ St. Petersburg. A terrific battle is being fought at Tchrvtz (? Tchvrtz).*"

The third has a large map spread before him and a powerful reading-glass in his right hand. His face is an impenetrable mask as he bends over the table, but presently it lights up in a flash of triumph, to be succeeded a moment later by an expression of dismay. There is no Tchrvtz or Tchvrtz in the Balkan Peninsula, but he has found two Tchivtzs, separated by some 300 miles!

The fourth, after a hurried consultation with the third, alters the *u* in Tchvrtz to an *i* with a masterly sweep of his pencil. As he does so, the fifth catches up the receiver of the telephone which stands beside him. "Is that you, Pearce?" he says hoarsely. "*A great battle is being fought at Tchivtz,* but there appear to be two Tchivtzs. One is . . ."

But let us go along the dark passage and up the narrow stairs to another room which is the sanctum of Pearce, the Cartographic Editor, the man who at a moment's notice has thus to find a way out of a seemingly insuperable difficulty. The map he is preparing for the next day's issue is before him and the telephone at his ear. Trained to meet all emergencies, his decision is instantaneous; he hangs up the receiver and begins work without delay.

A few minutes later and each of the two Tchivtzes is indicated by a circle; around one of them are shown graphically, by means of arrows, triangles, squares and oblongs, the disposition and recent movements of the Turkish and Bulgarian forces; around the other are shown similarly the disposition and recent movements of the Turkish and Greek forces. Then he picks up a big brush, loads it with Chinese white, and waits. . . .

Waits! The tension is almost intolerable, but at length the bell clangs jarringly. "Are you there, Pearce?" sounds the hoarse voice. "*The Bulgarians have driven back the right wing of the Turkish army.*" Down comes the brush with a splash, and the more southerly Tchivtz is obliterated, arrows, triangles, squares, oblongs and all.

In the room below, the first instalment of the telegram has continued to galvanise the line of sub-editors into activity.

One, formerly a brilliant Wrangler at Cambridge, is frenziedly working out statistics, a table of logarithms open beside him. Another has his head buried in a History, while his fingers play fantastically on the back of his neck. Another turns feverishly the pages of an Encyclopædia. Another with knitted brows and projecting tongue is writing headlines. "*Titanic Struggle—The Destiny of Turkey in Europe in the Balance—Appalling Slaughter—Will the Powers intervene?—Kismet.*" Another with pursed lips is composing an introduction. "*A telegram from Buda-Pesth, via St. Petersburg, reports that a great battle is taking place at Tchivtz (? Tchivtz). Whatever the result of this engagement, it cannot fail to have a profound and far-reaching effect upon*

the course of the war. . . ." Another rings up the foreman printer, a dour, hard-bitten Scotsman, who translates his instructions into language that sends the devil scurrying to his work.

So the busy scene continues till at last a wet proof-sheet reaches the Editor in his palatial apartment, filled with costly furniture and hung with valuable works of art. Throwing away his cigar and abstractedly assuming gold-rimmed pince-nez, he scans the sheet with a deliberate air, and almost instantaneously the marvellous brain which has raised him to his lofty position notes the defect. "*Buda-Pesth, via St. Petersburg. A terrific battle is raging at*



"HOO IS IT, JEEEMES, THAT YE MAK' SIC AN ENAIRMIOUS PROFIT AFF YER POTATOES? YER PRICE IS LOWER THAN ONY IITHER IN THE TOON AND YE MAK' EXTRA REDUCTIONS FOR YER FREENDS."

"WEEL, YE SEE, I KNOCK AFF TWA SHILLIN'S A TON BECAUSE A CUSTOMER IS A FREEND O' MINE, AN' THEN I JIST TAK' TWA HUNDERT-WEIGHT AFF THE TON BECAUSE I'M A FREEND O' HIS."

Tchvrtz (? Tchivtz)," runs the message as it is reverently removed from the presence of the great man.

At St. Martin's-le-Grand the little brass machine continues to reel out tape; the attendant runs faster and faster till a smell of burning leather pervades the building; and with every line of the long telegram the newspaper office vibrates and quivers with renewed vitality.

And next morning thousands of phlegmatic Englishmen prop their papers against their coffee-pots and plunge into the football news.

"11 a.m. Beetroots appear in weight and quality to be superior to 1910. 11.44 a.m. Gleams of hope have almost entirely vanished."

Planters Gazette (Mauritius).

Still, one can always refuse them.

THE REMEDIES.

"One of my schemes for the correction of life," he said, "is very simple. It is merely this: to take the people whose business it is to supply the needs of others and occasionally force similar needs upon them. For instance, to make an architect now and then live in a dwelling-house; which obviously he never does now. To make a theatre-manager occasionally try to see and hear a play from the gallery. To make a hotel-proprietor now and then stay in a hotel. Then, since a man remembers his own discomforts, possibly something might be done.

"Or there is irony. Perhaps the hotel proprietor is the worst case, so we might begin with him. 'My dear Sir,' I should say, 'would it be very indiscreet of me to solicit the favour of being shown your own bedroom? Your hotel is so remarkably well fitted that it would give me the greatest satisfaction to see how your own private needs are cared for.'

"He would accept the bait and lead the way.

"So you read in bed?' I should say. 'Does your doctor not object? Ah! well, you don't mind if he does. But for other people's eyes you have more consideration, and that, of course, is why in my room there is no reading-lamp and the light is fixed over the window. It is very solic-

tious of you.

"Again, I observe that you have an electric bell which you touch while in bed; whereas I have to get out of bed to ring mine. Here, again, I thank you, for nothing so conduces to fat as lying in bed, and the activity forced on one by the distance of the bell is no doubt a great benefit to me.' And so on.

"And then there is venomous directness: 'Why on earth can't you have the sense to realise that it is as easy to put a bell close to the bed as far from it, and that no one can read with the light opposite, dazzling the eyes. Here, give me the bill and let me find a civilised place!'"

Facts worth noting.

"The Mayor has granted the free use of the Tepid Baths to the members of the Baptist Conference during their stay in Christchurch."



Fair Parisian Guest. "I HOPE MONSIEUR HAS HAD THE PLEASANT DAY? AND HOW MANY BRACES ARE THERE TO THE BAGS?"

ODE TO AN INDOORS WARBLER.

OH thou who, when the skies are gray
And on the leafless boughs a-poise
No feathered songsters pipe their lay
(In point of fact, the other day
I chanced on some down Epping way
Making a rare old noise;

Still, for the purposes of song,
The woods are silent as my hat;
Old Winter with his frost-bound thong
Has cowed and crushed the feathery throng;

This being clear, we'll get along)—
Oh thou who, calm and fat,

While all the woods without are stark,
Here in the genial house,
More glorious than the rising lark,
Verger of heaven's dome and clerk,
That strains the neck so much to mark
(Thus differing from the grouse),

More tuneful than the nightingale,
The blackbird or the thrush,
Or whatsoever wild poets pale,
Instructed by *The Daily Mail*
That Spring-tide flaunts it in the vale,
Go featly forth to flush;—

Ah, kettle! lutanist sans wings
(I reach my point at last),

Forth from thy lungs what rapture springs!
What ecstasy! whilst Mary brings
The toast and buttered scones and things
That form my scant repast.

Thou warbler, from whose liquid throat
Such melodies emerge
As never a bard whom I can quote
Has dared to ape on lyre nor oar
Nor Pan-pipes [humorous—AUTHOR'S
NOTE],
So splendidly they surge;—

Herewith I hymn thee. Thou canst slake

The feverish poet's care
And wait him to that Letho-lake
By willows hemmed; come, let me take,
Ere thou canst boil, a piece of cake
And sit in yon arm-chair.

Sing on. I would not break thy thrall;
Thou carriest the mind
To sandwiches that softer fall
Than snowflakes on an Oread's pall,
And muffins dank. I take them all,
Though harmful to the wind.

Still onward let thy numbers flow:
With thee to Eden's gates,
With thee to far Cathay I go,
Not chariotéd by Bacchus; no—

Thine is the cup that cheers our woo
But not inebriates.

* * * * *
Fled is that music. Do I rave or ramp?
No longer from thy spout
Strains of the Philomela stamp
Come eddying forth; the girl's a scamp!
She never fills the spirit-lamp;
The flame is going out! EVORE.

The understanding with Germany improves daily. The *Almanach der Lustigen Blätter*, of Berlin, has appropriated as many as three drawings from *Punch* (in one case not even troubling to re-draw the picture), and so far regards the property of real friends as being held in common that it makes no acknowledgment of the conveyance.

From a letter to *The Architect's Journal*:—

"Sir,—What means this discussion regarding the areas of circles? Surely architects know what every school-boy learns in the first elements of mathematics, namely, that the area of a circle = π ."

Not being an architect, and having forgotten what we learnt as a school-boy, we thought the area of a circle equals π .

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

III.—THE MAGNATE.

It was in October, 19— that the word "Zinc" first began to be heard in financial circles. City men, pushing their dominoes regretfully away, and murmuring "Zinc" in apologetic tones, were back in their offices by three o'clock, forgetting in their haste to leave the usual twopence under the cup for the waitress. Clubmen, glancing at the tape on their way to the smoking-room, said to their neighbours, "Zinc's moved a point, I see," before covering themselves up with *The Times*. In the trains, returning husbands asked each other loudly, "What's all this about zinc?"—all save the very innocent ones, who whispered, "I say, what *is* zinc exactly?" The music-halls took it up. No sooner had the word "Zinc" left the lips of an acknowledged comedian than the house was in roars of laughter. The *furor* at the Colloidium when Octavius Octo, in his world-famous part of the landlady of a boarding-house, remarked, "I know why my ole man's so late. 'E's buying zinc," is still remembered in the bars round Piccadilly.

To explain it properly it will be necessary (my readers will be alarmed to hear) to go back some thirty years. This, as a simple calculation shows, takes us to June, 18—. It was in June, 18—that Felix Moses, a stout young man of attractive appearance (if you care for that style), took his courage in both hands, and told Phyllida Sloan that he was worth ten thousand a year and was changing his name to Mountenay. Miss Sloan, seeing that it was the beginning of a proposal, said hastily that she was changing hers to Abraham.

"You're marrying Leo Abraham?" asked Felix in amazement. "Ah!" A gust of jealousy swept over him. He licked his lips. There was a dangerous look in his eyes—a look that was destined in after days to make Emperors and rival financiers quail. "Ah!" he said softly. "Leo Abraham! I shall not forget!"

And now it will be necessary (my readers will be relieved to learn) to jump forward some thirty years. This obviously takes us to September 19—. Let us on this fine September morning take a peep into "No. —, Throgneedle Street, E.C.," and see how the business of the mother city is carried on.

On the fourth floor we come to the sanctum of the great man himself. "Mr. Felix Mountenay—No admittance," is painted upon the outer door.

It is a name which is known and feared all over Europe. Mr. Mountenay's private detective stands on one side of the door; on the other side is Mr. Mountenay's private wolf-hound. Murmuring the word "Press," however, we pass hastily through, and find ourselves before Mr. Mountenay himself. Mr. Mountenay is at work; let us watch him through a typical five minutes.

For a moment he stands meditating in the middle of the room. Kings are tottering on their thrones. Empires hang upon his nod. What will he decide? Suddenly he blows a cloud of smoke from his cigar, and rushes to the telephone.

"Hallo! Is that you, Jones? . . . What are Margarine Prefrs. at? . . . What? . . . No, Margarine Prefrs., idiot. . . . Ah! Then sell. Keep on selling till I tell you to stop. . . . Yes."

He hangs up the receiver. For two minutes he paces the room, smoking rapidly. He stops a moment . . . but it is only to remove his cigar-band, which is in danger of burning. Then he resumes his paces. Another minute goes rapidly by. He rushes to the telephone again.

"Hallo! Is that you, Jones? . . . What are Margarine Prefrs. down to now? . . . Ah! Then buy. Keep on buying. . . . Yes."

He hangs up the receiver. By this master-stroke he has made a quarter of a million. It may seem to you or me an easy way of doing it. Ah, but what, we must ask ourselves, of the great brain that conceived the idea, the foresight which told the exact moment when to put it into action, the cool courage which seized the moment—what of the grasp of affairs, the knowledge of men? Ah! Can we grudge it him that he earns a quarter of a million more quickly than we do?

Yet Mr. Felix Mountenay is not happy. When we have brought off a coup for a hundred thousand even, we smile gaily. Mr. Mountenay did not smile. Fiercely he bit another inch off his cigar, and muttered to himself.

The words were "Leo Abraham! Wait!"

This is positively the last row of stars. Let us take advantage of them to jump forward another month. It was October 1st, 19—. (If that was a Sunday, then it was October 2nd. Anyhow, it was October.)

Mr. Felix Mountenay was sleeping in his office. For once that iron brain relaxed. He had made a little over three million in the last month and the strain was too much for him. But a knock at the door restored him instantly to his own cool self.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said his secretary, "but somebody is selling zinc."

The word "Zinc" touched a chord in Mr. Mountenay's brain which had lain dormant for years. Zinc! Why did zinc remind him of Leo Abraham?

"Fetch the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, quick!" he cried.

The secretary, a man of herculean build, returned with some of it. With the luck which proverbially attends rich men, Mr. Mountenay picked up the "Z" volume at once. As he read the Zinc article it all came back to him. Leo Abraham had owned an empty zinc-mine! Was his enemy in his clutches at last?

"Buy!" he said briefly.

In a fortnight the secretary had returned.

"Well," said Mr. Mountenay, "have you bought all the zinc there is?"

"Yes, Sir," said the secretary. "And a lot that there isn't," he added.

"Good!" He paused a moment. "When Mr. Leo Abraham calls," he added grimly, "show him up at once."

It was a month later that a haggard man climbed the stairs of No. —, Throgneedle Street, and was shown into Mr. Mountenay's room.

"Well," said the financier softly, "what can I do for you?"

"I want some zinc," said Leo Abergavenny.

"Zinc," said Mr. Mountenay with a smile, "is a million pounds a ton. Or an acre, or a gallon, or however you prefer to buy it," he added humorously. Leo went white.

"You wish to ruin me?"

"I do. A promise I made to your wife some years ago."

"My wife?" cried Leo. "What do you mean? I'm not married."

It was Mr. Mountenay's turn to go white. He went it.

"Not married? But Miss Sloan—" Mr. Leo Abergavenny sat down and mopped his face.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I asked Miss Sloan to marry me, and told her I was changing my name to Abergavenny. And she said that she was changing hers to Moses. Naturally I thought—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Mountenay. He sat down heavily. Something seemed to have gone out of his life; in a moment the world was empty. He looked up at his old rival, and forced a laugh.

"Well, well," he said; "she deceived us both. Let us drink to our lucky escape."

"And then," he said in a purring voice, "we can have a little talk about zinc. After all, business is still business."

A. A. M.

WHY I WAS OSTRACISED.

(Interesting Interview with Aristides.)

A PAPYRUS recently discovered in Egypt, and deciphered at the British Museum, turns out to be a cutting from the Athenian *Ἀσπίς* containing an interview between a representative of that journal and ARISTIDES immediately after the announcement of the hostile verdict of his fellow-citizens. By the kindness of Sir F. G. KENYON, we are enabled to lay before our readers a translation of this interesting document.

ARISTIDES, who appears to have been quite unmoved by the result, attributed his ostracism partly to his opposition to the foreign policy of THEMISTOCLES, but chiefly to the irritation produced by his integrity and independence. "Ever since I entered public life," he observed, "my official relations with my Party have been most unsatisfactory. The first occasion was when I was ordered by the Whip (*Μάρτυς*) to march into a certain lobby, and was told that was my lobby, when I asked what I was voting for. I replied that it could not be my lobby, as it was the property of the State; also, that I had never been in the habit of taking orders of that kind. The Whip replied by calling me an 'execrable ass' (*ὄνος παμπλάπος*). Since then the jealousy and antagonism of my colleagues have been acute and unremitting. The attitude of the official party press towards me may be judged by the fact that they have not hesitated to accuse me of dilatation of the cranium (*οἰδημα κεφαλῆς*), and have endeavoured to excite odium against me on the score of my side-whiskers."

Asked if he were down-hearted, ARISTIDES replied: "Ὀὐχ ἤμισον! [apparently a cant phrase of the day], ARISTIDES is all right. In the first place, this ostracism was not enforced on me. I voluntarily proposed it as a means of testing my popularity and securing a mandate for those measures in which I am specially interested. If the vote had gone in my favour, my position would have been unassailable. THEMISTOCLES would almost certainly have had to resign. As it is I am most favourably circumstanced. I cannot accept the vote as a representative or conclusive indication of the views of the democracy, and for various reasons I demand a recount of the oyster shells. To begin with, a number of those cast against me were broken and therefore invalid. Again, it was not clearly stated before the voting that oysters with contents might not be used, and the disallowing of a number of such oysters (including several with full beards) which were recorded in my favour was a gross piece of unfairness.



AT THE 18TH.

Patient Host (after repeated thumps from below). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, THE TUNNEL IDEA IS ALL RIGHT, BUT I THINK YOU 'LL FIND THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE CLUB-HOUSE!"

Again, I have reason to believe that on previous occasions 'natives' were always allowed to count double, but this rule was also disregarded. Thus I have not only the consciousness of innocence, but contempt for the morality and mentality of my enemies, my associates, and my colleagues to sustain me in my temporary absence from politics. From this point of view my ostracism is not a defeat but a triumph. It ministers to my self-respect and to that of those who say with me, *δεδόν τὸ ἔηλν*. I was defeated because I was too just to succeed. The result spells no disgrace for ARISTIDES; on the contrary, it spells my eternal honour. My name from this hour becomes world-wide as the champion of freedom."

Our Sporting Prophets.

"Rathlea, if he can go right away in front, and stay there, might get home."

Daily Chronicle.

A Fact.

SCENE.—Royal Courts of Justice, Nov. 26th.

Counsel (impressively). The defendants' tram was travelling at 15 miles an hour. That is, gentlemen of the Jury, no less than 100 yds. in $7\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. I believe, my Lord, you will find that is correct.

His Lordship. I cannot say that I have worked it out, Mr. —.

Counsel. Oh! it is quite easy, my Lord. I remembered that a runner who covers 100 yards in 10 seconds is going at roughly 20 miles an hour, so that it is a simple matter of deduction. As I was saying, gentlemen of the Jury . . .

Why are they called "learned counsel"?

"Smashed in the Post."

"Roughly, 900 extra men deal with extra parcel-post at the G.P.O. during Christmas week."—*London Magazine.*

Very roughly, we have often thought.

"Mr. — was educated at Harrow, and is at Balliol."—*Daily Graphic.*

"Was at Harrow and is being educated at Balliol," is what we say at Oxford.



"D'YER 'EAR ME TELLIN' OF YER, CUTHBERT? COME UNDER 'ERE AINT O' THE RAIN, CAN'T YER!"

HOW POETRY CAME TO THE COURSE.

"Now, ladies, if you really want something to do," said the owner, "name my three yearlings for me."

"Oh, how delightful!" they exclaimed in one voice.

"But remember," he continued, "that the names should be good ones. The year after next, one of them may run in the Derby, and no horse with a bad name ever won that."

"Of course," said the first lady. "But who would give a beautiful race-horse a common name?"

"Lots of people," said the owner. "There's a horse at this moment called 'Done in the Eye.'"

The ladies shuddered.

"You'll get nothing like that from me," said the second lady, "I can promise you. I shall find you a lovely romantic name, all melody and fragrance. What do you say, for example, to—'Tristram'?"

"Hyacinthus," said the second lady.

"Or 'Saladin'?" said the third.

"Charming, charming!" replied the owner. "There's only one criticism I should make: all three of the horses are fillies."

"Women's names," said the first lady, "are more beautiful than men's. I

have chosen one for my filly already—'Undine'—the wonderful water-nymph of Fouquet's story. Could there be a more magical name than 'Undine'? It will bring music to the race-card, poetry to the course."

"And my choice is 'Thalia,' the Muse of idyllic verse," said the second lady.

"And mine," said the third, "is the most fragile and exquisite of flowers—'Anemone.'"

"Right-O," said the owner, and wrote them down.

* * * * *

Two years later the fillies were all running in various races.

"'Ere you are, Sir," cried the book-makers. "Eight to one 'The liar'! Two hundred to a pony, 'The liar'!"

"Sixes 'Any money'!" they shouted.

"Now, then," they yelled; "here's your chance. Twelve to one against 'Undone'! Twelve to one 'Undone'!"

Our Sherlock Holmeses.

The Times, commenting on the recent pillar-box outrages, says:—

"In view of the adoption of very similar methods previously by known woman suffragists, and the policy of damage to property openly endorsed by the militant leaders of the suffrage movement, the authorities entertain certain suspicions.

Aren't they quick?

UNFORTUNATE ME.

Said friends, "This rule of going to school

A little monotonous gets;

Let's go and play in the woods to day"—

Said I, in agreement, "Let's." . . .

In a poacher's snare Jack caught a hare,
Dick's catapult whizzed and crashed,
Tom tickled a trout and tossed him out,
And I was the boy they thrashed.

Said friends, "This town must respect the gown

Of a gentleman college-bred;

Let's raise the flag for a good old 'rag'"—

"Why certainly, let's!" I said. . . .

With a fearsome cry they stormed the "High,"

And into policemen sailed;

Dick, Tom and Jack came jubilant back,
And I was the youth they jailed.

Said friends, "It's plain to the dullest brain

That drones in the hive must die;

Let's blow in the air each millionaire"—

"Let's do it at once," said I. . . .

Jack was the man who made the plan,
And Dick was the man who flung
The horrible bomb (contrived by Tom),
And I was the man they hung.



ARMAGEDDON: A DIVERSION.

TURKEY. "GOOD! IF ONLY ALL THOSE OTHER CHRISTIAN NATIONS GET AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS, I MAY HAVE A DOG'S CHANCE YET."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"ROUND AND ROUND ENGAGED IN THE PROCESS OF LEGISLATION."

House of Lords, Monday, November 25.—The SPEAKER, whose patience through waste of time and temper that habitually marks Question hour is marvellous, feeling necessity of drawing the line somewhere, expressed opinion earlier in the Session that eight questions placed upon the paper for a single sitting were enough for any able-bodied man. Considering that individual Members form but a six-hundred-and-seventieth part of whole Assembly, limitation does not seem niggardly.

To-day LOCKER-LAMPSON had nine. Had they been lumped together the SPEAKER's eagle eye would doubtless have fallen upon the flouting of his authority and he would have acted accordingly. By ingenious device L.-L. averted calamity. Distributed his stock over various pages, whereby enormity of offence was not obtrusive. Moreover, tempering valour with discretion, he did not appear in person. Absenting himself he induced that child of nature, Sir WILLIAM BULL, back again after brief enforced retirement, to put the questions for him.

This pretty well for the Commons. In same field Lords triumphantly

asserted supremacy of hereditary principle. When to-day they reassembled, invigorated by a week's holiday, they found upon notice paper no fewer than forty-eight questions standing in PORTSMOUTH's name! A Longer Catechism, it was drafted with desire to lay bare the secret places of the Territorial Army.

Characteristic of catholicity of mind of a Statesman who has in succession sat on both sides of the House that PORTSMOUTH did not address his interrogations to a particular Minister. He rose "to ask His MAJESTY's Government the following questions." It was for them to settle among themselves who should be put forward to make whatever halting excuse was possible for the abject state of things indicated in the Catechism. On one matter he was, however, imperative.

"I must," he said, "insist upon having categorical reply to each question."

Never since stacking his musket, unbuckling his sword, he quitted the War Office for the Woolsack, did HALDANE so greatly rejoice. But for this transmutation it would have

fallen to his lot to face the ordeal prepared by the military expert, who, tossing back his auburn locks and fixing stern gaze on Ministerial bench, awaited reply. HERSCHELL, comparatively young, superlatively innocent, was gently pushed to the front from Ministerial Bench. Had been provided with sheets of foolscap, on which were typewritten answers to the Catechism. Not to be lured beyond their limits. Fearing that forty-eight questions might not supply sufficient material for Ministerial cogitation, PORTSMOUTH supplemented them by a speech in which he suggested that "the Territorial Force is merely a sort of sop thrown to a stupid political antagonist."

There was nothing on HERSCHELL's paper about this. Accordingly dismissed it with remark that he "would not follow the noble Earl into that matter." Then he read his answers and, no one showing disposition to join in conversation, subject dropped and business was entered upon.

Business done.—In Committee on Scotch Temperance Bill Government defeated by 60 votes to 43. Still no hint of disposition to resign.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—For two hours and a quarter by Westminster clock an average of four hundred and fifty gentlemen of various ages and various weights walked round and round the Lobbies engaged in process of legislation.

"I know now," said KINLOCH-COOKE, upon whose massive mind new light is ever falling, "why the word begins with the syllable 'leg.' We do not discuss Bills; we walk them into shape."

Hitherto work of guillotine accomplished at single stroke delivered at specified hour. Difference to - night arose consequent upon certain amendments moved from Treasury Bench. They were purely technical; in ordinary business assembly would have been accepted without comment, leaving nine quarters of an hour for discussion of vital questions arising upon clauses. But we are not an ordinary business assembly; so round and round the Lobbies we toddled.

There was not even attraction of possibility of damaging Government by snap division. At close of each promenade—"prolonged pedestrian exercise"—was Mr. CRAIG's portentously polite way of putting it—Government majority was steadily maintained over the generous margin of 100.

Incidentally a new word added to strictly limited catalogue of authorised Parliamentary expressions. GOLDSMITH—not *The Traveller*—moving an amendment, prefaced his remarks by prolonged disquisition on shortness of time allotted for discussion. Verbatim report of what immediately followed affords glimpse of lofty style of current debate.

Voice from Below Gangway opposite: "Hurry up."

GENERAL CARSON, K.C. (always effective in retort): "Hurry up yourselves."

Captain SNODGRASS CRAIG (his coat still on): "We have only a few minutes and you keep on shouting like a lot of jackals."

Probably had the gallant Captain used the word "jackasses" CHAIRMAN would have interposed and sternly ordered withdrawal of offensive word. "Jackals" affords almost as much relief to justly aggravated mind and has advantage of enjoying tacit approval of the Chair.

Perambulatory performance lasting from half-past seven up to approach to ten o'clock liberally covered dinner-hour. Attempts to snatch a meal led to tragic scenes. In height of Parnellite

obstruction the late Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR developed pleasing habit designed to impose the greatest inconvenience upon the largest number. Loitering about dining-room he noted precise moment when majority of Members were halfway through a course of hot meat. Straightway returning to House, he moved a count, compelling loyal Ministerialists to forsake their food and rush off to "make a House."

To-night there were a dozen such interruptions, lengthened by process of division. At successive summons of the bell Members hurried off even as they raised to expectant mouth the friendly fork or the soothing spoon.

Business done.—By discriminating and intelligent perambulation of the Division Lobbies seven clauses added to Home Rule Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Whilst



After "prolonged pedestrian exercise."
(SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE.)

in another place fight spasmodically stagnates round Home Rule Bill, Ireland, "all unbeknownst," has been endowed with representation by a new Peer of Parliament. Knowledge of fact brought to light in almost empty House, Noble Lords not having yet assembled in force. LORD CHANCELLOR seated in state on Woolsack; half-a-dozen peers scattered about red benches. Clerk at Table, casually looking round, sees at Bar Something or Somebody. With startled countenance leaves his chair and by hurried steps advances to Woolsack. Addresses inaudible remark to LORD CHANCELLOR. He, prepared for any emergency, instantly produces three-cornered cap and claps it on top of his wig.

Thereupon announcement audibly made that CLERK OF THE CROWN AND HANAPER in Ireland stands at the Bar, bringing with him writ and return of election of Lord DECIES as a representative peer for Ireland. Him LORD CHANCELLOR salutes by raising his black cap.

Good as far as politeness goes. But in these matters it behoves those in high authority to observe precautions. Eyeing documents understood to be the writ and return aforesaid, now in custody of a peer, LORD CHANCELLOR sharply inquired, "Are they in the same condition as you received them in?"

"They are," said their custodian, by way of precaution taking another look at the papers.

"Then hand 'em in," said the LORD CHANCELLOR decisively.

This was done, and straightway Ireland's wrongs were further redressed by possession of a new champion of her national aspirations.

Business done.—Commons engaged on Time-table for Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Sat up all night over it.

A PERFECT CURE.

I.

A STRIKE was threatened—and a strike meant ruin!

Eric Goodman, the young manager of the great iron-works, leant over the senior partner as he sat at his desk, and breathed earnestly on the back of his head. But when the inflexible old man sat up and made faces and thumped the ledger Eric knew that further argument would be useless. He backed to the door, he gave one frenzied glance at the coiling cornice, and vanished from the room.

Outside, the senior partner's daughter Mary—taking advantage of the gardener's temporary absence—was gathering all the tall tiger-lilies in the garden. With a sheaf of them in her arm and her hat hanging by its ribands, she pirouetted suddenly and faced young Eric Goodman in coy surprise.

She had a nice profile, and the hand she laid imploringly on the young fellow's arm was white and shapely.

But Eric had been drilled to play a manly part. No turning back for him—no dalliance beyond a light kiss on her finger-tips; then, raising his Trilby hat, he went to face the storm.

II.

The high gates of the works sundered and forty infuriated men rushed out.

Black Bill was the ringleader—Black Bill, who disdained to wear a waistcoat and who had not shaved for quite three days. Undaunted by these proofs of the man's innate brutality, Eric Goodman held his head high—yet not so high, unfortunately, but that Black Bill could reach it with a hammer.

For an instant after his fall the



Weary Countryman. "AV YE PLAZE, SORR, COULD YE CARRY ME WID YE TO CARLOW?"

Bargee. "FAIX AN' I MIGHT. WOULD YE WORK YER PASSAGE?"

Countryman. "'DEED AN' I WOULD."

Bargee. "WELL, I'LL TAKE YE. GO 'LONG WID YEZ IN FRONT THERE, AND DRIVE THE HORSE WHILE HERSELF COMES ON BOARD AND GETS ME SUPPER READY."

ruffian bent over him, visibly surprised at the success of his blow, yet not in the least remorseful. Then, with one consent, forty men turned and ran away, to establish a plausible alibi.

The next moment Mary, rid of her lilies and languors, came upon the scene and stooped over the prostrate man and felt for his heart. No—yes, he lived!

III.

They put him to bed in the senior partner's drawing-room, to the evident distress of the butler, who was further mortified by having to hold a pudding-basin. Into this Mary gingerly dipped a handkerchief and bound it round the unconscious man's head.

And then he came—the Doctor: a man, you would judge, cool almost to the point of exasperation. He put a black bag on a chair, he slowly peeled off his gloves, he smiled a slightly amused smile. Then he touched the improvised bandage with his forefinger. Yes, that was right as far as it went, but it was not enough.

There was a moment of strained expectancy, and the Doctor firmly opened his bag. That done, he sat down and lifted the patient's wrist.

"If he opens his eyes in two minutes he will live." That was the verdict.

It was the crisis. . . .

The dread period of suspense began. The senior partner tried to hide his manly emotion and a loyal workman wept unaffectedly into the bend of his arm.

Mary clasped her hands, peaked her pretty eyebrows, and stared straight before her, her lips moving. *Could he save him?* He would do what trained skill could do, at all events. No one, seeing his calmly imperturbable face, could doubt his confidence in the Open Bag treatment. It had cured so many others; why should it fail with Eric?

So he held on devotedly to his patient's wrist as the slow seconds ticked away, till the last was registered.

"Time!" There was a stir in the bed. Punctual to the moment, Eric opened his eyes. The crisis was past! Then the good doctor rose and gently shut his bag.

Without medicaments, without carving-knives or things, he had made one more lightning cure. Even the butler seemed favourably impressed.

And now for a timely suggestion: if our regular practitioners refuse to

work the Act, let the British Medical Association take heed. Even though the Faculty fails us the resources of civilization are not yet exhausted. Certainly, no one would grudge licking stamps to secure the services of that matchless if slightly unorthodox healer of men—the Cinematograph Doctor.

Par for Gourmets.

"Grown by a cottager at Wittersham, Kent, a radish weighs 10½lb., and is 16½in. in length, and 19in. in circumference. Allowing one pound for each person, this radish would provide a meal for ten persons, and there would still be some to spare."

How this brings it home to one!

"A tailor-made in a light shade, with a pretty blouse, will cost more than £2 at the most. A tailor-made in a light shade, with a pretty blouse, will cost a little more."

Dublin Evening Mail.

What is the limit? We shouldn't like to leave out the pretty blouse.

"Buckle sent down a fierce yorker which seemed to be coming straight for his head. Sharman, being human, ducked to avoid the shot."—*Japan Chronicle.*

You should see him fling himself on the ground to avoid a fierce half-volley.

THE CHINESE LETTER-FILE.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "why do you stand there so silently? Can it be that you are dividing your swift mind now hither, now thither—that, in fact, you are doubting what to do?"

"You have guessed it," said Francesca. "I cannot decide where to put this letter."

"Is it an important letter?"

"It is," said Francesca; "most important."

"And you want to be certain of finding it again?"

"I do."

"Then why not put it in your pocket?"

"My pocket?" said Francesca.

"Yes," I said, "your pocket. Swing your left hand backwards, while you grasp your skirt with your right. Now screw your body to the left, at the same time dropping your head and shoulders until your forehead comes in contact with your heels. You now command your pocket and should be able to do what you like with it."

"Pockets," said Francesca, "are not meant for letters."

"Mine are; but we will let that pass. What about the mantelpiece?"

"Where the whole world could read it. Thank you."

"Then put it," I said, "in a vase. Things that are put in vases are always found again. Think of it, Francesca. Ten years hence you will make an incautious movement, and the vase will be dashed to the floor and broken into a hundred fragments. As you stoop to pick them up you will notice a piece of paper covered with dust, and you will realise that it is your dear old letter, left unanswered for one hundred-and-twenty months. You will call me to your side. We shall, so far as our years allow us, fly into one another's arms and mingle such tears as are left to us; and we shall tell the touching story to all our friends. Francesca, if this prospect attracts you, put the letter in the vase."

"No," said Francesca, "I cannot bear to wait so long."

"In that case," I said, "let us mingle our tears at once and have done with it."

"And if you have no better suggestion to make," said Francesca, "pray let me think this question out for myself."

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not. I have another plan. It has just occurred to me. It is an inspiration."

"If it is an inspiration," said Francesca, "I don't want to hear any more about it. I know your inspirations."

"Francesca," I said, "you flatter yourself. You do not know this one. Do you see that piece of furniture?"

"What, that old cupboard thing against the wall?"

"It is no cupboard," I said; "nor, indeed, is it old. I bought it six months ago. It is a solid and handsome——"

"It may be as solid and handsome as it likes, but what has it got to do with my letter?"

"Do not," I said, "be peevish. It has everything to do with your letter, for it is one of the best examples of the Chinese Letter-File and Bill-Repository, as used by SUN-YAT-SEN and all the other Young China patriots."

"Well," said Francesca, "I should have left it to them, if I'd been you. You didn't want it."

"Francesca," I said, "you are wrong. The printed description—I have it here—says, 'The Chinese Letter-File and Bill-Repository is a solid and handsome piece of furniture which will add greatly to the amenities of any gentleman's Study. It has a sliding front and is divided into separate compartments, with numerous subdivisions for each letter of the alphabet. By an ingenious system of——' But perhaps I weary you."

"On the contrary," said Francesca, "you enthral me."

"I will skip the ingenious system," I said, "but I must

read the end:—'Such being the case, the Chinese Letter-File is undoubtedly the most complete as well as the cheapest file ever placed on the market.' What do you think of that, Francesca?"

"I think," said Francesca, "that some people are very easily taken in."

"But I have not mentioned the best part. Francesca," I said impressively, "it has been calculated that the Chinese Letter-File saves a busy man no less than two hours in every working day."

"But you're not a busy man," said Francesca. "You want your time spent, not saved."

"Francesca," I said, "it is in fumed oak. How could I resist fumed oak?"

"They are all in fumed oak," said Francesca. "The point is, have you ever used it?"

"Used it?" I said triumphantly. "I should think I have. I filed a letter in it ten days ago."

"Then find that letter at once," said Francesca.

"Certainly," I said. "Observe how cleverly it works. I slide up the front—so. All the compartments are now disclosed—A, B, C, and so on. To each of these there are twenty sub-divisions. Now all you have to do is to remember the name of the writer of the letter. If it was 'Johnson' you will find the letter snugly tucked away in the layer labelled 'Jo,' and similarly for 'Smith' or 'Robinson.'"

"Or for the 'Archbishop of CANTERBURY' or 'Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE,'" said Francesca; "but you haven't found your letter yet."

"No," I said, "not yet. But it is getting dark. Let us adjourn these proceedings till to-morrow."

"I want that letter now," said Francesca pitilessly.

"Francesca," I said, "I would do much in order to please you, but I must first recall the writer's name. It wasn't 'Toller,' and it wasn't 'Wickham,' and it wasn't 'Barton'—I'm sure of that. 'Woodbridge'? No; there's no letter from 'Woodbridge.' The fact is you have talked too much. You have driven the name out of my head."

"Thanks," said Francesca. "I don't think I'll use the Chinese Letter-File."

R. C. L.

THE LAST STAND.

(To her who went home.)

STREAKED with sleet where his squadrons ride,
The dark wind wasteth the bleak hill-side;

Love, where we stood in the morn's blue weather,
Only to-night is the sodden heather,
Only the dark and the storm abide!

Only the dark and the winds that moan
And the smack of the hail-shower's stinging stone,
Only the squall and the butt's scant shelter
And the black peat puddle where snowflakes welter,
Love, where you left me to stand alone!

Love, where the firelight laughs in gloe
You pet the puppy and stir your tea,
While here the North shall blow as he listeth,
And my butt's bereft, and the red grouse twisteth,
And douce a feather is touched by me!

A Bargain!

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Youth. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH IS MR. PONSONBY?"

Lady. "THE MAN WITH THE GREY HAIR, TALKING TO THOSE LADIES OVER THERE. I AM MR. PONSONBY'S WIFE."

Youth. "I KNOW YOU ARE, THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU AS I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SURE TO KNOW."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ELDEST SON."

THE first obvious criticism that everyone has to make on Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S play is to note its resemblance to the motive of *Hindle Wakes*. But it is only a very superficial resemblance. For Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON'S scheme was a quite simple matter. On the one hand we had the hard morality of the boy's father; on the other the cold defiant indifference of the girl (practically in the same rank of life) who declined the remedy for what she would not admit to be a wrong. Mr. GALSWORTHY'S scheme is much more complex. There is not only the social contrast; we have one tradition clashing with another—the tradition of caste with the tradition of honour; there is common sense at work and a knowledge of life, and there is also a recognition of the pitifulness of things. *Hindle Wakes* was a serious comedy. *The Eldest Son* only just stops short of tragedy. There is further the irony of the contrast between the

father's attitude to his son's case, and his judgment on an identical offence committed by one of his servants.

In this last matter the resemblance to certain circumstances in Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S *Grace* is more unfortunate. But it would never occur to anybody acquainted with Mr. GALSWORTHY'S genius to question his honesty. His play was begun many years ago.

The sense of reality (a very different thing from realism) produced by *The Eldest Son* is so amazing that it is only the impressiveness of some of the entrances and exits that reminds us that it is drama and not actual life that we are looking at. Only once does the author come under suspicion of having studied his effect. It is when, at the opening, he poses *Freda* at the bottom of the stairs where all the family and guests must pass on their way to dinner. A maid would more naturally have gone upstairs to deliver her flowers. Perhaps, too, there is just a suggestion of something theatrical in the head-keeper's behaviour when he learns of the wrong done to his

daughter. But if any theatrical quality might be expected it would be here; indeed, it serves a purpose as a contrast to the restraint of better breeding.

The author owed almost as much to his cast as they to him. I am inclined to give the best of my gratitude to the performance of Miss IRENE ROOKE as *Lady Cheshire*, so exquisitely gracious was she in voice and movement and expression. But Mr. EDMUND MAURICE'S presentation of *Sir William Cheshire* was scarcely less fine; for he was given more subtle work than is commonly demanded of a bluff hunting squire; and he had to do most of it in pink. Mr. GUY RATHBONE as *Bill*, their eldest son, did not give so strong a suggestion of race; but he seldom had a chance of holding up his head. Yet he was courageous, and preserved what dignity was possible, and above all he was sincere. The *Freda* of Miss CATHERINE NESBITT was a very pathetic figure. Never self-assertive, she showed the great gift of being able to keep quite still with the action of the play revolving round her. Mr.

WILLIAM FARREN'S finished art found no terrors in the rôle of the head-keeper, and he used all his chances.

Of the others, Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY seemed rather too consciously enigmatis; but the rest were extraordinarily true to the easy atmosphere of a country-house. The test came, of course, when they were asked to cope with a sudden upheaval of their calm; and they bore themselves as gentlefolk should.

I must particularly compliment Miss IRENE McLEOD as the hoyden *Dot*, who had no more use for girlish illusions. Her appalling frankness was a healthy corrective to the universal strain. Indeed, the author was generous beyond his wont in the matter of humorous relief. One may add that his selection of *Caste* as the subject of the rehearsal-scene was a very happy touch of irony.

In conclusion, I thank Mr. GALS-WORTHY and his company most sincerely for as good a show as I ever want to see. It has made me amends for much that I have borne fretfully this year. As usual, of course, he offers no satisfactory solution to his problem; but in the present case none was possible. Nor was any greatly needed; for this time he was not appealing, as he sometimes does, to our moral indignation, but simply stating a social dilemma.

P.S.—Let nobody fail to be in time for the half-hour of Miss MARGARET MORRIS and her delightful school of dancing children.
O. S.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL——"

IF you cannot think of a plot for your play, a good one can always be got out of a Will, Sealed Document or Sliding Panel. For his four-Act farce Mr. BERNARD PARRY selects a Will. He also selects a bedroom scene—I believe on purpose to please me. I thank him. One of these evenings I shall rise from my stall, and saying, "That reminds me," go home to bed.

However, boredom did not lead me to desert the Criterion, for Mr. PARRY was often amusing in the Great Bedroom Act. Moreover, Miss DOROTHY MINTO was on the stage at the beginning of it, and might conceivably return at any moment. Miss MINTO has a personality; it is one which I, anyhow, find irresistible. If she cannot always be in SHAW plays, we must take her where we can find her. She made the part of *Dolly Graham* delightful; I don't think there would have been much in it otherwise.

But Mr. PARRY'S greatest mistake was not in failing to keep away from bedroom scenes, but in treating his four-

Act farce as if it were what he calls it—a comedy. A farce is not a farce solely by reason of its knock-about business, nor is it, therefore, capable of becoming a comedy by an omission of such business. It can only become a comedy if it shows us real people, behaving naturally. I am sure Mr. PARRY would never claim this for his play, for he must know that he has not attempted to delineate real people. Every one of his characters is a ready-made "stock-size," such as has done duty in a hundred different plays. No harm in this if he will announce the result as a farce and see that it is



Harry Redgrave (Mr. VERNON STEEL) calls for his wife (Miss DORA BANTON).

played as a farce. Indeed, it might well become a very funny and successful farce. But it is hopeless to expect us to be interested in the serious troubles and emotions of people in whom we cannot believe. Such people may only amuse us. If Mr. PARRY would recognise this and refuse to take them seriously himself, he might yet do something with his idea, even though it turns upon a Will.

I wish very much that the Criterion could get hold of a real play. May I suggest that the management should begin by fixing the idea in their minds that this is the year 1912? M.

"A reinforced concrete man wants job. Capable and a rustler."

Vancouver News and Advertiser.

Edwin (to Angelina): "Hark to the concrete rustling!"

LINE TO MY SOLE ADMIRER.

DAMSEL of super-excellent discernment,
Who say you liked the book of verse
I wrote,

Took every point, knew what each
subtle turn meant,
And thought the author wasn't such
a goat,

Not such a goat as rude reviewers
thought,

Who blandly asked, "How can this
feeble flam sell?"

(It can't, of course), setting the thing
at naught;—

I have a kindly feeling for you, damsel.

I said, when first I felt the bardic
impulse

And bought a minor lyre at second-
hand,

"The nymphs who hear my wild poetic
whim pulse

Throughout Parnassus like a York-
shire band

Will flock to me, dance round me in a
ring,

Politely deck my fervid brow with
laurel,

With eglantine, and all that sort of
thing,

And join, I hope, in many a jealous
quarrel."

But did they? Did the nymphs, the
nice Bacchantes,

The dryads and the naiads gather
round?

They didn't. No, they let the poet
pant his

Quite moral minstrelsy on barren
ground.

Aunt Agatha observed that it was stuff,
Jane said, "How sad these tendencies
to loaf are!"

And Cousin Bessie tells me I'm a muff;
You are the only nymph to cheer me
so far.

Twin souls are we, yet can we not be
wedded;

Don't hope for that, though you *do*,
like my verse.

My lyric raptures must remain un-
steadied

By Hymen's bonds, the poet's usual
curse.

Yet still admire me and I'll still be true,
Tipping for you my stave, now gay,
now gloomy,

I being Phœbus, spouse of song, and you
Diana: that's to say, a sister to me.

"Here it is the custom to pick up the duck
eggs from the biggest of the lakes in order to
save them from the pike. As soon as they are
large enough they are returned to their
natural surroundings and left to look after
themselves entirely."—*Times*.

When last heard of, the eggs were as
large as footballs, and going strong.



Hard-riding Individual (in mufti). "Hi! MASTER, YOUR HOUNDS ARE HUNTING A HARE."
M.F.H. "HOLD HARD, THEN! PLEASE DON'T RIDE OVER MY HARRIERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE critic must be omniscient, but I should perhaps preface my review of *The South Pole* (MURRAY) with the candid confession that I have never been there—at least, I don't remember ever having been there. So I cannot check from personal observation the facts contained in *An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1911—1912*, by ROALD AMUNDSEN. Still, after reading that account, I feel that I have as good as been there. I started with an indefinite sense of duty, the duty of every man who is a man and not content to stew in his own juice of informing himself of an enterprise so important and intrepid. I finished with a sense of excitement and intense cold. I had sailed in the *Fram* across the Southern oceans and especially Ross Sea; I had clambered on to the Great Barrier and spent whole months in camp there; I had driven on a sledge, behind splendid scoundrels of dogs, over Mount Don Pedro Christophersen, the Devil's Ball Room and the Plateau, from 80° to 85°, from 85° to 88°, from 88° to 89°, and from 89° to—hats off, gentlemen!—90°! And not once in the course of my going had I fallen or nearly fallen into the crevasse of boredom or even got lost in a fog of technical expressions.

Never in a book of travel have I been made to feel so intimately in the movement, and rarely have I met a traveller who wielded so nimble a pen. I cannot find terms for my admiration of AMUNDSEN, and especially of his laughing modesty; he is full of enthusiasm for the achievement, but every word of his praise goes to his dashing men. I reciprocate the international courtesy and appreciation which he has shown throughout and congratulate him most heartily upon a delightful history of a delightful feat.

Grateful postscripts are due to the authors of the subsidiary narratives, LIEUTENANT K. PRESTRUD ("The Eastern Sledge Journey") and FIRST LIEUTENANT THORVALD NILSEN ("The Voyage of the *Fram*"); to the compilers of the five more or less technical appendices; to Mr. A. G. CHATER for an able translation from the Norwegian; to all responsible for the innumerable and incomparable photographs (though I would have liked more elaborate maps), and to Mr. JOHN MURRAY for a worthy production in general but in special for a type which is such as to make the two volumes easily readable, even during the dark off-season, in Antarctic circles.

"But to go back to L'Aiglon," writes Mrs. HUGH FRASER in the middle of a chapter on the Congress of Vienna and the fall of METTERNICH which looms large in *Further Reminiscences* (HUTCHINSON). By all means. But I have not the slightest interest in the bird and want to be getting along with the story. Among the so-called "Reminiscences," besides the chapter on the Congress of Vienna and METTERNICH, who flourished eighty years ago, we have the story of MURAT and his predecessor on the Throne of Naples; of the retreat from Moscow of the Grand Army; of MOLTKE's boyhood, and of what Mrs. FRASER airily calls "the Schleswig-Holstein riddle." These historic epochs were before my time. But if Mrs. FRASER's "Reminiscences" are not more accurate than her account of an event that took place at a comparatively recent date (1878), I fear they are not so valuable as age might make them. She tells how an employé of the Foreign Office, whom she discreetly alludes to as "M—," was accused of copying a ratification of the Treaty of Berlin. "When all the world of London," she writes, "came down to breakfast one morning, what was its amazement when its eyes fell upon the

columns of a certain paper containing the text of the all-momentous Treaty. M——'s defence was that the document had been purloined from his desk in his absence." The mysterious "M——" was a Mr. MARVIN, temporarily engaged at the Foreign Office at the munificent rate of tenpence an hour. What really happened was that, called into his chief's private room on some immaterial business, his eye alighted on the draft of the Treaty lying open on the desk. Whilst his unsuspecting chief conversed, he memorized the document and sold his MS. to *The Globe*, not now nor then a paper London would find on its breakfast table unless it came down to the meal about mid-day.

Where Mrs. FRASER's recollections are personal, as in the account of her visit to her brother at Sorrento, and in her chat about her sojourn in Chili, she writes with charm. When her book receives the merited honour of a call for a second edition there will be opportunity of relieving it of a considerable surplusage. It will be a smaller volume, but increasingly attractive.

After reading Mr. BEGBIE's latest book I can only compare my state of mind to that of a man who has been listening to a popular preacher, and who—with the most reverent intentions—has eventually succumbed to mingled feelings of amusement and irritation. Not that *The Distant Lamp* (HOBDER AND STOUTON) can be called a sermon, it is a novel; moreover, it is one of some merit. Nevertheless I have failed to free myself of the impression that Mr. BEGBIE is somewhere aloft teaching me a lesson, and rubbing in his moral for all he (and it) is worth. But when I have confessed

that his sentimentality left me untouched, I have made an end of my complaints. For Mr. BEGBIE has done sound work in reproducing the atmosphere of thirteenth-century France; and many readers, I doubt not, will be moved by *Gaspard's* renunciation of worldly success and happiness, so that through weal (of which there was a scarcity) and woe he might do his mother's bidding. That his loyalty failed to move me is partly due to an inherent dislike for novels in which joy is overwhelmingly crushed by sorrow.

Suppose this Christmas Uncle John
Sent you a young chameleon,
Or that your dear Aunt Kate dispatched
A boa-constrictor, newly hatched,
Or say that William, your old pal,
Gave you a callow caracal,
Or that you got from cousin Jane
A playful little chevrotain,
That Jones, the man who brokes your stocks
Sent you some baby bonteboks,
And Smith, who lives next door but three,
A tiny toad or chimpanzee,
And other neighbours followed suit
With a young dugong, warthog, newt,

Gorilla, bee, or marmoset
For you to cherish as a pet.
Suppose, I say—you never know
With our obliging G.P.O.—
That all these things, or even some,
Next Christmas morn should chance to come,
Would you be ready, do you think,
With just the proper food and drink?
Would you, off-hand, know what to do
To make them feel at home? Not you.
You'd look—quite justly, I agree—
A trifle shy. You needn't be.
I can't myself explain quite pat
Your wisest course, but what of that?
Mr. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL can—
Childhood of Animals (HEINEMANN).

Tommy Tregennis is the name of a slender little book (in bulk, I mean) which has been written by MARY E.

PHILLIPS, and published at four-and-sixpence net by CONSTABLE, and I am willing to admit that I began to read it with feelings of the most lively apprehension. There are so many of those artificial tales, called by the names of children, and all about hateful examples of sentimental precosity, who do the most impossibly virtuous deeds, and as like as not fade away to verbal slow-music on the last page. As a real small boy of my acquaintance once said of musical chairs, "I know them far too well!" However, I never made a greater mistake than in supposing *Tommy Tregennis* to be of this woeful company. From beginning

to end (almost) his story is the freshest, most delightful, and most human comedy. I loved his Cornish home and his mother and the London ladies who come to lodge with her (in which visit one sees perhaps the genesis of the tale) and all his relations. Most of all I loved—as who could not?—*Tommy* himself, that vexatious, changeable, unexpected and wholly fascinating piece of actual childhood. I doubt if the kind has been ever more truthfully and sympathetically studied. Even on the occasion when he entirely spoils a picnic, devised by the ladies for his benefit, and spoils it by conduct actively hateful, you feel his charm. But *Tommy* is a person to know, not to hear about; very certainly you will be blessed in his acquaintance.

Startling Effect of the Guillotine.

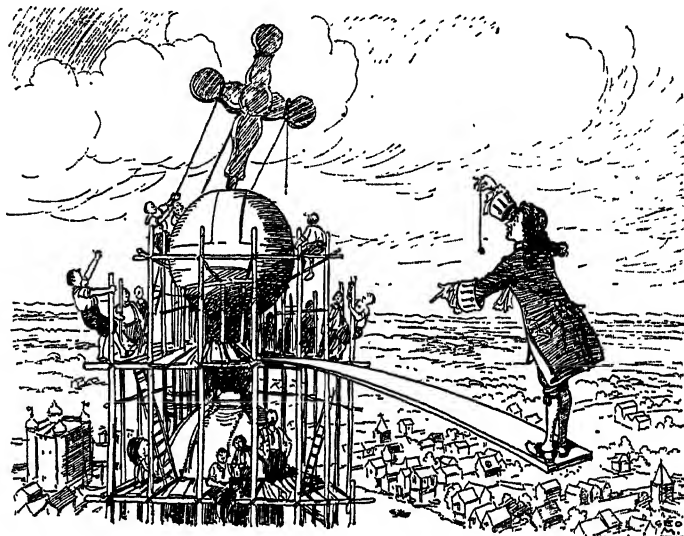
"He was succeeded by Sir Edward Carson, who, however, addressed the Chair beheaded—an outrage on an old Parliamentary tradition which drew cries of 'Order,' 'Order' from a hundred throats. Sir Edward Carson hastily cast about for a hat."—*Daily Chronicle*.

A poor substitute for a head.

"In this saloon, 351 passengers can take three meals at one time."

Hull Daily Mail.

A thing we never want to do on board.



THE MAKERS OF LONDON.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN PUTS THE FINISHING-TOUCH TO ST. PAUL'S.

CHARIVARIA.

"MEN can be coaxed but not bullied," said the CHANCELLOR at Kirkcaldy, when speaking on the Women's Suffrage question. Doctor - coaxing, however, would appear to present exceptional difficulties. * *

The Rev. FORBES JACKSON, who was whipped by a Suffragist owing to his likeness to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, is being urged to change his appearance. We understand, however, that Mr. JACKSON himself, in view of the inconvenience which he has suffered, considers that it is Mr. GEORGE's duty at once to grow either a beard or whiskers. * *

It is rumoured that the next move on the part of the Suffragettes is to be the kidnapping of a number of our dear little Messenger Boys, and several of them have been seen to run off panic-stricken on catching sight of determined - looking ladies with sacks. * *

The rumour that some of the Indian Princes intend to make an offer of warships to the Empire came as an unpleasant and disquieting surprise to Germany. No suspicion of their intention occurs in the German CROWN PRINCE's reminiscences of the hospitality recently extended to him in India. * *

We notice among a Music Publisher's announcements, "The Nameless Rag." There will, we fancy, be considerable speculation as to which of our contemporaries is referred to. * *

In the Post Office "List of words used for analogy" for telephone purposes we find "G. for George." "Yes, but what George?" asks a suspicious landowner. * *

Evidently Bermondsey does not believe that a General Election is imminent. The Borough Council recently destroyed 35 tons of unsound eggs. * *

Art is getting back a bit of her own. The old New Gallery in Regent Street, lately a restaurant, is to be re-converted into a picture palace.

"TRADE UNION SAFE BURGLARY," says a Press headline. This comes of being above the law. It seems safe for Trade Unions to do anything now-a-days. * *

"Those who put a penny or a three-penny-bit in the church plate when they can well afford half-a-crown have no sense of honour at all," says the Bishop of LONDON. That is surely rather a sweeping statement, seeing

During a dispute between members of the Municipal Council at Ceuta one of the councillors was flung from a second-floor window into the street, with the result that he was severely injured. We have always held it to be a risky proceeding. * *

The announcement that a Porcupine Ant-eater has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens should serve to draw attention to the excellent reputation which our Zoo enjoys. As soon as any animal of any importance arrives in London it seems at once to make its way, as by instinct, to the hostelry in Regent's Park. * *

The fact that London has been chosen for the Balkan Conference has caused much satisfaction in certain quarters. It is felt that, with a few more advertisements such as this, the Metropolis will become quite well known. * *

"Mrs. Denny Urlin, of Rustington, Sussex, writes that on Wednesday she had a dish of peas picked from her garden." Curiously enough on the same day a visitor to London had his pocket picked. * *

"The bed-rock fact about Fleshliness," says Mr. HAMILTON FYFE, "is that in this country it does not pay." To judge by the number of anti-fat specifics in the market this is so. * *

Luxury continues to spread. A poem in the advertisement columns of a contemporary begins by apostrophising a "Sovereign Cigarette." A few years ago one would not have given that figure even for a cigar.

In a review of the naval aspects of the Balkan War, *The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "As respects sea-power, the Turks were at a greater disadvantage than at any time since Navarino." Yet it was some time after Navarino that a war occurred in which the Turks never reached the battle-field at all, owing to the enemy's control of the intervening ocean. The rendez-vous was Tripoli, and the date; if our memory serves us, was 1911-1912.



Sweet Old Lady (in the Piccadilly Tube). "CONDUCTOR! I WANT YOU TO DROP ME JUST BEFORE WE COME TO GLOUCESTER ROAD, PLEASE."

that quite a large proportion of such persons resist the temptation of taking half-a-crown from the plate. * *

"SELECTED NUTS,
22s. 6d. per ton."

It looks as if these exquisite youths are finding their market price at last. * *

In spite of a contemporary's revelations as to the flood of prosperity which is overwhelming the country; there would appear to be exceptions. We noticed, for instance, that last week, in *The Daily News*, a provincial newspaper was advertising for a reader.

WHY LONDON?

[Thoughts on the selection (popularly regarded as flattering to us) of England's capital as the meeting-place of the Peace Conference.]

Not in Berlin, where night by night the KAISER
Sleeps in his "shining armour" *pie-d-cap*;
Not in Vienna, where the mobiliser
Calls up his levies to the war-drum's tap;
Not in St. Petersburg, where, should he need 'em,
Each for his TSAR knows how to hold the gate;
Nor yet in Paris, city of light and freedom,
Where all men serve the State;

But here in England's capital, which tenders
Every attraction as a Peace resort,
Here, where our starved and stinted home-defenders,
Good fellows all, are fifty-thousand short;
Where SEELY hopes to start his six-months' training
Soon as the foe sets foot upon our shore,
Untroubled by the dearth of Turks remaining
After an eight-weeks' war;—

Here shall the delegates pursue their pure hope
With none to hamper their pacific wits,
No military ardour (as in Europe)
To ruffle their digestions at the Ritz;
Here they shall parcel out their well-earned plunder—
To this the lean, to this the juicier fat—
Nor pause to ask: "Our English hosts—we wonder
What they will say to that?"

Was this the thought that fixed the choice of FERDY—
That England lies outside the lethal belt,
Her voice as harmless as a hurdy-gurdy
For lack of fighting force to make it felt?
A race whose right to speak grows daily sorrier
As the old love of country wanes and wanes,
While he who warns them, he their veteran warrior,
Gets laughter for his pains?

Not yet, I hope; not yet the ancient glory
Which is the heritage our fathers won—
Not yet the name that filled the old world's story
Has lost its pride of place within the sun;
Not yet, I think, has apathy's high treason
Docked us of all our dear ancestral dower,
Not yet they patronize us for the reason
That we're a Lesser Power.

But soon, in this red rivalry of nations,
Where threat of armed might alone avails,
Where in diplomacy's deliberations
The sword decides the balance of the scales—
Too soon, if still in smug repose we slumber,
Moulting the wings that once were swift to mount,
The rest will treat us as a closed back-number,
A land that doesn't count. O. S.

THE BOND.

It was the coming of the Third Generation that brought things to a head. As a united family of twelve we had always, to some extent, felt the strain; and when by marriage the number was increased to eighteen—and we were still united—of course the burden grew. Yet we clung on, faithfully, uncomplainingly, trying to remember that every cloud has a silver lining. The high standard that we had always set ourselves in this matter of Christmas gifts may have been a just reflection of our common generosity, or it may have been the outcome of a certain grim element of competition.

At any rate, we brooked no omissions. But when our numbers reached twenty-two (and there were no signs of disunion) one took pencil and paper and figured it out:—

First Generation, 2:—

Number of presents each to each, 2×1 . . .	= 2
do. to Second Generation, 2×16 =	32
do. to Third Generation, 2×4 . . .	= 8

Second Generation, 16:—

Number of presents each to each, 16×15 . . .	= 240
do. to First Generation, 16×2 =	32
do. to Third Generation, 16×4 =	64

(But the time is at hand when the Third Generation will retaliate. Some of them are already showing signs of a very proper feeling in this matter. And are they not to exchange gifts among themselves? bless them!)

Third Generation, 4:—

Number of presents each to each, 4×3 . . .	= 12
do. to First Generation, 4×2 . . .	= 8
do. to Second Generation, 4×16 =	64

Total, so far 462

Nothing is here allowed for an increase in our numbers, nothing for contributions from the eager and responsive world outside the family circle. 462 may therefore be regarded as a cautious estimate.

It was the cold argument of these statistics that carried the day. The Bond was drafted, approved and signed. It is the record—rightly regarded—of a great act of self-restraint. It is a beautiful instrument of renunciation and mutual goodwill. It has given us at once a sense of comfort and security. Beneath its sheltering protection we can face the coming of the festive season without flinching, without a thought of panic. No longer need one rack one's brains, feverishly perusing catalogues, as of old. No longer need one look forward, when all is over, to living in a house tricked out as if for a fair, decorated, overwhelmed, submerged by alien matter—by cards and calendars, photograph frames, superfluous barometers, redundant paper-knives, supererogatory clocks.

I quote the Bond at length in the hope that it may come as a guide and ensample to such other sufferers as have not yet found relief:—

" . . . We, the undersigned members of the First and Second Generation—and spouses—do hereby undertake, unless this instrument be revoked, which can only be done by a nine-tenths majority, never again to give, donate, dispense, shed, bestow, award, send, post or convey, to exchange, barter or receive, any Christmas present, token, remembrance, testimonial, gift, oblation or symbol whatsoever, each to each, whether singly or in any combination, or all to all. As witness the hands of the parties. . . "

I need not reassure the tender heart of *Mr. Punch* by pointing out that the Third Generation is implicitly excluded.

"A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. By E. V. LUCAS. Crown 8vo. 6s.
THE CITIES OF LOMBARDY. By EDWARD HUTTON. Crown 8vo. 6s.
THE HEATHER MOON. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. Crown 8vo. 6s."

The above advertisement in *The Westminster Gazette* is headed "THREE TRAVELLERS RETURN." We should be sorry to think that one of the WILLIAMSONS had been left behind.



THE BALKAN PAS DE QUATRE.

THE THREE. "OUT OF STEP, GREECE!"
GREECE. "OUT OF STEP YOURSELVES!"



Mother (summoned by defeated nurse). "OH, MAUDIE DARLING, HOW CAN YOU BE SO NAUGHTY?"

Maudie. "EASILY!"

THE LURE OF THE DANCE.

[A little Essayette in the topical manner (it is the day of the Pantomime Ball) of Mr. G. B. BURGIN, author of, etc., etc., etc.]

NOTHING so distresses me when I look round on modern ball-rooms as the supineness of the men and the want of abandon in the whole scene. There is no pleasure like dancing and none so generally neglected to-day. Dancing should be universal. We should dance to our offices and dance back again. We should dance upstairs to bed and downstairs to breakfast. Take the modern ballroom as contrasted with that of a hundred years ago. Even though it was a hard-drinking age, the manners were so much better, the style superior. Had any "buck" of that period approached a young lady in the way a modern dancing man,—when he has been found—asks for a dance, he would have had "a rapier of Milan steel" through his midriff or "the parts contagious thereto" in five seconds. If only such customs could be re-introduced!

Perhaps the reason for the decay of dancing is that we English are so self-conscious. Hence one has to go abroad for the best form of this exhilarating exercise. Like my friends DE QUEUX and LE WINDT, I have been a great

traveller, especially in the Near East, and I always throw myself into the pastimes of the country with zest. I have played billiards with KING FERDINAND to such purpose that I was known at Sofia as the Double Balkan. There are few village libraries in Armenia that do not possess copies and translations of my many novels. But wherever I go—to Smyrna or Lucerne, Baghdad or Dieppe—I always make a point of dancing. I quickly make friends with the natives and join them in their many feasts. I am, indeed, often the heel and sole of the party.

A dance I should like to see acclimated here is the famous Indian Dog Dance of Canada. Ah me, how often have I danced it! A puppy is killed, and its liver is hung in shreds over a rope nine feet high, and the braves shuffle up, their hands behind their backs, and jump at the liver for two or three days until it is all gone. It is a point of honour with them not to touch the *bonne bouche* with their hands. Such a dance would bring quite a new atmosphere into an English ball-room. No one was so agile as I in the old days, now, alas! gone for ever.

Then there is the pleasing custom, not so much in vogue as formerly, among the frequenters of the "Wild West" dancing saloons, of firing a

revolver between the toes of an enemy, and making him dance every time they fire. Perhaps there is a little too much excitement in this method of taking exercise, although if a London hostess could hire a few revolver experts just to start the dancing among the guests the result might be more satisfactory than it usually is. I am a crack shot, and my services are at anyone's disposal. Anything to get dancing back in its right place.

The most famous dancing set-to that I remember was at Nijni Novgorod, during the great fair. I was collecting local colour for a romance of Cossack life, and chanced one evening into the famous Samovar café, where whom should I see but the notorious General Morrisoff, the best dancer in the Russian army. "Join me," he said, and in an instant we were in full swing round the room, to the intense delight of the weird cosmopolitan crowd. "Voilà!" they cried, "the superb Englishman! Tiens, what steppes!"

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:

"One who was willing to swallow old wives' tales would infer from these statements that the Catholic Church in Scotland withered in a night like Jonas' ivy."

Comment by the whale: "Very like a gourd."

THE CATCH.

I was busy with the usual scene in the House, marmalade and toast, when Doris exclaimed, "The silly creatures!"

"You are quite right," I replied. "I don't know whether I object more to the measures of the Government or the manners of the Opposition."

"I wasn't talking about your absurd Parliament," said Doris contemptuously. "What can you expect from an assembly without women? They would introduce an element of quiet refinement—"

"My dear," I interrupted—one learns to interrupt—"don't let us talk about Mrs. DRUMMOND. What made you exclaim, 'The silly creatures'?"

"It's a police-court case. Here's a man who's got access to ninety-five different houses under pretence of examining the electric fittings, and stolen jewellery from every one of them."

"How very easily women are imposed upon!" I commented.

Dora flushed. "I'll bet all the ninety-five were Antis," she said. "I should like to see the man who could impose on me."

"So should I," I answered. "I cannot flatter myself that I ever did."

When I returned for lunch a hysterical Doris rushed from the flat and wept upon my shoulder.

"Not Uncle John?" I cried, thinking naturally of our wealthiest relative.

"No, the man in the flat. It's Ellen's monthly day out, and I was all alone when he came at eleven o'clock and said he'd come to look at the electric fittings. I asked him where he came from, and he said 'Hitcham's.' You see they watch where we deal to have a story ready. I knew he was lying, so I took him to the cupboard where the electricity meter is and, while he was looking round, pushed him in and locked the door. Then I piled furniture against it. He used awful language, but now he's pretending to be asleep. I daren't leave the flat for fear he should burst the door and escape. And the bell for the hall-porter won't ring, and the flat below's empty. So I had to wait till you came."

"You're a plucky woman," I declared admiringly, but even as I said it an awful thought came to me.

"Doris," I whispered, "I called at Hitcham's last Monday week to tell

him to send some one to put the electric bells right. He promised to send a man at once. Ten days since that is. This is just about the time Hitcham would send."

She stared wildly at me. A sound resembling a snore came from the cupboard.

"It is an innocent workman," I said. "The way he sleeps proves that."

"What are we to do?"

"Let him out, I suppose. You don't

"Look 'ere, Mister, I'm a British subject, I am."

"That," I said sternly, "does not justify you in coming and sleeping in my cupboard under the pretence of adjusting electric bells."

"Look 'ere, she locked me in."

"And now you are trying to put the blame upon a lady. Enough of this. Get to your work, and don't dare to use my cupboard as a bedroom again."

"But I tell you she—"

"I don't want to know what you dreamt. Get on with your work at once."

The puzzled toiler proceeded with his work of adjusting the electric bells whilst Doris embraced me in the dining-room. "How splendid of you!" she said.

"You taught me," I replied.

"I taught you!"

"Yes, whenever you make a mess of things you always prove that I'm in the wrong."

"Do you think Hitcham will charge for all the time the man has been here?"

I stared at her. There is a certain layer of meanness in the best woman.

"Doris," I exclaimed, "false imprisonment is cheap at 10s. d. per hour. But if you grudge it go and explain to Hitcham. I won't."

The next light-fingered gentleman who calls at our flat under the pretence of attending to the plumbing, gas-fittings, electric lights or fire-escape will not be hindered by Doris in his jewel-hunt. In fact she will tell the girl to give him tea in the kitchen.



A MAN WITH A PAST.

MR. ARCHIBALD JONES, HAVING BEEN SUCCESSFULLY NOURISHED AS A BABY ON "NIPPER'S FOOD," NOW FINDS THAT A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF IS BEING EXTENSIVELY CIRCULATED ON THE BOARDS TO ADVERTISE THIS COMMODITY.

suggest that we should starve him and dispose of the body?"

"But what will he say?"

"A lot of things, I expect. The more urgent question is what shall we say? You shouldn't treat a British workman as if he were a Cabinet Minister. He'll want compensation for imprisonment. But wait, let's move the furniture quietly without waking him."

We opened the door. The workman lay stretched on a box like a sleeping beauty who had forgotten to shave.

I folded my arms and stood like Sir EDWARD CARSON defying the guillotine.

In a minute the workman woke up and stretched himself.

"The Australians mean to give the British Association a right royal time when it goes out there in 1914. As a preliminary, the Commonwealth Government has cabled to-day to the High Commissioner to hand to the British Association £15,000, which it has granted to cover the passages of 150,000 official representatives of the association."—*Daily Dispatch*. This ought to take them as far as Tilbury, anyhow.

A another Triumph for the Breeches.

"The point that is put forward about the Brook navy is that so far as it kept the Turks from sending troops by sea the Greeks profited in South Macedonia."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Peace hath her victories."

The Peace party have started riots in Budapest to protest against War, and badly injured twenty-four persons.

WHY I WON.

Interview with P. SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

LAST week we gave a brief account of the ARISTIDES papyrus newly acquired by the British Museum. That institution has now been enriched by another document of extraordinary interest, recently found in the Catacombs. It consists of a copy of the *Vesper Purpureus*, the famous Roman newspaper published during the Second Punic war, containing an interview with P. SCIPIO AFRICANUS after the battle of Zama, in which HANNIBAL was completely defeated by the Roman General. The interview is not only deeply interesting for the details which it gives of the conflict, but it involves a complete revision of the traditional verdict of history on the crowning exploit of the Roman General. The true organizer of victory, it now turns out, was not SCIPIO, but that wonderful Roman journalist, Ampulla Sesquipedalis, the Editor of the *Vesper Purpureus*, who is alluded to in CICERO's Letters as a writer of "almost incredible exuberance."

SCIPIO, who was resting in his tent after the exertions of the fight, had given orders that no one should be admitted, but, hearing that the representative of the *Vesper* was outside, at once commanded him to be brought in, and embraced him with the utmost fervour. "Let there be no mistake about it," he cried, "this is not my victory; I have only been the humble instrument of the mighty genius of Ampulla. It was he who inspired my strategy, inflamed the spirits of my soldiers, and created an atmosphere of confidence which made Rome irresistible. The pen is mightier than the sword, the epithet more formidable than the elephant, the polysyllable more destructive than the catapult."

SCIPIO then went on to explain that it was at the suggestion of Ampulla himself that he had given orders to his standard-bearers to wave copies of the *Vesper* in the faces of the foe, and that the wonderful *efflatus* proceeding from these *purpurei panni* had produced a curiously disintegrating effect even upon HANNIBAL's most seasoned veterans. As for the elephants, they absolutely refused to stand up against them, and turned and fled in abject confusion. As a Carthaginian prisoner picturesquely put it, they had not only been out-generalled; they had been out-trumpeted. But perhaps the greatest compliment of all was that which came from HANNIBAL himself. The famous General, it appears, though escape was easy, risked capture by waiting to dictate a letter to his conqueror, in which all his characteristic chivalry found supreme expression.



Small Boy (to doctor about to assist elderly party in fainting fit). "STAND ASIDE, PLEASE, AND DON'T BE ALARMED. I'LL ATTEND TO THIS—I'M A BOY SCOUT."

"From the day," he wrote, "on which a spy brought a copy of your unparalleled and superb paper into my camp, I knew that the game was up. It contained an article headed 'O si!'—beginning: '*Perturbamini, O scelerratissimi Carthaginenses, innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus*,' and continued in the same strain for thirteen columns, scarcely a single word being less than five syllables in length! Imagine the effect of such tempestuous eloquence on my soldiers! I had beaten Rome to her knees, but her tongue was still unfettered. You have triumphed, O purple emperor (*imperator purpureus*) of the pen; and I bow to the verdict of Fortune. All I ask is that you should be merciful to your countrymen in your hour of victory. Remember that while there is safety in numbers it is possible to overdo the multitude of columns in the Temple of Fame."

Here the script ceases. The sequel, as narrated by the Roman historian, Penialinus, throws a lurid light on human ingratitude. When SCIPIO re-

turned to Rome, Ampulla claimed the triumph on the strength of the joint testimony of SCIPIO and HANNIBAL. Incredible as it may seem, SCIPIO flatly denied the authenticity of the interview, which he alleged to be the figment of a megalomaniac, and, having squared the Senate, he actually refused to allow Ampulla even to ride one of the captive elephants in the procession to the Capitol! Ampulla's vindication of his character, though it unhappily perished along with the lost books of LIVY, was generally admitted by his contemporaries to be the finest piece of torrential invective in the Latin language. It occupied seven successive entire issues of the *Vesper Purpureus*—all advertisements being excluded during its progress—and was described by Plenifilius, junior, the famous author of the *Ineptiæ Vespertinae*, as a masterpiece of exuberance (*opus singulari redundantia perfectum*). It is sad to relate that the Memoirs of Ampulla, in one hundred volumes, also perished in the burning of the library at Alexandria.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

IV.—THE DOCTOR.

HIS slippered feet stretched out luxuriously to the fire, Dr. Venables, of Mudford, lay back in his arm-chair and gave himself up to the delights of his *Flor di Cabajo*, No. 2, a box of which had been presented to him by an apparently grateful patient. It had been a busy day. He had prescribed more than half-a-dozen hot milk-puddings and a dozen changes of air; he had promised a score of times to look in again to-morrow; and the Widow Nixey had told him yet again, but at greater length than before, her private opinion of doctors.

Sometimes Gordon Venables wondered whether it was only for this that he had been the most notable student of his year at St. Bartholomew's. His brilliance, indeed, had caused something of a sensation in medical circles, and a remarkable career had been prophesied for him. It was Venables who had broken up one Suffrage meeting after another by throwing white mice at the women on the platform; who day after day had paraded London dressed in the costume of a brown dog, until arrested for biting an anti-vivisectionist in the leg. No wonder that all the prizes of the profession were announced to be within his grasp, and that when he buried himself in the little country town of Mudford he was thought to have thrown away recklessly opportunities such as were granted to few.

He had been in Mudford for five years now. An occasional paper in *The Lancet* on "The Recurrence of Anthro-philomelitis in Earth-worms," kept him in touch with modern medical thought, but he could not help feeling that to some extent his powers were rusting in Mudford. As the years went on his chance of Harley Street dwindled.

"Come in," he said in answer to a knock at the door.

The housekeeper's head appeared.

"There's been an accident, Sir," she gasped. "Gentleman run over!"

He snatched up his stethoscope and, without even waiting to enquire where the accident was, hurried into the night. Something whispered to him that his chance had come.

After a quarter of an hour he stopped a small boy.

"Hallo, Johnny," he said breathlessly, "where's the accident?"

The boy looked at him with open mouth for some moments. Then he had an idea.

"Why, it's Doctor!" he said.

Dr. Venables pushed him aside and ran on. . . .

It was in the High Street that the accident had happened. Lord Lair, an eccentric old gentleman who sometimes walked when he might have driven, had, while dodging a motor-car, been run into by a child's hoop. He lay now on the pavement surrounded by a large and interested crowd.

"Look out," shouted somebody from the outskirts; "here comes Doctor."

Dr. Venables pushed his way through to his patient. His long search for the scene of the accident had exhausted him bodily, but his mind was as clear as ever.

"Stand back there," he said in an authoritative voice. Then, taking out his stethoscope, he made a rapid examination of his patient.

"Incised wound in the tibia," he murmured to himself. "Slight abrasion of the patella and contusion of the left ankle. The injuries are serious but not necessarily mortal. Who is he?"

The butcher, who had been sitting on the head of the fallen man, got up and disclosed the features of Lord Lair. Dr. Venables staggered back.

"His lordship!" he cried. "He is a patient of Dr. Scott's! I have attended the client of another practitioner! Professionally I am ruined!"

Lord Lair, who was now breathing more easily, opened his eyes.

"Take me home," he groaned.

Dr. Venables' situation was a terrible one. Medical etiquette demanded his immediate retirement from the case, but the promptings of humanity, and the thought of his client's important position in the world, were too strong for him. Throwing his scruples to the winds, he assisted the aged peer on to a hastily-improvised stretcher and accompanied him to the Hall.

His lordship once in bed, the doctor examined him again. It was obvious immediately that there was only one hope of saving the patient's life. An injection of anthro-philomelitis must be given without loss of time.

Dr. Venables took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He never travelled without a small bottle of this serum in his waistcoat pocket—a serum which, as my readers know, is prepared from the earth-worm, in whose body (fortunately) large deposits of anthro-philomelitis are continually found. With help from a footman in holding down the patient, the injection was made. In less than a year Lord Lair was restored to health.

* * * * *

Dr. Gordon Venables' case came before the British Medical Council early in October. The counts in the indictment were two.

The first was that, "on the 17th of June last, Dr. Gordon Venables did feloniously and with malice aforethought

commit the disgusting and infamous crime of attending professionally the client of another practitioner."

The second was that "in the course of rendering professional services to the said client, Dr. Venables did knowingly and wittingly employ the assistance of one who was not a properly registered medical man, to wit, Thomas Bolling, footman, thereby showing himself to be a scurvy fellow of infamous morals."

Dr. Venables decided to apologise. He also decided to send in an account to Lord Lair for two hundred and fifty guineas. He justified this to himself mainly on the ground that, according to a letter in that week's *Lancet*, the supply of anthro-philomelitis in earth-worms was suddenly giving out, and that it was necessary to recoup himself for the generous quantity he had injected into Lord Lair. Naturally, also, he felt that his lordship, as the author of the whole trouble, owed him something.

The Council, in consideration of his apology, dismissed the first count. On the second count, however, they struck him off the register.

It was a terrible position for a young doctor to be in, but Gordon Venables faced it like a man. With Lord Lair's fee in his pocket he came to town and took a house in Harley Street. When he had paid the first quarter's rent and the first instalment on the hired furniture, he had fifty pounds left.

Ten pounds he spent on embossed stationery.

Forty pounds he spent on postage-stamps.

For the next three months no journal was complete without a letter from 999, Harley Street, signed "Gordon Venables," in which the iniquity of his treatment by the British Medical Council was dwelt upon with the fervour of a man who knew his subject thoroughly; no such letter was complete without a side-reference to anthro-philomelitis (as found, happily, in earth-worms) and the anthro-philomelitis treatment (as recommended by peers). Six months previously the name of Venables had been utterly unknown to the man in the street. In three months' time it was better known even than —'s, the well-known —.

One-half of London said he was an infamous quack.

The other half of London said he was a martyred genius.

Both halves agreed that, after all, one might as well try this new what-you-may-call-it treatment, just to see if there was anything in it, don't you know.

It was only last week that Mr. Venables made an excellent speech against the super-tax. A. A. M.

OUR CATALOGUE OF SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

(Combining Instruction with Amusement.)



PATENT DOG-BITE.—GREAT JOKE. GET ONE AND MAKE FRIENDS. 9d.; WITH BARK, 1s.



THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.—THE BACK-HEAD MASK. AT THE RIGHT MOMENT YOU REMOVE YOUR HAT. THIS WILL CAUSE SCREAMS OF LAUGHTER. WITH ONE OF THESE JOKE ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD YOU NEED NEVER FEEL DULL. 2d.; WITH REVOLVING EYES, 6d.



"OH, MY!" SHE SCREAMED.—ARTIFICIAL ARM, WITH STEEL HOOK. SURPRISES YOUR FRIENDS. 1s. 9d. ALSO WOODEN LEG—JUST THE THING FOR THE DANCING SEASON. 2s.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE announcement that Madame CLARA BUTT has declined an offer to sing at one of the leading music-halls at a remuneration of £250 a week has elicited a number of interesting statements from leading musicians, illustrating in pleasing fashion the heights to which artistic self-denial can attain in these days of acquisitive materialism.

Thus it will be no surprise to the admirers of Robert Knaus to learn that he recently refused an offer from one of the greatest Sausage Kings in Chicago. It was that he should compose a symphonic poem giving a realistic description of the entire process of manufacture, the only condition imposed being that the analytic programme should mention the name of the magnate and include a photograph of his factory.

The fee offered being only £500, Herr Knaus's answer, which was conveyed in terms of noble indignation, was of course a foregone conclusion.

Perhaps the most notable of these revelations is that which reaches us from Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L. "I think it proper to inform the public,"

writes the famous publicist, "that when my son-in-law, Mr. Max Bamberger, was touring in New Guinea he was approached by the chief of the famous anthropophagous tribe of the Fifofumi, who offered him a nugget of gold, estimated at £5,000, if he would accompany them in a head-hunting expedition into the interior, and inspire the warriors by the strains of his violin. Needless to say, Mr. Bamberger declined the offer, and the impression created by his noble behaviour was such that cannibalism has since fallen into disrepute throughout the length and breadth of Papua. I ought to add that I am writing entirely on my own initiative, Mr. Bamberger being notoriously averse from any public advertisement of his actions."

Another splendid act of renunciation is that of the famous Suffragist soprano, Miss Sylvia Dark, who was offered a series of engagements in the provinces, but, when she discovered that it involved an appearance in the Isle of Man, at once declined the engagement as casting an intolerable stigma on her reputation.

The Hunger Champion.

This is a Mr. DUNCAN, who writes in *The Times*: "I have never eaten more than two meals in my life."

A TIMELY MOULT.

LISTEN, lords and ladies gay!
As I shaved myself to-day,
On my razor-blade I spied
Many bristles, long and pied.
"Jove!" I said, "I do not own
Hairs so hued, so fully grown."
Then I knew and cried, revolted,
"Heavens! my shaving-brush has
moulted!"

Six-and-sixpence, ready-made,
Was the price I lately paid:
Purest badger, thick and rife,
Guaranteed to last a life!
Tender to the tender skin!—
I was badly taken in
With the praise that tempts the
buyer;

Oh, the shopman was a liar!
All the same, if moult it must,
I admit that this is just
The most tactful time to choose;
For, if I can get the news
Well rubbed in by Christmas Day,
You, my lords and ladies gay,
May present the present cadger
With a shaving-brush of badger.

"Evensong and Sermos, with Cards, 6.45." *Smallwood Parish Magazine.*

"I leave it," said the vicar.
"Spades," replied the sexton.



Outraged Comedian. "'OW COULD YOU EXPECT THE SHOW TO GO? WE ASKED FOR A RICH INTERIOR AND 'E GOES AND LETS DOWN PUTNEY BRIDGE!"

A PROVIDENCE.

(Dedicated with heartfelt gratitude to the letter-destroying squadron of the militant Suffragettes.)

If I am still received by Mrs. Gibbs,
If young Miss Gibbs salutes me with a bow,
If the old man himself still prods my ribs
Sometimes and says, "How now?"

Yours are the thanks, ye Amazonian crew,
Who saved my honour in a desperate case.
Men there may be that have a down on you,
I harp your acts of grace.

Still in my desk it lies, the little sheet
Woven of azure woof, with "just a line"
Written by Mrs. Gibbs, of Grafton Street,
Requesting me to dine.

Was it from rank discourtesy alone
That hour by hour I failed to seize the pen,
Till the last wing-foot messenger had flown,
Till SAMUEL in his den

Breathed the irrevocable words, "No more"?
Scarcely, I think; I may be pretty rude,
But banquet invitations seldom bore;
Food, after all, is food.

No, but o'er Memory still urging "Write,"
Procrastination laid her flowery spell,
Till Morpheus merged my brains in happier night;
You take me? Very well.

Briefly, I put it off till at the end

The slow dawn creeping through the orient chink
Found me inquiring of my tooth-brush, "Friend,
What will the old girl think?"

Then came my breakfast and my morning rag:
"The Suffragettes have made a further swoop
On London pillar-boxes." Did I lag?
With one wild joyous whoop

I sat me down and wrote to young Miss G.,
"The Golliwogs are at their ancient tricks.
I hope they spared that letter sent by me
Last night at half-past six,

Telling your mother with my deep regrets
I could not dine to-day." Ah happy stroke!
(Especially that term for Suffragettes;
Children do like a joke.)

What was the end? I called on Mrs. Gibbs;
Her husband said, "These women should be shot."
I said, "I think so too," and rubbed my ribs.
But did I? I did not. EVOE.

From a letter in *The Natal Mercury*:—

"Sir,—Will somekind reader please tell me the best way to ripen green papaws and how to decorate a fire-place in summer with crinkled paper."
Answer: The best way to decorate a fireplace in summer with crinkled paper is to take some crinkled paper and decorate the fireplace with it. It is also the best way to annoy papaws of whatever colour. The average father prefers an empty grate, into which he can knock his pipe.



WELL-EARNED INCREMENT.

(DESIGN FOR AN ADMIRALTY CHRISTMAS-CARD.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 2.—At Dothboys Hall there was no Christmas vacation. Announced to-night that we shall have ten days. Following upon what with brief interval has been a year's regular attendance at Westminster the arrangement cannot be censured on ground of excessive liberality. Present Session will almost overlap that of 1913, giving us another seven or eight months' unintermitted hard labour.

PREMIER'S remark, that House adjourning on 20th of this month will turn to again on the 30th brought anguished wail from Scotch Member.

"Is the right honourable gentleman aware how Scotsmen usually spend the first week of the New Year?" asked Mr. WATT, who knows his Glasgow well. "Does he think it a fair substitute to bring us here?"

Well, we must do our best to rise to occasion. Scotland has not monopoly of currency of the whisky bottle, and there are great doings in neighbourhood of St. Paul's on last night of parting year.

It happened by accidental concatenation of circumstance that responsibilities of a composite Empire were brought sharply to mind. Mr. WATT hymned the sorrows of Scotsmen compelled to "see the New Year in" in London. Ireland and Wales each had its grievance. Spokesman of the former was Mr. GINNELL, who drew lurid picture of CHIEF SECRETARY and accomplices taking advantage of count-out last Friday "at a time when the Irish Government were being charged with complicity in crime in Dublin Castle." Another Member pointed out how Wales, still unrelieved from cost of maintaining Established Church, had suffered fresh affront by the regimental goat of the Welsh Fusiliers being placed in quarantine in vague affright at spread of Foot and Mouth Disease.

Business done.—Clause 26 added to Home Rule Bill.

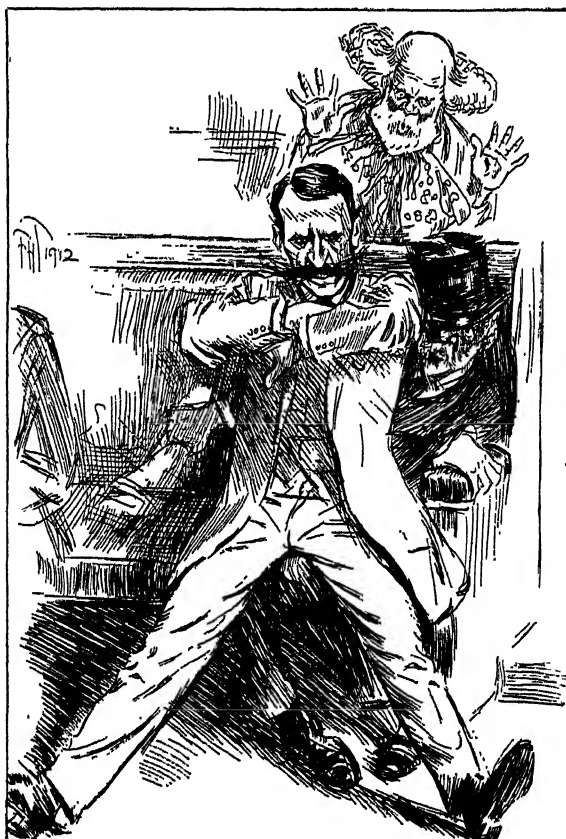
Tuesday.—Twenty-second day allotted to Home Rule Bill in Committee. The days pass and resemble each other in respect of listlessness that dominates debate. To-day, as on the twenty-one that preceded it, as soon as Questions are over and House gets into Committee, Members rise with one accord and make for the door.

Strangers in the Gallery who have come down expectant of exciting scenes in discussion of what they have been told is a revolutionary measure threatening disruption of the Empire grow



ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.
(Mr. WATT.)

uneasy. Conclude that, owing to some default beyond their ken, resumption of debate has been postponed and sitting abruptly concluded. Undeceived when presently, the crowd departed, some score of Members sit and languidly listen to one on his legs.



A SPLIT IN THE COALITION.

Mr. CHARLES DUNCAN (Labour) and Sir WILLIAM BYLES (Radical) fight for the corner seat below the Gangway.

To-night COUSIN HUGH, rising to address scanty audience, bitterly deplored state of things. TIM HEALY, unflinchingly constant in attendance, offered explanation.

"What takes the life out of these debates, Mr. WHITLEY," he said addressing the long-suffering Chairman, "is the obvious fact that gentlemen on this side of the House"—it need hardly be said that TIM ranges himself on Opposition Benches—"are all reading from briefs. What they say is cut and dried for them like horse-fodder. The Conservative organisation draft in printed form what is mostly nonsense. This is photographed and circulated among opponents of the Bill, who read it out, the more clever among them putting it in their own words. This is not debate. It is absurdity."

If this be not true it is well invented. Certainly helps to explain paralysed condition of House. Gooseberry blight nothing to it.

Business done.—Clauses 27 and 28 added to Home Rule Bill.

Wednesday.—TOM TAYLOR—how familiar the name sounds in connection with these pages—is already disillusioned. Less than a fortnight since he arrived from Bolton beaming with pleasure at prospect of enjoying privilege and

distinction of the M.P. Finds the place almost unendurable by reason of its confinement, its monotony and the absence of true reasonableness. Pines for the balmy breezes of Bolton.

"Might as well be in prison doing six months' hard labour," he moans. "What d'you think? Once inside they won't let me leave the place."

This a sad reminiscence of painful experience on second day after arrival. Strolling out of the Lobby about ten o'clock, intent upon "seeing a bit of Lunnion since I am here," was stopped at door by the Whips; told he mustn't leave till House was up. TOM gradually falling into state of melancholia. Comes down for Questions; discovers with amazement that last object with which they are submitted is to obtain information. When House resumes Committee on Home Rule Bill, takes up Order paper; finds that, though he and the rest were on the spot yesterday and day before disposing of Amendments by the page, there are exactly as many as there were yesterday or yesterday week.

"Talk about the widow's cruse," said Tom (no one had

mentioned it); "it ain't in it with this way of doing business."

"How would you do it suppose you were in charge?" asked the MAD HATTER, whose thirst for knowledge is insatiable. "How would you get through the Amendments?"

"Mop 'em up," said Tom.

Apart from precise figure of speech that is precisely what Government are doing. As "twice a day the Severn fills," so twice a night blade of guillotine falls on Amendments, mowing them down as contrasted with mopping them up. On Monday night House delighted to find SOLICITOR-GENERAL's speech abruptly cut short by inexorable instrument.

Attendance throughout sitting miserably small. But Members flock in at call of Division bell. Ministerial majority kept up to level more nearly approaching six score than five.

Business done.—Still harping on Home Rule Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Noble Lords habitually distinguished from meaner mortals in another place by imperturbability. "I never eat and I never drink," said Dizzy's Cardinal, pictured in *Lothair*. Lords rarely laugh and seldom cheer. Commons always childishly anxious to find opportunity for either exercise.

This peculiarity made more marked what the French call *mouvement* displayed just now when WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE strolled in. Affairs of state occupying him elsewhere, this his first appearance since delivery of famous speech at Unionist gathering in Albert Hall.

"I am out for blood," he then confided to a cheering audience. "We are not going to go home without it if we have to stop out all night to get it."

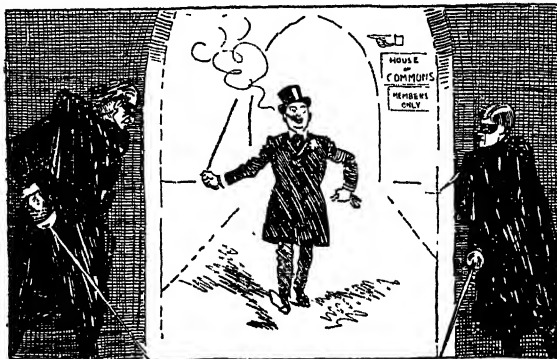
Several nights elapsed since this inspiring declaration was trumpeted. Presumably WILLOUGHBY, in accordance with his public pledge, has been on the prowl through them all. Had he succeeded in the enterprise? Had he "got it"?

Some noble Lords were conscious of vague picture, hung somewhere on the back of their minds, of WILLOUGHBY, having prospered in his nocturnal enterprise, entering from behind the Wool-sack, a gory knife in one hand, in the other a pail half-filled with the proceeds of his labour. Nothing could be further removed from realised fact. WILLOUGHBY entered in his usual manner, showing no signs of having been out all night. Took his accustomed seat,

chatted with his neighbour as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps, after all, this talk about plashing in gore only his playfulness. But he should remember that what is fun to him is cause of profound disturbance to other sensitive minds.

Business done.—In the Commons PREMIER's promise, recorded in this week's cartoon, handsomely fulfilled.



Mr. TOM TAYLOR, fresh from Bolton, and intent on "seeing a bit of Lunnnon," is waylaid by the Whips.

Leaving Miss Erin aside, goes out walking with little Miss Llewellyn. Welsh Disestablishment Bill taken in Committee.

THE EIGHTPENNY BIT.

It begins to look as if yet another way has been found in which the Insurance Act may wreck our happiness. There is to be a famine in copper coins. This is how it works. In the old days—the dear old days—if you employed a man who earned 30/- a week, you simply handed over to him, when Saturday came round, the sum of thirty bob (in gold)—and there you were. But now, thanks to the National Health Insurance Act, he has to get 29/8, which is a much more vexatious problem. This sort of thing is already throwing a frightful strain on our copper currency, so that it is freely predicted (with the Christmas shopping coming on, and all) that there are bound to be too few pennies to go round.

We are not sure of the soundness of the argument. We cannot quite bring ourselves to believe that that loose twopence (the recognised equivalent of half-a-pint) will be long lost to the world. But let that pass. We are told that the difficulty must be met, and we are quite prepared to meet it. A happy and daring solution has already been found. We are to have an Eightpenny Bit. The idea has been taken up with much enthusiasm, and there is certainly this in it (though we should be sorry to encourage gambling in any form)—that if you *do* begin to toss with a penny and lose, and then lose thrice more, double or quits, you will find that

neither a shilling nor a sixpence meets the case whereas an Eightpenny Bit does. The Press, however, points out, most pertinently, that there is one almost insuperable objection to a new coin so like in size to a sixpence. "On cold and dark nights on the tops of cars" mistakes will occur. That objection, however, may be easily merged in the larger problem of the proper lighting and heating of the tops of our cars.

Still we do not altogether care about this Eightpenny Bit. While it will, no doubt, relieve copper, it is bound to throw a fearful strain on silver. We would suggest a bolder and a simpler course. Why not have a Nine-and-eightpenny Bit? Or, even better, a Twenty-nine-and-eightpenny Bit?

As a matter of fact we have a better solution still. It is indeed what we have been working up to. All wages are not paid at the rate of thirty shillings a week. No, we had not overlooked that. Very well, we shall have a Six-and-eightpenny bit. This will not only (1) relieve this intolerable strain on copper, (2) mitigate the evil operations of the Insurance Act, (3) prevent all sorts of awkward *contre-temps* on the tops of cars on cold and dark nights; it will also (we suppose you have already guessed it) come in for paying one's lawyer's fees. It will get round the difficulty of that exceedingly—well, untidy amount that they demand for any little service they may do you. Which of us has not experienced a most unpleasant five minutes while he has fumbled and hunted feverishly in his various pockets, on the very doorstep, trying to make up the total? In future we, for our part, will have the fee ready inside our glove, where we keep our postage-stamps.

We only throw out the suggestion for what it is worth—as they always say when it happens to be a particularly rotten one—but there is this to be said for it. It will do for two birds at once—the "publican" and the solicitor.

"Last night at about 7 p.m. a Goanese ayah named Mary Wiah living in Dukergali, New-chawl, travelling by Parcel car No. 88, had her golden cross and chain robbed from her neck while standing in the compartment reserved for that purpose."—*Bombay Gazette*:

Well, she was asking for it.

"But then this was only a 30 cals. weapon fired with slow-burning cocoa, and throwing a projectile of 1,800lbs. with a muzzle velocity of 2,087 foot-seconds."—*Western Evening Herald*. Was this why the Peace party "took up cocoa"?



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Stout Sympathiser (to victim of banana-skin). "FUNNY THING, GUVNOR; WHY, I VERY NEARLY DONE THE SPLITS MYSELF THIS MORNING ON A BIT O' SUIT IN THEM 'ARRER ROAD!"

FIAT JUSTITIA.

WE had not wanted to go over the house at all, but he had insisted on it. We must do it justice; inside we would find it quite different; it was "exceptionally commodious," "replete with all modern conveniences," "tastefully decorated." He talked like a bad advertisement. We thought the floors shaky, and said so: he stamped upon them confidently and they gave way. We fingered the paper and it peeled off; tapped the plaster and it came down: Bells were pulled and broke; door-handles stuck and then snapped viciously; the adventure began to have a dreary destructive interest of its own.

But at length we grew tired of that too. He was so dauntless in the face of disappointment, and his squeaky optimism jarred our nerves. The thought of his company all the way back to the station became unendurable. If we were ever to shake him off, it must be at the door: no, confound him, he was coming out . . . Ah! what was wrong with the letter-box? What, indeed? He hurried behind to examine

it, and a match wedged in gave us a moment's grace while he fumbled away, still talking hopefully. We dashed down the drive, and when we looked back it was to see a red-faced, angry figure. Yes, he had given up hope at last; he had lost his temper; he banged the door violently.

Then the house fell on him.

"The modern bride ransacks her brain, as well as picture galleries and museums, to find ideas for her own and her retinue's garments, and effective combinations are generally the result."—*Scots Pictorial*.

One of the results, no doubt. (N.B. We are under oath not to touch upon this subject again for at least a year. We beg our contemporaries not to tempt us.)

"THREE SUPER-DREANOUGHTS AND NINE FIRST-CLASS ISECURUS."

North Star.

If that doesn't frighten Germany!

"The little blouse of the moment to wear under our smart and generally simple winter skirts is a very attractive thing."—*Globe*.

But you can have a very attractive thing in the wrong place.

A POST-IMPRESSIONIST POEM.

THE snaky twilight crawls and clanks;
A scarlet shriek thrusts home;
The jig-saws snap among the planks,
Where, lush and loud,
Plump, plastic, proud,
The coupons crowd
Along the road to Rome.

Acrid, essential, winged with eyes,
The powdered plummet drops;
The beldam's bonnet drawls and dies,
And, foul or fair,
Calm Neverwhere
Inscribes his square
Amid the malt and hops.

Oh! anguish of the slaughtered shaft
That skims the sullen looms!
Oh! vaguely vaunted overdraft!
Oh! savage spin
Of twain and twin,
While out and in
The shapeless secret booms.

A Coming Divorce.

"I extend my cordial congratulations to W—S—, who is about to desert the ranks of the Benedicts."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*.

THE BRAVEST DEED.

It was in the Club, and they were telling stories of danger and of high adventure, of perils by land and air and sea, from wild animals and wilder men; and presently one of them asked an old scarred general to tell the tale of how he had won the Victoria Cross.

But the old man shook his head smilingly.

"That was more luck and opportunity than anything else," he said. "I'll tell you the coolest thing I ever saw, though. A man I knew in India once followed up a wounded tiger, armed with nothing but a riding-whip. The beast was dead when he found it, as things turned out, but imagine the fellow's nerve."

"A cool customer, certainly," agreed an old Police official; "but what do you think of a man presiding at a meeting of Anarchists assembled to plan his own assassination? I've known that done."

[Editor: Isn't this just like a hundred magazine stories I've read?

AUTHOR: Glad you think so. I thought you might like a parody of them.

EDITOR: Oh, I beg pardon!]

The talk went on, and each present told of the bravest, most reckless deed he had ever known. Presently a famous lawyer, who was sitting in a corner and had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, interposed.

"Talking about bravery," he said, "do any of you happen to know who that man is sitting in the arm-chair by the window?"

They looked round with interest, for there had been a note of reverence, almost of awe, in the lawyer's voice, and they knew he was a man not easily moved.

"Do you mean the insignificant-looking little man with white hair reading the paper?" someone asked. "What about him?"

"Looks rather young to have such snowy hair," observed another, a famous airman. "Something in the City?"

The lawyer smiled impressively.

"Yes," he said, "I mean that commonplace, insignificant-looking person who appears to be merely an ordinary plain man of business, 'something in the City,' to use the general expression. Well, you were talking of the bravest deeds you have ever known. That man, when he was younger, did a thing that, for sheer audacity, for cool, calm, reckless devilment, matches, I think, anything I have heard to-night—or in my life, for that matter. And I know that he did it, for I was there and I saw the whole thing from beginning to end."

"What was it?" they asked.

"Well, some people said it was simply an attempt at suicide," the lawyer answered, "and certainly it was mad and rash in the extreme. I do not consider it was a thing any man ought to have attempted. Still, he survived, though how, I do not know—nor does he himself. And I can tell you another thing," continued the lawyer deliberately, taking evident pleasure in deferring the satisfaction of our curiosity, "his hair that morning was black as the raven's wing. In the evening it was as you see it now—white as the driven snow on an Alpine peak."

"I have heard of that happening," observed the old general, "though I have never known a case. It must have been a pretty bad experience; yet can it have been worse than some of the things we have heard about to-night?"

"As to that," answered the lawyer, "you shall judge for yourself."

He lifted one hand with a gesture unconsciously dramatic. The silence was tense as he spoke.

"That man, as you see him there," he said slowly, "one day in the autumn of 1912, arrived at the Blackfriars District Railway Station. From there he wished to reach the north side of the Embankment. What do you suppose he did? The press of traffic was at its height, but without pause or hesitation or visible tremor, ignoring the subway and heedless of the warning cries we uttered, he—crossed the road."

IN DYNASTY MING.

[*"The Earthly Paradise: Ming Dynasty."*—*British Museum.*]

THE poets have ever been servitors dutiful
Of everything pleasant and everything beautiful;
From Helen of Troy to a handful of roses
They've pondered their plots and poetical poses;
So I make no excuse for this thesis I bring—
The Eden on earth of the Dynasty MING!

I am bound to admit you may never have heard of it,
I hadn't myself, not a chance spoken word of it,
Till I happened to-day in that grave athenæum,
The manuscript-room of the British Museum,
And hit on—they're doubtful who painted the thing—
This haven of peace in the Dynasty MING!

It's a garden, of course, and it's painted enchantingly
With dear little ladies whose eyes go up slantingly,
Whose dear little faces are fresh as a blossom;
There's a baby as cute as a baby opossum
(Yes, baby opossums that clamber and cling
Are just like the baby in Dynasty MING!).

In the foreground a portly and jolly Chinee party
Is giving a kind of an afternoon tea-party
To a god and a goddess, at least so one guesses,
For an acolyte zephyr with slavish caresses
Showers down every petal that's known to the Spring;
They did themselves proudly in Dynasty MING!

Such flowers and profusion! Ah well, 'twas the Flowery
Land
(How pleasant it sounds in this chilly and showery land!);
Just think of the lawns and the lisp of the fountains,
And the blue in the distance of pine-covered mountains,
And the graceful white cranes—mark the bold sweep of
wing
Of the one just alighting in Dynasty MING!

'Tis captious, perhaps, still a critic may criticise
Any point in a picture that doesn't quite fit his eyes;
And the best Chinese Edens should surely achieve dogs,
The fussy companions of kings known as sleeve-dogs;
One or two for the baby brought home from Peking
The critic had asked for in Dynasty MING!

For he means, when the fogs in sulphureous fumes bury
The chill London chimneys, if passing through Blooms-
bury
To call for five minutes of phantom and fancy,
And charm of red lacquer, pagoda and pansy,
And dream, in some valley where nightingales sing,
That the garden still blows as in Dynasty MING!

There the gods still shall come, spite of Time and his
grim sickle,
Where the dear little ladies look flowerlike and whimsical,
And the jolly old mandarin sits at his table
And eats all the nice little cakes that he's able;
And there the fat baby shall clambor and cling
As it did in the days of the Dynasty MING!

THE MIDGLEY-TOMLINSONS, IN ORDER TO BE IN THE MOVEMENT, HURRIEDLY DECIDE AMONG THEIR HOUSE-PARTY TO INTRODUCE MORRIS-DANCES AT A BALL AT THEIR LITTLE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY.



"PROCESSIONAL."



"LONG SWORD."



"JENNY PLUCK-PEARS."



"LEAP-FROG."



Irish Keeper (at the gate of the "Policy"). "DEVIL A WAN AV YE GITS THROUGH TILL THE HORN BLOWS."
Lady. "YOU'RE A VERY RUDE MAN TO ADDRESS A LADY LIKE THAT."
Keeper. "AN' HOW THE BLAZES WAS I TO KNOW PHWAT YE ARE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDITH WHARTON's new novel, *The Reef* (MACMILLAN), is a brilliant and remorseless analysis of the processes of a tragic estrangement that falls between *Darrow*, a young American diplomatist, and *Anna Leath*, a young widow who is an old friend. The friendship is resumed on the death of *Anna's* husband, and broken off by the discovery of a brief entanglement of *Darrow's* with a *Sophie Viner*, in whose company he has accidentally been thrown during a temporary estrangement from *Anna*, and whom he afterwards meets as governess to her daughter. *Owen Leath*, the step-son, who becomes secretly engaged to *Sophie*, completes the essential quartette of characters. On this perhaps somewhat too elaborate but very skilfully developed complication Mrs. WHARTON exercises her rare gifts of observation and discernment, of patient analysis, of artistic reticence, and of felicitous distinction of style. The fine irony of the situation is that one's sympathies slip away from *Anna*, for all her exquisitely feminine qualities and generous ideals, because she, sheltered and unsullied, is, in the end, too uncomprehending for the great love it is her nature to need and to desire, and drives her lover into inevitable mazes of deceit. When discovery comes and he is able to make and she unable to understand or accept his real defences, it is his self-respect and dignity that are restored, and it is *Anna* who goes to pieces, irresolute, sentimental, essentially a coward. *Sophie*, the charming, pathetic, honest little governess, is a very vivid and notable creation. The whole book is delightful, illuminating,

fragrant, sympathetic. It is the author of *The House of Mirih* at her best, and that best has long ago placed her in the small front rank of contemporary novelists.

I don't know whether it is because Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD has something of the Russian novelists' method, or because he is not a mere amateur of his theme, that his spell is so potent; but the fact remains that he seems to be able to spin a yarn which has all the "unsatisfactoriness" of real life, and invest it at the same time with the artistic qualities that one looks for in romance. There are plenty of writers who "go down to the sea in ships," but is there one of them, except Mr. CONRAD, who would have harboured a naked swimmer—a man who had committed murder on another vessel—for days and days in his cabin, and concealed the fact from his mates and his crew, and then let him quietly slip overboard again, with the chance of getting to land, and never hear another word about the fellow again? This is the plot of the second of the three stories that make up *Betwixt Land and Sea* (DENT); and the first, which is called "A Smile of Fortune," is even more weirdly inconclusive. It tells how a skipper, waiting for his cargo at an island called The Pearl, made the acquaintance of a strange, vixenish half-caste girl who had been shut up all her life in the garden and house of a trader, with only an eccentric aunt for company. It tells how, for no reason at all (for she was not very nice to him), he fell in love with her and then she suddenly fancied him, and he fell out of love again at once, and got his cargo of tomatoes on board and sailed away. But there is something haunting and strange about it all that is as fresh as the smell of wet sea-weed. The

third yarn is called "Freya of the Seven Seas," and is less episodic; it is the tale of a brig which was the apple of a man's eye and was deliberately wrecked because a Dutch lieutenant was the captain's rival in love. But this yarn, too, is spun of the same good stuff, and, in short, I want no better pilot between two green covers than Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD.

I like *The June Lady* (CONSTABLE)—that is to say, I like the lady herself. But I don't so much care for the story of her Golden Month, as told by Mr. R. E. VERNÉDE. He takes the number nine (the sum-total of the house-party, including the hostess), subtracts two (already man and wife), adds three (not staying in the house), and, by halving the result, triumphantly rings down the curtain on five completed or prospective marriages. It is like the last Act of *Hamlet*, with engaged couples substituted for corpses. No doubt, given a fine June and a houseful of idle young people bent, in deference to the wishes of their sovereign hostess, on reviving for a month the golden age of chivalrous and romantic adventure, a fair amount of amorous sport was to be expected. But Mr. VERNÉDE should have been content with a smaller bag. As it is, his *tour de force* becomes, to my mind, a *tour de farce*. It is not, however, unamusing. There is, for instance, the Adventure of the Savant and the Girl in the Runaway Motor. How she came to be in it by herself, knowing nothing of driving, I need not explain; the point is, that as she wobbled past him the savant gallantly jumped on board, without the vaguest idea which of the blessed things in front of him he ought to pull or press or stamp on

in order to bring the car to a stand-still. And then, with destruction waiting for them at the bottom of the hill, he conceived the truly brilliant idea of steering it into a large flat field, with the intention of driving round and round till the petrol was exhausted. The incident is slightly artificial, but it is redeemed by the humour of its telling.

I rather fancy that when Miss ROSINA FILIPPI set out to write *Bernardine* (DICKWORTH) she may have had some idea in her mind of correcting the usual type of stage novel, in which authors with no first-hand experience of the subject represent their heroines as springing at one bound to affluence and fame. In pursuance of this plan she lets her *Bernardine* (though she is the wife of the author of the new play, and has herself attended by appointment in order to be interviewed with regard to playing the chief part) be flatly refused admittance by the commissionaire at the stage door. This is an incident that sounds so incredible that I (who happen to know my theatre) have not the slightest doubt it actually happened. However, *Bernardine* does eventually get inside, and what follows serves to introduce some highly entertaining scenes of stage life, as also some portraits of the dwellers therein which are not only entertaining and easy to identify, but even (I must add) occasionally a little vicious. The first play comes to an

untimely end owing to disputes at rehearsal; but there are others, and they include a kind of semi-amateur entertainment, put on experimentally in the West End, that runs for years. Thus even Miss FILIPPI cannot resist enriching her heroine in the end. There is another part of the tale that is not concerned with the theatre, but with Christian Science and other matters. This, though naturally less amusing, is as clear and persuasive a plea on a debated subject as any I have read. Miss FILIPPI, in short, has produced quite an interesting study in two themes.

The inmates whom Mr. A. D. GODLEY has brought together in *The Casual Ward* (SMITH, ELDER) possess attractions not often found in connection with such an institution. Mr. GODLEY (if I may drop the metaphor to which his title invites me) continues the Oxford tradition—he himself had no small share in its definite establishment—of combining classical learning with light-hearted persiflage. He is a Don and, for aught I know, may employ some part of his precarious leisure in controlling the studies and disciplining the frivolity of undergraduates. Yet there

is no man living who expresses with more skill and point the cheerful irreverence of the undergraduate mind. He tells us what THUCYDIDES thought and wrote about the influenza, and how HERODOTUS described a steeplechase or "grind." The Father of History, it appears, had no high opinion of such races. He thought it foolish "to dig trenches and build other ramparts parallel indeed to each other, but transversely to the running of the horses themselves," so that "whoever anticipates the others arriving at the goal, sitting at least on the same horse



THE MAKERS OF LONDON.

HADRIAN OPENS THE FIRST ROMAN BATH IN LONDON.

on which sitting he set out, and not it running, having left him behind, nor he himself on foot, he is considered to have conquered." In verse as well as in prose Mr. GODLEY has a very pretty wit. I like particularly his "Hints for the Transaction of Public Business," which begins by laying down the principle that "the less there is to talk about, the more there is to say," and advises an orator not to argue with the Chair, but "to state the things you *might* have said—unless he'd ruled it thus." "The Pupil's Point of View" is another pleasant piece—though I think I ought to protest against "dunces" as a proper rhyme for "stunts us."

The National Physique.

"Captain Barrett and Mr. Bignell would not be available next season, having gone broad."—*Standard*.

They might get somebody to run for them.

"Those letters contained a statement to the effect that the Crown 'lays no claim to lumbago found in lands sold by it prior to 1901, anything in the wording of the Crown grant to the contrary notwithstanding.' And the Judges appeared to have regarded that statement as curing the infirmity in the plaintiff's title."—*Times*.

The point is whether it cured the infirmity in the plaintiff's back. As far as we are concerned, the Crown can have our lumbago at any time.

CHARIVARIA.

THE NOBEL Committee has decided not to award a NOBEL Peace Prize this year. This should be a sore disappointment to the Archduke FRANCIS OF AUSTRIA, who will have to be content with a "Highly Commended."

At last we have heard something in favour of the Home Rule Bill. It is pointed out that, if that measure be passed, it will render it possible for Ireland to present the Mother Country with a *Dreadnought*.

We have not had to wait long for Germany's answer to Canada. The German Colony of the Cameroons has, it is rumoured, offered to present the Imperial Navy with a dinghy, free from all restrictions.

A divorce was granted the other day to a lady who declared that she was a servant in her own house. A smart insurance inspector is said to have demanded already to see her card.

"Moritz," the clever chimpanzee who could write and play the piano, has died at Brighton. Two weeks before his demise he developed a propensity for painting, but the report that his death was due to a dose of poison administered by a jealous Post-Impressionist is denied.

A description in *The Evening Standard* of a picture on view at the Chenil Gallery says:—"The two principal figures are surrounded by girls and children rejoicing in their joy. . . . One girl is clashing symbols." We are not told how many of the others are mixing their metaphors.

The "Kill that Fly!" movement progresses. An aeroplane, belonging to an Italian airman, which settled on a house at Palmer's Green, was destroyed.

Mr. FLOWDEN has been speaking and Mr. FILSON YOUNG has been writing on "The Dog Nuisance" in our streets. It is said that this has caused inventors once more to turn their thoughts to the production of a satisfactory motor-dog for towns.

The mutiny at Camp Hill Prison, Parkhurst, appears to have been due to ignorance on the part of some of the new arrivals of the fact that the attractive privileges of the hotel could only be enjoyed after a certain period of good conduct. They declare indignantly that, had they known this, they would never have qualified for admission.

A convict who attempted to escape from Dartmoor has been ordered to be deprived of pudding with his meals,

Sugar bowls in public restaurants having been condemned by a medical authority as disseminators of disease, a foreign restaurateur writes to us to say that every lump of sugar exposed at his establishment is dusted each morning by a charwoman.

There has been yet another robbery at the Central Criminal Court, a solicitor's clerk losing his coat and umbrella, and it may become necessary to make a regulation under which only criminals of good character will be admitted to the building.

As a consequence of the bogus fire-alarms, attributed to Suffragettes, it is thought unlikely, in the event of a fire-engine being called to a conflagration at the headquarters of the W. S. P. U., that the station receiving the message would win the prize for the smartest turn-out of the year.

The sale of a painting by DEGAS for the big price of £17,400 is thought to have been due to a mistake, the purchaser being under the impression that the artist was dead.

How to Spend Christmas.

ALREADY, with a certain section of society, the un-English, un-Christmassy Christmas, which began to come into fashion some fifteen years ago, has grown into one of our good old national customs, and there's beginning to occur some restlessness, some tendency to break away from time-honoured habit.

For those who feel like that we have the best advice. Hang up your stocking over-night; wake early to see what has been put in it; get up cheerfully, be jolly at breakfast, and go to church with the rest of the family, shouting "Merry Christmas" to everybody you meet. Eat generously of turkey and plum pudding. Romp with the children, tip the postman, make the servants laugh, wear paper caps and false noses, and, when the time comes to go to bed, go to bed in your best temper.

The Kaiser incog.

"Savoff, the rough Bulgar Generalissimo, and Nazim Pasha, the supreme commander of the German army, clasped each other in silence."—*Daily Telegraph*.



The Man with the Rotten Umbrella. "NOW THEN, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

and to wear an ugly yellow costume. Should he try to repeat his offence, he will be stood in the corner and compelled to wear tartan pyjamas.

It is the fashion nowadays to throw stones at the Church of England and those connected therewith. We extract the following peculiarly unkind paragraph from *The Liverpool Echo*:—"The appointment of the Rev. W. A. Rushworth, of Woolton, to be Vicar of Kirk Braddan, Isle of Man, has occasioned satisfaction throughout Woolton, as well as in church circles in Liverpool, where for five years he has been associated with the parochial work and diocesan organisations."

TO OUR MASTERS;

and, in particular, those North-Eastern Railwaymen who go on strike without excuse whenever the fancy occurs to them.

Not mine, a worm beneath your heel,
To cavil when, for joy of strife,
To "manhood's rights" you make appeal
And dislocate my ordered life,
And trample into pulp the general weal.

Not mine to mark the obvious flaws
In this arrangement; who am I
That I should claim a reasoned cause
For pledges ripped in two, or cry
Abuse of privilege throned above the laws?

I can but plead, perchance in vain,
"O Mighty Ones, let mercy wed
With strength of giants; kindly deign
To let me live and earn my bread
And travel, every now and then, by train!"

We do not ask to live up there
Where you, our betters, hold your sway,
Aloof in climes serene and rare,
Tangent to Heaven; we only pray
To be allowed to breathe some sort of air.

Charge for it any rent you will;
Out of the well-taxed monthly screw
Got by our brains' laborious skill
We'll keep the country snug for you;
Just let us stay alive; we'll pay the bill.

For they whose wisdom made decree
Setting one class above the rest—
To them we lift our humble plea
For equal laws, and get, at best,
"Pooh!" for reply, and "Tush!" for repartee.

Give me a Government that notes
The wrongs of us who make no odds,
Who miss, with thin and scranell throats,
The full-mouthed utterance of the gods—
Gods from the vast machine that grinds the votes.

O. S.

POTTYGREW'S BROTHER:

OR, THE AWFUL SECRET.

"POTTYGREW," I said, as we sat together in the Restaurant Roccoco after an excellent dinner, "I have no money to pay the bill."

"Nor have I," he replied, "but Antonio knows me."

"That's just what I feared," I began; but Pottygrew was already diving into his coat.

We passed the pay-box successfully, Antonio smiling and grimacing in our wake.

"But this is wonderful," I said, when we got outside.

"We will always dine here. How on earth do you do it?"

"As for always dining here," said Pottygrew, "that is another matter. I don't think we shall ever come here again. Only the direst necessity dragged me hither to-night."

"You have taken too much wine," I said. "The St. Estéphe has been too much for you. You get a good dinner for nothing, and you say you will never go there again. Do not speak like this, I beg of you; it is hardly reverent."

"Cecil," he replied solemnly (he only calls me Cecil when he is deeply moved, and it isn't really my name, but he thinks it is),—"Cecil, you know my family is one of the oldest in Northumbria?"

I shook my head.

"Well, it is. We are mentioned, unfavourably it is true, and in connection with cattle-maiming, but still mentioned in Domesday Book. Always and everywhere we have held our heads high. Elias Pottygrew was mate on the *Victory*—or was it the *Revenge*?; Timothy was an army contractor under Charles II.; Benjamin dabbled in the South Sea Bubble, and Paul once proposed to a lady-in-waiting. But we fell on evil days. My grandfather became a solicitor."

Pottygrew paused, his whole frame quivering with emotion.

"This is a very long story?" I said.

"It is a very sad story," he replied.

"Unfortunately my poor grandfather was not what the world calls an honest solicitor. A friend on whose affection he relied instituted enquiries. . . . While he was in prison my father endeavoured to carry on the firm. He did his best, but circumstances were against him—the cold world, the claims of a family, the nature of his profession. At last he gave up the hopeless struggle and joined my grandfather. Thus orphaned, I became an artist; but how little is Art regarded! My dreams were unrecognized, my visions were unperceived, even my nymphs were not bought. I struggled on gamely. Once I took to the pavement and did EDWARD VII. and a wreck at sea in coloured chalks. Briefly I went through all the vicissitudes of a Royal Academician without the knighthood and the suburban castle to crown my end. And then—my poor Andrew!"

"Andrew?" I said dreamily. "Who is he?"

"My youngest brother," said Pottygrew, "a lad of the brightest, the happiest, the most engaging disposition. The image, friends said, of me. I wanted him to be an artist; I saw our names going down to posterity inseparably connected and indeed mixed up, like those of LIRRO LIRRI and FILIPPINO LIRRI. But it was not to be. Aubrey Downmore! how often have I cursed your name!"

"I've never heard you mention it before," I said.

"We met him often," Pottygrew proceeded, "at our club, 'The Tired Pessimists.' He was always talking. One evening he said that a good chef was a finer artist than VERLÁSQUENZ; his monuments, he declared, were more lasting than brass. Next morning my brother had disappeared."

"I don't see the connection," I said.

"Nor did I at the time," Pottygrew went on; "but, after searching in vain for several months, I came here. Cecil, my poor brother was, he is, Antonio the chef."

"But Antonio's an Italian."

"No more Italian than yonder organ-grinder," said Pottygrew; "born and bred in Camberwell. He has nothing to do with the dinners, he doesn't know a sausage from a *pêche-Malba*. He runs the place, he stands at the door and gives the foreign touch which Englishmen love and so few foreigners can give. It's all manner; Andrew always had a manner."

Pottygrew's emotion was too much for him. I seized him by the arm and drew him toward The Cod and Lobster.

"A drink will revive you," I said.

Pottygrew examined his pockets, shook his head and turned slowly away.

"I have no more brothers," he said.

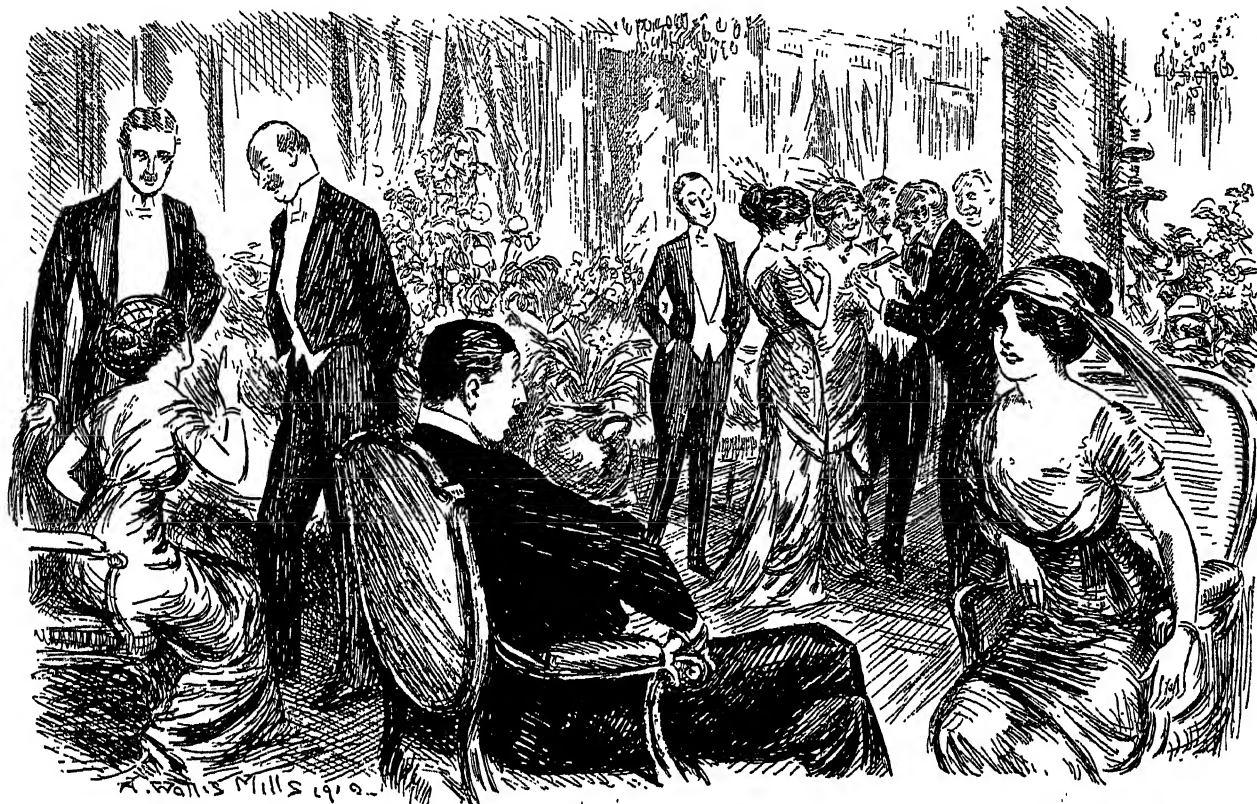
"Happily on this occasion it is no more conventional cliché to say *Primo avulso non deficit alter aureus*,"—*Times*.

Yet having heard it almost incessantly in every tram, bus and tube during the last few days, we are getting rather tired of it.



SUBJECT TO CORRECTION.

EUROPA. "NOW THEN, GET ON WITH YOUR MAPS, AND WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED THEM BRING THEM TO ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOU'VE GONE WRONG!"



She. "THERE'S ALWAYS A CROWD ROUND THE DEAR OLD PROFESSOR. HE'S SUCH A WONDERFUL CONVERSATIONALIST."

He. "ION! YOU REALLY THINK SO? I TRIED HIM JUST NOW ON EVERY POSSIBLE TOPIC—HOUNDS, BRIDGE, GOLF, MUSIC—HALLS, EVERYTHING—AND HE WAS SIMPLY USELESS."

CHRISTMASSY CHATS.

By Aunt Lottie.

"GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLIE."—You have not enough pennies, you say, to buy your dear grandpapa anything he would care for at Christmas. What do you say, my dear little niece, as you are such a clever little girl with your paint-box, to using your *talent* to give him some Christmas happiness? You might watch your opportunity after he has retired to bed on Christmas Eve, take away some of the things he is in the habit of wearing every day, and exercise your skill as a painter on them. Think how delighted dear grandpapa would be, when he rose on Christmas morning, to find that his "Little Girlie" had painted a wreath of holly on his skull-cap and some robins on his waistcoat!

"FIANCÉE."—Certainly. I am overjoyed to advise a grown-up "niece" on such a point. A tie-case is always a welcome present to a man, and of course he would value it much more if you made it than if you bought it. *Wonders* can be done by deft fingers with old cardboard boxes and newspaper. Cut the cardboard to the shape and size you want, and cover it neatly with newspaper. A seasonable touch may

be given to this beautiful and useful gift by adding a holly berry at each corner.

"TIMMY."—A very pretty present may be made by gluing the ends of empty cotton-reels together and painting or (if you are able to purchase some gold-leaf) gilding them. The *length* of this present depends on the number of empty reels you can collect and the taste of the person for whom it is intended. It cannot, of course, quite take the place of a good ruler, but is a gift that often pleases when costlier and more elaborate ones are thrown aside.

"MATERFAMILIAS."—I am only too glad to advise Papas and Mamas also. No, you need not go to the trouble and expense of a Christmas Tree at your juvenile party. An *immensely* exciting substitute can be had by seating the children round a large table, giving them pencils and paper, and telling them to *draw* what they would have liked to have had there been a Christmas Tree. This causes endless fun. If, however, some of the children should seem *aggravated* by this game and inclined to be sullen, you might set *those* little ones to play at something else.

"TOTS."—You can make a very sweet and useful present for your grown-up sister from an empty pill-box. See

that there are no pills in the box, dust it out well, and paste a bright little picture over the label. With a pinch of powder and a teeny puff in it it will make as dainty a "vanity" adjunct as a duchess could wish to carry.

"PONSIE."—As your big brother is musical and in the habit of singing when invited out you might make him a strong yet dainty carrying-case for his songs. All you will want for this delightful gift is brown-paper and glue.

"KIRS."—Why not give her a set of table-mats? People cannot have too many of these. Did you collect the dead leaves in your garden this autumn? If so, thoroughly dry and clean them, and then paste them on paper cut to the size required. When finished you will have a set of table-mats that will be the despair and envy of your cousin's circle!

"BOBBY, SIDDY, WINNY, DOLLY AND THE LITTLE ONES."—So the uncle who is staying with you for Christmas is a little touchy and "hates presents"? Still, like dear children, you would wish to give him some Christmas joy. Suppose, for a charming surprise, you all learn a pretty carol, and go and sing it outside his door before it is light on Christmas morning. I am sure he would be touched.

APOLLO.

I MET Apollo face to face, some four years ago, at a country-house party in Leicestershire. It was on the second day after Christmas, a very fine bright day for the time of year. There were many children in the house, several of them belonging to our host and hostess, and to please them our host had on this particular afternoon provided a Punch and Judy show, "one of the real old-fashioned sort," as he put it, "plenty of rooti-too-it, dog Toby, and all the rest of it." There were to be two performances, one for us and the children (including those of the immediate neighbourhood) in the early afternoon, and another for the servants in the evening. It was at the first of these that I saw Apollo.

I have always loved a Punch and Judy show. The directness and ferocity of the characters, the succession of infamous and jovially executed crimes and the swift completeness of the nemesis fascinate me now as they did when I was a child, and in watching this tremendous drama I can forget appointments of the most sacred and punctual character. Toby, too, is a delight to me. About every Toby that I have ever seen there is a noble and almost haughty melancholy, as of one who, made by nature to shine in the throng of the gay and careless, has been forced by the *res angusta domi* to sit in a frill on a precarious ledge and, at the appropriate moment, to seize a blood-stained plebeian puppet by the nose.

I had often wanted to meet a Toby in private life, and here at last was an opportunity. Accordingly, when Punch had duly paid the penalty of his atrocities and the rapturous show was over, I stayed behind to have a few minutes of conversation with the showman, while his assistant restored the properties to their box and made all snug. Toby, relieved of his frill, the degrading badge of servitude, was rolling on the grass, investigating bushes, squaring up to a stray spaniel, scraping up the turf, and, in fact, behaving as if the weight of no drama had ever rested on his shoulders. He was a short and sturdy dog with one dependent ear and the other rakishly cocked. Partly, no doubt, he was a smooth-haired fox terrier; but there were plain indications of many other breeds about him. Rough-haired terriers, bull terriers, and Scotch terriers and others had all combined at one moment or another to promote his existence and diversify his looks and his colour. Intelligence and affection shone from his brown eyes; and his stumpy tail, now that he was no longer official, wagged with the tremulous quickness of a humming-bird. He

accepted a biscuit, ate half of it, and with an air of guilty cunning conveyed the rest to a distant bush and buried it. Then with a muddy nose he came back and barked huskily for more.

"Yes, Sir," said the showman, "he's a nice dawg. I bred him myself. His father and mother was both in the profession. This little chap was one of a litter of five, and I kept him because he had such bold ways; and when he was only four months old I used to give him Punch to play with, and he'd set atop of him growling like mad and worrying his face and tossing him up and trying to ketch him, and running races round him and taking him off when he thought I wasn't looking, and trying to bury him. 'That there dawg,' I says to myself, 'is made for the show;,' and I was right. He got most of his natural gifts from his mother. When she had her litter of puppies it almost

broke her heart not to be able to act for a day or two. When she heard me give the call and tune up the pipes she'd howl like a human being and scratch at her door to come after me; and once she did get out and waited round the corner for her understudy and give him a rare old towelling. Jealousy, that's what it was. I lost her through a motor-car, and this one's filled her place.

"Don't go for to call him Toby, Sir. He can't bear the name when he's not on the boards. He knows well enough that it's only his *numdi theatre*—that's French for his stage name, same as a writing gentleman has a *numdi plom*. I did a bit of that lingo myself once when I took the show to France; but it didn't pay, and we had

to smuggle the dawg home in a hamper so as he shouldn't go to quarantine. He'd have pined away there without the show. You look at him, Sir. Don't he seem to be saying he's a gentleman in private life? Well, so he is, and his private name's Apoller. A gentleman give it him because, he said, Apoller was the god of song, and this dawg can strike a tune better than most. You heard him when Punch tried to give him a wipe over the head.

"No, he ain't an old dawg; rising six is his ticket, and he's got plenty of years before him. So long as him and me is together there'll always be bed and board for him, and if he sees me out there's Joe here to take him on and keep the show going. But you and me ain't going to be parted yet, are we, Apoller?" Apollo understood, for he rose and rubbed his head on his master's hand and gave him a grubby paw. That is how I met the god of song.

"Our programme [cinema] is over 8,000 ft. long."—*Rangoon Times*.
Our sympathy goes out to the Programme Girls.



The Learned Professor. "YOU KNOW, MRS. BLOGGS, IT SEEMS A SHAME TO TAKE YOUR BOY AWAY FROM SCHOOL AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE. I MYSELF DIDN'T FINISH MY SCHOOL EDUCATION UNTIL I WAS NINETEEN."

Mrs. Bloggs. "WELL, SOME CHILDREN IS QUICKER AT PICKIN' UP THINGS THAN OTHERS."



THE SUBMERGED SEX.

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JOHN, PUT YOUR HAT ON STRAIGHT; HERE COME THE HYGIEN-SMITHS."

THE LODE-STAR.

(An attempt to appreciate the most prominent feature in some of our evening papers.)

I AM a dreamer born,
I do not love the rows
Of solid articles that greet the morn;
I hunger for "the faery lands forlorn,"
The tide that flows
Round visionary castles built in Spain,
Till twilight drops; till I can turn again
To hark the sound of drummers, hear the horn
Of S-LFR-DGE and his prose.

Hither, my evening sheets!
Thou verdant and thou white,
Who print more large than politicians' bleats
The pride and glory that are Oxford Street's;
Who durst not slight,
Though Governments go out and *Dreadnoughts* rot,
The simple legend of how Daphne got
(Aided by tags from EMERSON and KEATS)
Her garment of the night.

Later you rise superb,
To deal with strikes and kings,
Tell how to-day on any London kerb
A chap may butt into a Greek or Serb;
But first there springs

That rare Byzantine column on the left,
Vocal of shirt-fronts and the woof and weft
Of neckwear that no tragedies perturb,
And quiet trouserings.

O passion-haunted pen!
O imagery lush!
Whose is the mind that, brooding like a hen,
Scatters these fantasies, to break o'er men
With gold-hued gush?
Would I might commune with that spirit dim
That lures all London from the Thames's rim,
From Hampstead and the utmost bounds of Ken.,
To one long bargain-rush.

Ay, give me more and more
Of well-dressed girls and lads,
Till some day, melted by the Master's lore,
I too shall journey to that elfin shore
Where fancy gads;
Till I too in the flesh shall go and see
This S-LFR-DGE's and pray them, "Carry me
Up to the shrine; I purpose to adore
The writer of your ads." EVOE.

"Mr. H. Poole, A.R.C.O., at the organ, proved admirable and made the most of his chances in the representation of chaos."
Hastings Observer.

We can do this with the human voice.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

V.—THE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

THE great Hector Strong, lord of journalism and swayer of empires, paced the floor of his luxurious apartment with bowed head, his corrugated countenance furrowed with lines of anxiety. He had just returned from a lunch with all his favourite advertisers . . . but it was not this which troubled him. He was thinking out a new policy for *The Daily Vane*.

Suddenly he remembered something. Coming up to town in his third motor he had glanced through the nineteen periodicals which his house had published that morning, and in one case had noted matter for serious criticism. This was obviously the first business he must deal with.

He seated himself at his desk and pushed the bell marked "38." Instantly a footman presented himself with a tray of sandwiches.

"What do you want?" said Strong coldly.

"You rang for me, Sir," replied the trembling menial.

"Go away," said Strong. Recognising magnanimously, however, that the mistake was his own, he pressed bell "28." In another moment the editor of *Sloppy Chunks* was before him.

"In to-day's number," said Strong, as he toyed with a blue pencil, "you apologise for a mistake in last week's number." He waited sternly.

"It was a very bad mistake, Sir, I'm afraid. We did a great injustice to—"

"You know my rule," said Strong. "The mistake of last week I could have overlooked. The apology of this week is a more serious matter. You will ask for a month's salary on your way out." He pressed a button and the editor disappeared through the trap-door.

Alone again, Hector Strong thought keenly for a moment. Then he pressed bell "38." Instantly a footman presented himself with a tray of sandwiches.

"What do you mean by this?" roared Strong, his iron self-control for a moment giving way.

"I b-beg your pardon, Sir," stammered the man. "I th-thought—"

"Get out!" As the footman retired, Strong passed his hand across his forehead. "My memory is bad to-day," he murmured, and pushed bell "48."

A tall thin man entered.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Brownlow," said the Proprietor. He toyed with his blue pencil. "Let me see, which of our papers are under your charge at the moment?"

Mr. Brownlow reflected.

"Just now," he said, "I am editing *Snippety Snips*, *The Whoop*, *The Girls*

Own Aunt, *Parings*, *Slosh*, *The Sunday Sermon* and *Back Chat*.

"Ah! Well, I want you to take on *Sloppy Chunks* too for a little while. Mr. Symes has had to leave us."

"Yes, Sir." Mr. Brownlow bowed and moved to the door.

"By the way," Strong said, "your last number of *Slosh* was very good. Very good indeed. I congratulate you. Good day."

Left alone, Hector Strong, lord of journalism and swayer of empires, resumed his paces. His two mistakes with the bell told him that he was distinctly not himself this afternoon. Was it only the need of a new policy for *The Vane* which troubled him? Or was it—

Could it be Lady Dorothy?

Lady Dorothy Neal was something of an enigma to Hector Strong. He was making more than a million pounds a year, and yet she did not want to marry him. Sometimes he wondered if the woman were quite sane. Yet, mad or sane, he loved her.

A secretary knocked and entered. He waited submissively for half-an-hour until the Proprietor looked up.

"Well?"

"Lady Dorothy Neal would like to see you for a moment, Sir."

"Show her in."

Lady Dorothy came in brightly.

"What nice-looking men you have here," she said. "Who is the one in the blue waistcoat? He has curly hair."

"You didn't come to talk about him?" said Hector reproachfully.

"I didn't come to talk to him really, but if you keep me waiting half-an-hour— Why, what are you doing?"

Strong looked up from the note he was writing. The tender lines had gone from his face, and he had become the stern man of action again.

"I am giving instructions that the services of my commissionaire, hall-boy and fifth secretary will no longer be required."

"Don't do that," pleaded Dorothy.

Strong tore up the note and turned to her. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

She blushed and looked down. "I—I have written a—a play," she faltered.

He smiled indulgently. He did not write plays himself, but he knew that other people did.

"When does it come off?" he asked.

"The manager says it will have to come off at the end of the week. It came on a week ago."

"Well," he smiled, "if people don't want to go, I can't make them."

"Yes, you can," she said boldly.

He gave a start. His brain working at lightning speed saw the possibilities

in an instant. At one stroke he could win Lady Dorothy's gratitude, provide *The Daily Vane* with a temporary policy and give a convincing exhibition of the power of his press.

"Oh, Mr. Strong—"

"Hector," he whispered. As he rose from his desk to go to her, he accidentally pressed the button of the trap-door. The next moment he was alone.

* * * * *

"That the British public is always ready to welcome the advent of a clean and wholesome home-grown play is shown by the startling success of *Christina's Mistake*, which is attracting such crowds to The King's every night." So wrote *The Daily Vane*, and continued in the same strain for a column.

"Clubland is keenly exercised," wrote *The Evening Vane*, "over a problem of etiquette which arises in the Second Act of *Christina's Mistake*, the great autumn success at The King's Theatre. The point is shortly this. Should a woman . . ." And so on.

"A pretty story is going the rounds," said *Slosh*, "anent that charming little lady, Estelle Rito, who plays the part of a governess in *Christina's Mistake*, for which ('Manager' Barodo informs me) advance booking up to Christmas has already been taken. It seems that Miss Rito, when shopping in the purlieu of Bond Street . . ."

Sloppy Chunks had a joke which set all the world laughing. It was called—

"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

Flossie. 'Who's the lady in the box with Mr. Johnson?'

Gussie. 'Hush! It's his wife!'

And *Flossie* giggled so much that she could hardly listen to the last Act of *Christina's Mistake*, which she had been looking forward to for weeks!

The Sunday Sermon offered free tickets to a hundred unmarried suburban girls, to which class *Christina's Mistake* made a special religious appeal. But they had to collect coupons first for *The Sunday Sermon*.

The Times, of two months later, said:

"A marriage has been arranged between Lady Dorothy Neal, daughter of the Earl of Skye, and the Hon. Geoffrey Bollinger."

* * * * *

Than a successful revenge nothing is sweeter in life. Hector Strong was not the man to spare anyone who had done him an injury. Yet I think his method of revenging himself upon Lady Dorothy savoured of the diabolical. He printed a photograph of her in *The Daily Picture Gallery*. It was headed "The Beautiful Lady Dorothy Neal."

A. A. M.



IN THE DEVON AND SOMERSET COUNTRY.

Old Labourer (by whom the new doctor, who has just left a critical case, is mistaken for a returning stag-hunter). "EVENIN', ZUR! DID YR KILL 'ER?"

THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

INTERESTING SYMPOSIUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have not asked me for my views on diet and longevity, but you have got to have them all the same. My rule has been simplicity itself—seven square meals a day. I am now ninety-six years of age, whereas, if I had stinted myself, I should probably be years younger. Lord Beever of Oxhoe, with whom I went to school, also lives on seven meals a day. Another famous advocate of generous feeding was JENNER. He was a great friend of mine, and used to say, "If every man lived on seven meals a day, no doctors would starve."

When I was twelve years old my father said, Would you like to go to Harrow or Eton? I said Eton, because I liked the sound of it. Those were the good old days of hampers, and I used to have one every week. My nickname was Friar Tuck. At Cambridge I entered Porterhouse College, and won the Porterhouse Sweepstakes on the Derby in the year 1836.

My third wife, who was the widow of a North American pemmican merchant, brought me a small fortune and I was able to retire from the Bar in 1850 and invest her money in a ruby mine. She was a handsome woman, and her portrait, painted by Sigismund Toots, A.R.A., appeared in the Academy in 1852. Yours irrelevantly,

WINDHAM BAGSHOT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Longevity is incompatible with short commons. It is a matter of liberal diet and long drinks. If you drink nothing at meals you can drink anything you like between them. Conversely, if you drink nothing between meals, you can drink anything you like at them. But the wisest plan is to drink both at and between meals. I need hardly say that I am a teetotaler, but I find that I can achieve variety by the following regimen: 7.30 A.M. China tea; 8.45 A.M. Indian tea; 11 A.M. (in summer) raspberry vinegar; (in winter) ammoniated quinine and ginger-ale; 1.30 P.M. lemon squash; 4.30 P.M. Ceylon tea; 8 P.M. botanic beer; 9 P.M. coffee; 11 P.M. (as a night-cap) hot milk and soda. I

think I ought to mention that the famous artist, Swinburne Coke, once stopped me in the Strand and offered to paint my portrait for Madame Tussaud's.

Faithfully yours,

DESMOND FUSBY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Longevity is of little value without economy. The true secret of health is to be found in the practice of the Snark. He frequently took "breakfast at 5 o'clock tea and dined on the following day." I *always* do, thus saving seven dinners a week, or, estimating these at 3s. 6d. each—the price of my club dinner—24s. 6d. a week, or £63 14s. a year. As I am now ninety-two and have followed this rule ever since my first marriage—I have been married six times—you can easily see how substantial the gain has been. I need hardly say that I enforced the practice on all my wives.

Yours faithfully, OCTAVUS HENRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is high time that a word of dignified protest should be uttered against the prevailing heresy that longevity is a virtue and grandeur an inseparable attribute of old age. As the author of *Festus* writes: "We



Pursued Burglar (who has escaped through only gap in high fence, to large policeman who has stuck in it). "SO LONG, OLD DEAR. IF WE MUST PART, IT'S NICE TO PART FRIENDS!"

live in deeds not years. . . . We should count time by heart-throbs." The writer who is concerned with the vital expression of the things that matter, who spends his energies in the austere quest of the sovrain word, even though he only publishes one short paragraph every day, he and he alone can face the verdict of posterity with a serenity which mere crude centenarianism is powerless to bestow.

I am, Yours urbanely,
PHIL YOUNGSON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that a medical man, interviewed in an evening paper, observes that a great deal of energy is dissipated or wasted in the fruitless attempt to digest and assimilate superfluous food. My experience rather is that an immense amount of energy is expended in the entirely unnecessary effort to disseminate superfluous views. I don't object to people being vegetarians if they want to become vegetables, but I can't see why they should be so proud of it. If I lived on paraffin and carrots, or tar-water and bananas, or weak tea and raw London eggs I should keep it dark, instead of proclaiming it from the

housetops. I am only seventy, and I have never been ill but once in my life, and that was when I saw a famous writer eating his lunch. It consisted of cocoa—the most nauseous drink in the world—and parsnips.

Yours disgustedly,
J. BRIGHTON CROWN.

The Search for Pleasure.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"There is no one who don't like enjoyments. Children, young and old, all become cheerful with this. In truth enjoyments make the heart happy, the spirit fresh and keep always in good health. Among other things of enjoyments catapult is one as per illustration. Make earthen bullets, dry them in the sun and whenever you like take a few bullets, go out and chase few birds; it won't miss the aim. It is useful for chasers and travellers to keep one."

"His Highness Asaf Jah Muzaffar-ul-Mamalik Nizam-ul-Mulk Nizam-ud-Daula Nawab Mir Sir Usman Ali Khan Bahadur Fath Jang, (I.C.S.I., of Hyderabad, has been granted the honorary rank of colonel in the Army."

Letters of congratulation should be directed as above. The stamp and address can always be placed on the back of the envelope.

EX CATIEDRĀ.

(To my Dentist.)

THANKS, executioner, you did it well; So swiftly and so suddenly it came, I scarce had time to register a yell, Leapt skyward inarticulate, aflame.

That crimson string -- Did that come out of me? Poor little thing!

So that's the nerve, then, is it? Thanks once more;

What treasures we unknowingly possess!

Moreover, when you tugged and it was sore,

It used a private channel to express, In terms of pain, Exactly what it felt like, to the brain.

Meseems our senses have some common sense;

Methinks I understand you when you say

I wired that message at my own expense, Saved you from stating, in the usual way,

It wouldn't hurt; You must be pleased to find me so alert!



THE GIFT OF THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Mr. RUPERT GWYNNE—the original, according to SAIRK, of *Sherlock Holmes*—takes up the Silver Mystery. In the net, Mr. HAROLD BAKER.

House of Commons, Monday, December 9.—Twenty-fourth day allotted for consideration of Home Rule Bill in Committee. Only four more days and up goes the Bill for Report. For that, further allowance of seven full sittings. As the Man in the Street well knows, the Report stage of a Bill is practically Committee at work again, main difference being that proceedings go forward with SPEAKER in the Chair and Mace on Table. Any controversial detail debated and divided upon in Committee may be brought up again at Report stage, discussed and divided upon afresh. Thus by time Bill stands for final ordeal of Third Reading thirty-five days will have been occupied in discussing its details.

Only *Macbeth* inviting *Macduff* to "lay on," or *Oliver Twist*, in circumstances too familiar to permit quotation, would complain of insufficiency of opportunity. For majority of Members it has proved embarrassingly liberal. This afternoon, as heretofore, resumption of sitting of Committee accepted as signal for general clearing out.

Had Clerk at Table, instead of citing Orders of the Day, wildly shouted, "Fire! Fire!" Members could not have fled with greater alacrity. Nor are they in haste to return. Only thing that brings them back is sound of division bell. Then they troop in by hundreds.

Porplexing if, momentarily returning to arena of debate, they were called upon to consider merits of question at whose decision they are about to assist. Happily there is an easier way. The Party Whips are at their posts. They indicate the right lobby for their men to vote in, and in they tumble. Ayes to right of us, Noes to left of us.

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to vote and fly

back to the smoking-room, the reading-room, the library, or whencesoever they may have been summoned by the tintinnabulation of the bell.

All the same, this does not prevent right honourable gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, or good Unionists in other parts of House, indignantly complaining of reckless ty-anny that

rushes revolutionary Bills through at this terrific pace.

Business done.—Clauses 33 to 36 added to Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Idle for SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA and his myrmidons to attempt to throw dust in eyes of RUPERT GWYNNE in matter of that transaction in silver carried out through agency of SAMUEL MONTAGU AND COMPANY. On face of it, as regarded by ordinary people, affair very simple. In reply to long series of questions HAROLD BAKER, on behalf of India Office, has given information even tiresome in its minute fulness. Select Committee has extracted evidence to effect that by shrewd management the firm, out-manceuvring body of honest traders bent on having their finger in the rich pie, saved the Treasury considerable sum.

That all very well in its way. RUPERT GWYNNE may be a young man from the country (Sussex), but you can't get over him. Day after day returns to topic with all the energy and freshness of one who approaches it for first time.

Turned up to-day with group of eight further queries marked by curiously intimate knowledge of technicalities of transactions in the silver market; could not be excelled if it were supplied by the baffled traders aforesaid.

SARK, in contradiction of accepted theories, asserts that RUPERT was the lay figure from which character of *Sherlock Holmes* was developed. Certainly there is something in the quietly assertive manner, the cool grey eye with which he fixes the Minister on the rack that recalls the great master of amateur detection. If he were within reach of Treasury Bench one would expect to see him lightly touch representative of India Office in neighbourhood of breast pocket, or peradventure on collar of coat, and produce a rupee which with aid of microscope would disclose damning evidence of criminal connivance between SECRETARY OF STATE and City house, designed to put money into their joint purse. Separated by full breadth of floor he can only smile—a smile of provoking intelligence—as he watches the hapless Minister struggling in net craftily cast about him.

Business done.—Clauses 37 to 41 of Home Rule Bill carried. In course of debate stranger in Gallery fell asleep; even snored. Member in Ministerial camp, worn out by excitement of situation, audibly joined him. Deep answered deep. Cadence of duet rose and fell whilst ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL explained what he proposes to do to ameliorate lot of Irish Royal Constabulary affected by transference of Government.

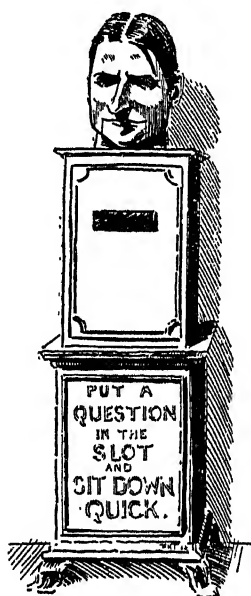
Thursday.—Monotony of continuous debate on Home Rule varied for some Ministers by pursuit of little side game already referred to in these columns. Winner is the man who can in briefest space of time read answer to Question concerning his Department. For some weeks running made between IRISH SECRETARY, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY.

By long practice ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has trained golden voice to speed that elsewhere might be taken as defying competition. As it happens, petty details with which he is supplied in refutation of minute personal gossip of Nationalist Members are so absolutely immaterial that the fact that no one can intelligently follow his break-neck speed is of no consequence. SYDNEY BUXTON is handicapped by comparatively weak voice which, put to the gallop, soon becomes inarticulate. MASTERMAN, at the start an outsider, has steadily made his way to the front.

In justice to his colleagues it should

be said he has advantage of fuller practice. Maid-of-all-work on Treasury Bench, he is liable at shortest notice to be called upon to reply for almost any department. This a long-established custom commonly respected by his predecessors. Incidence of Insurance Act added enormously to his labour at Question time. To inquiries thereupon, majority framed in fashion of intricate conundrums usually addressed to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY habitually replies.

Day after day punctually in his place, bringing his sheaves with him in form of countless type-written folios. Awaits signal to rise and roll off contents. If he emulated deliberate



elocution of JOHN BURNS he would, even if he omitted superfluous pronouns of the first person singular, occupy the whole of time allotted for Questions. To avoid personal predominance distasteful to modest man, he rattles off answers at terrific pace which, if he achieved it in capacity of chauffeur, would bring him to the police court with gyves on his wrists.

Performance curiously suggestive of operation of penny in the slot. Indispensable penny takes form of Questions coming up in catalogue. These being dropped one by one into his mouth (in Parliamentary sense, of course), machinery instantly begins to work. Before Member putting Question has fully resumed his seat MASTERMAN is halfway through the answer.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill through Committee stage.

Driver Nichol Knox.

The Cause of the Railway Strike:—Knox et preterea NICHOL.

"FOUR-PAWS" IN LONDON.

FOUR-PAWS, we know the sun is white
At dawn in Hampshire when the night
Deserts those frozen miles,
When robin creaks from wintry bush
And early milk-boy's breeches brush
The hoar-frost from the stiles;

Yet shall you never hear him more
Insistent at our cottage door,
Nor of his spoils partake;
Alas, poor puss, who stir and yawn
Uneasy in the London dawn
And in a flat awake.

Four-paws, forgive us! When apprised
Of our departure you devised,
No doubt, some darling plan
Of exodus that should surpass
His who removed last Michaelmas—
Your friend the dairy-man.

A mightier waggon on the road
You pictured and so vast a load
That all should turn and look—
Betsey precarious on the shaft,
Master and Mistress fore and aft,
The carter and the cook,

Nurse, with her knitting, in mid-air,
Carpets in bales, your favourite chair
And (the progressive path
With added glory to invest)
Our Four-paws couchant on the crest
Of an inverted bath.

Alas, what difference disgraced
Our flight! An obscure van replaced
The customary wain;
And you, with many a mournful cry,
Fettered by Betsey in the fly
And hampered in the train.

And now you're here. Well, it may be
The sun *does* rise in Battersea
Although to-day be dark;
Life is not shorn of loves and hates
While there are sparrows on the slates
And keepers in the Park;

And you yourself will come to learn
The ways of London and in turn
Assume your Cockney cares,
Like other folk who live in flats,
Chasing your purely abstract rats
Upon the concrete stairs.

"The debate was resumed shortly after five, and the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine, will probably continue, with slight interruptions, until the Christmas adjournment on the 19th."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Members must not be blamed if they cough and shuffle a little during this monstrous performance.

"The Three Fates—Clotho, the fate that can be averted; Lachesis, she who spins the Destiny of Man; and Atropos, the fate that none can avert or elude."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

Mal-a-propos is the fate that we are always trying to dodge.



Meek Visitor. "ANY LUCK TO-DAY?"
Gruff Angler (who has caught nothing). "YES, THANKS! I HAD A CAPITAL BREAKFAST OF HAM AND EGGS!"

THE RELIC-HUNTING SEASON.

SPLENDID BAGG.

THE Royal Astronomical Society has recently come into the possession of a piece of the identical apple-tree which grew in Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S garden and, by the fall of a fruit therefrom, suggested to him the law of gravitation. By a series of coincidences, which are so familiar to students of the doctrine of chances, a number of other interesting relics have simultaneously emerged from seclusion into the genial warmth of publicity.

Apropos of historic apples, it is curious that the civic museum at Lucerne should have just been enriched by one of the pips of the apple which WILLIAM TELL shot from the head of his son. The seed is much shrunk by age, but enough remains to stir the heart of any patriotic Swiss, no matter in what hotel, however distant, he may be acting as porter.

The history of the pip is beyond doubt authentic. The tyrant GESSLER seems to have preserved it as a token of high-class marksmanship and to have left it to his heir. The last of the line,

Fraülein Apfel Gessler, who recently deceased, left it to Lucerne.

Sir SIDNEY LEE, on behalf of the Trustees of SHAKESPEARE'S House at Stratford-on-Avon, has just written a letter of thanks to a Warwickshire gentleman (he prefers to be nameless), who has given to the Trustees a feather from the historic second-best bed left by SHAKESPEARE to ANN HATHAWAY. The interesting thing is that the bed turns out to have been stuffed with swan's down, and the committee of experts have agreed that this warm and luxurious material was torn for the purpose from SHAKESPEARE'S own body. Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE is, however, contesting this, his allegation being that it was torn from BACON, the Swan of Gray's Inn. Be that as it may, the Trustees are to be congratulated on their good fortune.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society great enthusiasm was caused by the announcement that the skeleton of the spider which taught the BRUCE the lesson of perseverance had been presented to the Society by Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. It appears that on the death of the famous arachnid, to

which BRUCE was devotedly attached, he kept its remains together with the web in a small leather case, which he wore round his neck until his death, and which was subsequently preserved at Dunfermline, where he was buried. The web unfortunately has disappeared, having been blown away in the great gale of 1839, but Mr. CARNEGIE has generously offered to present it to the Society in case of its recovery, and has offered a reward of a Free Library to the finder.

Lastly we have to chronicle the acquisition by the Refreshment Department of the British Museum of two of the cakes baked by ALFRED THE GREAT when he was lying *perdu* in the hut of a poor neatherd named GUNTHER. GUNTHER, a man of iron constitution, frequently tried to eat them when provisions ran low, but, owing to their brick-like consistency, failed in his purpose, and on learning the identity of his guest preserved them as an heirloom. Subsequently, under ALFRED'S patronage, he set up a confectioner's shop in London and founded the illustrious firm which has ever since had its headquarters in Berkeley Square.

CHARMING YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

By a Lady Contributor.

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

What to give one's male friends at the happy season of goodwill is always a difficulty, but all doubts should cease immediately one enters the fascinating doors of Messrs. Jenner and Ossity. Ingenious brains have been busy all the year in devising new and acceptable gifts, and the harvest now on view is a very rich one. Does your male friend smoke? What more suitable and novel than a cigarette case? Messrs. J. and O. have a delightful specimen constructed either of silver, gold, platinum or radium, according to the means of the purchaser or the measure of his or her love, to hold one each. But no one, it may be urged, wants only one cigarette. That is true, but Messrs. J. and O.'s idea is that the single case will be popular because it will discourage indiscriminate benevolence, no one expecting to be offered the only one left, while a number of these cases scattered about the person or worked in a jewelled bandolier made for the purpose will come to the same thing as having the same number of cigarettes in one case—a dull and antiquated arrangement in no way consonant with the novelty which Christmas should induce.

No gentleman is, of course, complete who does not play Bridge and Golf, and Messrs. J. and O. have specialised in neat and attractive accessories to these noble sports. Bridge-markers for the pocket in every design and of every substance may be seen at their establishment, one of the daintiest of which, made of 22-carat gold with enamelled points, is a minute model of S. Sofia at Constantinople—a very pleasing topical idea. One of the most alluring of the golf scoring books, with gold binding, is a miniature copy of *The Hole Duty of Man*, folio. Messrs. J. and O. also make the most perfect pencil-cases in London, and their special 1912 novelty in this direction is a box containing seven pencils, each with a jewelled top and each lettered with a day of the week, so many gentlemen having complained that it is irksome and degrading to use the same pencil two days running. A week's set in gold can be obtained for fifteen guineas.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

For the ladies there are novelties galore. Beautiful devices for moistening insurance stamps are, of course, old; but Messrs. J. and O. have many new designs, one of the most popular of which is a little silver figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with a flannel tongue always kept wet by

means of water; so that the inventor of the stamp is also the licker of it, as is only fit. Messrs. J. and O.'s telegram-openers are a 1912 novelty, and everyone will welcome their silver damp-detectors for the seats of motor-cars: a long-felt want.

But one of their cleverest gifts, the invention of which indicates not only that desire to please which ever distinguishes Messrs. J. and O., but also not a little knowledge of modern feminine weaknesses, is a beautiful morocco Prayer-Book, made in a variety of hues, in the cover of which is a tiny but perfect roulette wheel under glass. Very attractive little I. O. U. books, with counterfoils, for Bridge parties, can also be had for a guinea each, with tiny silver pencil included.

FOR CHAUFFEURS.

Quite a number of delicately appropriate gifts designed for these Hierophants of Speed are exhibited in a special apartment. Amongst those we may notice a charming little electric footwarmer, which can be worn inside the boot, and is ludicrously cheap at five guineas the pair. Very dainty also is the turquoise mounted book-rest, contrived to meet the literary needs of the chauffeur when he is waiting for his employer, with a diamond-hilted moustache-brush attached.

FOR PET DOGS.

Our humbler friends are by no means neglected by Messrs. Jenner and Ossity, and, in fact, everything is done to render the joyous anniversary over to be happily remembered by them. Jewelled collars are, of course, to be seen in great profusion; but what are more new and charming in their thoughtfulness are the gold and silver napkin rings for the little darlings, with a place for the name to be engraved. Photograph frames for the portraits of pedigree dog's father and mother side by side, are deservedly favourite gifts, and indicate Messrs. J. and O.'s thoroughness.

"After several hours' conversation to-day (Tuesday) with King Peter, M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister to Servia, said to leading Servian journalists:

'Gentlemen, get ready to pack your ion in every respect.'

These words are interpreted to imply that the situation is extremely serious."

New York Times.

For one of the sub-editors, perhaps.

"A. A.—There are 778,746 words and 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, and 3,882,851 acres in Yorkshire."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

An easy win for Yorkshire—unless a recount is demanded.

A MUTUAL MALADY.

WHEN Cecil gets a cold,
Or what he calls the "flu,"
I know, alas, of old,

Exactly what to do:

With unobtrusive sympathy, that's rather felt than seen,
I fetch the eucalyptus, I look for the quinine.

At that initial sneeze,

Full-throated and unchecked,

My marrow seems to freeze,

My gaiety is wrecked;

And, later, by each subsequent cacophonous "a-hem,"

All conjugal hilarity is boycotted *pro tem*.

A pall obscures our home,

It drapes the invalid,

No more he wants to roam—

I rather wish he did.

One hand supports his temple, and while whoozily he breathes

He's thinking who will "follow" and who'll send the biggest wreaths.

Some husbands make complaint;

He is not one of those;

But, patient as a saint,

He sits and blows his nose,

As by the fire he cowers in a room that faces South,

A clinical thermometer protruding from his mouth.

By rum and honey, hot,

The cold is next attacked.

He gulps down quite a lot—

Then comes the final act,

When, ousted by the biliousness that promptly intervenes,

The cold (or influenza) disappears behind the scenes.

In short, it takes a week

To see the business through,

By then my pallid cheek

Suggests a tonic too;

And I'm sometimes apt to wonder if a cold (or "flu") is worse

For the melancholy patient or the sympathetic nurse!

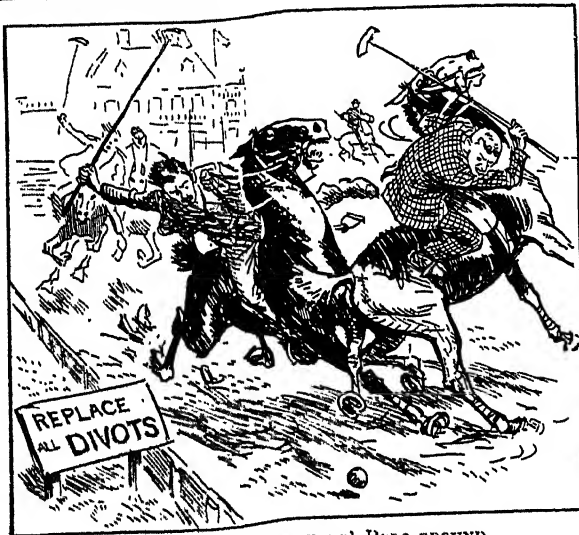
From a list of guests in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"Dr. Andrew Beattie (Dublin), the Rev. James Drummond (Oxford), LL.D., Hon. D. Litt, Mr. J. Stewart Wallace, Mr. C. R. Cooke-Taylor."

We are glad to see that our friend Mr. David Litt is about again.

"Johnny Summers (Canning Town) and Sid Burns (Aldgate), weighed in at two o'clock to-day, the former scaling 10st. 2lb. and the latter 1st. 5½lb."—*Liverpool Evening Express*. Shame, Johnny! Hit somebody your own size! (Still, we shall put a fiver on him.)

THE COCOA-MAKERS AT BOURNVILLE SEEM TO HAVE A GOOD TIME [SEE ADVTs.], BUT THIS IS NOTHING TO THE BLISSFUL LIFE OF THE MAKERS OF PUNCH. THE FOLLOWING TRACINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS CANNOT LIE.



THE PUNCH COMPOSITORS' POLO-GROUND.



THE PUNCH PLEASANCE (WHITEFRIARS).



THE PUNCH TYPISTS' SWIMMING-BATH IN THE GARDEN AT THE BACK OF BOUVERIE STREET.



THE PUNCH PROOF-READERS' BILLIARD-ROOM—SIXTY TABLES.



IF A PUNCH EMPLOYEE MARRIES, HER BRIDAL DRESS IS GIVEN BY THE FIRM, AND MANNEQUINS FROM PUCILLE'S ATTEND AND THE BLUSHING MAID MAKES HER CHOICE.

THE LEAGUE.

"EVERYTHING," said Mrs. Todd, bursting in upon us—"everything is combined against me." And she sighed heavily.

The house-party, Charles Derwent and myself, that is, smoked on in sympathetic silence. Todd was not present; he was included in the "everything."

"There is a league," she said, adding, as she brandished a couple of handsome candlesticks, "and these are the last to join it. Really, isn't it vexing?"

"Most vexing," said I.

"Too vexing," said Charles.

The pair of us sat uneasily, trying to look a good deal more vexed than our inner feelings warranted. Our private difficulty was that this was a Saturday morning, and a week-end at the Todds' is the most comfortable prospect in the world. Moreover, we knew that Mrs. Todd is really the happiest of women, being the wife of a plutocrat who adores her. At heart she knows nothing but joy, for she has got everything she wants, as she wants it and when she wants it.

"Things," she continued, "have taken a dislike to me, and are determined to do me down. Well, isn't it enough to make anybody depressed?"

"We have said as much," said I; "and

if only we might be told to what we are referring, we would say so again, even more emphatically. We are—and I speak for my colleague as well as myself—we are out to oblige."

"It all began by Todd's mother giving us these silver candlesticks."

"How tiresome of her!" muttered Charles.

"And, whether we like it or not, they must be on the table to-night, since she is coming to dine with us."

"How more than tiresome of her!" said I.

"And then Todd, instead of just getting a couple of candles to put in them, must have them converted."

"Converted?" asked Charles. "To what faith?"

"To the electric light."

"The true light?" I put in.

"So far," said Charles, in a judicial manner, "though I agree that Todd and his mother have behaved abominably

in the matter, I don't quite see where the league comes in? Are there no more members?"

"There was next the silver-smith, who, instead of converting them into lamps, as he was told to, adapted them for holding electric candles. These require a peculiarly small bulb which our local electrician, also in the plot, did not stock. I went all the way to London to get them, and while I was there I ordered shades and shade-holders. They have just arrived."

"Tell us," said Charles—"tell us how *they* have got the better of you."

Mrs. Todd paused dramatically and then explained. "I particularly told the shopman that, however much I had wanted electric lamps, what I had got and what I wanted shades and shade-

So she left us, and tripped over the doormat in her exit. That did not surprise her, however; as she said, no doubt the doormat was in the conspiracy.

I don't know whether you have ever met a candlestick which is an electric candlestick. Charles and I had not, so we took one apiece and hastened to make its acquaintance. We soon discovered that the pith of the matter is the candle itself, a porcelain tube, hollow and apparently fragile. If you were to smash it, a lot of brass rods and wires and other mechanism would stand exposed; not a fit decoration for any dinner-table. Charles and I, setting to work upon our several candlesticks without any pre-determined scheme, started, of course, by smashing the porcelain tubes.

Our hostess returned to find her guests very intently engaged in perusing the morning's news. There was nothing incriminating lying about, but one of the discarded weeklies on the floor had a suspicious bulge. However, she did not trouble to look beneath it.

"I find that dear old Todd has been and got shade-holders that will fit candles," she said quite happily. "Things have taken a turn for the better. I am sorry to have wasted your time."

"I suppose," said Charles from behind

his paper, "that Todd will have wasted his time if there are no candles for his shade-holders to fit?"

"But I know that there *are*," she said confidently.

"I shouldn't be too sure," said I. "You know how unpopular you are just now."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

We rose and linked arms. We regarded her with frigid aloofness. We removed the discarded weekly and revealed the *débris* of the porcelain tubes. "We have joined the league," we said.

"She gave a vivid account of who is as yet almost unknown in Britain."

Scotsman.

This ought to help him to get known.

"A banker, who doesn't know one note from another, goes into rapture over opera."

Evening Standard.

None the less it is unwise to offer him a home-made fiver.



Philanthropist. "Now, you boy, why don't you give that man a hand?"
Boy. "GIVE 'IM A 'AND! WHY, IT'S GOING OF ITS OWN ACCORD."

holders for were not electric lamps but candles."

"But, Mrs. Todd," said Charles, "surely that was giving the man his opening? You should have guessed that he would be one of the enemy, however carefully disguised. Anyhow, you cannot be surprised that he has sent you——"

"Shades and holders to fit lamps only," said I, having also experienced in my time these deliberate combinations of circumstances.

"Everything and everybody is against me to-day," said she.

We rose as one man and shook our pipes into the grate. "Not everybody," we said, "there is still us." And we took charge of the matter, assuring her that if she would leave us alone for half-an-hour the shade-holders should be forced to fit candles, even electric candles, and the coalition-opposition should be thwarted.



GEO. MORROW.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

THE KING'S REMEMBRANCER TACTFULLY REMINDS HENRY VIII. THAT HIS MAJESTY HAS ALREADY BEEN MARRIED FIVE TIMES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

King Errant (HEINEMANN) is one of those somewhat perplexing books that set themselves to tell fact as fiction. In it FLORA ANNIE STEEL has accomplished very successfully the task of writing the life of a real man in the terms of a novel. *Babar*, Emperor of India—poet, painter, soldier, athlete, gentleman, musician, beggar, and king—is her hero, and the story of his adventurous life, drawn from his own records, is her material. You will not need my assurance that there is no writer living who could have used it to better advantage. But (and let me hasten to assure Mrs. STEEL that what follows is the sincerest tribute of my admiration) I am glad that the task, well done, will now leave her free for pure fiction again. These stories "founded on fact," even when the result is so fascinating as this quite undeniably is, always produce in me a sensation of profound unreality. I can never enjoy the most witty or appropriate talk because of my suspicion that the real persons never talked it. If the persons are confessedly only real as the creations of a distinguished novelist, I can believe in them whole-heartedly. All of which amounts to saying that while I admired *King Errant* and enjoyed it for what it was, I am so ungrateful as to grumble at its not being the unfettered work of one of my favourite story-tellers, simply because while truth is sometimes stranger than fiction it is often less convincing.

The Bloomsbury boarding-house directed by Mrs. Sockitt, with the languid moral support of that prince of loafers, her husband, was such a cosy little place, and so full of delight-

ful people, that if I had lived there I should certainly have tried to return to it from the grave. I should have wanted to see more of Miss Meadows, of Susette, of Owen Bachelor, and of the maid-of-all-work, Fanny, who on Sunday afternoons, sallying out in gay attire, was always met at the corner by a meek young man, whom she invariably greeted with the astonished, "Well—an' w're on earth 'ave you sprung from?" The motives, however, which led the hero of Mr. TOM GALLON's *Levity Hicks* (LONG) to make such a return were deeper and more complex. Like most men who die suddenly, *Levity* (short for *Leviticus*) had left much undone that he would have wished to have done before leaving this world; and the second half of the story tells how he came back and did it. As is generally the case with Mr. GALLON's work, the charm of the book is due to the fact that the author does not forget that he has a sense of humour; though, with such a theme, it has naturally to be held back and only unleashed at somewhat rare intervals. The characters of the inhabitants of the little world of *Sockitt's* are individualized with much apparently effortless skill, and the author reveals a kindly sympathy for all of them, however unprepossessing on the surface, with the single exception of *Horace Rutherglen*, concerning whom, indeed, it would require an extraordinarily lenient judge to say a good word. Most of the plot stands or falls by the credibility of *Horace's* villainy; and, as far as I am concerned, it stands. I recommend the book as one of the best I have read for a very long time.

An author who writes in the first person and allows one of his characters to take the liberty of describing him as "spending his mornings in the Museum reading-room and

his afternoons in the reading-room of the Museum, writing dull political leaders which no one reads, and reading musty old books which no one ought to have written," is worth looking into, and Mr. ERIC PARKER is worth that and more. His *Promise of Arden* (SMITH, ELDER) is the sunniest and most natural story I have read this year. Its theme is children and the country, and of the two I prefer the former. With the exception of Peggy, who threatens at times to be a prig, they had hardly—God bless them!—a virtue between them. They were gloriously alive and thoroughly destructive. *Dacia* was my favourite; strictly speaking, she was a grown-up, but I cannot find any excuse for her heartless and mischievous flirtations, except by regarding her as a child along with the rest of them. Frankly, I fell in love with *Dacia*, and I had the feeling, as I read, that *Dacia* rather liked me. That, of course, shows how clever Mr. PARKER has been in the making of his flirt. With his picture of the country he has been less clever, or perhaps too clever. Delicate and careful as it is, it has a touch of affectation, which is the very last thing one expects in the real country. Let that pass, however; the main point is that here is a quite delightful novel for the discriminating reader.

I am wondering whether I have had as much pleasure in Mr. G. F. BRADBY's latest book, *When every Tree was Green* (SMITH, ELDER), as I derived some time ago from his *Dick* (that delightful work!). Almost, I think; and his admirers will understand how high is this praise. One misses, of course, the touch of gravity that

completed Mr. BRADBY's study of school-boyhood; that is outside the scope of his present task, which is a picture of nursery-life from the child's view, drawn with an engaging humour that is always kindly and never for one moment degenerates into the sentimental. At times it may remind you of *The Golden Age*, and I can only add that acquaintance with his grown-ups will by no means lessen your enjoyment of Mr. BRADBY's fascinating kiddies. There are six of them, each with a marked and human individuality that is the result (I suspect) of study from an actual model, and with a fine gift for the most varied and pleasant adventure. Read the chapter in which they give rein to a sudden passion for "Doing Good." There is a smile on nearly every page of it (as the advertisements might, but do not, say), a reminiscent smile that acknowledges the truth of Mr. BRADBY's observation and memory. A book, in short, that will have no enemies and countless friends—and one that no bachelor should be without.

I shouldn't be surprised if PIERRE LE CLERQ's real name were *Pierette*, so fantastical and so inconsequently feminine is the general handling of *The Enchanting Mysteries of*

Kathleen Carter (GRANT RICHARDS). Here is an eccentric, imaginative and diverting book, which yet contrives to miss the distinction which its opening chapters promised. Nor does it quite escape absurdity; but its faults do not outweigh its odd charm. *Kathleen* is a mid-Victorian actress and danseuse of exquisite beauty and untarnishable virtue. A mysterious Mr. Gray, a young foreign potentate, is sojourning incognito in England with his tutor, *Cheyne-Shelton*, a super-intellectual drunken giant with a new and profound philosophy of life (happily only hinted at, not explained). Under the tutor's influence he contracts with *Kathleen* an "amazing marriage," of which there is quite unexpected issue in the person of the boy *Theo*, precociously a poet and predestinate leader of men. The author has not enough skill to make his story bear the weight of the mysteries suggested, or not enough patience to develop the indicated themes which pique the reader's curiosity. Certain things are admirable—the early life of *Kathleen* with quaint adoring little Miss Reber: the strange court-

ship of Mr. Gray; the ecstatic but real, understandable friendship of the boys *Theo*, *Arthur* and *Phil*; the very clever invention of the child *Theo*'s poems, with the suggestion of the hurrying confusion of ideas far outreaching the immature faculty of expression; and the careful and quite interesting reproduction of the catchwords, attitudes and atmosphere of the period.

The publishers of *Let Justice be Done* (HURST & BLACKETT) announce that it makes its strongest appeal to those readers who insist that a novel shall hold their



PHYSICAL CULTURE IN OUR PARKS.

"NAB, LIS'N. YER GRABS AT THE BAR, SWINGS YERSSELF FORW'D, AN' WHEN YER GETS BACK TO ABART SO FUR, JAB YER LEG OVER THE BAR, JUST AS IF YOU 'ERE GITTIN' ON TO AN 'ORSE, 'EAVE WIV OER YER MIGHT, ON'Y NOT TOO 'ARD, 'OLLER YER BACK OER THE TIME AN' LET EV'RY MOVEMENT 'BE HEASY AN' GRICEFUL. . . WOT D'YER SAY? YER CAN'T REACH THE BAR? OH! GO AN' 'AVE ANOTHER SWING."

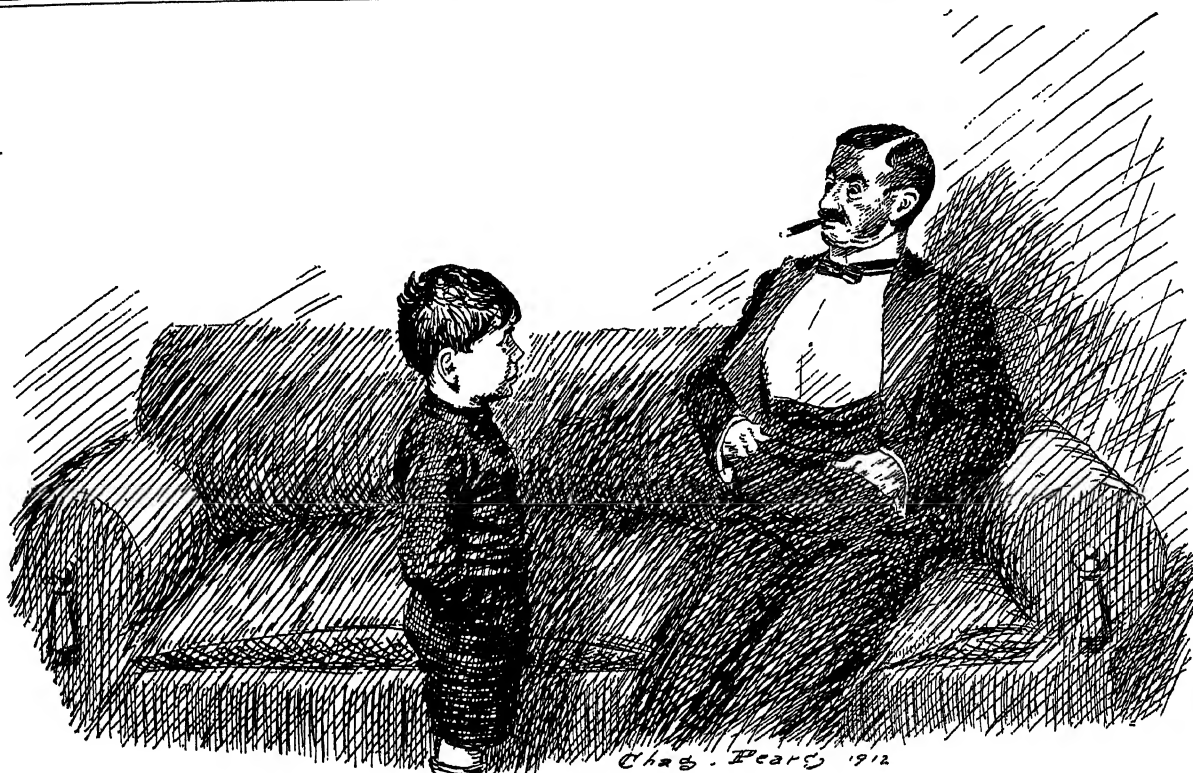
attention from first page to last, but, in obedience to Mr. MARK ALLERTON's title, I feel constrained to add that his appeal may not be urgent enough to reach those who like their fiction to bear a resemblance to fact. For my own part, however, I am boyishly delighted to find that my appetite for an honest shocker—the price seems to have gone up—is as eager as ever. Here we see a Lord Chief Justice calmly sentencing a man to death for the crime he has himself committed. I doubt if a novelist's imagination ever reached a giddier height of improbability than this; but Mr. ALLERTON is merely out to give excitement, and if you can swallow a few unlikelyhoods I promise that you will get it. Altogether a feverishly engrossing melodrama with a love story duly thrown in, and infinitely better written than the majority of its kind.

Our Rude Reptiles.

"Prods with the office ruler only provoked more violent movement, and at last one officer cut open the bag with his sabre, and two boa-constrictors quickly left the room and slammed the door."

Exeter Express.

"Manners!" as LORD WINTERTON is always saying to his pet boa-constrictor.



THE ICONOCLAST.

Little Boy. "I'VE FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT SANTA CLAUS. (Pause.) I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS ROBINSON CRUSOE BUSINESS NEXT."

CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the German Government has objected to the sale of a Parseval airship to the British Admiralty. This would seem to confirm the rumour that we are getting the wrong pattern. * *

The Greek representatives at the Peace Conference have, we hear, expressed a very natural wish to see the air-ships Beta, Gamma, and Delta. * *

Among the war books with which we are threatened is one by a correspondent who was specially well looked after by the Turkish Censor, and this, it is said, will bear the title: "Among the Muzzlems." * *

We are glad to hear from the Rector of Gunton-with-Hanworth, Norfolk, that German slates will not be used for the roof of his church after all. Recent proceedings in Parliament prove that there are plenty of persons in this country able to slate an English church. * *

Whether the Post-Impressionist movement is responsible for it we cannot say, but Art has certainly fallen on evil days in this country. An indignant artist draws our attention to

the following offensive advertisement of a clock in a widely circulated catalogue:—

"Height 6½ in., width 6½ in., depth 3½ in. With hand-coloured Sporting Picture. Can be supplied without Sporting Picture at same price." * *

"MAETERLINCK?" said the young lady. "Isn't he the man who is interested in bees, and wrote *The Treasure of the Bumble?*" * *

"A perfectly white snipe with pink eyes and lemon-coloured legs has been shot at Salthouse, Norfolk." These eccentrics have sometimes to be taught a sharp lesson. * *

A boy who, last week, attempted to open a ship's rocket with a chopper was seriously injured. This, we believe, is in accordance with precedent. * *

We hear that at a recent Fancy Dress Ball a lady left in a huff because a member of the committee asked her if she would take part in an Ancient Folk Dance. * *

The suggestion has been made that a Territorial corps shall be formed from actors who are unable to join ordinary battalions. The idea seems to us to be

a good one in view of the fact that cinematograph operators now take photographs of battles, and so few soldiers seem to realise the heroic attitudes they should adopt in order to make the pictures a success. * *

A demonstration has been given at Southport of a new motor vacuum road-cleansing machine. It is hoped that this new type of scavenger will be made strong enough to suck up motor-bikes along with dust and other refuse. * *

The extension of the Twopenny Tube proceeds apace, to judge by the following advertisement:—

CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY
CHRISTMAS IN ROME
FOR 8 DAYS
FOR £13 13 0

* * *
Fossil remains which were uncovered by a fall of cliff at Bacton, Norfolk, have, we are told, been "identified" by the curator of Norwich Museum as those of the skull of a primeval elephant. Whether these beasts were once natives of our island, or whether this particular one was imported by a local showman, is a question as to which the curator's memory is said to fail him.

THE TUDOR PERIOD.

"WHY," said Francesca, "do I find you in so despondent a mood?"

"I will answer both your questions," I said. "You find me because, presumably, you have looked for me in the right place; and I am despondent because I have had a shock."

"This, then," said Francesca with enthusiasm, "is one of those moments to which every wife worthy of the name looks forward. I am here to bear my share of your shock. Try me. You will not find me wanting."

"You are pleased," I said, "to be playful. Francesca, you do not know what has happened."

"No," said Francesca, "for you have paid the rates and nearly all the bills, and you have money to meet the taxes. Your favourite Government is still in office; your spaniel is snoring in perfect health; your collar is not frayed; you have not recently met your publisher. What *can* have happened? Tell me, oh, tell me."

"Francesca," I said, "what do you know of BUCKINGHAM?"

Francesca laughed. "Buckingham," she said, "is a sleepy old town in Buckinghamshire or Bucks."

"Francesca, I meant the Duke, not the town. Listen while I read from this document: 'Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was James the First's favourite adviser. His chief attractions were his pleasant manner and his handsome face. He was a great friend of Charles, Prince of Wales, and was assassinated at Portsmouth.' Francesca, you knew little or nothing of all this. I myself——"

"I confess," interrupted Francesca, "that I had forgotten much that I am not sure I ever knew about this Duke. But you yourself——"

"And that is just what I was going to say. I myself have discovered strange gaps in my knowledge of VILLIERS. His story was not so familiar to me as it ought to have been."

"What on earth," said Francesca, "is the paper from which you have been reading?"

"You shall know later. Tell me in the meantime what you know about the Tudor period."

"But this," said Francesca, "is an examination."

"Do not," I said, "evade the question. Much may depend on your answer."

"ELIZABETH," said Francesca hesitatingly, "and, oh yes, SHAKESPEARE."

"Thank heaven," I said, "you know no more than I. Listen, Francesca. 'The Tudor period was an era of exploration and discovery. In Henry the Seventh's reign John Cabot discovered the island of Newfoundland. Sir Francis Drake——' I will spare you Sir FRANCIS. 'Sir Walter Raleigh wanted to found Virginia, but he was such a favourite at Court that Queen Elizabeth would not let him go'—and there is much else."

"But what," said Francesca, "has all this nonsense got to do with you and me? What is Virginia to you, and what am I to JOHN CABOT? Are you wandering in your mind?"

"Francesca, it is not nonsense, and I was never saner. One more question: how would you define 'gender' if your life depended on it?"

"That's easy," said Francesca. "Women, you know, and men. Ask me another."

"No, Francesca, I will not, but I will tell you what 'gender' is."

"This," said Francesca, "is going to be something about votes for women."

"You are, as usual, mistaken—but, after all, who am I that I should upbraid you? Learn, then, that 'gender' is a grammatical distinction which we make in words; and in

English this distinction usually corresponds with the natural difference of sex."

"I should never have guessed that," said Francesca, and with a swift movement she possessed herself of the papers I held in my hand.

"Why," she said, "these are Muriel's examination papers. How did you get them?"

"They sent them to me," I said, "to show how well she had done. Francesca, there is something dark and dreadful about the variety and extent of that child's knowledge. How can you and I, who are profoundly ignorant, ever meet her again on the old terms? She might lead the conversation to the Tudor period or ask us to analyse an English sentence."

"Well," said Francesca, "we can mug up her papers, and then we shall be even with her."

"Francesca," I said, "I refuse to mug up anything. I have long since done with muggings up. Besides, there are countless subjects, untouched in her papers, on which she could defeat us. If she asks us the feminine of 'drake' you are sure to say 'goose,' and I shall probably say 'cynnet.' Where shall we be then?"

"We could always send her to bed," said Francesca.

"But she might choose the breakfast hour."

"Or we might say we were too busy."

"No, Francesca, it would all be useless. We shall stand revealed to her as ignoramus. Oh, what a monstrous thing is this modern craze for education! Surely the old classical learning with a sprinkling of mathematics was sufficient for all purposes. It has made Englishmen what they are."

"It has made one Englishman an ignoramus," said Francesca; "but you needn't worry about Muriel. She won't think of examinations. Her mind's full of the New Year's dance. Besides, if you give it time it'll all run off her like water off a duck's back."

"Francesca," I said, "how splendid! 'Duck'! That is the feminine of 'drake.'"

R. C. L.

THE CHRISTMAS COCK-PHEASANT.

THE Christmas cock-pheasant he crows on the hill,
His spurs are as javelins, as horn is his bill;
A fox for fine cunning, he's brave to behold,
A Syrian gleaming in purple and gold;

A sage of fourth season

He knows the red reason

For sticks in the cover and "stops" in the strip,
And back through the beaters he'll modestly slip!

When first season youngsters swing over the trees
To plump in the open as dead as a cheese,
He'll run like a rabbit, he'll squat like a hare,
But nothing will make him get up in the air;

The boys hit and hammer

The tree-trunks and clamour,

The gun on the flank stands in just the right spot,
But he's back up the hedge-row to rise out of shot!

When the last drive's been driven, the last stand been stood,

When the last of the beaters push out of the wood,
When the slowest retriever has ceased to "seek dead"
Where the snow-powdered stubble rings hard to the tread,

He's not for the pick-up;

Hark, there's his hoarse hiccup

Afar in the twilight, blue, jewelled and chill,
The hoary old blackguard who laughs at 'em still!



PRINCE CHARMING AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SIR EDWARD GREY (to *Peace*, adopting the language of diplomacy). "ÉVEILLEZ-VOUS, MADemoisELLE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT."

[Official Translation: Wake up, Miss, if you please.]

THE INTERVIEW.

A STUDY IN HUMILIATION.

The Editor of "Solace and Vim" to Mr. HORACE BEAMES.

DEAR SIR,—I should much esteem the privilege of placing an interview with yourself before the myriad readers of *Solace and Vim*, many of whom are no doubt familiar with your admirable and popular romance, *The Petrified Ocean*, and would like to know more about your personality. If you have no objection will you kindly name a convenient time to receive a representative of the paper?

Yours faithfully,

EDITOR OF *Solace and Vim*.

Mr. HORACE BEAMES to the Editor of "Solace and Vim."

DEAR SIR,—It will give me much pleasure to converse with your representative, but only on the understanding that I have the opportunity of reading a proof of the interview before publication. On this condition I should be glad if he would come to lunch on Monday next at 1.15.

Yours faithfully,

HORACE BEAMES.

Mr. HORACE BEAMES to Mrs. BEAMES.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just had a splendid piece of luck. I have been asked by the Editor of *Solace and Vim* to let one of the staff interview me! Look out for it.

Your loving HORACE.

Mr. HORACE BEAMES to the Editor of "Solace and Vim."

DEAR SIR,—This is just a line to remind you of your promise that I should see a proof of the interview before it was published. Mr. Willish and I talked of so many things besides those intended for print that I am a little anxious.

Yours faithfully,

HORACE BEAMES.

Telegram from the Editor of "Solace and Vim" to Mr. HORACE BEAMES.

Greatly regret but owing to misunderstanding interview already published. Feel confident however you will approve everything.

Telegram from Mr. HORACE BEAMES to the Editor of "Solace and Vim."

Stop issue. Interview is utterly misleading and damaging.

Mr. MORDAUNT YATES to Mr. HORACE BEAMES.

MY DEAR HORACE,—Chancing at my dentist's to pick up *Solace and Vim*, a paper I have never seen before, I was amazed to find you expressing yourself freely in its columns on certain matters which many of us not

so advanced as yourself still hold sacred. You say, for instance, "Divorce is as essential to the well-being of our race as marriage;" and in response to the interviewer's question, "What is your view, Mr. Beames, of the limits of realism in fiction?" you reply, "The novelist should suppress nothing. It is a duty he owes to Society." Now I have not your advantage of being a single young man of twenty-four with a popular story to my name and an income largely derived from a relative's generosity, and therefore I cannot understand what you mean; but I should very much like to be told.

Your affectionate Uncle,

MORDAUNT YATES.

From "The Literary Forum."

It is not uninteresting to think now and then how times have changed. Look, for example, at Dr. JOHNSON being turned from Lord CHESTERFIELD's door, and then open the current number of *Solace and Vim*, where three columns are given to the description of a conceited young man and his opinions on all matters under the sun, for no other reason than that he has written a glib story which has run into three or four editions. As to what these opinions are worth, one will suffice. "'I consider,' said Mr. Beames, leaning back with a super-subtle smile on his sensitive lips, 'MATISSE as far above LEONARDO as PAVLOVA is beyond St. VITUS.'"

Mrs. BEAMES to HORACE BEAMES.

MY DEAR BOY,—How could you be so vain and silly? And I thought you so level-headed under your success. Once again let me urge on you the wisdom of going into the Bank and giving up all but occasional writing.

Your loving MOTHER.

Mr. HORACE BEAMES to Mr. MORDAUNT YATES.

MY DEAR UNCLE MORDAUNT,—Is it necessary for me to assure you that I never said a deal of it at all? I was asked by the editor if I would be interviewed, and thinking it might be useful to me in getting my name better known I said Yes, but only on the understanding that I was to see a proof. This understanding was broken, and I am still blushing from the horrors of the printed travesty of what I said, or rather what I meant, for it is true that I did say some of these things, but purely ironically, with no notion that they would either be used or misconstrued. As a matter of fact the things that he has used were chiefly those that I said at lunch before he took out his notebook, and many even of these are distorted. Other things really about myself he has left out.

The remark about realism was a joke: Society was spelt with a big S, meaning the Smart Set, for whom the rather warmer novels are supposed to be written. The divorce passage was a burlesque epigram. The remark about MATISSE was also nothing but a joke, just to see how far he (the ass) would let anyone go in support of his own Post-Impressionism. I personally hate it. But I have learned my lesson. Never again will I be ironical with anyone who has the power of print.

Your affectionate Nephew,

HORACE.

From the "Sowbridge Weekly Gazette and East Works Advertiser."

It is with pleasure that we draw our readers' attention to the current number of our contemporary, *Solace and Vim*, which contains a deeply interesting interview with our gifted young townsman, Mr. HORACE BEAMES, now a resident in the Metropolis and on his way to becoming a distinguished novelist. In this interview Mr. BEAMES covers the whole range of modern thought and is always deeply suggestive. We congratulate not only him but Sowbridge.

Miss LAVINIA SPIRE to Mr. HORACE BEAMES.

MY DEAR HORACE,—I think I ought to tell you that I was much pained by a reference to one of the Saints in a strange interview with you. I admit that St. VITUS is not a Saint in mentioning whom one involuntarily hushes the voice, but none the less the habit of flippancy is one to be steadily avoided, and I sincerely hope you will consider seriously what I say,

Your affectionate AUNT LAVINIA.

P.S.—Who is PAVLOVA?

The Editor of "Solace and Vim" to Mr. HORACE BEAMES.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to have sent no reply to your numerous telegrams and letters, but I have been enjoying a hard-earned holiday in Paris. I fail to see that, beyond a little natural annoyance, which I share, at the negligence of my Sub-Editor, you have any grievance. I find the interview both entertaining and informing, and it should give you a very useful lift. Sooner or later everyone sees *Solace and Vim*, and you will be getting press cuttings with your choicest tit-bits in them for months to come. Let me congratulate you and again thank you for so kindly acceding to my request. I would merely add that Willish is one of the best and most responsible interviewers in London.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,

EDITOR OF *Solace and Vim*.



Sportsman (on his favourite hobby). "THERE YOU ARE! ANOTHER 'LONG-TAIL.' WHAT DO I ALWAYS SAY? LONG-TAILED HORSES QUITH OUT OF PLACE IN THE HUNTING FIELD."

Lady (innocently). "OH, BUT SURELY THE TAIL DOESN'T MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE AS ALL THAT IN THE WEIGHT?"

THE LAST DANCE.

TAUGHT by a Laureate's singing,
That down the grooves of changeo
The world must needs go ringing,
If it would forward range,
I've followed in succession
Each liberal profession,
My single prepossession
The quest of something strange.
I duly ate my dinners;
I once received a brief,
And earned for sundry sinners
An undeserved relief;
I planted tea (for TWINING),
Then for adventure pining
I turned my thoughts to mining
And struck upon a reef.
For gold I've gone a-hunting
At Calgary and Ems,
At Monte practised punting,
As well as on the Thames;
I even tried gun-running,
A game that needs some cunning,
And once was simply stunning
When played by Captain Semmes.
The Persian Gulf was trying
And grew too hot for me,
And so I took to flying
To exorcise ennui;

But here, though clad in leather,
I found the Channel weather
Too chilly altogether
For landing in the sea.

I've dealt in oil and blubber,
In furs and frocks and frills;
I've worked a ramp in rubber,
I've run illicit stills;
I've warred with General BOTHA,
I've ranched in Minnesota,
Lost money on pelota
And made a mint in pills.

But all these occupations,
Lit by the lure of gold,
Though lavish of sensations,
Left me in spirit cold;
Yes, cold as Monte Rosa
Or any ice-king's sposa,
Until with ESPINOSA
At last I farandoled!

The rapture felt by PEARY
When first he viewed the Pole;
The humour of Dundreary
The mirth of old King Cole;
The things that make a hatter
Indulge in hare-brained chatter—
All things, in short, that matter
Blend in the farandole.

It's crudely corybantic,
Yet sates the modern Soul,
And ends in one fierce, frantic
Gigantic caracole;
'Twould frighten an Afridi,
Demoralize a D.D.,
In fine, it is the Midi,
This fearsome farandole.

Modesty.

"We must once more point out that we are not the Unionist leaders."—*Spectator*.
Chorus of Unionist working men:
"Go hon!"

"Finally there are the holly and the mistle-toe; and for those who still cling to these natural decorative materials there is a good supply available."—*Westminster Gazette*.
The new Christmas game: Picking uncle off the holly.

"Their power is abaft the pinnacle, to employ a seafaring term."—*Sporting Mail*.
The worst of employing a seafaring term is that you may get it wrong.

"SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—To-morrow at 6.30 p.m. . . . Bro. J. D. Roberts will take part in the service."—*Advt. in "The Manchester Evening Chronicle."*
But only as a warning.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TIDE."

It was a pleasant fancy of that child-like race, the ancient Greeks, that when they assisted at a play (dealing, of course, with some familiar myth or history) they were in the happy position of gods, capable of enjoying by anticipation the irony of events which were hidden from the characters of the drama. (The ingenious *Agamemnon* goes to his bath. Ha! ha! we know that the poor old thing is going to his death.) But the fun may be on the other side of the footlights, for the actors in a new modern play must sometimes enjoy ironically this same sense of superiority in the knowledge of a future still veiled from the audience. Thus when the interpreters of Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS' play remarked the warm reception accorded to the earlier scenes they must have said to themselves, "Ah! but our friends in front don't know what's coming in the last Act; they'll be let down badly there."

Not that I ever quite understood their approval of those earlier scenes. It is true that the first Act introduced us to a bedroom; but even a bedroom scene cannot altogether compensate for the improbability of its female occupant or the doubtful sincerity of the author who put her there. If he had wanted honestly to illustrate the noble instinct of maternity—an excellent object in these days—and not to be merely extravagant and bizarre, he would never have chosen so extreme a sample. Here was a *demi-mondaine*, a drugged wreck of a woman, who had just escaped vulgar suicide through ignorance of the mechanism of a toy revolver, and we were asked to believe that the secret of her life's tragedy was her vain longing to recover a child that had been smuggled away from her twenty years ago, before she had even set eyes on it—a child that was the fruit of a chance day's acquaintanceship with a man whose name she had not had the curiosity to learn. This was to make a heavy demand on the credulity even of a theatre audience; but so firm and businesslike were the methods of Mr. NORMAN TREVOR as the doctor to whom *Felicity Scarth* confided her maternal yearnings that some of us felt that if she could impose upon him with her story we might just as well be imposed upon too in such good company. And when, without the faintest clue, he undertook to search for the missing child, not one of us doubted that he (or she) would be run down before the evening was much older.

And our confidence was more than justified. For though we were put off

for a bit by the appearance of another "love-child"—stray "love-children" seemed rather numerous in that little Guernsey watering-place, which was also remarkable for the Irish accent of a local tar—we were very soon on the right track. And here a complication ensued, slightly reminiscent of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. For the soldier-man who was engaged to the "love-child" developed a flirtation with *Felicity*, and the knowledge of this fact did not prejudice the girl in her favour before she learned that her rival happened also to be her mother. Nor did the manner in which the revelation



Dr. Stratton (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Felicity Scarth* (Miss ETHEL WARWICK). "You have never seen your child? It was hidden away from you nearly twenty years ago, and you have no clue to its sex or name or whereabouts? Good! I will find it for you. That shall be my part in the Simple Life which I am prescribing."

was made conduce to the improvement of matters. It was done by the doctor in the presence of both mothers, the real and the assumed, as well as the young man who wanted to marry the one and resign the prospect of becoming son-in-law to the other. The girl was wearing a scarlet cloak at the time, and in order to break the news more deftly the doctor made this the text for a reconstruction of the legend of Little Red Riding Hood. I can't say how far this tactfulness mitigated for the love-child the painfulness of his disclosure; but she did not take it at all well. In the end *Felicity* had to sacrifice the gratification of her maternal instincts and console herself with the love of the faithful doctor.

We all hoped that their union would be fruitful.

I find that I have not yet mentioned the Tide, which gave its name to the play. It only started work in the last Act, and tried to make up for the delay by the most appalling uproar. In consequence the apostrophes addressed to it by the other love-child (Mr. SHIEL BARRY)—literary afterthoughts that had no bearing, as far as I could follow them, on what had gone before—had to be conducted in tones as of a trumpet. This Demosthenic competition made a rather depressing side-show.

Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS did some clever work in *The New Sin*, and some passable work in *Love and what then?* but this time I don't think he quite knew what he was after. Probably he was out for sensation. But the instinct of maternity is too elemental a theme to require that kind of advertisement. There was a moment of sincerity in the play when the woman (Miss CECILY HAMILTON) who had adopted the love-child told to the real mother the tragedy of her childlessness. But for the most part the author does not seem to have worried about the truth of his sentiments so long as he imagined them likely to be effective on a stage.

As for the humour of the play—I speak of the deliberate kind—it was largely assigned to a subsidiary character—a boatman, very genially played by Mr. MACMILLAN. I confess to a preference for having my humorous relief supplied by the chief characters or developed out of the leading motive, and not inserted like a detachable coloured supplement. But this is asking a good deal.

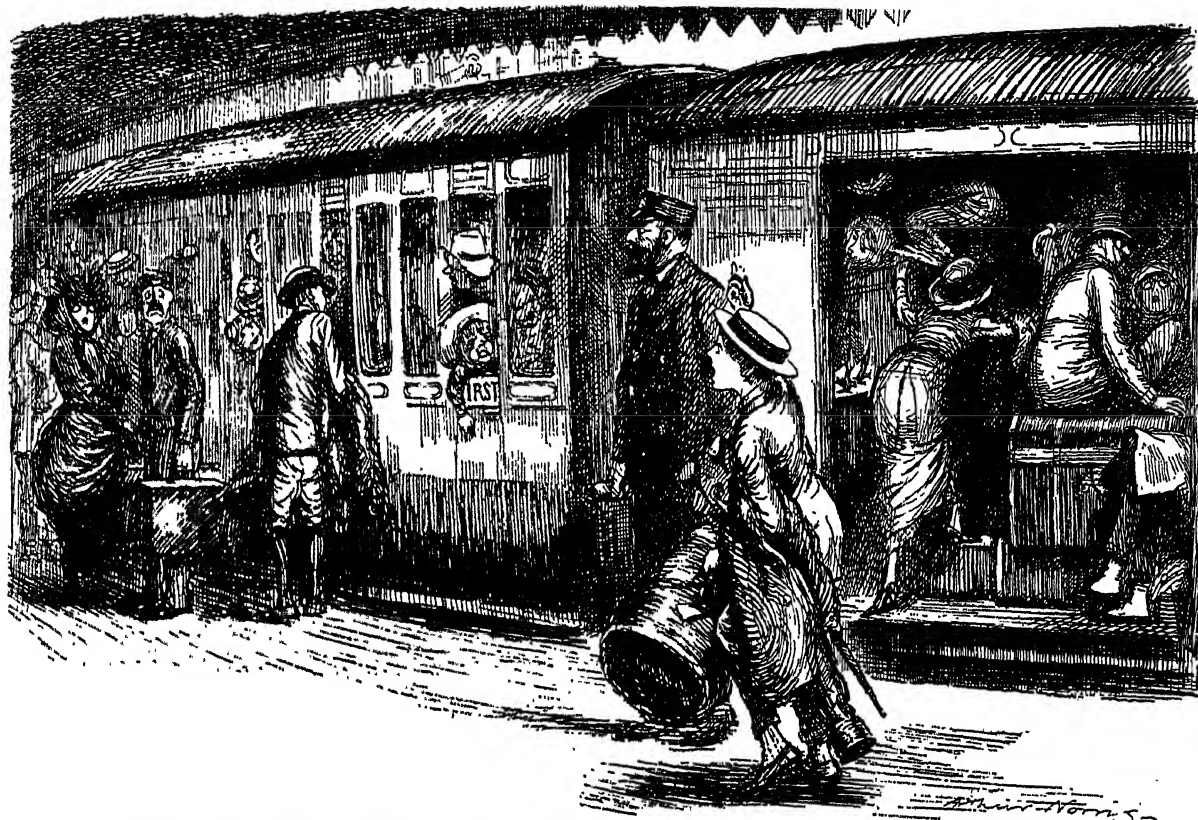
By the way, I don't pretend to dictate to a boatman in the matter of his professional affairs, but, speaking as an amateur, I should have mended that ghastly rent in my boat's ribs before painting them.

I have only seen Miss ETHEL WARWICK in two plays, and neither of them offered her a very good chance of doing justice to her evident popularity. She has the gift of a natural and fluent manner, but hurts it by a curious affectation of voice. This should be easy to correct. A greater difficulty would seem to confront her, as actress-manageress, in the choice of a good play. O. S.

"SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers have noticed that to-day is the last time for eighty-eight years that he can inscribe the date as 12/12/12? It will not occur again until 1st January, 2001 (1/1/01), or, indeed, to be accurate, 10th October, 2010—10/10/10."

Letter in "The Scotsman."

Or, to be more accurate still, 12th December, 2012.



Holiday-making Youth. "COME ON, MATE, THERE AREN'T ANY SEATS. ALL THE BEST PEOPLE GO IN HERE."

NOËL AND THE NOVELIST.

(A LITTLE ROMANCE.)

We smoked in peace; the wine was set,
The chestnuts roasted in the ember,
The night was windless, warm and wet,
Being a night in late December.

We smoked in silence, Tom and I,
Save for his pipe's melodious harrel,
When sudden—very shrill and high—
Rang out the ancient Xmas carol

Telling how WENCESLAS the Good
One night, when feeling extra hearty,
O'erwhelmed with doles of meat and wood
An indigent bucolic party.

There is a noisic in our street
Too often spurned, too often flouted,
Vetoing music; with some heat
I threw the window up and shouted:—

"O wait! most admirable wait!
I love to hear you make a vile hash
Of that old tune; it thrills me, mate;
The warm drop trembles on my eyelash;

But lo, 'tis Yuletide; 'tis the hour
When Christian men take thought for others,
When kindness, if not sacks of flour,
Should be bestowed on all our brothers.

We feel like that, my friend and I;
Our hearts are kind, our thoughts are gentle;
We need no wandering minstrel's cry
To make us dashed well sentimental.

But yonder, where they've put down tan
Lest noise should mar his stately diction,
At No. 7, there's a man
Writing a morbid piece of fiction.

No Christmas impulse stirs his heart,
But now he tears his matted tresses,
And now he mumbles, "This is Art,
This will be liked by governesses."

Vile thoughts, like adders green and blue,
Seetho in his soul and hiss and harry:
I think he has a contract to
Finish the vol. by February.

Go, gentle wait, and cheer him up,
Fulfil his heart with generous feeling,
Bid him bring out the wassail cup,
Advise him that the bells are pealing.

I think I see his eyes grow damp,
I hear him murmuring, "I have sinned, oh
Come to my arms, thrice blessed tramp!"
With these remarks I closed the window.

I know not if the wanderer sped
Straight to the house of Mr. Bevan
(This is the chap, I should have said,
Writing the bilge at No. 7);

I know not, but I think he did,
For some time later, while we toasted
Amanda's eyebrow or her lid,
And munched the chestnuts we had toasted,

Far off, amid the murk and mud—
As Tom remarked, "This brew is stunning"—
We heard a most tremendous thud,
Followed by sounds of someone running. EVON.

ABRACADABRA.

THE Old Forces really do not play the game nowadays.

I had spent a long and trying afternoon in a sale-room that is described as historic. I had not gone with any intention of bidding, merely to look on; and yet at four o'clock I had still bought nothing.

"Lot 321," announced the auctioneer. "Five Roman fibulæ or brooches, a supposed spear-head believed to be from the bed of the Thames, an ancient bronze ring, a plaster cast (*Venus Surprised*), three seventeenth-century pipe-stoppers, a bundle of French assignats and a galvanic battery—faulty. A speculative lot."

No one responded.

"Sevenpence," I ventured diffidently. There were seven items to the lot, you will observe.

"I must remind you, Sir," said the auctioneer severely, "that the rules printed in the catalogue, which you have before you, fix one shilling as the minimum initial bid for any lot."

I corrected myself: "One-and-two-pence, I mean, of course."

The hammer paused, then fell with the conventional tap.

"What name, please?"

"Cash," I replied largely.

I paid my cash and received the lot. I had not as yet examined it, but with it now before me I began to fear that I had been beguiled into overbidding myself.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" panted a voice at my elbow, "am I too late? Can you tell me, my dear Sir, if Lot 321 has gone?"

"In a sense, yes," I replied, indicating the miscellaneous flotsam before me. "In another sense it has come."

"You have bought it!" exclaimed the old gentleman—he was really, now that I came to look at him, a very patriarchal, not to say oriental, personage—"may I ask, what have you bought it for?"

"Well," I admitted, "that's just what I was asking myself when you interposed."

"I mean," he said a little impatiently, "what particular object attracted your fancy. I can scarcely imagine that if the galvanic battery was what you desired you will have any strong partiality for the Roman fibulæ; or if your heart was set on the alleged spear-head that you would not be ready to consider an offer for the French assignats. But perhaps the shortest way will be for me to explain myself definitely. I have a partiality for this antique bronze ring; may I acquire it at your own price?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Or, better still, at yours. I might, however, point out to you," I added, referring him to the first page of the catalogue, "that Rule 4 says: 'No bid shall commence at less than a shilling . . . and so on in proportion.'"

"Assuredly," he admitted a little vaguely, but picking up the ring with evident satisfaction. "You have been markedly generous. I am not to be outdone. In return for this ancient bronze ring you shall be granted three wishes—have whatever you like."

"Thank you. I don't mind a scotch-and-soda," I said, perhaps by mere force of habit.

Immediately at my hand stood a tall crystal glass of the beverage I had specified. The cut of the vessel was curious and antique, but the contents were above suspicion.

"I only wish," I remarked, as I put the glass down again, "that I could always have one from under that label for the asking."

"You can," replied the venerable stranger, "henceforth."

I thought it as well to try the dodge while he was there.

"Then I'll have another," I declared, and the glass was instantly replenished.

"Your demands are satisfied?" suggested the old man.

"Not quite," I replied cunningly. "I know what I am doing. That last wasn't a separate wish—it comes under the generous and inexhaustible provision of wish B. And that being so I don't mind ordering up another for you."

Needless to say, a third miraculous whisky-and-soda was there.

"Have your final wish," said the stranger, pushing aside the glass, a little ungraciously, I thought, after my delicate attention. "I am anxious to be gone from this place."

I began to think that the old man was rather selfish and had possibly over-reached me in the bargain.

"I can have anything I name for the third wish?" I demanded.

"You have only to mention it."

"Then I'll have the ring back, thank you."

"The ring!" he repeated incredulously.

"Precisely. The antique bronze ring which you are wearing," I replied.

He seemed a little dazed still, but he pulled it off his finger and it was in my hand.

"Crafty and perfidious one," he began.

"Wait a moment," I replied. "Now, will you give me three wishes for this ring?"

"Have I not spoken it? You have only to declare your demands."

"Very well. Here you are. Now we

begin over again. And I only hope that there's no catch in it."

I saw a tricky look come into his venerable eyes and I knew in a flash that I had squandered wish A.

"Ah-ha, so that counts, does it?" I remarked. "Very well. Now will you knock it off or shall I have the ring back again for wish B and then begin again? We have the long winter evening before us."

"Proceed, excellency," he entreated, with tears in his eyes; "have it as your enlightened wisdom demands, only proceed."

"All right; now this is really the start," I agreed. "I wish that I had a purse containing gold and that it would be replenished at once however often I emptied it, and—hold hard! I'm touching wood still, it all belongs to the same wish—that none else should be any the poorer by it and that I should be unable to lose the purse or to part from it by accident or through misapprehension."

"It is granted."

I felt something heavy come into my right-hand trouser pocket and I knew that a start had been made.

"Secondly, I wish that I may at once become very accomplished, amiable, entertaining, handsome, distinguished, learned, popular, obliging and in every other way desirable, and that none of these attributes may bring in its train the boomerang-like retribution that gentlemen of your craft traditionally keep up your sleeves."

The venerable personage seemed to have several things to say in his own tongue and the incantation was a little lengthy. But at last he bowed.

"It is assured," he declared. Strangely enough, I did not feel the slightest change in my personality.

"Finally—wish C—and most important," I continued, "I insist that in common fairness I shall be allowed to have a decent time in possession of my new qualities before I wake up."

This is what I complain of. It was at that moment that I awoke.

"Professor —, the oldest animal trainer, is still working at the age of eighty-two, and his favourite donkey has reached thirty-nine, the combined ages of man and moke being 111."—*Mra.*

The arithmetic seems to have been done by the favourite donkey.

In a description of the Peace Conference Room, *The Liverpool Echo* says:—

"The silver inkstands on the table are of the Queen Anne style, and were presented by Charles II. to the Privy Council."

We picture to ourselves the Turkish envoy gnawing the end of his early-Victorian penholder presented by GEORGE III.

THE HALL-MARK.

MY DEAR MAURICE,—The delicate compliment contained in your last letter has done its work. "When will you renounce your old-fashioned prejudice against Music Halls?" you wrote. "I assure you they have altered out of all recognition during the last few years, and even though you live in the Provinces you would find the performances there acceptable to the most intellectual. Go, my boy, see, and be conquered."

Well, I went, saw, and was—not exactly *conquered*, Maurice; *overcome* would be a better word. The turn that was due to commence as I took my seat was, I found on reference to the programme, "*Trotter and Lottie, in a Hunting Scene.*" The curtain rose and revealed what appeared to be a lawn separated from a wide stretch of hilly country by a wooden paling, the latter disappearing at each side behind massive Ionic columns which projected from the wings.

Presently, when we had feasted our eyes upon this, Trotter came in, a tubby little man, clad in "pink," white breeches, top boots and the cap affected by huntsmen. An artificially bibulous appearance had been given to his features by means of a lavish application of red grease paint, and his hair was long and aggressively auburn.

"I'm going a-hunting,
Tally ho-ho-ho-ho!
We'll all go a-hunting,
Tally ho-ho-ho-ho!"

sang Trotter with energy—with so much energy, in fact, that, seeking to reach a high note with his last 'ho!' he apparently dislocated his jaw. Vigorous and protracted manipulation failed to effect a cure, but a sudden inspiration caused the sufferer to strike his chin smartly on the top of the paling, an operation which afforded instant relief.

Meanwhile Lottie had entered, a stout, florid lady wearing riding habit, hard hat and top boots. Being also, it seemed, of a musical disposition, she immediately started to warble, rather inappropriately:

"Sing me to sleep; the shadows fall . . ."

At this point an appalling crash was heard just off the stage. The singer jumped round in very natural alarm, and exclaimed in a terrified voice, "Good heavens! What's that?" "Don't be alarmed," said Trotter, with a reassuring smile. "It's only the shadows falling!"

The incident, however, destroyed Lottie's desire for self-expression, but she quickly found another source of interest in watching the extraordinary



THE TRADE BOOM.

OUR PAVEMENT-HAWKERS JOIN THE PLUTOCRACY.

antics of her companion. Sidling up to her in crab fashion and assuming a gargantuan grin, he prodded her in the ribs, and said in a shrill falsetto, "Swee-heet one, wilt thou wed me?" "Certainly not," she replied indignantly, and at the same time struck him lightly on the cheek with her open hand. A moment later a sharp noise, as of two boards being smacked together, was heard in the wings, but appeared to be unnoticed by either performer.

The unfortunate Trotter now removed one boot and held the shining side against his face, a proceeding which seemed to dissipate all the pain, both physical and mental, inflicted by his late rebuff, for he again approached the lady and asked pleasantly, "Can you tell me why you are like a horse?"

"Can I tell you," repeated Lottie in a loud, bell-like voice, which penetrated to every corner of the hall—"can I tell you why I am like a horse? No," she added, as an afterthought.

"Because you say 'Nay'!" replied Trotter quickly, and was seized immediately afterwards with violent internal pains.

I don't think, Maurice, that I need describe the rest of this turn, which continued on much the same lines. I can't honestly say I enjoyed it, but I looked forward hopefully to the next item, "*Chirpy Charlie, the Cheerful Comedian.*"

The rise of the curtain this time showed a stretch of elegant buildings swaying gently in the breeze. Charlie came in briskly, clad in immaculate



DIGNITY IN DISGRACE.

Shopwalker. "NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLER, THIS WON'T DO. GET ALONG AND SHAKE HANDS WITH SOME O' THEM KIDS. THE FIRM DON'T PAY YOU TO GO CARRYIN' ON WITH THE FAIRY-GODMOTHER ALL DAY!"

morning dress, and at once began to tell, in a sing-song recitative, of a young man living in the country who was about to pay a visit to London. His friends gathered round him and prophesied gay doings in the great city. "No," said he,

"I don't want yer Piccadilly,
I don't want yer Leicester Square;
Strolling down the Strand with a banana in
me hand—

For that I should not care;
I don't want yer girlie-girlie
With her hair all curly-curly;
All I want is a pal of mine
To go out with and have a good time (sic);
We'll stroll around and drink lots of wine,
And we won't go home till morning."

This he repeated in order, as I supposed, to convince his friends that they were mistaken in him.

Charlie then went on to describe a Colonial about to set out for a well-earned holiday in the Motherland. Round him, too, by a strange coincidence, collected a crowd of friends full of similar prophecies. "No," said the Colonial,

"I don't want yer Piccadilly,
I don't want yer Leicester Square,"
and so on. He too took the precaution

of going over it a second time for the sake of emphasis.

We were next introduced to a Scotch minister, likewise contemplating a trip to the Metropolis, whose friends (mistakenly in this case, I feel sure) expressed similar ideas. "No," said the minister,

"I don't want yer Piccadilly . . ."

It was at this point that I left. In a flash the humiliating truth had come to me. Your friendship misled you, Maurice; my intellect in reality is not strong enough to rise to this kind of thing.

And this is only in the Provinces! When I come again to London . . . But no; "Chirpy Charlie" has made London distasteful to me for the present.

Yours, ROBERT.

President TAFT, on the conclusion of his term of office, is to be made Kent Professor at Yale University, and will lecture on Constitutional and International Law. It is rumoured that his first course of lectures will be entitled "The Panama Canal: a Study in International Honour."

From an advt. of a School Latin Book:—

"It contains the commonest words, phrases, and constructions used by Cæsar (Board of Education Circular, 574.)"

This was the famous "CÆSAR Circular" which caused such an outcry in the Senate and led to CÆSAR'S transference to the Insurance Office.

Extracts from "The Cornish Riviera" column in *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"Escape from cold and rain to the warm and sunny Cornish Riviera."

"FOWRY. During the week the weather has not been at all good."

"HELESTON. Wet weather prevailed, with a strong south-west wind."

"LOOE. High winds have prevailed this week, with heavy rain."

"PADSTOW. The weather has been extremely stormy."

"PENZANCE. A rough stormy night, with considerable rainfall."

Happy Thought. Escape back again.

"There have been several thefts of mails, passengers, and valuables on board the liners recently."—*Sudan Herald.*

We ourselves had an aunt pilfered from a cross-Channel steamer the other day.



THE HARDY ANNUAL.

BONAR CLAUS. "HE'S HAD THIS SORT OF THING FOR YEARS AND YEARS, AND I DON'T LIKE TO MAKE TOO VIOLENT A CHANGE; BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT HE ISN'T GETTING A BIT SICK OF IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.).

House of Commons, Monday, December 16.—As the House filled this afternoon eyes were sadly turned to the gallery by the clock, where on big nights foreign diplomatists foregather. Most familiar figure among them was that of WHITE-LAW REID, the American Ambassador. He never missed an important debate, and frequently came in when his colleagues did not find anything attractive in proceedings. He will come back to Lochaber no more.

All heads were bared when the PREMIER rose to voice the regret of the House and of the Nation at the cutting-off of one who, as he fitly said, "brought to the discharge of his manifold and exacting duties the gathered experience of a veteran in public affairs, the endowments of a man of the highest culture, social gifts of the most genial and generous kind, keen sympathy with all the many sides of our British life, a mind always open and receptive, and the warmest of hearts."

By a happy accident it fell to the lot of PRINCE ARTHUR to speak on behalf of the Opposition. He is always at his best on occasions like this. The lofty note of eloquent regret struck by the PREMIER was worthily maintained.

House heard with special satisfaction announcement that a British battleship will carry to his native land the remains of the Ambassador whose death eclipses the Christmas gaiety of two hemispheres. Thus he will, up to the last, be the honoured guest of England.

Business done.—Getting along with Welsh Disestablishment Bill in Committee.

Friday.—House adjourned for so-called Christmas holidays. Back at work again in good time to see the new year in. Thereafter will buckle to for remainder of a Session that will overlap its successor. If things go on like this in future years we shall have to strike for increase of paltry pittance of £400 a year.

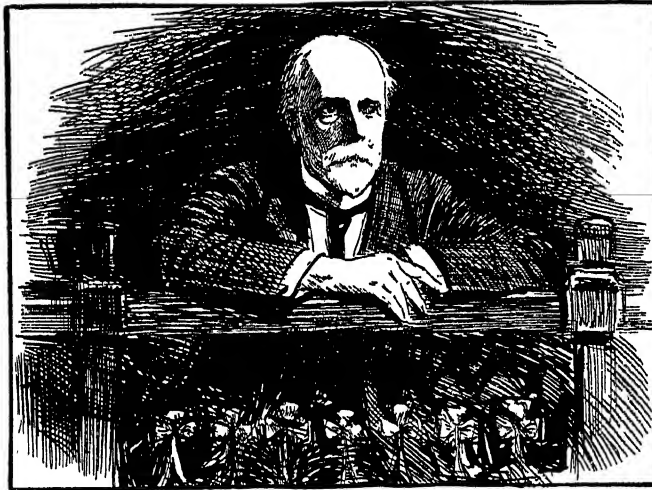
Business done.—Off for holiday. Back on the 30th.

"In the phrase of the sartorial artist, 'Next, please.'"—*Sunday Chronicle*.

"Shampoo or two pairs of trousers?" is what our own tailor says when he cuts our hair.

FIRST LESSONS.

OF course he could never quite forgive her her two years' start. For although she wasn't really old—not old enough to disregard the ethics of the nursery and to forget that it is unsociable not to cry when your chum cries and the act of a sneak and a traitor to be good when he is naughty—there was no getting away from the fact that she was older than he was. At his time of life one's age is, of course, a very sore point with one, and the seniority of any human being—much more a friend—naturally rankles. But as she was subjected to the condescension of a sister who had reached that mature period in the life of her sex when legs gradually begin to disappear he felt that Fate itself sufficiently avenged him.



"He never missed an important debate."
(MR. WHITE-LAW REID.)

He had known her by sight for a whole day before he had dared to speak. And then, when he was sitting on the wall and she was all alone in the next garden with nothing better to do than to sing a doll to sleep, he yearningly offered to play Cowboys with her if she liked, and, as she proved an able and willing Indian, he became her friend.

At first he showered gifts upon her. He gave her the uninteresting end of a chocolate cigar; a game which you played with a magnet that he'd lost; and his collection of penny stamps. He gave her a box of bricks too, but when he found that he had not exhausted its possibilities his interest was reawakened and he took it back again. She felt that this was selfish of him, but, as he'd never really been a friend before, she forgave him for not being very good at it.

She was the first to introduce him to Literature—other than the strictly moral and instructive. His mother, of course, had read him the story of the

mouse who died of over-eating (but, as he had found it rather depressing, she had recited a revised version of her own, in which, "After those most cruel words had been said, The *patient* turned round and the *Doctor* was dead"—which was, of course, much jollier), and naturally he had met the Z who was a Zebra and all that kind of thing, but it was left to his first chum to read him those rather bald versions of the old stories written in words of not more than two syllables. So it was from her he first heard of the tragic end of Red Riding Hood's bedridden relative, and the almost incredible escape of a little girl—after a very nerve-racking experience—from three grizzly bears who ate porridge. And she read him the pitiful record of family disension called the story of Cinderella,

and told him how cannibal giants swallow babies, and two-headed dragons eat little girls, and how malevolent dwarfs change heroines into toadstools—and many other sordid details of fairy life. And he, like the heartless little wretch he was, listened entranced.

Then she taught him the History of England—which is about CANUTE and NELSON and the Fire of London—and he thought it splendid.

She pointed out the wonders of Nature to him. She told him how elves, in the early morning, have their baths in buttercup basins, and many other elementary

truths. And he had actually never heard of the theory that what appears to be a shooting star is, in reality, a baby angel tobogganning down a cloud!

His vast ignorance shocked and delighted her. But he was eager to learn, and once or twice he even forgot the indignity of being seen to bed by a contemporary and let her stay with him until her own bedtime, teaching him those elements of zoology, astronomy and other sciences that cultured juvenile society expects one to understand.

And then, when the thirst for knowledge had really taken hold of him, she, who knew just all there was to know, was sent to school—to learn things!

From an account of a dispute in a theatre about an open door:—

"Then there was a pretty tussle. Portly manager and plump ouvreuse pushed, the occupants of the box pulled."—*Daily Telegraph*.

First occupant of box (to his companion as a sudden thought strikes him). Oh lor! We ought to be pushing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FROM an early age I have been accustomed to regard the BORGAS and other mediæval poisoners as fairly formidable mixers of other men's drinks; but, since reading *God's Playthings* (SMITH, ELDER), I have come to the conclusion that, if I had lived in their day, I should have preferred to be left to their mercy rather than to that of the average doctor of the period. The doctor gave you just as bad a time, and (the BORGAS never thought of doing this) sent in a bill for it afterwards. The medicines in this book fascinate me. If you survived "Jesuit's bark and pulverised mummy," you were given a glass of oil, viper powders and milk, or "horrible nameless drugs." After that the doctor shook his head, murmured something consolatory about "in the midst of life," and went off in his carriage to murder somebody else. Those were stirring times, and the tales that Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has to tell of them are fine vivid pieces of work, every one. To my mind, she is at her best

in the short story. I was first attracted to her work, not by her novels, but by a little sketch in one of the magazines about a strolling flute-player and his dog in the days that followed the Battle of Sedgmoor, and it impressed me as one of the best things of its kind I had ever come upon—dramatic, pathetic, and wonderfully convincing in its atmosphere. I find the same sure touch in *God's Playthings*. Of all the sixteen episodes, I liked best "The Polanders." Its subject, the murder of *Esquire Thynne* by the minions of the Count of Conningham, has always interested me deeply, and it certainly loses none of its dramatic force in Miss BOWEN'S hands. And the pathos of it is haunting.

I suppose no historical event has been used more often as a background to fiction than the American Civil War. There is a direct and obvious drama about it that is compelling in its appeal to the novelist. In Miss MARY JOHNSTON'S latest book, *Cease Firing* (CONSTABLE), it is something more than a mere background; one would say rather that the fictional hero and heroine make rare and comparatively unimportant appearances in a story of which the conflict of North and South forms the real motive. It stands further confessed as a war-book from the presence of a map at the end, which the English reader will find very useful in following the course of its events. You, of course, know Miss JOHNSTON already as the mistress of a direct and trenchant style, vividly picturesque. Her adjectives fall thick and fast, but each like well-aimed shells hitting exactly the right mark, illumining the scene described with a quite unforgettable flash. Martial metaphor becomes inevitable in speaking of this book. The smell of gunpowder is on almost every page; one is deafened by the roar of many battles, so much so indeed that I for one emerged from its perusal almost as, myself, a war-scarred veteran.

And then sometimes, by way of a specially devastating contrast, Miss JOHNSTON will allow us an exquisitely peaceful vignette of Southern scenery, or homes; such a house as that in which the hurt *Cary* is put to bed in "a panelled room, with a lightwood fire crackling upon the hearth, with jalousied windows just brushed against from without by a superb magnolia, with a cricket chirping, and a great soft white bed . . ." My welcome for that bed was the sincerest tribute to the power and realism of an unusual book.

It is a little curious at a time when our sympathies are thoroughly enlisted on behalf of the Balkan peoples in their struggles against Islam to read a book by an English writer who sincerely admires the conduct of the Turks in Africa, and thinks no word bad enough to describe the behaviour of Italy. Regarded as a war-correspondent, Mr. ALAN OSTLER, the author of *The Arabs in Tripoli* (MURRAY), is interesting enough, though I should like some antidote in the shape of a book from the lines of the invading



The Jester. "MY LORD, IN HIS GREAT CLEMENCY, HATH SENT ME WITH SOME OF MY MERRIEST CONCERTS TO CHEER THEE IN THIS JOYOUS FEAST OF YULE."

army. Regarded as a painter of the manners and customs of Berbers and other nomad types, he is very interesting indeed. It is as though something of the vivid colour of the skies and of the mystery of the desert had got itself mixed up with his ink. He has also many suggestive and occasionally instructive things to say, though here and there he misjudges the depth of my ignorance. I am thrilled, for instance, to learn that the Arab maidens wear charms, which he takes to be relics of pre-Islamite days, in the shape of a fish, but it is not necessary to explain to me the symbolic meaning of *ixôis*. Nor do I think the Arabs and their chattering propensities worthy of so much attention as he pays to them. I had already guessed that in all the lands of the sun infinite haggling is a point of honour in the smallest commercial transaction. But on the whole Mr. OSTLER'S description of the strange hosts who gathered to the help of the Crescent has charmed me like nothing else since I read of the gathering of the army of XERXES. Would anyone have expected to find at his tent-door an English-speaking Afghan who had come on from Mecca, instead of returning home, because "God's battles are the battles of all Moslems"? And best of all, Mr. OSTLER has plenty of humour. I cannot do better than end with a quotation which will appeal to all who remember their childish dreams of the devotion of an Arab steed to his lord: "So I bought that horse, and called him 'Binbashi,' which means 'Major,' and I spent quite a lot of time in trying to tame him. I fed and watered him myself, and, after many weeks, I found that, if he were loose, he would follow me like a dog—with intent to bite."

Commercial Candour.

From a list of "Unsolicited Testimonials":—
"None can come within miles of your pipe."



IN the course of his latest journey through Europe, *Mr. Punch* found himself one winter night on the outskirts of a Russian village. Stepping from his sleigh and shaking off the usual wolves which had pursued him over the snow, he entered the nearest inn for the purpose of ordering a small vodka. A peasant, seated by the fire, looked up and greeted him in Russian.

"Good evening," replied the Sage fluently in the same language.

The peasant enquired if he had come far.

"From England," said *Mr. Punch*. "In pursuit of knowledge." He took out his notebook. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to assist me. I am collecting information on the subject which is stirring every nation to its depths." He sharpened his pencil and began. "You agree with me, no doubt, that Serbia's desire for a port on the Adriatic—"

"On the what?" said the peasant.

"The Adriatic — is, when all the facts are taken into consideration——"

"What is the Adriatic?"

"Good Heavens, man!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "Don't tell me you've never heard of the Adriatic! Why, your blood must boil when you think of Austria's veto of a little window in the Adriatic for Serbia!"

The Russian indicated that his blood did not boil in such circumstances.

"Aren't you longing to get to grips with the hated Austrian?"

"Why?" said the peasant stupidly.

"Why? Bless the man! Haven't you been at enmity with him for centuries?"

"Have I?"

"Of course you have! And you are longing to kill——"

The Russian looked round in alarm and then rose from his seat.

"You mustn't talk Anarchy here," he said warningly. He looked round again and put his finger to his lips.

"Anarchy!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "This isn't Anarchy, it is Patriotism! Surely you are burning to kill your country's hated foes; to plunge your knife——"

"When I plunge my knife," said the peasant in a low voice, "it will not be into an Austrian."

Mr. Punch shivered and put his notebook back into his pocket. "I think I will be getting on," he said. He tossed a rouble to the landlord and made for the door. "I have a long way to go," he explained. Whistling to the waiting wolves, he jumped into his sleigh and drove off rapidly.

It was some days later that he found himself in a German house of refreshment. Ordering a large lager, a loaf

of black bread and a round of horse-flesh, *Mr. Punch* sat down at a table and gave himself up to thought. The noise of an opening door roused him.

There entered a spectacled German; such an one as, in the intervals of study for an English clerkship, refreshes himself with emendations of SHAKESPEARE and copious draughts of beer. It was not long before *Mr. Punch* was in conversation with him.

"Ah," said *Mr. Punch*, "how I envy you! To march, burning with indignation, shoulder to shoulder with your brother Austrian against the hated Slav; to see your life-blood drip slowly out in defence of that noblest of all ideals, the inviolability of the Adriatic. Ah, my friend, that indeed is a grand fate!"

The German did not appear to be stirred by the picture.

"It will be inconvenient," he said stolidly. "You see, I have just——"

"To rush into battle, crying 'God defend the Adriatic!' and with drawn sword——"

"You see, I have just got a clerkship at 'Smith and Wilkinson's' in Cheapside, London, starting at no less than fifteen shillings a week. They want me to begin work next month. My prospects in England are excellent." He drank his beer and went hastily back to his studies.

Mr. Punch's next stay was in Italy, but the information he picked up in that country was of the slightest. It was in the intervals of eating macaroni that he enlarged upon the grandeur and nobility of war to an Italian soldier home from Tripoli. The Italian, waking from his siesta, stared at him in astonishment.

"What did you say was noble?" he asked.

"Why, war!" said *Mr. Punch*.

The Italian, home from Tripoli, smiled curiously to himself.

"War in such a noble cause!" explained *Mr. Punch*. "War on behalf of one's beloved ally, Austria!"

The Italian returned to his siesta.

The Sage decided to hurry home through France. Stopping for a week-end in Paris, he found the city as gay as ever; so much so that he quite forgot that his mission was to sound public feeling upon the question of the little window in the Adriatic—the question which was to settle the fate of millions of human beings. And, unfortunately, nothing that anybody said reminded him of it.

Once back in England, however, *Mr. Punch* soon discovered that his fellow-countrymen were in an unusual state of excitement. Each man was talking eagerly to his neighbour, and one name was upon every lip.

The Sage, entering a handy inn and calling for a bumper of grog, questioned the landlord.

"Well," he said, "and how do they all feel about the little window in the Adriatic—for that, I gather, is the cause of the excitement? Aren't they stirred to the very depths of their souls?"

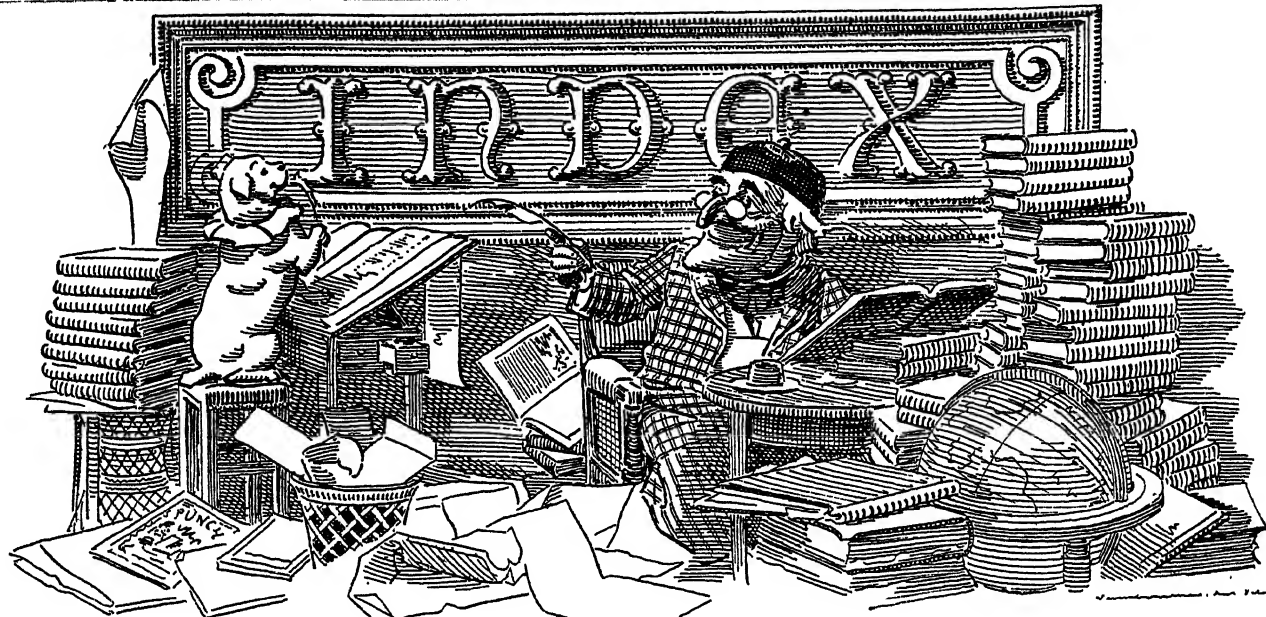
"Adriatic?" said the man. "Bless you, Sir, it ain't *that* that's exciting 'em. It ain't nothing *foreign*."

"Then what is it?" asked the Sage of Bouverie Street.

"What is it, Sir? Why, to be sure, it's our *Mr. Punch* has just brought out his

One Hundred and Forty-Third Volume."





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